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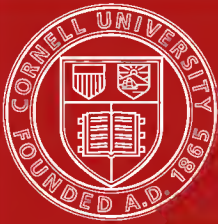
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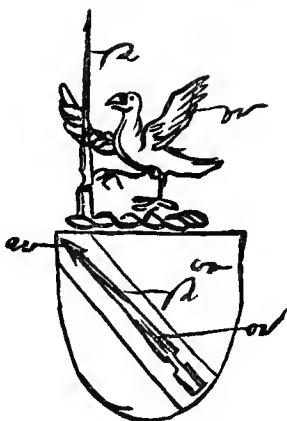
THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, *circa* 1591-1623

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
BRENTANOS
PARIS.....NEW YORK.....CHICAGO

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The Bankside Shakespeare

XVI.

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH



*(The Players' Text of 1600, with the
Heminges and Condell Text
of 1623)*

With an Introduction touching the
History of the Quarto Texts and
the Sources of the First Folio
Text of this Play

BY

THE REV. HENRY PAINE STOKES, M. A., M. L.
(CORPUS CHRISTI COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE)

*An Honorary Member of The Shakespeare Society of New York ;
Member of The New Shakspeare Society ; Author of "A Con-
jectural Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays,
" Introduction to the 1609 Quarto Troilus
and Cressida," etc.*

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK

1892

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INTRODUCTION

THERE are some strange mistakes in the pagination of the celebrated 1623 Folio. Some of these are obviously printers' blunders, such as the omission of one hundred numbers after page 156 of the third, or tragedy, section; some were due to doubt and hesitation, such as the removal of the sheets of *Troilus and Cressida*. A similar anomaly occurs in the printing of the drama here reproduced; *Henry V.* in the First Folio begins at page 69 of the Histories, but the preceding page is numbered 102. The solution of the discrepancy is not apparent; but probably a separate compositor was told off to begin working at *Henry V.*, and, as the commencing pages of *King John*, *Richard II.*, and *Henry IV.* were respectively 1, 23, and 46, so carelessness may have guessed that *Henry V.* would begin at page 69. There was undoubtedly some difficulty on the part of the publishers in obtaining their copy of 2 *Henry IV.*, which may have had something to do with the inserted sheets; but, as the question rather concerns the last mentioned drama than that with which this preface deals, the point need not further be discussed here. Only it may be remarked that the Jaggards and their partners had a copy, and a good copy, of *Henry V.* in their possession; and yet it will be seen that, in the printing of this play, their editing was anything but critical. For instance, their divisions of the drama into acts are strangely inaccurate, although it might have been thought that such striking guide-posts as the choruses would have kept them right.

Let us now inquire whence the publishers obtained their copy of *Henry V.*; that is to say, let us look into the history of the Quartos of this play which had been issued previously to 1623. It will, of course, be remembered that although many of the separate editions of our author's dramas, which had been printed before the appearance of the First Folio, were pirated and unauthorized; and although the publishers of that collected edition emphatically complained of these "stolne and surreptitious copies," yet, if any edition had been — however unfairly — "entred to other men," possession was at least some points of the law, and the authorized drama was not entered afresh at Stationers' Hall by "the grand possessors."

The existence of at least one other old drama upon the same subject — the one the printers of this volume have facsimiled below — complicates the question of the relationship of the Quartos and the Folio in this case. "*The Famous Victories of Henrye the Ffyft*, conteyninge the honorable battell of Agincourt," was entered by Thomas Creede at Stationers' Hall, on May 14, 1594, and four years later was issued by that printer. It had been "plaide by the Queenes Maiesties Players," but there can be no doubt — worthless as the work is in itself — that (to quote Malone's words) it "furnished Shakespeare with an outline" not only of *Henry V.* (as the title might suggest), but also of the two parts of *Henry IV.* Interest in his transformation, and pride in his victories, made the story of the life of Henry the Fifth very popular with the subjects of Elizabeth Tudor; and, when Shakespeare's amazing genius had added to his poetic delineation of the hero of Agincourt "the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaff" and "the swaggering vaine of Auntient Pistoll," we cannot wonder that the close of the fifteenth and

