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Merrill's English Texts

SHAKESPEARE'S
KING HENRY THE FIFTH

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
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Merrill's English Texts

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EDITOR'S NOTE

THE text here presented has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the best editions. Where there was any disagreement we have adopted the readings which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

Professor Meiklejohn's exhaustive notes form the substance of those here used; and his plan, as set forth in the "General Notice" annexed, has been carried out in these volumes. But as these editions of the plays are intended rather for pupils in school and college than for ripe Shakespearian scholars, we have not hesitated to prune his notes of whatever was thought to be too learned for our purpose, or on other grounds was deemed irrelevant to it.

GENERAL NOTICE

“AN attempt has been made in these editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English.

“The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course, the full working out of Shakespeare’s meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one’s own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollownesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

“Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare’s meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the *English of Shakespeare*. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true:

Assez n'y a, s'il trop n'y a. The teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory.

“It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and formal English of modern times a large number of pithy and vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done; he made it speak in a more original way; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight.”—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M. A., Late Professor of Pedagogy in the University of St. Andrews.

INTRODUCTION

LIFE AND WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE

“Shakespeare was born, it is thought, April 23, 1564, the son of a comfortable burgess of Stratford-on-Avon. While he was still young, his father fell into poverty, and an interrupted education left the son an inferior scholar. He had ‘small Latin and less Greek.’ But by dint of genius and by living in a society in which all sorts of information were attainable, he became an accomplished man. The story told of his deer-stealing in Charlecote woods is without proof, but it is likely that his youth was wild and passionate. At nineteen he married Ann Hathaway, seven years older than himself, and was probably unhappy with her. For this reason or from poverty, or from the driving of the genius that led him to the stage, he left Stratford about 1586–1587, and went to London at the age of twenty-two; and, falling in with Marlowe, Greene, and the rest, he became an actor and a playwright, and may have lived their unrestrained and riotous life for some years.

“**His First Period.**—It is probable that before leaving Stratford he had sketched a part at least of his *Venus and Adonis*. It is full of the country sights and sounds, of the ways of birds and animals, such as he saw when wandering in Charlecote woods. Its rich and overladen poetry and its warm coloring made him, when it was published, in 1593, at once the favorite of men like Lord Southampton, and lifted him into fame. But before that date he had done work for the stage by touching up old plays and writing new ones. We seem to trace his ‘prentice hand’ in many dramas of the time, but the first he is usually thought to have retouched is *Titus Andronicus*, and, some time after, the First Part of *Henry VI*.

“*Love’s Labour’s Lost*, the first of his original plays, in which he

quizzed and excelled the Euphuists in wit, was followed by the rapid farce of *The Comedy of Errors*. Out of these frolics of intellect and action he passed into pure poetry in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and mingled into fantastic beauty the classic legend, the mediæval fairyland, and the clownish life of the English mechanic. Italian story then laid its charm upon him, and *Two Gentlemen of Verona* preceded the southern glow of passion in *Romeo and Juliet*, in which he first reached tragic power. They complete, with *Love's Labour's Won*, afterwards recast as *All's Well That Ends Well*, the love plays of his early period. We may, perhaps, add to them the second act of an older play, *Edward III*. We should certainly read along with them, as belonging to the same passionate time, his *Rape of Lucrece*, a poem finally printed in 1594, one year later than the *Venus and Adonis*.

"The patriotic feeling of England, also represented in Marlowe and Peele, now seized on him, and he turned from love to begin his great series of historical plays with *Richard II*, 1593-1594. *Richard III* followed quickly. To introduce it and to complete the subject, he recast the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI* (written by some unknown authors), and ended his first period with *King John*—five plays in a little more than two years.

"**His Second Period, 1596-1602.**—In *The Merchant of Venice* Shakespeare reached entire mastery over his art. A mingled woof of tragic and comic threads is brought to its highest point of color when Portia and Shylock meet in court. Pure comedy followed in his retouch of the old *Taming of the Shrew*, and all the wit of the world, mixed with noble history, met next in the three comedies of *Falstaff*, the First and Second Parts of *Henry IV*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The historical plays were then closed with *Henry V*, a splendid dramatic song to the glory of England.

"The Globe theater, in which he was one of the proprietors, was built in 1599. In the comedies he wrote for it, Shakespeare turned to write of love again, not to touch its deeper passion as before, but to play with it in all its lighter phases. The flashing dialogue of *Much Ado About Nothing* was followed by the far-off forest world of *As You Like It*, where 'the time fleets carelessly,' and

Rosalind's character is the play. Amid all its gracious lightness steals in a new element, and the melancholy of Jaques is the first touch we have of the older Shakespeare who had 'gained his experience, and whose experience had made him sad.' And yet it was but a touch; *Twelfth Night* shows no trace of it, though the play that followed, *All's Well That Ends Well*, again strikes a sadder note. We find this sadness fully grown in the later sonnets, which are said to have been finished about 1602. They were published in 1609.

"Shakespeare's life changed now, and his mind changed with it. He had grown wealthy during this period and famous, and was loved by society. He was the friend of the Earls of Southampton and Essex, and of William Herbert, Lord Pembroke. The queen patronized him; all the best literary society was his own. He had rescued his father from poverty, bought the best house in Stratford and much land, and was a man of wealth and comfort. Suddenly all his life seems to have grown dark. His best friends fell into ruin, Essex perished on the scaffold, Southampton went to the Tower, Pembroke was banished from the Court; he may himself, as some have thought, have been concerned in the rising of Essex. Added to this, we may conjecture, from the imaginative pageantry of the sonnets, that he had unwisely loved, and been betrayed in his love by a dear friend. Disgust of his profession as an actor, and public and private ill weighed heavily on him, and in darkness of spirit, though still clinging to the business of the theater, he passed from comedy to write of the sterner side of the world, to tell the tragedy of mankind.

"His Third Period, 1602-1608, begins with the last days of Queen Elizabeth. It contains all the great tragedies, and opens with the fate of Hamlet, who felt, like the poet himself, that 'the time was out of joint.' Hamlet, the dreamer, may well represent Shakespeare as he stood aside from the crash that overwhelmed his friends, and thought on the changing world. The tragi-comedy of *Measure for Measure* was next written, and is tragic in thought throughout. *Julius Cæsar*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Troilus and Cressida* (finished from an incomplete work of his youth), *Antony*

and *Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon* (only in part his own), were all written in these five years. The darker sins of men, the unpitiful fate which slowly gathers round and falls on men, the avenging wrath of conscience, the cruelty and punishment of weakness, the treachery, lust, jealousy, ingratitude, madness of men, the follies of the great, and the fickleness of the mob are all, with a thousand other varying moods and passions, painted, and felt as his own while he painted them, during this stern time.

“His Fourth Period, 1608–1613.—As Shakespeare wrote of these things, he passed out of them, and his last days are full of the gentle and loving calm of one who has known sin and sorrow and fate but has risen above them into peaceful victory. Like his great contemporary, Bacon, he left the world and his own evil time behind him, and with the same quiet dignity sought the innocence and stillness of country life. The country breathes through all the dramas of this time. The flowers Perdita gathers in *The Winter's Tale*, and the frolic of the sheep-shearing he may have seen in the Stratford meadows; the song of Fidele in *Cymbeline* is written by one who already feared no more the frown of the great, nor slander nor censure rash, and was looking forward to the time when men should say of him—

Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

“Shakespeare probably left London in 1609, and lived in the house he had bought at Stratford-on-Avon. He was reconciled, it is said, to his wife, and the plays he writes speak of domestic peace and forgiveness. The story of *Marina*, which he left unfinished, and which two later writers expanded into the play of *Pericles*, is the first of his closing series of dramas. *The Two Noble Kinsmen* of Fletcher, a great part of which is now, on doubtful grounds, I think, attributed to Shakespeare, and in which the poet sought the inspiration of Chaucer, would belong to this period. *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest* bring his history up to 1612, and in the next year he closed his poetic life by writing, with Fletcher, *Henry VIII*. For three years he kept silence, and then,

on the 23d of April, 1616, the day he reached the age of fifty-two, as is supposed, he died.

“**His Work.**—We can only guess with regard to Shakespeare’s life; we can only guess with regard to his character. We have tried to find out what he was from his sonnets and from his plays, but every attempt seems to be a failure. We cannot lay our hand on anything and say for certain that it was spoken by Shakespeare out of his own character. The most personal thing in all his writings is one that has scarcely been noticed. It is the Epilogue to *The Tempest*; and if it be, as is most probable, the last thing he ever wrote, then its cry for forgiveness, its tale of inward sorrow, only to be relieved by prayer, give us some dim insight into how the silence of those three years was passed; while its declaration of his aim in writing, ‘which was to please,’—the true definition of an artist’s aim,—should make us cautious in our efforts to define his character from his works. Shakespeare made men and women whose dramatic action on each other, and towards a catastrophe, was intended to please the public, not to reveal himself.

“No commentary on his writings, no guesses about his life or character, are worth much which do not rest on this canon as their foundation: What he did, thought, learned, and felt, he did, thought, learned, and felt as an artist. . . . Fully influenced, as we see in *Hamlet* he was, by the graver and more philosophic cast of thought of the later time of Elizabeth; passing on into the reign of James I, when pedantry took the place of gayety, and sensual the place of imaginative love in the drama, and artificial art the place of that art which itself is nature; he preserves to the last the natural passion, the simple tenderness, the sweetness, grace, and fire of the youthful Elizabethan poetry. *The Winter’s Tale* is as lovely a love story as *Romeo and Juliet*; *The Tempest* is more instinct with imagination than *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, and as great in fancy; and yet there are fully twenty years between them. The only change is in the increase of power, and in a closer and graver grasp of human nature. Around him the whole tone and manner of the drama altered for the worse, but his work grew to the close in strength and beauty.”—STOPFORD BROOKE.

THE PLAY: KING HENRY THE FIFTH

Sources of the Plot. — In the Epilogue to *King Henry IV, Part II*, it is said, 'If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France'; and in the play of *King Henry the Fifth* we have the fulfilment of the dramatist's promise. The stage was already in possession of a play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, but Shakespeare made no use of this in the composition of his play. He drew largely for the historical facts upon the *Chronicles of Holinshed*, a second edition of which had been issued in 1587.

Date of Composition. — The date of the composition of *King Henry the Fifth* would seem to be 1599. It is not mentioned by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598; but that it was written shortly afterward may be inferred from a passage of the Chorus before Act V, which evidently refers to Lord Essex, who was sent on an expedition to Ireland, April 15, 1599, and returned to London on the 28th of September in the same year.

The Reign of King Henry V. — The reign of Henry V extended over a period of somewhat more than nine years and five months. It began on the 21st of March, 1413, and terminated with his death at Bois de Vincennes, in France, on the 31st of August, 1422 —

Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England!

Shakespeare felt how very inadequate a theatrical representation was to portray the great events and martial glories of Henry's reign; and both in the Prologue and in the concluding address of the Chorus he makes apologetic reference to the subject. Henry V was one of the most popular, as he was among the bravest, of English monarchs. As a conqueror he was stern and ambitious,

but not cruel, and won over his enemies by tact and clemency. The splendid victory at Agincourt embalmed his name and memory; and for generations after his death, his magnificent tomb in Westminster Abbey, surmounted by his bruised helmet and shield, was regarded with the honor and reverence paid to sainted relics.

Construction of the Play. — Shakespeare begins his drama with the conferences relative to Henry's pretensions to the crown of France, and the operation of the Salique law. The monarch's claim, as the representative of Isabella, wife of Edward II, was in reality inadmissible and absurd; but France was then in a wretched condition, burdened with an imbecile monarch and torn by factions, Henry was ambitious and warlike, and the English were ever ready for arms and conquest. Ambassadors from the Dauphin appeared, and fruitless negotiations were entered into, at the close of which Henry announced to his great council at Westminster, in April, 1415, that it was his firm purpose to make a voyage in his own proper person, 'by the grace of God, to recover his inheritance.' The poet touches upon the treasonable conspiracy of the Earl of Cambridge to place his brother-in-law, Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, on the throne, in which Cambridge was joined by Lord Scroop and Sir Thomas Grey; but the plot failed, and the conspirators were condemned to the block. This abortive effort retarded but slightly the expedition against France, and Henry with his victorious soldiers was soon scaling the wall of Harfleur. The battle of Agincourt follows, precluded by a series of stirring incidents, and by speeches breathing martial ardor and undaunted courage; and the great victory is described with the utmost dramatic effect and with strong national feeling. The calm heroism and devotion of the English are contrasted with the levity and overweening confidence of the French; and as the latter were numerically as five to one, the English might be pardoned for some national vanity and exultation at the result. After this, we have a gap of between four and five years, bridged over by the narrative speech of the Chorus, and the play closes with the espousals of the triumphant English monarch and Katharine

of Valois, which were solemnized at Troyes (in 1420) with unwonted splendor.

The Comedy of the Play. — The comic business of the drama, besides representing Henry as a lover, where he is seen to least advantage, and giving us the *badinage* of French nobles and English soldiers, brings before us again the wild revelers of Eastcheap, Pistol and Bardolph, with Nym and Mrs. Quickly, the hostess, now married to Pistol. A new character, Fluellen, a brave, garrulous, and pedantic Welshman, is introduced, and heightens greatly the humor of the scene. Falstaff, contrary to the poet's promise, has disappeared from the stage; the king had 'killed his heart'; but Mrs. Quickly's description of the dying scene is a marvelous sketch from nature — a photograph over which we may both laugh and cry, and which can never be forgotten. Strict moral, if not poetical, justice is dealt out to those marauding auxiliaries of the camp. Nym and Bardolph are hanged, and Pistol, after swaggering through the play as the most amusing of braggarts, is beaten by Fluellen, and made to 'eat his leek' as a 'counterfeit, cowardly knave.' By this time Mrs. Quickly was gone — she had died in the 'spital' — and Pistol's rendezvous being quite cut off, he returns to England to — steal.