the opening of the sixteenth centuries saw the printers and publishers busy with their rival Quartos. Thomas Pavier, who was "translated" from the Drapers' Company to the Stationers' in June, 1600, threw himself energetically, if not over scrupulously, into his new trade. He it was, apparently, who had "to be staied" in his entry of *Henry the Ffift* and other "bookes" on August 4th. A week later he entered the plays entitled *Sir John Oldcastle*, which he subsequently issued as the works of Shakespeare. Two or three days later (August 14th) his name occurs again in the Stationers' Register opposite the following entry: "These copyes followinge beinge thinges formerlye printed and sett over to the sayd Thomas Pavyer. . . . The Historye of Henrye the Vth, with the battell of Agencourt." . . . The expression "formerlye printed" suggests that the old play is contemplated, and this view is rendered probable by the volumes mentioned years afterwards when Pavier's widow sold his business. It is further confirmed by the title-page of the First Quarto edition of *Henry V.*, which was issued about this time (1600): "The Cronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with *Auntient Pistoll*." Although Shakespeare's name is not given as the author, the emphatic allusion to the "auntient Pistoll" clearly differentiates this edition from the old play. And yet, strange to say, it was Thomas Creede, the printer of *The Famous Victories*, whose press gave forth the 1600 Quarto of *Henry V.* Millington and Busby were the publishers, though the volume could only — so it seems — be obtained from the shop of the latter of them. Nor did they long retain such rights as they had in the issue, for when two years later Thomas Creede printed the Second Quarto, the publishing of it had passed into the hands of the enterprising Pavier.

T. P., as this publisher frequently called himself, brought out a Third Quarto in 1608 (with certain corrections in spelling and in arrangement, both on the title-page and throughout the text of the work). He had, however, apparently broken his connection with Creede, and the volume appeared with no printer's name appended. The curious device, which figures on the title-page, suggests that the book came from the press of a congenial printer of the name of James Roberts, or his successor, William Jaggard. Thomas Creede, on the other hand, passed over to his apprentice, Barnard Alsop, the copyright of *The Famous Victories*, another Quarto of which was printed in 1617. The celebrated First Folio edition of Shakespeare's collected works was given to the world in 1623. The publishers had some difficulty in obtaining copies of certain of the dramas which had formerly been "entred to other men"; but in the case of *Henry V.*, although, as we have just seen, William Jaggard had some interest in the Quarto issued in 1608, yet he and his co-publishers (for he and his son Isaac were among the moving spirits in the venture) had no need to use the Third Quarto; a good text—with the choruses and the speeches well preserved—being among "the true originall copies" possessed by the players. The copyrights of the old Quartos were, however, still valuable; and "Mistris" Pavier in 1626 transferred to Edward Brewster and Robert Birde "all the estate right title and Interest which Master Thomas Pavier her late husband had in the copies here after mencioned." Among these are particularized, "the History of Henry the Fift and the play of the same . . . (and among 'more to Brewster and Birde') Master Paviers right in Shakesperes plaies or any of them." And yet once more, when Bird in 1630 sold his copyrights to Richard Cotes, they included

Henrye the Fift and *Agincourt*. It will be noticed that in each of these last extracts from the Register, there is a double entry; the references being probably to *The Famous Victories* and to the Shakespeare Quarto, both of which had been thus handed down among the Pavier copyrights.

The whole of the entries in the Stationers' Register, which may throw any light upon this question, are, together with the words on the title-pages of the Quartos, given at the conclusion of this preface, in order that the student may conveniently form his own opinion (gathered from this external evidence) upon the relationship of the copies here printed side by side.

A word more may be said upon the prominence given to Pistol's name on the title-pages of the Quartos: "The Cronicle History of Henry the fift . . . Together with *Auntient Pistoll*." The name of this "irregular humourist" is here given with even greater familiarity than on the title-page of *2 Henry IV.*, where he is called "the swaggering Pistoll," or of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where advertisement is made of "the swaggering vaine of Auntient Pistoll and Corporall Nym." And this prominence of notice on the outside page corresponds, the student of this parallel edition will observe, with the space given to the words of "this speaker of play-scrap," in the Quarto. Many, it will be seen, are the omissions of the 1600 edition; indeed the Quarto does not contain half so many lines as the Folio; and yet the scenes in which Pistol figures and speaks are given with abundant fulness; none of his phrases are omitted, while some few characteristic remarks of his are added; (see in the Quarto lines 492-498, 767; and notice especially the occurrence of Pistol's name among the "entrances," line 1178, and his repeated utterance at the close of the scene, lines

1206–1209. Steevens says the expression is “ridiculously added,” but on the stage it was doubtless received with boisterous laughter.) So much were the character and the exposure of the swaggerer relished, that the drama was sometimes spoken of as “the plaie of Antient Pistoll.”¹

So, too, the speeches of Corporal Nym are given in this Quarto at full length; his favorite sentence, “and there’s the humour of it,” occurs more frequently than in the Folio; and his name was placed (as we have seen) by one of the publishers of this Quarto on the title-page of the surreptitious copy of *The Merry Wives*, which he shortly afterwards issued.

Another of “the irregular humourists,” Bardolph, is similarly reported in detail in the 1600 edition; his references to the Divine name, which are as inappropriate as those of the *quondam* Quickly, are very characteristic, and are not reproduced in the Folio. It is true that they may have been expunged as infringing 3 Jac. I., c. 21, and it is also true that, both in line 458 and line 488 there are obviously omissions in the Quarto, the expressions as given in the complete edition being necessary to give the connection; yet the inappropriate “God be with him” suits Bardolph, and was doubtless used with emphasis by one of the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlain his servants, when the drama was “sundry times playd” at the end of the sixteenth century.

Again, though our “humble author” did not, as he is made to promise by the epilogue of *2 Henry IV.*, “continue the story, with Sir John in it,” — at least not with the living Falstaff — with his “jests, and gypes, and knaveries, and mockes” — yet “the boy,” Sir John’s boy, is introduced with evident fa-

¹ See Breton’s *Poste with a Packet of Madde Letters*, 1603, quoted by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, *Outlines*, 8th edition, vol. ii. p. 330.

miliarity ; and his merciless thrusts at Bardolph are, of course, given by the Quarto ; which is thus seen to be a hastily issued copy of such parts of the play as the catch-penny printer had observed to catch the ears of the groundlings.

We fortunately also possess the Folio edition of the play, and the parallel arrangement of the texts here printed makes the more evident how grand is the representation of the warrior-king, Henry the Fifth, which Shakespeare gives as a climax of his historical plays.

Not a few commentators have spoken of the Quarto edition as a first sketch ; Pope says that in the 1623 edition "the speeches are generally enlarged and raised : several whole scenes besides, and all the choruses also, were since 1608 added by Shakespeare." Of Act III., scene vii., he remarks, "This scene is shorter, and I think better in the first editions of 1600 and 1608 ; but as the enlargements appear to be the author's own, I will not omit them." Of IV. i., he says : "This beautiful speech was added after the first edition."

Dr. Johnson, commenting on II. iii., writes : "The whole scene was much enlarged and improved after the first edition ; the particular insertions in it would be tedious to mention, and tedious without much use." In another passage he indulges in some elephantine humor on Shakespeare's supposed "negligence" in "the imperfect play of 1608" ; and "it must not be concealed," the doctor adds, that no correction is made in "the second draught of the same design" (1623).

Steevens speaks of certain speeches being "added after the Quartos of 1600 and 1608" ; and so on.