And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

These scenes of low life and humor are, by the plastic powers of the poet, made to harmonize wonderfully with the martial and national character of the play, besides imparting to the shifting scenes an air of truth and nature. The grand object of the poet was to commemorate the battle of Agincourt. Schlegel has truly said, 'The sympathetic affinity by which Shakespeare came into most direct contact with his fellow-creatures was his patriotism.' But his comedy was no less thoroughly English, and was as highly appreciated.

CRITICAL OPINIONS

“The behaviour of the King, in the difficult and doubtful circumstances in which he is placed, is as patient and modest as it is spirited and lofty in his prosperous fortune. The character of the French nobles is also very admirably depicted; and the Dauphin’s praise of his horse shows the vanity of that class of persons in a very striking point of view. Shakespear always accompanies a foolish prince with a satirical courtier, as we see in this instance. The comic parts of *Henry V* are very inferior to those of *Henry IV*. Falstaff is dead, and without him, Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph are satellites without a sun. Fluellen the Welshman is the most entertaining character in the piece. He is good-natured, brave, choleric, and pedantic. His parallel between Alexander and Harry of Monmouth, and his desire to have ‘some disputations’ with Captain Macmorris on the discipline of the Roman wars, in the heat of battle, are never to be forgotten. His treatment of Pistol is as good as Pistol’s treatment of his French prisoner. There are two other remarkable prose passages in this play: the conversation of Henry in disguise with the three sentinels on the duties of a soldier, and his courtship of Katherine in broken French. We like them both exceedingly, though the first savours perhaps too much of the king and the last too little of the lover.” — HAZLITT, *Characters of Shakespear’s Plays*.

THE KING

“The underlying theme of the whole series of historical plays, the greatness of England, here rises to the surface, and sweeps before it all minor motives. The king himself towers in the forefront of the scene less as a gigantic personality like Richard III than as the embodiment of national strength and glory. He is

even more than the 'mirror of all Christian kings'; he is the personified genius of his race. What Achilles is to the Greeks, Roland to the Franks, Arthur to the Celts, that Shakspeare's Henry V is to the Anglo-Saxons. And, like these kindred heroes, he is typical of his folk in its hour of triumph over a dangerous foe. Thus the three elements of interest in the drama are the King himself, the nation whom he leads to victory, and the rival nation whom they jointly overthrow.

"Henry V is, in all essentials, Prince Hal grown to maturity and seated on a throne. The abandonment of the looser habits of his youth, which had been in progress during *Henry IV, Part II*, has now been completed. . . . But if Henry has shaken off his youthful follies, he has retained his faculty for adapting himself to all sorts and conditions of men. As in Eastcheap he had caught the very spirit of ale-house freemasonry, so in his altered sphere he excites the wonder of all hearers by discoursing upon divinity, war, and statecraft, as if each had been his peculiar and lifelong interest. . . . Henry's moral integrity deepens, after his coronation, into profound religious feeling, while his modesty takes the form of humble dependence upon God, whose name is henceforth constantly upon his lips.

"It is disappointing to find that, in the final scene of the drama, Shakspeare, by an unseasonable display of his comic power, lowers in some degree the dignity of his hero. . . . One does not expect Henry to indulge in the ardent protestations of a Romeo, to 'look greenly nor gasp out his eloquence,' but there is a mean between amorous rhapsodies and the 'down-right oaths' of this very 'plain soldier' manner of wooing. Simplicity and sincerity are the basis of Henry's character, but these alone do not give his figure its massive proportions. For this there is something more needed — a grandeur and glow of soul which shine forth in him as king, warrior, and judge, but which fail him as a lover. In wooing Katharine, Henry is wooing France, which he loves so well that he will not part with a village of it, and in the midst of his somewhat highly flavoured banter, he keeps a vigilant eye on the articles of alliance. This mixture of jocoseness and shrewdness

is scarcely the fitting final attitude of the hero of the great historical trilogy, the character whose development from youth to manhood Shakspeare has traced with such loving care. But the dramatist in this closing scene is perhaps occupied less with personal than with national considerations; and from the latter point of view there could be no more appropriate climax to the historical plays than this marriage treaty, whereby England, at unity with herself, is joined in 'incorporate league' to France, and the enemies of a hundred years are brought together." — BOAS, *Shakspeare and His Predecessors*.

THE DAUPHIN

"In the heir to the French throne all the defects of the moribund mediæval system of arms appear in intensified and contemptible form. The affection of the gallant rider for his gallant steed, which is a touching feature in genuine chivalry, is parodied by the high-flown passion of this carpet-knight for his horse, whom he styles his mistress, and in whose praise he indites a sonnet. With insolent levity he underrates his foes: Henry is in his eyes 'a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,' for whom tennis-balls are a fitting tribute, while his followers are as little to be feared as if they were merely busied with a Whitsun morris-dance. On the eve of the battle he chafes at the delay in his expected triumph: 'Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.' Yet even the Dauphin may perhaps rank above his admirer, the Duke of Orleans, who extols him 'as simply the most active gentleman of France,' and who in virtue of a superficial smartness in repartee despises the fat-brained followers of the English king." — BOAS, *Shakspeare and His Predecessors*.

THE COMEDY CHARACTERS

"Intermingled with the stately battle scenes are humorous episodes, falling, however, very far short of the brilliant comedy of *Henry IV*. The insipid dialogue between Pistol and his prisoner,

of which the sole object seems to be the ridicule of French pronunciation, is perhaps the feeblest which the dramatist ever penned. More interesting are the scenes which develop the character of Fluellen and increasingly reveal the good sense and good heart which underlie the Welshman's uncouth forms of speech. The comparison between Alexander the Great and Henry is ludicrous, on the score that there is a river in Macedon and a river at Monmouth, and there are salmons in both; but there is wonderful shrewdness in the observation that 'as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Henry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet.' The sturdy Welshman is irresistibly attracted by the integrity of the King, whom he claims to be of his own blood." — BOAS, *Shakspeare and His Predecessors*.

"His [Falstaff's] wake draws after it a number of disreputable or silly fellows, whom his audacious humor alone prevails upon the tragedy to tolerate. . . . There is Bardolph who . . . is the red mark for Falstaff's raillery, but liquor and lodgings keep him companionable, so that, when at last 'the fuel is gone that maintained that fire,' he has a tear or two, not yet evaporated, to help the obsequies of his master. There is Pistol, a great haunter of play-houses, where he has picked up phrases of bombast, such as swarmed in the bad tragedies of the period; when the sack has reached his head it sets them all afloat, to ruffle the company. . . . There is Mistress Quickly who caters for Falstaff's vices, endures his swindling till almost all her goods have gone to the pawnbroker's, and then admires to be cajoled back into more lending, dismisses the suit which she brought with such strenuous and voluble feebleness, and hopes he will come to supper. . . . Corporal Nym will cut a purse and drain a can without winking, as the rest will; but he admires to have a pretence of soldierly bluntness, as when he says, 'I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron.' He is a man of few words, and has something of Cromwell's enigmatic way of speaking to cover his delibera

intention of doing nothing to end his days. 'I cannot tell; things must be as they may. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell, . . . and that's the humor of it.' A silent man, but not of the fighting type which helped Queen Elizabeth's adventurers to sack the towns of the Spanish main and defray the expense of her countenance. — WEISS, *Wit, Humor, and Shakspeare*.

SHAKESPEARE'S GRAMMAR AND VERSIFICATION

Shakespeare lived at a time when the grammar and vocabulary of the English language were in a state of transition. Various points were not yet settled; and so Shakespeare's grammar is not only somewhat different from our own but is by no means uniform in itself. In the Elizabethan age, "almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, 'They *askance* their eyes'; as a noun, 'the *backward* and abysm of time'; or as an adjective, 'a *seldom* pleasure.' Any noun, adjective, or intransitive verb can be used as a transitive verb. You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb; and you can speak and act 'easy,' 'free,' 'excellent'; or as a noun, and you can talk of 'fair' instead of 'beauty,' and 'a pale' instead of 'a paleness.' Even the pronouns are not exempt from these metamorphoses. A 'he' is used for a man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as 'the fairest *she* he has yet beheld.' In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us. *He* for *him*, *him* for *he*; *spoke* and *took* for *spoken* and *taken*; plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted; *shall* for *will*, *should* for *would*, *would* for *wish*; *to* omitted after *I ought*, inserted after *I durst*; double negatives; double comparatives ('more better,' etc.) and superlatives; *such* followed by *which*, *that* by *as*, *as* used for *as if*; *that* for *so that*; and lastly some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all." — DR. ABBOTT'S *Shakespearean Grammar*.

Shakespeare's plays are written mainly in what is known as *blank verse*; but they contain a number of riming lines, and a cc-

siderable number of prose lines. As a rule, rime is much commoner in the earlier than in the later plays. Thus, *Love's Labour's Lost* contains nearly 1100 riming lines, while (if we except the songs) *A Winter's Tale* has none. *The Merchant of Venice* has 124.

In speaking, we lay a stress on particular syllables; this stress is called *accent*. When the words of a composition are so arranged that the accent recurs at regular intervals, the composition is said to be *rhythmical*. In blank verse the lines have usually ten syllables, of which the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented syllable, followed by an accented one, as in the word *attend*. Each of these five parts forms what is called a *foot* or *measure*; and the five together form a *pentameter*. *Pentameter* is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(a) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"Me-thought|you said|you nei|ther lend|nor bor|row."

(b) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together; as—

"Pluck' the|young suck'|ing cubs'|from the'|she bear'."

(c) In such words as *yesterday*, *voluntary*, *honesty*, the syllables *-day*, *-ta-*, and *-ty* falling in the place of the accent are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented; as—

"Bars' me|the right'|of vol'|-|un-ta'|ry choos'|ing."

(d) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only; as—

"Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark."

(e) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

“He says|he does,|*be-ing* then|most flat|ter-ed.”

(f) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the end of lines, as was the earlier custom.

In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as *fi-er* (fire), *su-er* (sure), *mi-el* (mile), etc.; *too-elve* (twelve), *jaw-ee* (joy). Similarly, *she-on* (-tion or -sion).

It is very important that the student should have plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.

PLAN OF STUDY

To attain the standard of "Perfect Possession," the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject.

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure; then to read it again, with his mind on the characters and the plot; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, etc.

With the help of the following outline, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play.

1. The plot and story of the play.

- (a) The general plot.
- (b) The special incidents.

2. The characters.

Ability to give a connected account of all that is done, and most that is said by each character in the play.

3. The influence and interplay of the characters upon one another.

- (a) Relation of A to B and of B to A.
- (b) Relation of A to C and D.

4. Complete possession of the language.

- (a) Meanings of words.
- (b) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning.
- (c) Grammar.
- (d) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

5. Power to reproduce, or quote.

- (a) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion.
- (b) What was said by A in reply to B.
- (c) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture.
- (d) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

6. Power to locate.

- (a) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion.
- (b) To cap a line.
- (c) To fill in the right word or epithet.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH TEENTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, }
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } *brothers to the King.*

DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King.*

DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY,
officers in King Henry's army.

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same.*

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, *French lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

Ambassadors *to the King of England.*

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

KATHARINE, *daughter to Charles and Isabel.*

ALICE, *a lady attending on her.*

Hostess *of a tavern in Eastcheap (formerly Mistress Quickly, and
now married to Pistol).*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

CHORUS.

SCENE — ENGLAND; afterwards FRANCE.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

Chorus. O, for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and, at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and
fire

Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraisèd spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest, in little place, a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,

10

20

Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance:
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
 For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our
 kings,
 Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
 Turning th' accomplishment of many years
 Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
 Admit me Chorus to this history;
 Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit*

30

 ACT I

SCENE I

London. An antechamber in the KING'S palace

*Enter THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and
 THE BISHOP OF ELY*

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

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

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,

We lose the better half of our possession;
 For all the temporal lands, which men devout
 By testament have given to the church, 10
 Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
 Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
 And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
 Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
 A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
 And to the coffers of the king beside,
 A thousand pounds by th' year: thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all. 20

Ely. But what prevention?

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

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church

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

The breath no sooner left his father's body
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration, like an angel, came
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
 Leaving his body as a paradise 30
 T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made;
 Never came reformation in a flood,

With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
 As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate: 40
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say it hath been all in all his study:
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music:
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences; 50
 So that the art and practic part of life
 Must be the mistress to this theoric:
 Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain;
 His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle, 60
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:

SNAKES HIPS

And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty.

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

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no? 70

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

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

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

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off? 90

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

Ely. It is.

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

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

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II

The same. The presence chamber

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

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

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,

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

Enter THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and THE BISHOP OF ELY

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

K. Hen.

Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,

And justly and religiously unfold

10

Why the law Salique that they have in France

Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.

And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,

That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your read-
ing,

Or nicely charge your understanding soul

With opening titles miscreate, whose right

Suits not in native colours with the truth;

For God doth know how many now in health

Shall drop their blood in approbation

Of what your reverence shall incite us to.

20

'Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,

How you awake our sleeping sword of war;

We charge you, in the name of God, take heed:

For never two such kingdoms did contend

Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops

Are every one a woe, a sore complaint

'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords

That make such waste in brief mortality.

Under this conjuration speak, my lord:

For we will hear, note, and believe in heart

30

That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd

As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you
peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services

To this imperial throne. There is no bar

To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond —

In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,

'No woman shall succeed in Salique land':

Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze 40

To be the realm of France, and Pharamond

The founder of this law and female bar.