But Malone remarked, with his usual learning and common sense, that "the supposition of a *second* draught is a mistake, originating from Mr. Pope,

whose researches on these subjects were by no means profound. The Quarto copy of this play is manifestly an imperfect transcript procured by some fraud, and not a first draught or a hasty sketch of Shakespeare's. The choruses, which are wanting in it, and which must have been written in 1599, prove this."

And so, not to mention other opinions, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps (the Malone of the nineteenth century) says that "it is next to impossible that the Quartos represent the author's imperfect sketch"; and he bases his statement not only on the celebrated historical allusion in the chorus prefixed to the fifth act, but also on the fact that Shakespeare wrote the play after he had completed the second part of *Henry IV.*, whereby the supposition is precluded "that *Henry V.* could have been a very early production; and especially such a piece as would be suggested by the edition of 1600. The brevity of the latter shews, moreover, that it is, under any view, an imperfect copy, it being much too short to have occupied the then established duration of a performance at the London theatres."

It may be added that if the Essex allusion were doubtful, yet there is so intimate a connection between the choruses and the rest of the drama, and these spirited introductions to the acts are so in keeping with the splendid character of the whole play — they are, moreover, so necessary to "waft you o'er the seas" and so on — that we cannot doubt that, speaking generally, the entire work was written at the same time, and that the choruses and speeches mentioned above were already in existence when the 1600 Quarto for certain reasons, perhaps for those suggested below, omitted to print them.

Comparing the Quartos and the Folio in another way, we should expect, supposing the latter to be a

“second draught” of the former, that there would be not only added speeches and phrases, but also omitted expressions and cancelled sentences. The student will, however, scarcely find any such omissions or corrections in the latter copy; there are no gaps on the right-hand pages of this reprint; except, indeed, it be here and there the omission of a bombastic phrase of Pistol’s, an oath of Bardolph’s, a repeated saying of Nym’s, or a mispronunciation of Fluellen’s. We say “scarcely” any such omissions or corrections; because there are one or two lines in the Quartos not to be found in the Folio—such as that pointed out by Steevens (line 1227),—

“Unto these English, or else die with fame;”

yet even this is rejected by the Cambridge editors; and it is evident that there is some confusion both in the old and the new editions. And there are a few words and expressions which, occurring exclusively in the Quartos, have been adopted by certain modern editors, or at least are deserving of note—such as: “the *pinning* mayden’s grones” (line 564), “there is an *Ensigne* there” (lines 721, 722), “a *Iogge* of the diuel” (line 907), etc. But in each of these cases there is probably some confusion on the part of the copyist or the printer.

James Boswell’s concluding paragraph in the 1821 *Variorum* edition may be quoted with approval: “The variations between the Quarto and Folio copies of this play are numerous and extensive; but, as Johnson has observed, it would be tedious to mention them, &c. . . . The earliest editions are evidently corrupted and imperfect, and bear no marks of being the author’s first conceptions.”

The texts here printed in parallel columns give the student a convenient opportunity of forming his own opinion on these points.

In the case of some other plays, we are enabled to notice the improvements of the Folio edition, by alterations in the stage-directions. In the present instance, it is true that the 1623 copy starts well, giving not only the Prologue, but following with "Actus Primus, Scœna Prima," and the names are given for the first time of the two prelates whose lengthy conversation follows; it is also true that the second scene is headed by a long list of persons present; yet Gloster is called by the familiar name of "Humfrey," and neither he, Bedford, Clarence, nor Warwick take any part in the debate, whilst Exeter's name (inconsistently with his dignity) is placed last in the list. Later on in the scene a speech, which Quarto vaguely assigns to a "Lord," is by Folio erroneously given to the Bishop of Ely. And so in other parts of the play, the noblemen who accompany Henry the Fifth are differently presented in the 1623 issue; for instance in lines 2979, 2980, with the King are enumerated "Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke, and other Lords," yet Bedford is not mentioned in the scene, where, however, reference is made to the presence of Clarence, Gloster, Huntington, and Westmoreland, to the latter of whom indeed the Folio assigns a short speech. So again with regard to the French court, Folio differs from Quarto; but the difference can scarcely be put down to an improving editor. At lines 504, 505, where the Quarto gives the names of "Burbon, Dolphin, and others," the Folio (lines 885, 886) reads "the Dolphin, the dukes of Berry and Britaine"; but the dukes of Orleans and Brabant are not enumerated, nor is the Constable, who takes an important part in the conversation. Mr. P. A. Daniel maintains that the Quarto stage-directions about Burbon are a correction of Folio errors. It may be pointed out, however, that the name of the unfortunate Duke of Bour-