Yet their own authors faithfully affirm

That the land Salique is in Germany,

Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:

Where Charles the Great, having subdued the
Saxons,

There left behind and settled certain French;

Who, holding in disdain the German women

For some ^{ill} ^{manners} ^{of} ^{their} ^{life},

Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female 50

Should be inheritrix in Salique land;

Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala.

Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.

Then doth it well appear, the Salique law

Was not devised for the realm of France;

Nor did the French possess the Salique land

Until four hundred one and twenty years

After defunction of King Pharamond,

Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;

Who died within the year of our redemption 60

Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great

Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French

Beyond the river Sala, in the year

Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,

King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also — who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male 70
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great —
To find his title with some shows of truth,
(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught),
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied 80
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage, the line of Charles the
Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, — all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day. 90
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net

Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

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

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

For in the book of Numbers is it writ, —

‘When the man dies, let the inheritance

Descend unto the daughter.’ Gracious lord,

100

Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;

Look back into your mighty ancestors:

Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire’s tomb,

From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,

And your great-uncle’s, Edward the Black Prince;

Who on the French ground play’d a tragedy,

Making defeat on the full power of France,

Whiles his most mighty father on a hill

Stood smiling to behold his lion’s whelp

Forge in blood of French nobility.

110

O noble English, that could entertain

With half their forces the full pride of France,

And let another half stand laughing by,

All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,

And with your puissant arm renew their feats:

You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;

The blood and courage that renowned them

Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,

120

Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth

Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause and
means and might:

So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege, 130
With blood and sword and fire to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

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

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

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,

With ample and brim fulness of his force, 150
 Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
 Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
 That England, being empty of defence,
 Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
 my liege:

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

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

If that you will France win,
 Then with Scotland first begin;

For once the eagle England being in prey,
 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot 170
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs,
 Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
 To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home:
 Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.

While that the armèd hand both fight abroad,
Th' advisèd head defends itself at home:
For government, though high and low and lower, 180
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent;
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixèd, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts: 190
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to éxecutors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer, —
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:

As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one
town;

As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;

As many lines close in the dial's centre;

210

So may a thousand actions, once afoot,

End in one purpose, and be all well borne

Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.

Divide your happy England into four;

Whereof take you one quarter into France,

And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.

If we, with thrice such powers left at home,

Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,

Let us be worried, and our nation lose

The name of hardiness and policy.

220

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the
Dauphin. *[Exeunt some Attendants]*

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,

And yours, the noble sinews of our power,

France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,

Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,

Ruling in large and ample empery

O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,

Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,

Tombless, with no remembrance over them:

Either our history shall with full mouth

230

Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,

Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,

Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph. —

Enter Ambassadors of France

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

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

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

240

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus, then, in few:
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd there 's naught in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

250

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

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

His present and your pains we thank you for: 261

When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,

We will in France, by God's grace, play a set

Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.

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'er us with our wilder days,

Not measuring what use we made of them.

We never valued this poor seat of England;

And therefore, living hence, did give ourself 270

To barbarous license; as 't is ever common

That men are merriest when they are from home:

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state, *char of*

Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness, *state*

When I do rouse me in my throne of France:

For that I have laid by my majesty,

And plodded like a man for working-days;

But I will rise there with so full a glory

That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,

Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us. 280

And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his

Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul

Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance

That shall fly with them: for many a thousand

widows

Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;

Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down:

And some are yet ungotten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
 Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it. —
 Convey them with safe-conduct. — Fare you well.

290

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
 That may give furtherance to our expedition:
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
 That may with reasonable swiftness add
 More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
 Therefore let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

300

[*Exeunt*

310

~~Forbes~~
 BK

Forbes

FORBES
 KENYON
 CARY

carita de niña
Por es Yo amo.
Tan es nuestro anciano hombre

ACT II

PROLOGUE

Flourish. Enter CHORUS

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets, 10
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart:
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out 20
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men —

One, Richard Earl of Cambridge; and the second,
 Henry Lord Scroop of Masham; and the third,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland —
 Have, for the guilt of France (O guilt indeed!)
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 30
 Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
 Th' abuse of distance; force a play.
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [Exit

SCENE I
 SCENE I

London. A street

Act 2

Enter Corporal NYM and Lieutenant BARDOLPH

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Goodd morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

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

Nym. 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 wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end. 10

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

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

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and certainly she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her. 20

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

Enter PISTOL and Hostess

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

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host? 30
Now, by this hand, I swear I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long. [*NYM draws his*

sword] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now!
We shall see wilful murder committed.

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

Nym. Pish.

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

40

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

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

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

The *solus* in thy most mervailous face;

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

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

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels;

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

50

And flashing fire will follow.

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

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

60

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

[Draws

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

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

Pist. *Couple a gorge!*
That 's the word. I defy thee again. 70
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and — *pauca*, there 's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master — and you, hostess; he is very sick, and would to bed. — Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he 's very ill. 80

Bard. Away, you rogue!

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

[Exeunt Hostess and Boy]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats? 90

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

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

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

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

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[*They draw*

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

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have 100
their course.

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

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

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me; — 110
Is not this just? — for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Hostess

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaked of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him. 120

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

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

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

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

SCENE II

Southampton. A council-chamber

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND

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

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

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

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

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

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious
favours, —
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

10

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

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

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

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

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

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well
persuaded

20

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

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

Grey. True: those that were your father's
enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve
you

30

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of
thankfulness,

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

Scroop. So service shall with steelèd sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope
To do your grace incessant services.

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

40

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

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

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

Grey. Sir,

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

50

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

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our
eye

When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and
digested,

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

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French
causes;

60

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

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

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir
knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know I know your worthiness.

My Lord of Westmoreland, and Uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. — Why, how now, gen-
tlemen!

70

What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? — look ye how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. — Why, what read you
there

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

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

Grey, Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: 80
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
 For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
 See you, my princes and my noble peers,
 These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge
 here, —

You know how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents
 Belonging to his honour; and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
 And sworn unto the practices of France, 90
 To kill us here in Hampton; to the which
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O,
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost mightst have coined me into gold,
 Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use; —
 May it be possible that foreign hire 100
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason and murder ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,

Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not hoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder: 110
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
And other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistening semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 120
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, 'I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiancè! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious? 130
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purgèd judgement trusting neither?

Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man. — Their faults are open.
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;
 And God acquit them of their practices!

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

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

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
 Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland. 150

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

Cam. For me — the gold of France did not
 seduce;

Although I did admit it as a motive
 The sooner to effect what I intended:
 But God be thankèd for prevention;
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160

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

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter, 170
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give
You patience to endure, and true repentance 180
Of all your dear offences! — Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and GREY, guarded
Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war;
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothèd on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God, 190
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III

London. Before a tavern

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

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

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

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

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

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

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

felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

30

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

Host. 'A could never abide carnation: 't was a colour he never liked.

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

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

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

40

Pist. Come, let 's away. — My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables:

Let senses rule; the word is, 'Pitch and pay';

Trust none:

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals. — Yoke-fellows in arms,

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

50

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

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her
Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but,
 adieu.

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

Host. Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt

SCENE IV

France. The KING's palace

*Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN, the
 DUKES OF BERRI and BRETAGNE, the CONSTABLE,
 and others*

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full
 power upon us;
 And more than carefully it us concerns
 To answer royally in our defences.
 Therefore the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne,
 Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
 And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,
 To line and new repair our towns of war
 With men of courage and with means defendant;
 For England his approaches makes as fierce
 As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
 It fits us then to be as provident
 As fear may teach us out of late examples
 Left by the fatal and neglected English
 Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation. 20

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

Con.

O peace, Prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king: 30
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

Dau. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:

So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
 Which of a weak and niggardly projection
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
 A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
 And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us; 50
 And he is bled out of that bloody strain
 That haunted us in our familiar paths:
 Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
 And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of
 Wales;

Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface 60
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger

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

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

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords*
 You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit: for coward
dogs

Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to
threaten

70

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

Re-enter Lords, *with* EXETER *and* train

Fr. King. From our brother of England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrowed glories that, by gift of Heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretchèd honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'T is no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,

80

[Gives a paper

In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree:
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,

90

Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

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

Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,

In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,

100

That, if requiring fail, he will compel;

And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,

Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy

On the poor souls for whom this hungry war

Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head

Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,

The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothèd lovers,

That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.

This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message:

110

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,

To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent

Back to our brother England.

Dau.

For the Dauphin,

I stand here for him: what to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,

And any thing that may not misbecome

The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

Thus says my king: an if your father's highness

120

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,

Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it
 That caves and womby vaultages of France
 Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
 In second accent of his ordnance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
 It is against my will; for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity, 130
 I did present him with the Paris balls.

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

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

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

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair
 conditions:
 A night is but small breath and little pause
 To answer matters of this consequence. [Exeunt

ACT III

PROLOGUE

Flourish. Enter CHORUS

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene
flies

In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestic,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance:

10

10. my

20

For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose th' ambassador from the French comes
back;

Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry, 30
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off*
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit*

SCENE I

France. Before Harfleur

*Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD,
GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head 10
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height! On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders, 20
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!—And you, good
 yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt
 not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot;
 Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
 Cry, 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off]

SCENE II

*The same**Enter* NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Boy

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

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

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
 And sword and shield,
 In bloody field,
 Doth win immortal fame.

10

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

Pist. And I:

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

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

Enter FLUELLEN

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions. 20
[Driving them forward

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

Abate thy rage, great duke!

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

Nym. These be good humours! — your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt all but Boy*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph — he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol — he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym — he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up

of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary — you may discuss unto the duke, look you — is digt himself four yard under the counter-mines: by Cheshu, I think 'a will plough up all, if there is not better directions. 60

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not? 70

Gow. I think it be.

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

Enter MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY

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

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gen-

tleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans. 80

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

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

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

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over; I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done! 90

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point. 100

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

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars,

and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet 110
call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish,
do nothing: 't is shame for us all: so God sa' me,
't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand:
and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done;
and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take
themselves to slomber, I'll de gud service, or I'll
lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and I'll
pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do,
that is the breff and the long: marry, I wad full fain 120
heard some question 'tween you tway.

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

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

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise
than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure 130
I shall think you do not use me with that affability
as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being
as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of
wars and in the derivation of my birth, and in other
particularities.

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

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each
other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded*
Gow. The town sounds a parley.

14

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

SCENE III

Before the gates of Harfleur

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the
English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and
his train.

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

This is the latest parle we will admit:
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
 Or, like to men proud of destruction,
 Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
 A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
 If I begin the battery once again,
 I will not leave the half-achievèd Harfleur
 Till in her ashes she lie burièd.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
 And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh fair virgins and your flowering infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war,
 Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,

10

Do, with his smirched complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th' enragèd soldiers in their spoil,
As send precèpts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, ye men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace 30
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry 40
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us, that his powers are yet not ready

To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
 Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
 For we no longer are defensible.

50

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

[*Flourish.* *The KING and his train enter the town*

SCENE IV

The FRENCH KING'S palace

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE

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

Alice. Un peu, madame.

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

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

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

10

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux

mots d'Anglois vitement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

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

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

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras. 20

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

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

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

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez; de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. 30
Comment appelez-vous le col?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

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

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps. 40

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

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement; de hand, de fingres, de mails —

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow —

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

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

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun. 50

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

Alice. Excellent, madame! 60

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner. [Exeunt

SCENE V

The same

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, and others

Fr. King. 'T is certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,

Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. *O Dieu vivant!* Shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman
bastards!

10

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this
mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull;
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?

20

And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty
people

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

Dau. By faith and honour, our madams mock
at us,
And plainly say our mettle is bred out.

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

30

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

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:

Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;

Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrade, Bouciquault, and Charolois;

40

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
knights,

For your great seats now quit you of great
shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:

Go down upon him, — you have power enough, —
And in a captive chariot into Rouen

50

Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,

His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march;

For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on
 Montjoy;

And let him say to England that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.

60

Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient; for you shall remain
 with us.

Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VI

The English camp in Picardy

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting

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

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

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as
 Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour
 with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my
 life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is
 not (God be praised and plessed!) any hurt in the
 world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with
 excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieu-

10

tenant there at the pridge — I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Flu. Here is the man.

20

Enter PISTOL

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

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

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

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler before his eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind: and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. — In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

30

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

40

For he hath stolen a pax, and hangèd must 'a be.
A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free,
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite. 50

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand
your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoyce therefore.

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

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

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [Exit

Flu. Very good.

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

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

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now 70

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

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard*] Hark you,
 the king is coming, and I must speak with him from
 the pridge. 90

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers

Drum and colours

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge:

the French is gone off, look you; and there is gal-
lant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary
was have possession of the pridge; but he is en-
forced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of 100
the pridge; I can tell your majesty, the duke is a
prave man.

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

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been
very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part,
I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one
that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one
Bardolph, if your majesty know the man; his face
is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames
o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like 110
a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red;
but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out.

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

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY

Mont. You know me by my habit.

120

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

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to reanswer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office. 130

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality. 140

Mont. Montjoy.

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

And tell thy king, I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,

My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
 My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
 Almost no better than so many French;
 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen. — Yet, forgive me,
 God,

That I do brag thus! This your air of France 160
 Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
 Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
 My army but a weak and sickly guard;
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself and such another neighbour
 Stand in our way. There 's for thy labour, Mont-
 joy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood 170
 Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this:
 We would not seek a battle, as we are;
 Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it;
 So tell your master.

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

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

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

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:

Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves,
 And on to-morrow bid them march away. [Exeunt 180

SCENE VII

The French camp, near Agincourt

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, *the* LORD RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, *with others*

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

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

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

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

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world. 10

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

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

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast 20
 for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but

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

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

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

30

Orl. No more, cousin.

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

40

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

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

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

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

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

50

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

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

Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

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

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

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

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

Dau. 'Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier': thou mak'st use of any thing.

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

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

Con. Stars, my lord.

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

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away.

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

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

a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

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

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

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them. 90

Dau. 'T is midnight; I 'll go arm myself. [*Exit*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

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

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

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France. 100

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

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

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

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

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

Orl. What 's he? 110

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

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

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey: 't is a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

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

Orl. And I will take up that with — Give the devil his due. 120

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

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

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents. 130

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

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

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

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away. 140

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

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

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

150

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

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

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

160

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

ACT IV

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of
night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire; and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs 10
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night, 20
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp

So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminatè
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, 30
Let him cry, 'Praise and glory on his head!'
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint 40
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where (O for pity!) we shall much disgrace,
With four or five most vile and ragged foils, 50
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,

The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[*Exit*

SCENE I

The English camp at Agincourt

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER

K. Hen. Gloucester, 't is true that we are in great danger;

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

10

Enter ERPINGHAM

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

Erp. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,

Since I may say, 'Now lie I like a king.'

K. Hen. 'T is good for men to love their present pains

Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd:
 And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt 20
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. — Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp;
 Do my good morrow to them; and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England: 30

I and my bosom must debate awhile,

And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble
 Harry! [Exeunt all but KING HENRY

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

Enter PISTOL

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

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

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike? 40

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

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

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

A lad of life, an imp of fame;
 Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
 I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
 I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

K. Hen. Harry *le Roi*.

Pist. *Le Roy!*

50

A Cornish name; art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate
 Upon Saint Davy's day.

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

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

60

Pist. The *figo* for thee, then!

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

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [Exit

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower.
 It is the greatest admiration in the universal world,
 when the true and aunchient prerogatifs and laws
 of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains
 but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you
 shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle
 taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I

70

warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

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

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now? 80

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN*

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

Enter three soldiers, BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS

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

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day. 90

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

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

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

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide. 100

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

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am; the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army. 110

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will: but I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is. 120

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

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die

any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable. 130

Will. That 's more than we know.

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

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, 'We died at such a place'; some swearing, 140 some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent 150 about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or, if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the

king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle, war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and, dying so, death is to him advantage; or, not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making

160

170

180

God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare. 190

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

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

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

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser. 200

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

Will. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient. 210

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

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

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

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

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever 220
thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is
my glove,' by this hand, I will take thee a box on
the ear.

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

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

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

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends;
we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how 230
to reckon.

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

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,

Our debts, our careful wives,

Our children, and our sins lay on the king!

We must bear all. O hard condition, 240

Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel

But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease

Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!

And what have kings that privates have not too,

Save ceremony — save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in? 250
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being feared
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out 260
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's
knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king that find thee; and I know
'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd title running 'fore the king, 270
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world, —
No, not all these, thrice gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night 280
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace, 290
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM

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

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

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

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

Possess them not with fear; take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if th' opposèd numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them! Not to-day, O Lord,
 O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown! 300

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

310

Enter GLOUCESTER

Glo. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice? — Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee: —
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[Exeunt

SCENE II

The French camp

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES,
and others

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

Dau. *Montez à cheval!* My horse! *varlet!* *laquais!*
ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via! les eaux et la terre —*

Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu —*

Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans. —

Enter CONSTABLE

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, 10
And dout them with superfluous courage: ha!

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

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

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

Do but behold yon poor and starvèd 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 20
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on
them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.

'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,

That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,

Who in unnecessary action swarm

About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe;
Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30
Took 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 down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of
France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field: 40
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor
jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and
hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel-bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless; 50
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.

Description cannot suit itself in words
 To demonstrate the life of such a battle
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

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

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh
 suits,

And give their fasting horses provender,
 And after fight with them?

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

SCENE III

The English camp

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPING-
 HAM, *with all his host*; SALISBURY, and WEST-
 MORELAND

Glo. Where is the king?

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

West. Of fighting-men they have full threescore
 thousand.

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

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.
 God be wi' you, princes all; I 'll to my charge;
 If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
 Then, joyfully, — my noble Lord of Bedford,

My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, — warriors all, adieu!

10

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

Exe. Farewell, kind lord, fight valiantly to-day;
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit* SALISBURY

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

Enter KING HENRY

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

K. Hen. What 's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? — No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

20

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me

30

For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my
host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

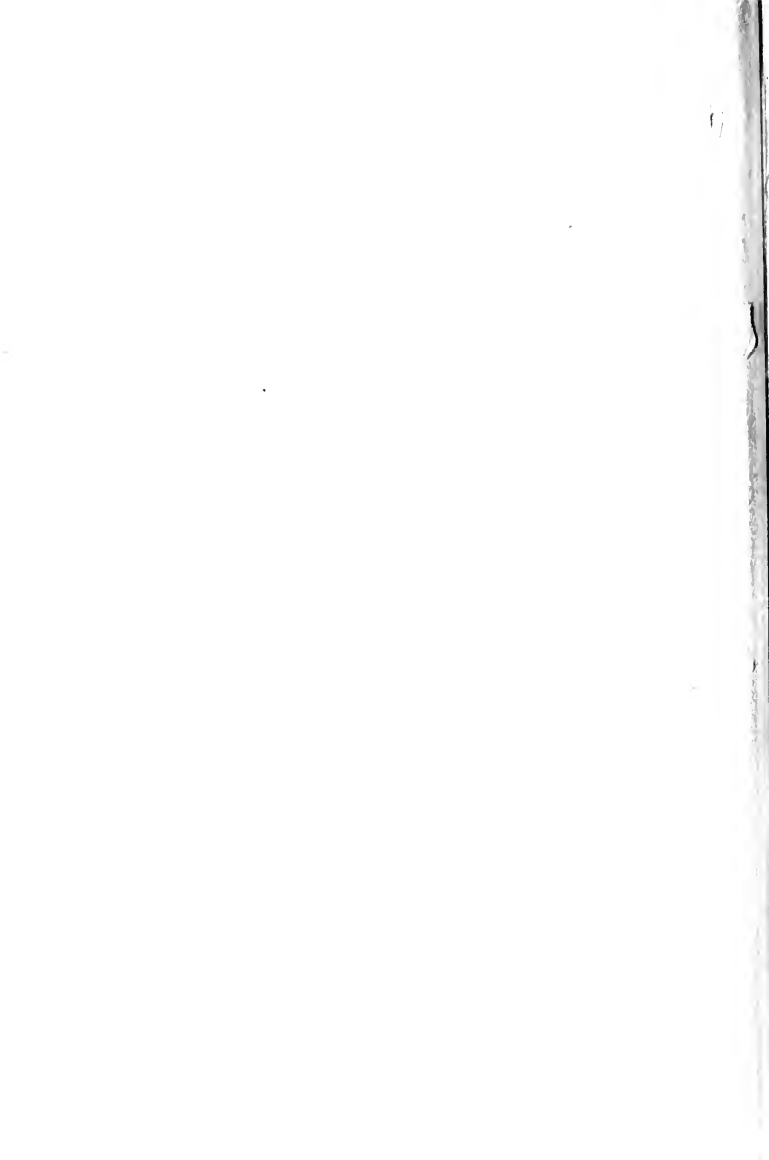
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian: 40
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian':
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember with advantages 50

What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words —
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester —
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberèd —
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; 60
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me



King Henry. BUT IF IT BE A SIN TO COVET HONOR,
I AM THE MOST OFFENDING SOUL ALIVE.



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

Re-enter SALISBURY

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with
speed:

The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

70

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

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward
now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from
England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I
alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

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

Which likes me better than to wish us one. —

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King
Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assurèd overthrow:

80

For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
 The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
 Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor
 bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back; 90
 Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
 Good God! why should they mock poor fellows
 thus?

The man that once did sell the lion's skin,
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt
 Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
 They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet
 them,

100

And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
 Mark then abounding valour in our English,
 That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
 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 gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd 110
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There 's not a piece of feather in our host —
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly —
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They 'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this, —
As, if God please, they shall, — my ransom then 120
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

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

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

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

Enter YORK

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward. 130

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

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[*Exeunt*

SCENE IV

The field of battle

Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, French Soldier, and Boy

Pist. Yield, cur!

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

Pist. *Qualitie calmie custure me!* Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O Seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman: —
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou dost give to me
Egregious ransom. 10

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

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty
moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

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

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass? 20

Fr. Sol. *O, pardonnez moi!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?

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

Boy. *Écoutez; comment êtes-vous appelé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I 'll fer him, and firke him,
and ferret him: — discuss the same in French unto
him. 30

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

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

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

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

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns: 40
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

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

Pist. What are his words?

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

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take. 50

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

Boy. *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de par-
donner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus*

que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

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

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

60

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

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

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

70

SCENE V

Another part of the field

*Alarums. Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON,
DAUPHIN, and RAMBURES*

Con. O diable!

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

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

Reproach and everlasting shame

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

Do not run away. [*A short alarum*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

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

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

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

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

10

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

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence.

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

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the field

To smother up the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I 'll to the
throng;

Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

20

[Exeunt

SCENE VI

Another part of the field

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY and his train, with prisoners

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

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

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

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

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

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

10

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!'

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,

20

And with a feeble gripe, says, 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.

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

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

[*Alarum*

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforce'd their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VII

Another part of the field

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

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

Gow. 'T is certain there 's not a boy left alive;
and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle

ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant king! 10

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

Gow. Alexander the Great.

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

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it. 20

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one; 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and 30

his indignations, and also being a little intoxicated in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that; he never killed any of his friends. 40

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turned away the fat knight with the great belly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaver-ies, and mocks; I have forgot his name. 50

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY and forces; WAR-
WICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, with prisoners.
Flourish

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforcèd from the old Assyrian slings: 60

Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have;
 And not a man of them that we shall take
 Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY

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

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

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

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

Mont.

No, great king:

70

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

80

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

Mont. The day is yours.

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

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

Mont. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt, 90
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

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

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your
majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did 100
good service in a garden where leeks did grow,
wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which,
your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable
badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty
takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's
day.

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

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your
majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell
you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as 110
it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman,
I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the

'orld: I need not be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—

Enter WILLIAMS

Our heralds go with him;
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

120

[Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt Heralds with MONTJOY

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

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

K. Hen. An Englishman?

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

130

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

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

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

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the

devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la. 140

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

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

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege. 150

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

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

Will. I will, my liege. [Exit

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love. 160

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

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

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

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him
to my tent. 170

Flu. I will fetch him. [Exit

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother
Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick.

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some sudden mischief may arise of it;

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,

And quickly will return an injury:

Follow, and see there be no harm between them.

Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt 180

SCENE VIII

Before KING HENRY'S pavilion

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS

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

Enter FLUELLEN

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

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

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

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

[*Strikes him*

Flu. 'Splood, an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England! 10

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I 'll be forsworn?

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

Will. I am no traitor.

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

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER

War. How now, how now! what 's the matter? 20

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

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER

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

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

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change 30

promised to wear it in his cap; I promised to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

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

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here 40
is the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

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

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse. 50

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

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;

And wear it for an honour in thy cap

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

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

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

Will. I will none of your money.

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

Enter an English Herald

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

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

[Delivers a paper

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

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:

Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

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

That in the field lie slain: of princes in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
 One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
 Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
 Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights;
 So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
 There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries; 90
 The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
 And gentlemen of blood and quality.
 The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
 Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
 Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
 The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
 Great master of France, the brave Sir Guichard
 Dolphin;
 John Duke of Alençon; Anthony Duke of Brabant,
 The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;
 And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls, 100
 Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
 Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrале.
 Here was a royal fellowship of death!
 Where is the number of our English dead?

[Herald *presents another paper*

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
 Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
 None else of name; and of all other men,
 But five-and-twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
 Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem, 110
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,

Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on th' other? Take it, God,
- For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'T is wonderful!

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

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

120

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledge-
ment,
That God fought for us.

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

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
Let there be sung *Non Nobis* and *Te Deum*;
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay;
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt*

ACT V

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the
story,

That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys, 10
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deepmouth'd
sea,

Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath:
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city; he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride; 20

Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress, 30
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broachèd on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd, 40
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 't is past.
Then brook abridgement; and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

[Exit

SCENE I

France. The English camp

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

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

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, — he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires. 10

Enter PISTOL

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

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, 20
base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

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

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him*] 30
Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonished him. 40

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

Pist. Must I bite?

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

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

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by. 50

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

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

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat 60
to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

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

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit 70

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition — begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour — and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [Exit 80

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
 News have I that my Doll is dead i' the spital;
 And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
 Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
 Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I'll turn,
 And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
 To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
 And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars, 90
 And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit*

SCENE II

France. A royal palace

Enter at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE, and other Ladies, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
 Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
 To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
 And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
 By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
 We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
 And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,

Most worthy brother England; fairly met: 10
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality; and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute
you.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have
labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face, and royal eye to eye, 30
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not, in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd!
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it own fertility. 40
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon; while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, 50
Conceives by idleness; and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility:
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages — as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood — 60
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,

Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace 70
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenors and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which,
as yet,

There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed 80
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and preemptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick, and Huntingdon, — go with the king:
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands;
And we 'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister, 90
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them;
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here
with us;

She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except HENRY, KATHARINE, and ALICE*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear

100

And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot
speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to
hear you confess it brokenly with your English
tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell wat is 'like me.'

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are
like an angel.