bon is used in a very casual way both in the separate and in the collected editions ; that the scenes in which the Quarto is credited with the correction, end with manifest blunders ; and that Quarto certainly forfeits its character for "correctness" when it substitutes Burbon for Burgundy in the closing scene of the play. Indeed, in neither the Quartos nor the Folios are the "entrances" and stage-directions systematic or correct, the insertion of names being sometimes most capricious ; *e. g.*, the Duke of Clarence is several times prominently named by the Quartos as a character represented, yet only once (*viz.*, in lines 1081-1083) is a speech assigned to him, and this speech, it may be remarked, is given in a state of confusion in all the old editions. So, too, Clarence is named by the Folio, line 141, where, however, he takes no part ; while he is addressed in the text, line 3067, though he is not named in the "entrances" of that scene. Again, four French lords are introduced in two scenes, in the former of these scenes Quarto (line 866) gives the entrances as follows : "Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebon," while Folio (lines 1622, 1623) enumerates "the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleance, Dolphin, with others." In the other scene, Quarto (line 1211) announces "the foure French Lords," while Folio (lines 2454, 2455) gives "Constable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs," the last of whom, however, does not in any way figure in the scene. The same four lords are apparently introduced by the Folio (lines 2162, 2163), but they there appear as "the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont:" the last mentioned nobleman is not in any way alluded to in this scene, nor is he elsewhere named, except in the list of those slain at Agincourt (which list, by the bye, is in this point as in others copied from Holinshed more correctly by the Folio than by the Quarto). One

more instance of the capriciousness of the printing of the "entrances" may be given; the celebrated old warrior, Sir Thomas Erpingham, who figured so prominently in the great battle, is not alluded to in the text of the Quartos, though his name is ἀπαξ λεγόμενον in the stage-directions, line 1051.

Enough has perhaps been said under this heading, but it may be further added that the entrances and stage-directions of certain scenes in the Folio not only suggest that that edition was printed from a play-actor's copy, but also form an argument in favor of the early date of the Folio copy; *e. g.*, "Katherine and an old Gentlewoman" (line 1318), "Captaines, English and Welch" (line 1447), "the King and his poore Souldiers" (lines 1532, 1533), "Erpingham with all his Hoast" (lines 2234, 2235), "the King and his trayne" (line 2480), "King Harry and Burbon with prisoners" (lines 2574, 2575), "enter the French Power" (line 3264), etc. On the other hand it is curious to notice that the "three Souldiers," Quarto (line 975), are named in full in the Folio (lines 1931, 1932), as "Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams," though after the first line we hear no more of the characteristic national names, Jack, Sandy, and Mike.

The general conclusion, which may perhaps be arrived at from a consideration of the stage-directions, is not that the Quartos have corrections on the copy used for the Folio, nor *vice versa*, but that there were separate copies of the stage play, used by the different editors. True, the publishers of the collected edition had much the more complete copy; but it is a remarkable instance of the general carelessness of their editing, that, as has been remarked above, not even the choruses keep them right in their numbering of the acts, while this carelessness is, as we have also noted above, very frequent in matters of detail.