110

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must
not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont
pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the
tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Oui; dat de tongues of de mans is be full
of deceits: dat is de princess.*

120

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-

woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, 'I love you': then, if you urge me further than to say, 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer: i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur*, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if



King Henry. I KNOW NO WAYS TO MINCE IT IN LOVE, BUT DIRECTLY TO SAY, 'I LOVE YOU.'

thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true: but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather, the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee. 160

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No, it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine. 180

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi* (let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!) — *donc votre est France, et vous êtes mienne*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me. 190

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

K. Hen. No, faith, is 't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divin déesse?* 200

Kath. Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France*. 210

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour, I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. I was created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, 'Harry of England, I am thine': which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine'; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please de *roi mon père*.

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez; ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate. 250

Kath. *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France, — I cannot tell wat is *baiser en* English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* better *que moi*.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say? 260

Alice. *Oui, vraiment.*

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss; therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more 270
eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the

tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

*Re-enter the FRENCH KING and his QUEEN,
BURGUNDY, and other Lords*

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her: and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth: so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness. 280

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to. 290

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomewtide, blind, though they have their eyes. 300

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way. 310

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspective, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are girdled with maiden walls that war hath never enter'd.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will. 320

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first; and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposèd natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:

Where your majesty demands that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French — *Notre très cher fils Henri, roi d'Angleterre, Hèritier de France*; and thus in Latin — *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ*. 330

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance, Let that one article rank with the rest; And thereupon give me your daughter. 340

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms Of France and England, whose very shores look pale With envy of each other's happiness, May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate; and bear me witness all That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. 350

[*Flourish*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages, Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one! As man and wife, being two, are one in love,

So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other! — God speak this Amen!

360

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage; on which
day,

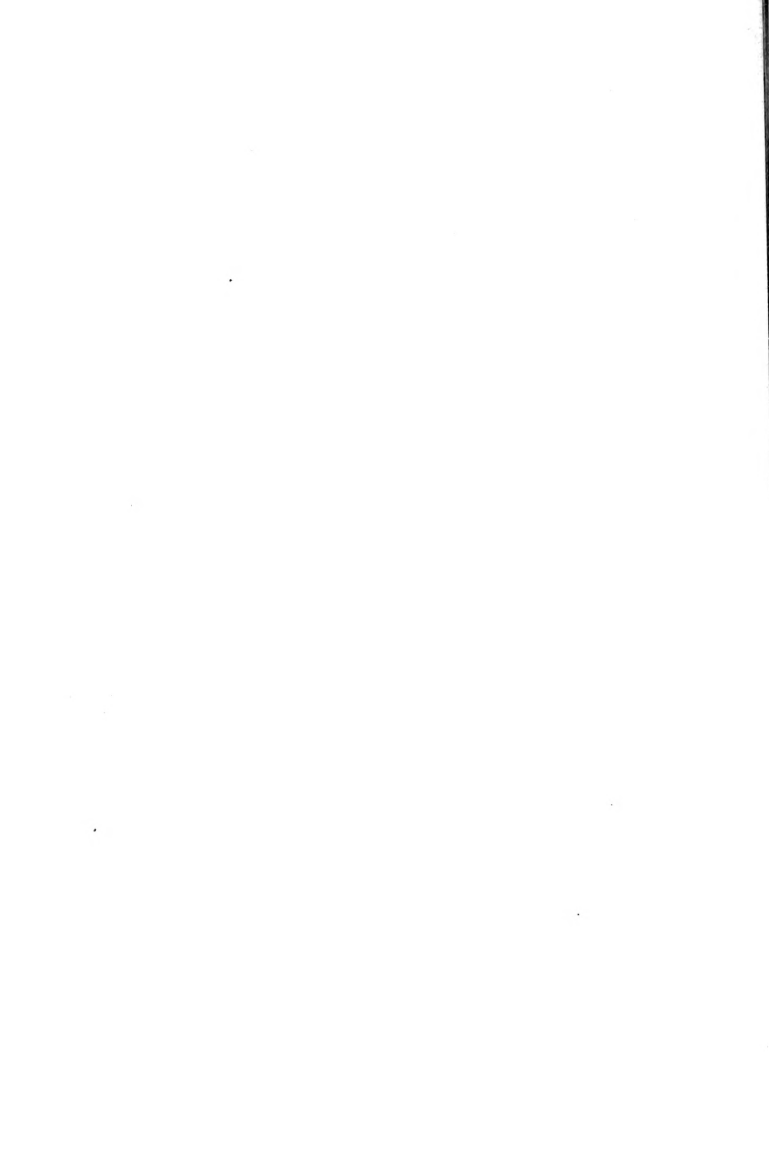
My Lord of Burgundy, we 'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt*

EPILOGUE

Enter CHORUS

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story:
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed; 10
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England
bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their
sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit*



NOTES

The following contractions are used in the notes: Cf. = confer (compare); Lit. = literally; A. S. = Anglo-Saxon; Fr. = French; Lat. = Latin; M. E. = Middle English; O. Fr. = Old French; C. Ed. = Collins's Edition; Cl. P. S. = Clarendon Press Series; R. Ed. = Rugby Edition.

PROLOGUE

The Chorus explains the subject and the action of the play, and supplies a narrative of the events which are to be understood as occurring during the intervals between the Acts. In the time of Shakespeare a *chorus* was the technical term for the prologue.

Page 27. 1. **A Muse**, etc. An inspiring influence.

2. **Invention**. Imagination. In Shakespeare it has also these meanings: (1) A discovery or invention (the literal meaning); (2) a forgery or falsehood; (3) thought, idea; (4) the inventive or imaginative faculty.

4. **The swelling scene**. The increasing pomp and splendor of the scene.

6. **Mars**. The Roman god of war.

7. **Leash'd in like hounds**. Bound and led like hounds.

8. **Gentles**. Gentlefolks.

9. **Unraisèd**. Not elevated in thought.

10. **Scaffold**. Stage.

11. **Object**. Representation, spectacle. — **Cockpit**. The small compass of the theater was better suited for a cock-fight than the representation of Henry's battles.

13. **This wooden O**. The Globe Theatre, where this play was perhaps first acted, was in the form of an octagon. It was built in 1598 or 1599 by Burbage.

16. **Attest**. Represent, certify.

17. **Ciphers to this great accompt**. Who are as nothing in comparison with the characters who figured in the actual drama. — **Accompt**. Account.

18. **Imaginary forces**. Powers of imagination.

19. **Girdle**. Compass.

Page 28. 21. **Upreared and abutting fronts.** High and projecting shores. *Abut*, to border (on), to end.

22. **Narrow ocean.** The English Channel, called in French *La Manche*, from its likeness to a sleeve. (C. Ed.)

25. **Make imaginary puissance.** Imagine an armed force. *Puissance* is here a trisyllable.

30. **Turning th' accomplishment,** etc. Representing in an hour what it took many years to accomplish.

31. **For the which supply.** For supplying a narrative of the events.

ACT I

SCENE I

1. **Self.** Self-same.

2. **Th' eleventh year,** etc. In 1410, when a vigorous attempt to strip the church of part of its immense possessions was made by the Lollard party under its leader, Sir John Oldcastle, better known as Lord Cobham.

3. **Was like** [to have passed], **and had** [would have] **indeed,** etc.

4. **Scambling.** Scrambling, struggling.

5. **Question.** Consideration.

Page 29. 14. **Esquires.** Attendants on the knights, lit. shield bearers. (Lat. *scutum*, a shield.)

15. **Lazars.** Persons afflicted with loathsome disease, especially leprosy, like *Lazarus* in the parable; cf. *Luke* xvi, 20.

28. **Consideration.** Reflection.

Page 30. 34. **A heady currence.** A headlong current.

35. **Nor never.** Negatives were repeated in early English for the sake of emphasis. — **Hydra-headed.** The Hydra that dwelt in a swamp near Lerna in Argos, had nine heads, and no sooner had Hercules knocked off one with his club than two new ones sprang up in its place.

43. **List.** Often in Shakespeare used transitively.

45. **Any cause of policy.** Any question of politics.

46. **The Gordian knot.** Gordius, king of Phrygia, was originally a poor peasant. Being made king, he dedicated his chariot to Jupiter, in the acropolis of Gordium. An intricate knot of bark fastened the pole to the yoke, and an oracle declared that whoever should loose it would rule over the whole of Asia. Alexander the Great made short work of the difficulty by cutting the knot with his sword.

47. **Familiar.** In Elizabethan English adjectives are freely used as adverbs. — **That.** *So* is here omitted.

48. A charter'd libertine. Having a right or charter to move at liberty.

54. Addiction. Inclination.

55. Companies. For *companions*.

57. And never [was there] noted, etc.

59. Popularity. Association with the common people.

Page 31. 63. Contemplation. Studious disposition.

66. Yet *crescive* in his faculty. Yet showing its power of growth. *His*, the old form of the genitive case of *it*. *Its* does not occur in Spenser, or the Bible of 1611 (which has *it* where *its* is now used in *Leviticus* xxv, 5), and is found only thrice in Milton. *Its* first appeared in print in 1598. (Prof. Lounsbury.)

68. Needs. A substantive adverb with the old inflection of the genitive singular *-es*.

72. Indifferent. Impartial.

74. Exhibitors. Those who presented the bill.

76. Upon. Upon the authority of, in consequence of. — Our spiritual convocation. The Convocation of the church used to pass ecclesiastical laws and grant subsidies to the crown. It gradually fell into impotence, and was virtually suspended from 1717 to 1840.

86. The severals and unhidden passages. The details and clear documentary proofs.

87. Some certain. A pleonasm. The dukedoms were Aquitaine, Anjou, Maine, and Normandy.

88. Seat. Throne.

Page 32. 95. Embassy. Mission.

SCENE II

4. *Cousin* in Shakespeare is used: (1) to denote, besides the son or daughter of an uncle or aunt, any kinsman or kinswoman; (2) as a title given by princes to other princes and distinguished noblemen. This last is the meaning here.

Page 33. 11. Law Salique. The Salic (from the Bavarian river Saale) law originated in the custom of the Salian Franks, who finally settled in France under their leader Pharamond, about 418, 'when the kingdom of France was founded.' It was one of their laws that no woman could succeed to an inheritance, lest by marrying she should carry her property and power into another house. The law was first applied to French politics in the fourteenth century. When the English kings laid a claim to the French throne through the female line, it became an article of French patriotism to maintain the Salic law as a necessary safeguard of nationality.

14. **Fashion** . . . reading. Distort the knowledge gained by reading.

16. **Miscreate**. Falsely invented.

19. **In approbation**. In proving or making good our claim.

20. **Your reverence**. Reverence *for* you.

21. **Impawn**. Pledge or engage in.

28. **Mortality**. Human life.

Page 34. 40. **Gloze**. To explain away, as by a gloss or comment.

49. **Dishonest**. Unchaste.

53. **Meisen**. Meissen, near Dresden, now famous for the manufacture of china.

58. **Defunction**. Death.

59. **Idly**. Unreasonably, carelessly.

61, 71, 75. **Charles the Great; Charlemain**. The first is Charlemagne, the son of Pepin (690-741). *Charlemain* is Charles the Bald (*le Chauve*), born 822, died 877.

Page 35. 65. **King Pepin**, 'the Short,' son of Charles Martel, and the first king of the Carolingian dynasty. He deposed **Childeric**, the last of the Merovingians, in 751, and reigned till 768.

67. **Blithild**, queen of France, daughter of **Clothaire II**, and wife of **Childeric II**.

69. **Hugh Capet**, Duke of France, who, after the death of Louis V, seized the throne, was crowned in 987, and reigned till his death in 996.

70. **Charles the Duke of Lorraine** received from the Emperor Otho II the dukedom of Lower Lorraine. He attempted, on the death of Louis V, to seize the crown, but was worsted by Hugh Capet, and flung into prison, where he died in 993.

72. **Find**. Provide.

73. **Naught**. Worthless, good for nothing. *Naughty* occurs in *The Merchant of Venice* in the sense of *bad, wicked*.

74. **Convey'd himself**. Managed to pass himself off.

88. **King Lewis his satisfaction**. *His* frequently occurs in early English by mistake for *'s*, the sign of the possessive case, especially after a proper name ending in *s*. The old inflection of the genitive, *-es*, seems to have been confounded with the pronoun *his*.

93. **To hide them in a net**. To take refuge in subtle intricacies. *Them for themselves* was common in Elizabethan English.

Page 36. 94. **Imbar**. 'Bar in, secure,' is Knight's interpretation. Schmidt takes *imbar* as an intensive form of *bar*, to exclude.

95. The arguments of the archbishop may be thus summed: (1) The Salic law is not, and never was, applicable to France. (2) Three sovereigns had already inherited the throne of France by right of female descent.

98. **Numbers** xxvii, 1-11. — **Writ** and *wrote* both occur as the past participle in Shakespeare.

106. **Play'd a tragedy.** The battle of Crecy (1346).

112. **With half their forces.** One of the three divisions of the army (not the half) was held in reserve under the king, and took no part in the action.

113. **Another.** The other.

114. **Cold for action.** Cool, ready for action.

120. **The very May-morn of his youth.** Henry was born in 1387, and was now in his twenty-seventh year.

Page 37. 137. **Proportions to defend.** Number of troops necessary for our defense.

138. **Road.** An incursion.

139. **Advantages.** Opportunities.

140. **Marches.** The border lands.

143. **Coursing snatchers.** The border freebooters were notorious for cattle-lifting.

144. **Main intendment.** Chief aim or purpose.

145. **Still.** Always. — **Giddy.** Fickle, not to be trusted.

Page 38. 151. **The gleanèd land.** The land stripped of its defenders. — **Assays.** Attacks.

155. **Fear'd.** Frightened.

160. **Impounded as a stray.** Confined like a stray animal. *Pound*, an inclosure where strayed animals are shut up, from A. S. *pyndan*, to shut in.

161. **The king of Scots.** David II, who was captured at the battle of Neville's Cross (1346) by the English army.

169. **In prey.** In search of prey.

175. **A crush'd necessity.** A forced inference. (C. Ed.)

176. **Necessaries.** Provisions.

Page 39. 179. **Advisèd.** Wary, thoughtful.

182. **Congreeing.** Agreeing.

188. **Teach the act of order.** Show in a practical way what order is.

190. **Sorts.** Various ranks.

192. **Venture.** To risk or speculate in trade. A cargo was termed a venture.

194. **Boct.** Plunder. It is a form of *booty*.

196. **Their emperor.** Virgil in the *Georgics* also represents the queen-bee as a male.

197. **Busied in his majesty.** Occupied with his kingly duties.

203. **Executors.** Executioners.

206. **Contrariously.** From opposite points, by different ways.

Page 40. 220. **The name of hardiness.** Our reputation for bravery.

226. **Empery.** Empire.

232. **Like Turkish mute.** To prevent the disclosure of secrets, it was a custom among the Turks to cut out the tongues of attendants at courts, of executioners, and others.

233. **Not . . . waxen epitaph.** Not worshiped with an epitaph so perishable as one on wax.

Page 41. 245. **In few.** In short.

252. **Galliard.** A lively dance.

Page 42. 261-266. These lines are full of punning allusions to the game of tennis. — **Play a set.** Have a game of tennis. — **Strike into.** That is, into the 'service' from the 'hazard' side. — **Hazard** denotes the hole into which the ball was struck. — **Wrangler.** An opponent. — **Courts.** Tennis was played in walled courts about ninety feet long by thirty feet wide. — **Chaces.** The ins and outs of tennis.

263. **Shall strike, etc.** The omission of the relative as the subject is common in Shakespeare.

273. **State.** Chair of state.

280. **To look.** In looking.

282. **Gun-stones.** Cannon balls were at first made out of stone.

Page 43. 307. **God before.** Before God.

ACT II

PROLOGUE

Page 44. 2. **Silken dalliance.** The robes suited to dalliance.

6. **Mirror.** Pattern.

14. **Pale policy.** Pale-hearted policy, cowardly scheming.

18. **Would thee do.** Would have thee do.

19. **Kind.** True to the spirit of their race, not degenerate. (A. S. *cynde*, natural — *cynn*, a tribe.) *Kindly* originally meant *natural*. Cf. 'the kindly fruits of the earth.'

Page 45. 23. **Richard Earl of Cambridge.** Cousin to Henry IV, and brother to the Duke of York in this play.

24. **Henry Lord Scroop.** The eldest son of Sir Stephen Scroop, who is one of the characters in *Richard II*. He had married the step-mother of the Earl of Cambridge.

25. **Sir Thomas Grey of Heton,** in Northumberland.

26. **Gilt.** Gold bribes. *Guilt* originally meant a fine, or a payment, by way of recompense for an offense. († S. *gyllt*, a crime; connected with *gyld*, a recompense.) *Wergild* (A. S. *wer*, man, and *gyldan*, to pay), among the Saxons, was the fine paid as compensation for murder.

31. **Linger.** A transitive verb. — We 'll digest. We will arrange, dispose of.

32. **Abuse of distance.** This refers to the deception by which the scene is, in so short a time, transferred from London to Southampton.

34. **Set.** Set out.

SCENE I

3. **Ancient.** An ensign, standard-bearer, a corruption of O. Fr. *enseigne*. (Lat. *insignis*, noted.)

Page 46. 10. **There 's an end** to what I have to say.

16. **That is my rest.** That is my resolve.

30. **Tike.** Cur. A Scandinavian word.

Page 47. 34. **Well-a-day.** Alas. It is another form of *wella-way*. (A. S. *wá-lá-wá*, woe, lo! woe.)

37. **Nothing.** No violence.

43. **Shog off.** Move off. *Shog* is perhaps another form of *jog*, from a Celtic root.

47. **Maw.** Stomach. — **Perdy.** A corruption of Fr. *par Dieu*.

50. **Take.** Take aim. — **Cock.** Flint guns in use when the play was written. (R. Ed.)

52. **Barbason.** The name of a fiend, or demon; also of an able officer in the service of the Dauphin. (C. Ed.)

60. **Exhale.** Draw. It is used of the sun drawing up vapors and thus producing meteors.

Page 48. 64. **Mickle.** Great; an old form of *much*.

66. **Tall.** Valiant.

69. **Couple a gorge!** Pistol's French for 'cut the throat!'

71. **Hound of Crete.** The bloodhounds of Crete were much prized in antiquity.

Page 49. 100. **Sword is an oath.** The hilt, being in the form of a cross, was used to swear by.

102. **An.** If.

104. **Prithee.** Pray thee.

107. **A noble.** A gold coin worth six shillings and eight pence, or about \$1.60.

Page 50. 119. **Quotidian.** A fever whose paroxysms return every day. A *quotidian tertian* is of course an absurdity.

123. **That's the even of it.** That is the plain truth of the matter.

127. **Passes . . . careers.** Indulges in jokes and tricks.

128. **Lambkins.** A term of endearment. *Lamb-k-in* (with double diminutive suffix) from A. S. *lamb*.

SCENE II

2. **By and by.** Immediately. Cf. *Luke* xxi, 9.

3. **Even.** Composedly.

Page 51. 9. **Whom he hath dull'd,** etc. Whom he hath surfeited with favors till he has lost all sense of gratitude. — **Cloy'd.** Glutted, satiated.

18. **Head.** An armed force.

Page 52. 33. **The office of our hand.** The use of our hand.

34. **Quittance.** Reward.

40. **Enlarge.** Set at large, liberate.

43. **On his more advice.** On more carefully considering his case.

44. **Security.** The word has here the meaning of the Lat. *securitas*, the state of being without care.

46. **His sufferance.** Suffering of him, allowing him to go unpunished.

53. **Orisons.** Prayers.

54. **Proceeding on distemper.** Arising in a distempered state of mind.

Page 53. 61. **Late.** Lately appointed.

63. **It.** The written commission.

Page 54. 79. **Quick.** Alive, living. Cf. the quick and the dead, cut to the quick.

86. **Apt.** Ready. — **Accord.** Agree.

87. **Appertinents.** Appurtenances.

99. **Use.** Advantage, interest.

100. **May.** Can.

103. **Gross.** Distinct.

Page 55. 107. **In a natural cause.** A cause to which they were both akin, so there was nothing unnatural in what they did. (Cl. P. S.)

111. **Cunning.** Originally the present participle of M. E. *cunnen*, to know. (A. S. *cunnan*, to know.)

112. **Preposterously.** Contrary to the natural order of things: Lit. having that first which ought to be last. (Lat. *præposterus* — *præ*, before, *posterus*, after.)

119. **Instance.** Motive.

126. **Jealousy.** Suspicion.

127. **Affiance.** Confidence.

133. **Blood.** Used figuratively for *passion*.

134. **Complement.** Corresponding outward appearance; the external qualities that go to *complete* the character.

135. **Not working,** etc. Not trusting to appearances without enlightened judgment.

- Page 56. 137. **Bolted.** Sifted, without mixture of vileness.
 159. **In sufferance.** In suffering the penalty.
 Page 57. 166. **Quit.** Acquit, pardon.
 169. **Earnest.** Money paid in token of a bargain made.
 175. **Tender.** Regard.
 181. **Dear offences.** Offenses for which you will suffer dearly.
 188. **Rub.** That which causes friction, a hindrance. It is a term of the game of bowls.
 190. **Puissance.** Forces, army.
 192. **The signs of war advance.** Bear forward the standards.

SCENE III

Page 58. 2. **Staines.** A small town on the road from London to Southampton.

3. **Yearn.** Grieve.

9. **In Arthur's bosom.** The Hostess means Abraham's bosom.

10. **'A made.** He made. For *he* we sometimes find in early English *ha, 'a* (not confined always to one number or gender) = *he, she, it, they*. — **A finer end.** A final end.

11. **An . . . christom child.** Like any newly baptized child. The *chrisom* was a white cloth put on a newly baptized child, and was worn by it for a time. During that time the infant was called a *chrisom child*.

13. **At the turning o' the tide.** The belief is still common that a dying person will linger until the turn of the tide.

Page 59. 27. **Of.** About, or perhaps against. — **Sack.** Wines.

43. **Chattels.** Properly any kind of property but freehold. A doublet of *cattle*.

44. **Let senses rule.** Johnson proposed to read the phrase: 'let sense us rule.' — **Pitch and pay.** A proverbial expression for 'Pay ready money.'

47. **Hold-fast is the only dog.** The proverb is, 'Brag is a good dog, but hold-fast is a better.'

49. **Clear thy crystals.** Rub your glasses (of the hostel).

SCENE IV

Page 60. 1. **Comes.** The verb is singular because by 'the English' is to be understood the English king.

2. **More than carefully.** With more care than usual.

10. **Gulf.** Whirlpool.

Page 61. 25. **Morris-dance.** A Moorish dance said to have been introduced into England from Spain about the time of Edward IV.

26. **Idly king'd.** Having a fool for a king; carelessly governed.

34. **In exception.** In taking exception, in offering objections.

37. **The Roman Brutus.** Lucius Junius Brutus, to escape the suspicion of his uncle, Tarquinius Superbus, feigned to be an idiot.

Page 62. 46. **Which . . . projection.** Which being planned on a weak and niggardly scale.

47. **Scanting.** Giving hardly enough, limiting.

50. **Flesh'd upon us.** Trained or practiced on us.

51. **Strain.** Race, breed; now used only of dogs.

57. **His mountain sire.** It has been proposed to read 'his mighty sire,' as in I, ii, 108. Theobald substituted *mounting* in the sense of *aspiring*. (Cl. P. S.)

64. **The native . . . of him.** The greatness he has inherited, and the destiny that awaits him.

Page 63. 85. **Sinister.** Literally means the left hand. — No . . . claim. No wrongful or perverse claim.

88. **Line.** Pedigree, register of his descent.

90. **Willing you overlook.** Desiring you to look or read over.

91. **Evenly.** Directly, in a straight line.

Page 64. 94. **Indirectly.** Wrongfully.

95. **Challenger.** Claimant.

121. **In grant of.** By granting.

Page 65. 124. **Womby vaultages.** Womb-like vaults.

125. **Chide.** Resound.

129. **Odds.** Variance, quarrel.

133. **The mistress court.** The best tennis court.

145. **Breath.** Breathing-space, a very short time.

ACT III

PROLOGUE

Page 66. 1. **With imagin'd wing.** With the wing of imagination.

4. **Appointed.** Equipped. — **Hampton.** That is, Southampton.

5. **Brave.** Gay, splendid.

12. **Bottoms.** Vessels.

14. **Rivage.** Shore.

18. **Grapple . . . navy.** Follow with your minds astern of this navy.

Page 67. 30. **To dowry.** For a dowry.

31. **Some petty . . . dukedoms.** Tulle, Limoges, and Aquitaine.

33. **Linstock.** A stick to hold the gunner's match. — **Chambers.** Small pieces of ordnance.

SCENE I

- Page 68. 10. **Portage.** Porthole; used for the socket of the eye.
 11. **O'erwhelm.** Lower over.
 12. **A gallèd rock.** A rock worn away by the action of the water.
 13. **Jutty.** Jut over. — **Confounded.** Wasted.
 21. **For lack of argument.** Because they had no longer any foes to fight.
 22. **Attest.** Testify, prove.
 31. **Slips.** A noose or leash in which greyhounds are held before they are allowed to start after the game.

SCENE II

- Page 69. 4. **A case of lives.** A set of lives, as we say 'a case of pistols.'
 20. **Avaunt.** Begone. (Fr. *avant*, forward; Lat. *ab*, from, *ante*, before.) — **You cullions.** You cowardly fellows.
 22. **Duke.** Leader, general. (Fr. *duc*; Lat. *dux*, *ducis*, a leader.) — **Men of mould.** Mortal men.
 Page 70. 25. **Bawcock.** A term of endearment. (Fr. *beau coq*, fine fellow.)
 29. **Swashers.** Swaggerers.
 31. **Antics.** Oddities, buffoons.
 32. **For.** As for.
 33. **White-livered.** Cowardly.
 43. **Purchase.** Booty; originally anything acquired honestly or dishonestly, proceeds of begging or stealing.
 48. **Carry coals.** A proverbial expression for 'do the dirtiest work.'
 52. **Pocketing up of wrongs.** Cf. our phrase, 'pocket an affront.'
 Page 71. 63. **Discuss.** Explain.
 Page 72. 86. **God-den.** Good evening.
 Page 73. 118. **Lig.** Lie. (A. S. *liegan*.) — **Grund.** Ground.
 120. **Marry.** By the Virgin Mary.

SCENE III

- Page 74. 2. **Parle.** Parley, conference.
 8. **Half-achievèd.** Half-won.
 11. **Flesh'd.** Experienced in bloodshed.
 Page 75. 26. **Précépts.** Summons. The word has this meaning in Shakespeare only when the accent is on the last syllable.
 28. **Of.** On.
 32. **Heady.** Headstrong.

SCENE V

Page 79. 10. **But bastard Normans.** An allusion to the base birth of William I, the Conqueror. (C. Ed.)

13. **Slobbery.** Sloppy, wet, marshy.

14. **Nook-shotten.** This contemptuous term may refer to the irregular outline of Britain, projecting into capes, shooting into nooks or angles. Knight interprets it as 'the isle thrust into a corner, apart from the rest of the world.'

15. **Mettle.** This is the same word as *metal*, but used in a figurative sense.

18. **Sodden.** Boiled.

19. **Drench.** A drink, or draught of physic. — **Sur-rein'd.** Overridden.

23. **Roping.** Hanging like ropes.

Page 80. 36. **More sharper.** Shakespeare uses double comparatives and superlatives for the sake of greater emphasis.

Page 81. 57. **For achievement.** In order to bring matters to a head or end, to end the war. (Fr. *achever*; *chef*, the head.)

SCENE VI

Page 82. 26. **Buxom.** Lively, sprightly. It literally means *yielding*, from A. S. *būgan*, to bow.

Page 83. 41. **He hath stolen a pax.** The pax or pix was a small plate containing a picture of the crucifixion or of the Saviour, on which the kiss of peace (hence its name) was bestowed in the Roman Catholic Church at the time of mass.

59. **Figo.** The use of this contemptuous word was accompanied by an insulting gesture, in which the thumb was thrust between the first and second fingers and the hand closed.

62. **The fig of Spain.** Poisoned figs are said to have been used in Spain for purposes of revenge.

Page 84. 74. **They will learn you.** They will learn, look you. *You* is redundant.

76. **Sconce.** An earthwork or fortification. Used also for the head.

78. **Con.** Learn by heart.

94. **From the bridge.** Concerning the bridge.

Page 85. 120. **Habit.** The uniform of a herald.

Page 86. 130. **Upon our cue.** For our turn to act has come. *Cue* is a term of the stage, denoting 'the last words of an actor's speech serving as a hint to the next speaker.' (O. Fr. *coe*, *queue* [Fr. *queue*]. Lat. *cauda*, a tail.)

146. **Quality.** Profession, rank; in Shakespeare's time the technical term for the profession of an actor.

151. **Impeachment.** In its literal sense of *hindrance*. (O. Fr.

empescher [Fr. *empêcher*], to hinder — Low Lat. *impedicare*, to fetter.) — **To say the sooth.** To speak the truth. *Sooth* from A. S. *soodh*, truth.

SCENE VII

Page 88. 9. **Provided of.** Where we would say 'provided with.'
12. **Pasterns.** The part of a horse's foot from the fetlock to the hoof.

13. **As if his entrails were hairs.** The reference is to tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair.

14. **Pegasus.** The winged horse of the Muses.

18. **The pipe of Hermes.** The shepherd's pipe invented by the god Mercury, the Hermes of the Greeks.

21. **Perseus**, who slew Medusa, from whose blood Pegasus sprung. — **The dull elements**, etc. An allusion to the old theory that there were only four elementary substances, air, fire, earth, and water.

Page 89. 33. **The lodging.** The lying down.

41. **Writ**, as well as *wrote*, is thus used by Shakespeare. He also has *wrote* for *written*.

Page 90. 54. **Belike.** Likely, perhaps.

55. **A kern.** A light-armed soldier.

56. **Strait strossers.** Tight trousers.

76. **A many.** This use of *a* some explain by a reference to the old noun *many*, as it occurs in IV, iii, 95: A many of our bodies; and in Sonnet 93: In many's looks. It may also be explained by regarding the *many* collectively as *one* mass. Thus we say, a few, a score, etc.

Page 91. 88. **Go to hazard.** Play at dice.

102. **Still.** Always.

Page 92. 115. **Hooded . . . bate.** The reference is to hawking. The falcon, which was kept 'hooded' till the game appeared, would sometimes hesitate in its flight, and 'bate' or flap its wings.

Page 93. 151. **Just.** Just so. — **Sympathise.** Are in harmony with, resemble.

152. **Robustious.** Boisterous and violent.

156. **Shrewdly out of beef.** Sorely in want of beef.

ACT IV

PROLOGUE

Page 94. 1. **Entertain conjecture of.** Imagine.

2. **The poring dark.** The darkness through which it is necessary to look intently or closely.

8. **Paly.** Pale.
9. **Battle.** Army in battle array. — **Umber'd.** Darkened with the shadows cast by the flames. Umber is a brown pigment, so called because originally obtained from Umbria in Italy.
12. **Accomplishing.** Arming completely.
20. **Tardy-gaited.** Slow-pacing.
- Page 95. 23. **Watchful fires.** The fires by which they watch.
39. **Attaint.** The force of weariness.
45. **Mean and gentle.** High and low. *Mean*, properly of middle rank. *Gentle*, of good birth.
47. **Little touch.** Brief sketch.
50. **Foils.** Swordsmen.

SCENE I

- Page 96. 7. **Husbandry.** Thrifty management.
10. **Dress us fairly.** Prepare ourselves aright.
15. **Churlish.** Rude. *Churl*, an ill-bred fellow, from A. S. *ceorl*, a countryman. Cf. Scotch *carl*; Ger. *Kerl*.
16. **Likes me.** Pleases me.
- Page 97. 23. **Casted slough.** Refers to the cast-off skin of a snake. — **Legerity.** Nimbleness, activity. (Fr. *légèreté*, *léger*, light.)
26. **Anon.** Immediately.
27. **Desire them all (to come) to, etc.**
32. **I would.** I wish, I would have.
37. **Discuss.** Explain.
38. **Popular.** Vulgar. This was the meaning of the word in the time of Shakespeare.
- Page 98. 45. **Imp.** Lit. a graft or shoot; then a child. The word has now become degraded in meaning.
56. **Saint Davy's day.** March 1, the festival of St. David, the titular saint of Wales.
62. **God be with you.** This contraction becomes *God be wi' ye*, then *good-by*.
64. **Sorts.** Agrees.
67. **Admiration.** Wonder.
- Page 100. 99. **Sand.** Sandbank.
105. **The element.** The sky.
112. **Possess him with.** Impart to him.
120. **By my troth.** Cf. the modern expression, 'Upon my word.' *Troth*, merely another form of *truth*. — **I will speak my conscience.** I will speak what I know within my own mind.
- Page 101. 143. **Rawly.** Without due provision being made for them.
151. **Sinfully miscarry.** Perish in their sins.

156. **Irreconciled.** Not atoned for, unforgiven.
 Page 102. 164. **Arbitrement.** Decision.
 171. **Native punishment.** The law of the land.
 173. **Beadle.** Messenger to bring them to justice, court-officer.
 178. **Unprovided.** Unprepared for death.
 Page 103. 193. **Answer it.** Answer for it.
 204. **An elder-gun.** A toy gun, the barrel of which is made from a piece of an elder-tree branch, by pushing the pith out of it.
 209. **Something too round.** Somewhat too plain spoken.
 218. **Here's my glove,** etc. The introduction of the incident of the glove into this scene is on a parallel with the affair of Portia's ring in *The Merchant of Venice*.
 Page 104. 230. **Enow.** The same word as *enough*.
 246. **General.** Public.
 Page 105. 252. **Thy soul of adoration.** The thing in thee for which thou art adored.
 261. **Blown.** The past participle of the verb *blow*, to bloom or blossom.
 269. **Inter-tissued.** Inwoven with gold thread or pearls. (Cl. P. S.)
 270. **The farcèd title.** The title stuffed or crammed with showy terms, as 'His Most Gracious Majesty.'
 277. **Distressful.** Earned by stress or dint of hard toil; or it may describe the coarse bread eaten by the peasant.
 Page 106. 282. **Hyperion.** Phœbus, or Apollo, who drives the chariot of the sun.
 289. **Wots.** Knows. The past is *wist*.
 291. **Advantages.** Benefits. The verb is singular through the attraction of the singular noun *peasant*, which is nearer to it than its own subject. Some instances where the verb in -s agrees with a subject in the plural, are explained by the northern English inflection -s of the third person plural. Cf. 'My old bones aches,' 'the imperious seas breeds monsters,' and 'his tears runs down.'
 301. **Compassing.** Obtaining.
 Page 107. 311. **Since . . . pardon.** Since my own repentance is necessary for forgiveness.

SCENE II

2. **Varlet.** Another form of *valet*, also *vaslet*, a diminutive of O. Fr. *vassal*, an attendant on a lord, a footman. It is now generally applied to a low fellow.

Page 108. 11. **Dout.** Do out, put out, extinguish. Cf. don, doff, dup.

18. **Shales.** A doublet of *shells*, and allied to *scale*, *skull*, *scalp*, *scallop*.

21. **Curtle-axe.** A short sword.

Page 109. 29. **Hilding.** Skeat derives this word from the older English *hüderling*, or *hinderling*, as if from *hinder*, the comparative of the adjective *hind*, with the meaning of *base*, *degenerate*.

31. **Speculation** has here its literal meaning of *looking on* from Lat. *specio*, I look.

35. **The tucket sonance.** The sounding of the tucket, the introductory flourish of the trumpet.

41. **Curtains.** Banners.

44. **Beaver.** The front part of a helmet.

48. **Down-roping.** Dripping.

49. **The gimmel-bit.** The double or chain bit.

Page 110. 54. **Battle.** Army

61. **Trumpet.** Trumpeter.

SCENE III

2. **Rode.** For *ridden*.

Page 111. 26. **Yearns.** Grieves.

Page 112. 41. **This day**, etc. The battle of Agincourt was fought on October 25, 1415, the festival of St. Crispin.

50. **With advantages.** With exaggeration. 'The story will lose nothing in the telling.' (Wright.)

57. **Crispin Crispian.** Crispinus and Crispianus were two Christians who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian, at Soissons, in France, either in 287 or in 303. As during their missionary labors they had exercised their trade of shoemaking, they ever afterwards were regarded as the patron saints of this handicraft.

Page 113. 63. **Gentle his condition.** Make a gentleman of him.

69. **Bravely.** Finely, splendidly.

70. **Expedience.** Expedition, haste.

Page 114. 91. **Achieve me.** Put an end to my life, kill me.

107. **In rélapse of mortality.** 'By a rebound of deadliness' (Schmidt), or perhaps it means 'In thy process of falling again into death.'

Page 115. 130. **Vaward.** Vanguard.

SCENE IV

Page 116. 4. **Custure me!** This scrap of Pistol's may be the name of an old Irish song. The English of it is, probably, 'young girl, my treasure!'

8. **Perpend.** Consider.

9. **Fox.** A slang term for a sword, from the figure of a fox which was stamped on the blade as the cutler's mark.

14. **Moy.** Pistol imagines the Frenchman is speaking of moidores, which were gold coins.

15. **Rim.** The diaphragm.

Page 117. 29. **Firk him, and ferret him.** *Firk*, to give a drubbing, to beat. *Ferret*, to throttle or worry as a ferret would a rabbit.

Page 118. 73. **This roaring devil i' the old play.** The devil frequently figured as one of the characters in the old moralities and mystery plays, and with the 'Vice' created amusement for the spectators. The 'Vice' (the original of the clown) would often belabor the devil soundly with a lath and send him roaring off the stage.

74. **A wooden dagger, with which the 'Vice' would attempt to pare the devil's nails.**

SCENE VI

Page 120. 8. **Larding.** Garnishing, fattening. The Duke of York was very corpulent.

Page 121. 34. **Issue.** Water, shed tears.

SCENE VII

Page 123. 55. **I was not angry.** I have not been angry.

61. **Skirr away.** Scour or scud away.

Page 124. 69. **Fin'd.** Pledged to pay as a fine.

73. **Book.** Register in a book.

75. **Woe the while!** Woe to the time! *While* is here in the dative case.

Page 125. 104. **Wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's Day.** In honor of a victory won by Prince Arthur over the Saxons, the Welsh soldiers were enjoined by St. David, their patron saint, to wear a leek in their caps, as the skirmish had been fought 'in a garden where leeks did grow.' St. David's Day is the first of March.

Page 127. 143. **A Jack-sauce.** A saucy jack, an impudent fellow.

156. **When Alençon and myself, etc.** 'The king that daie shewed himselfe a valiant knight, albeit almost felled by the duke of Alanson; yet with plaine strength he slue two of the dukes companie, and felled the duke himselfe.' (Holinshead.)

SCENE VIII

Page 129. 10. **'Splood.** God's blood; it was used as an oath. Cf. zounds or 'swounds, God's wounds.

ACT V

PROLOGUE

Page 134. 10. Pales in. Hems in.

12. Whiffler 'fore the king. A whiffler was originally a fifer or lute-player, then a person who preceded a procession to clear the way.

17. To have borne, etc. To have his bruised helmet, etc., borne before him.

Page 135. 21. Signal, and ostent. External signs of honor.

30. The general of our gracious empress. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, the favorite of Queen Elizabeth. In the spring of 1599, he was sent to Ireland with a large force to suppress Tyrone's rebellion. But in this he failed, and returned to London in the following September.

32. Broachèd. Spitted, pierced through; from Fr. *broche*, an iron pin.

38. The emperor's coming. The emperor *is* coming. This was Sigismund, elected emperor of Germany in 1410.

43. Remembering. Reminding.

SCENE I

Page 136. 5. Scald. Scurvy.

20. Bedlam. Mad; a common name for a lunatic asylum, taken from Bethlem Hospital, London, which has existed for centuries.

21. Parca's fatal web. *Parcæ* was the name given in ancient mythology to the three weird sisters, the Fates.

Page 137. 29. Cadwallader. The last king of the Welsh. He lived about the year 660.

Page 138. 77. Gleeking and galling. Jeering and scoffing.

82. Condition. Temper, disposition.

Page 139. 83. The huswife. The jilt.

84. Spital is a contraction of *hospital*, and in this form is common as a local name.

SCENE II

The conference at Troyes was held in 1420, five years after Henry landed at Dover in triumph from France; so Shakespeare has omitted the campaign of 1417-18, in which Rouen suffered a terrible siege and Normandy was reduced.

1. Wherefore. For which.

Page 140. 17. Basilisks. A basilisk was a fabulous serpent,

called also cockatrice, which was supposed to kill by its look. It was also a kind of ordnance.

31. **Congreeted.** Greeted each other.

33. **Rub.** Hindrance.

Page 141. 42. **Even-pleach'd.** Intertwined so as to have a smooth or even appearance.

47. **Deracinate such savagery.** Root up such wild growth.

48. **Erst.** Formerly.

52. **Kecksies.** A kind of hemlock.

63. **Reduce.** In its literal sense, to bring back.

65. **Let.** Hindrance, obstacle. *To let*, to hinder, occurs in the Bible.

Page 142. 68. **Would.** Wish, desire.

73. **Enschedul'd.** Written down in a schedule, in writing.

77. **Cursorary.** Cursory, hasty.

90. **Consign.** With its literal meaning, sign together.

Page 143. 96. **Capital.** Chief.

Page 144. 134. **Undid.** Would undo.

135. **Measure.** Meter.

141. **Buffet.** Box.

Page 145. 156. **Uncoined constancy.** Constancy that has not been tampered with.

Page 146. 187. **Saint Denis.** Dionysius, the patron saint of France.

Page 147. 235. **Broken music.** Music from different instruments not in harmony.

Page 148. 262. **Nice customs curtsy.** Prudish customs bow or give way.

264. **List.** Barrier.

Page 149. 280. **Condition.** Disposition.

Page 152. 358. **Paction.** Compact.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR STUDY

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STUDY OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH

PROLOGUE

1. Explain the origin of the chorus.
2. What was the purpose of it?
3. What are the specific purposes of the prologues in *Henry V*?
4. Describe the stage equipment of Shakespeare's time.
5. Why should the king be called 'Harry' (l. 5)?
6. What is foreshadowed as to the action of the play (ll. 12-14)?

ACT I

SCENE I

1. What is the situation at the opening of this scene?
2. How has Henry himself prepared us for the change in his character described by Canterbury in ll. 24-37? (See *Henry IV*, Part I, I, ii.)
3. Why is Henry's youthful wildness compared to a *veil* (l. 64)?

4. What does this scene reveal of the condition of the church in the early part of the fifteenth century?
5. Explain the dramatic purpose of the scene.
6. What insight is given into the character of Henry?

SCENE II

1. What is the basis of Henry's claim to the French throne?
2. What traits of Henry's character are revealed in ll. 13-23?
3. To what does he appeal in the Archbishop's nature?
4. What evidence is there of the honesty of Henry's own motives?
5. Discuss the truth of Canterbury's statements in ll. 35-45.
6. Why does the king ask the question in l. 96?
7. What is Canterbury's real motive in advising Henry to make war on France?
8. Who was Edward the Black Prince?
9. How does Canterbury try to influence Henry?
10. What part does Ely play in this interview?
11. Explain the distinction made in ll. 125, 126, between *grace* and *highness*.
12. Why does Canterbury make the promise in ll. 132-135?
13. What interest does Henry show in the welfare of his country?
14. Why was it necessary to take such precautions as Henry describes in ll. 136-139?
15. Discuss the truth of the statement in ll. 146-149.
16. Explain the meaning of l. 155.
17. What is the origin of the saying quoted in ll. 167, 168?
18. Explain the figure in ll. 169-173.
19. How would Exeter bring about the harmony of the state?
20. Why do the ambassadors come from the Dauphin instead of from the French king?
21. Explain the meaning of ll. 250 and 253.
22. What do the tennis-balls symbolize?
23. Describe Henry's manner when he replies to the Dauphin's challenge.
24. Explain the meaning of ll. 266-272.
25. In what way does Henry show his religious feeling?
26. What feeling is expressed in the rhymed lines at the close of the scene?

ACT II

PROLOGUE

1. What progress in the action of the play is indicated by the opening lines?
2. Discuss the preparations for war.

3. Explain the figurative language in ll. 8-11.
4. What is the object of the conspiracy against Henry?
5. Why could not the change of scene from London to Southampton be shown on the stage?

SCENE I

1. What is the object of the change of characters?
2. Why does Pistol generally speak in blank verse?
3. Who is the Boy's 'master' (l. 80)?
4. Why does the Hostess say 'The king has killed his heart' (l. 86)?
5. Mention a conspicuous trait in each of the characters in this scene.

SCENE II

1. How does Henry's fearlessness protect him?
2. Why does Henry profess such confidence in all his subjects (ll. 20-24)?
3. What motives prompt the conspirators to flatter Henry?
4. Why does Henry pardon the man who had 'railed' at him (l. 41)?
5. Explain the meaning of *dear care* in l. 58. How is the expression used?
6. What dramatic purpose is there in Henry's manner of revealing to the conspirators his knowledge of their treachery?
7. Show how he leads them on to confess their guilt.
8. Why is Henry's denunciation of Scroop more severe than that of the other traitors?
9. What power does Henry display in this speech?
10. How are the conspirators affected by the discovery of their crime?
11. Discuss Henry's method of dealing with the conspiracy.
12. What does it indicate as to his ability to cope with an enemy in war?
13. How does Henry show his magnanimity?

SCENE III

1. Why is the reappearance of the minor characters a relief?
2. How does it happen that these people are still in London?
3. Why is the death of Falstaff announced in this way?
4. Mention the evidences of illiteracy in the Hostess's language.
5. What touches of pathos are found in this scene?
6. What are the chief motives that lead the three adventurers to follow Henry to the war? Why does the Boy go?

SCENE IV

1. What is the situation in France?
2. Explain, in ll. 12 and 13, the expressions *late examples* and *fatal and neglected English*.
3. Discuss the Dauphin's views of the preparation for war.
4. Why does the Dauphin underestimate Henry's power?
5. Of what value is the king's advice (ll. 48-64)?
6. How does his view seem prophetic?
7. Why is his attitude the natural result of experience?
8. Explain the thought in ll. 69-71.
9. In what respect is the message delivered by Exeter characteristic of Henry?
10. Contrast the French king's dignity with the Dauphin's angry defiance (ll. 113-116).
11. How has Henry shown his impetuosity?

ACT III

PROLOGUE

1. Discuss the progress of events as narrated by the Chorus.

SCENE I

1. What is the situation at the opening of this scene?
2. To what motives does Henry appeal in his address to his men?

SCENE II

1. How does real war affect these camp-followers?
2. Who is Fluellen? What is his position?
3. What is the Boy's estimate of the characters of his companions?
4. What does he reveal of his own character?
5. Show the purpose of introducing men of so many nationalities.
6. What trait of the Welsh character is shown in Fluellen (ll. 128-134)?

SCENES III AND IV

1. How may the cruelty of Henry's threats to the French before their surrender be reconciled with his treatment of them after the fall of Harfleur?
2. Why is Scene iv introduced in this part of the play?
3. What insight does it give into Katharine's character?

SCENE V

1. What evidence is there of delay and lack of preparation on the part of the French?
2. Why does the French king seem to depend so much more on his nobles than on his soldiers?
3. Compare this situation with Henry's confidence in his men.
4. How is the Constable's speech typical of the confidence of the French in their success?

SCENE VI

1. What is the attitude of the soldiers of the English army toward their superiors?
2. How does the treatment of Bardolph illustrate the discipline in the English army?
3. Discuss the purpose of the message delivered by Montjoy.
4. What is the condition of the English army?
5. What traits of Henry's character are shown in his reply to Montjoy?

SCENE VII

1. Account for the lack of serious consideration of the approaching battle among the French.
2. What is the attitude of the French officers and nobles toward the Dauphin?
3. How do the French receive the news of the position of the English army?

ACT IV

PROLOGUE

1. Picture the two camps on the eve of battle.
2. What is the condition of the English soldiers?

SCENE I

1. What is Henry's state of mind?
2. How does he show his kindness of heart?
3. Why does he want to be alone?
4. What evidences of loyalty or discontent does Henry discover among his men?
5. Explain how his soliloquy reveals his sense of the responsibility resting upon him.
6. What kingly qualities are shown in Henry's prayer?

SCENE II

1. How have the English obtained an advantage by being first 'embattled'?
2. Describe the appearance of the English army. (Grandpré's speech.)
3. Explain how this report increases the self-confidence of the French and at the same time weakens their cause.

SCENE III

1. With what feelings do the English lords prepare for battle?
2. How does Henry's rebuke to Westmorland serve to put courage into the hearts of his generals?
3. What historical authority is there for this scene?
4. Why is this second offer of ransom made by the French?
5. What is the nature of Henry's reply?
6. Why is it more decided than his previous answer?

SCENES IV, V, AND VI

1. Discuss the development of the Boy's character.
2. How has Pistol escaped the fate of his comrades?
3. What is the purpose of this scene?
4. What characters state the cause of the confusion of the French army?
5. How does it affect the leaders?
6. Compare the soldierly qualities of the French leaders and the English leaders.
7. Of what importance are the English losses?
8. How is the king affected by them?

SCENE VII

1. What evidences of loyalty to Henry are shown among the common soldiers?
2. How does Henry receive the news of his victory?
3. Why does he give Williams's glove to Fluellen?

SCENE VIII

1. In what way does Fluellen further prove his loyalty to Henry?
2. What is the value of such a scene immediately after the battle?
3. How does Henry show his humility in ascribing the victory to God?
4. What other traits of character are conspicuous?

ACT V

PROLOGUE

Make a brief abstract of this prologue.

SCENES I AND II

1. Give a final estimate of the character of Pistol. Account for the apparent contradictions.
2. Compare Fluellen and Gower.
3. What time has elapsed since the battle of Agincourt?
4. Explain in detail the terms of the treaty between France and England.
5. Why is the scene between Henry and Katharine so attractive, and how do they understand each other so well?
6. Are there any historical discrepancies in Scene II?

EPILOGUE

1. What is the purpose of the epilogue?
2. In what respect does this epilogue enlarge the original scope of such a passage?

GENERAL TOPICS FOR THEMES OR EXAMINATIONS

1. Discuss the various methods of judging character. By direct references to *Henry V*, show how these methods aid in forming an estimate of Henry's character.
2. The historical accuracy of *Henry V*.
3. Compare the Henry of history with the Henry of the play.
4. Picture the scene at the time of the denunciation of Scroop, Grey, and Cambridge.
5. Give your estimate of *Henry V* as an acting play.
6. Write a brief paragraph on the purposes served by the minor characters.
7. Was Henry V's cause just, and his quarrel (with France) honorable, as he says in the play? Answer with reference to the arguments in *Henry V*.
8. Relate an incident from the play that illustrates the king's relish of a practical joke.
9. Relate an incident that illustrates Henry V's strictness in enforcing discipline.
10. How is the king's piety shown?

11. By direct references to the play of *Henry V* show the truth of the following statement:

'Henry V is at once the monarch who never forgets his pride as the representative of the English people, and the soldier who endures privation like the meanest of his followers.'

12. Give the substance of what the Archbishop of Canterbury says in the first Act concerning the contrast between Henry's character as prince and his character as king.

13. Give two instances from later parts of the play to show that Henry V possessed kingly qualities.

14. Write a brief statement of how Shakespeare's *Henry V* appeals to the patriotism of Englishmen.



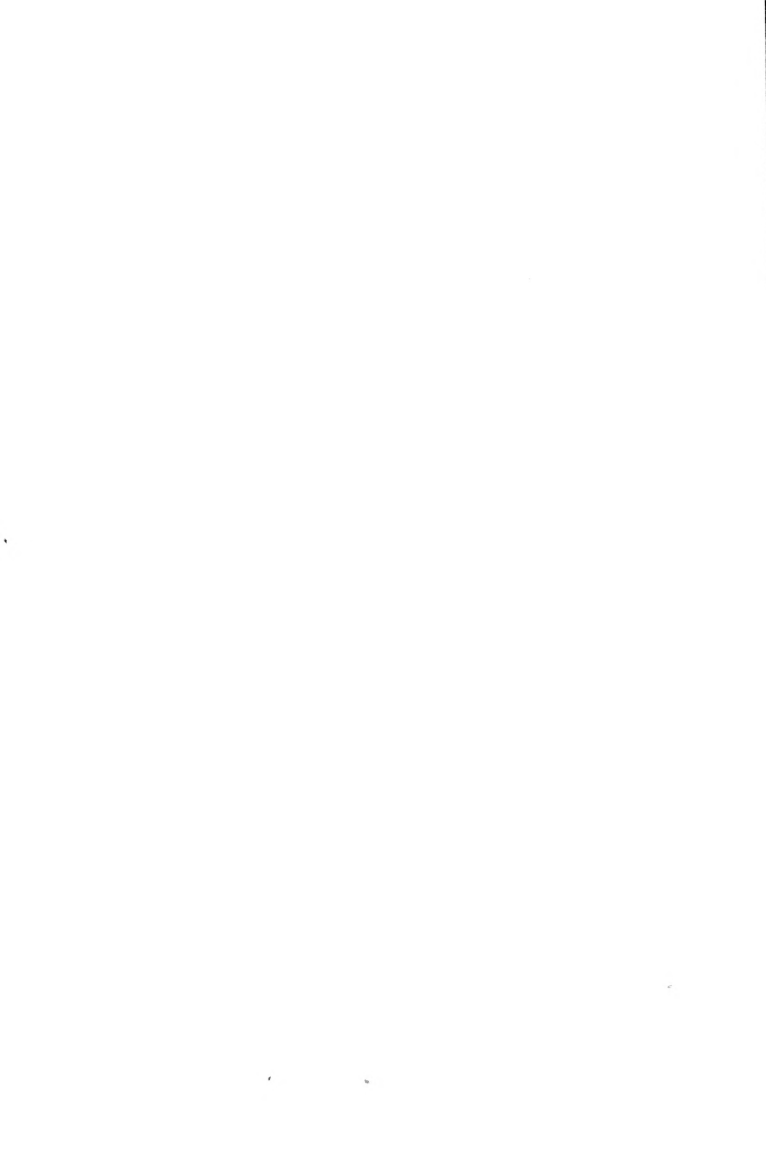
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