There are many questions of interest, which in a general Preface to an ordinary edition of *Henry V.* might be enlarged on; such as: the relationship of this drama to the kindred plays of *Henry IV.* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, as well as to *The Famous Victories* and other rival, or related, productions; our author's use of Holinshed and the other Chronicle writers; the light which modern historical research has shed upon the character of the warrior-king; the "exit omnes" (as the Quarto would put it) of the famous "irregular humourists"; the enthusiasm, with which the representations of the dignity and the piety of Henry were received in the poet's own age, in the days of Garrick, and in our own times; the criticisms, which Dr. Johnson and other commentators have bestowed upon the play, etc.

But it is becoming in a special Preface like this to be limited to remarks suggested by a study of the editions here compared and contrasted.

Allusions having been made above to the opinions of various commentators, it is due to the interesting and able paper which Mr. P. A. Daniel has prefixed to the New Shakespere Society's parallel issue, to refer to the opinion there formulated. Mr. Daniel has been led by a comparison of the names of the *dramatis personæ* to maintain that the Quarto "represents a version of the play shortened for the stage," shortened and "corrected." "The abridgment," he allows, "was done with little care, and printed with less"; but still he proceeds to support his suggestion by hinting at "certain historical errors in the Folio, which are not found in the Quarto," and by discussing two instances of omission on the part of the 1600 editor.

The historical errors are the following: the presence of the Earl of Westmoreland and the Duke of Bedford at the battle of Agincourt according to the

Folio, and the absence of the Duke of Clarence according to the same edition. Mr. Daniel argues that the 1600 publisher corrected these mistakes after consulting *The Chronicles*, by substituting the names of Warwick and Gloster. It may, however, be pointed out that (as remarked above) the characters are not introduced in any systematic manner either in the smaller or the larger edition, as may be seen, *e. g.*, in the case of Clarence; that though Westmoreland's name is omitted in the Quarto, yet the omission takes place in the scenes in England as well as in those in France (which, though it may supply an insignificant instance of shortening, does not look like correction); that, as Mr. Daniel himself admits, Bedford does appear in the Quarto as being at Agincourt (though it is true that of the five or six lines, which Folio puts in his mouth, three are transferred to Clarence, while the play is shortened by the other two or three lines); that, according to this theory, Exeter and Salisbury ought also to have been expunged; that while it is true that the Quarto substitutes Warwick in some places, it is also true that it erases the name in other places. With regard to the French names, the confusion between the Dolphin and Sir G. Dolphin¹ is common to both editions, and does not affect the argument; while, as has been frequently shown above, there is a most capricious use of names generally.

Mr. Daniel only cites two instances of omission, but they are both connected with such glaring and obvious mistakes that they can scarcely be called the abridgments of a "corrector." And indeed Mr. Daniel himself ends this part of his subject by fitly describing his historical corrector "the person who did the job!"

¹ As to the recurrence of similar proper names in the same play, see vol. iv. p. 27.

Some other reasons must surely be sought for to explain the differences between the Quarto and the Folio. It may be, as Capell hinted, that the disgrace of Lord Essex prevented the printing of one, and therefore of all, of the choruses. It may be that the publisher was unable to obtain, or even unable to appreciate, the splendid and heroic addresses of the warrior king. The pen of the reporter continually flags and tires in transcribing the longer speeches and the serious reflections. It is only in the comic scenes, in the portions where Pistol swaggers, or where Fluellen uses his tongue or his bludgeon, that the Quarto gives a full and lengthy, if not an altogether correct, report. When this is remembered, and when the reputations of the publishers and the printers are considered, we may again congratulate ourselves that the players had preserved a fairly good stage copy of *The Life of Henry V.*; for otherwise, though the Quartos may have retained for us something of "*the plaie of Pistoll*," they would only have handed down to us a meagre and disjointed account of *Henry V.*, and of *Agincourt*.

I desire to express my thanks to Mr. Wm. H. Fleming for his care and kindness in reading the proofs of the here paralleled texts.

HENRY PAINE STOKES.

1594. May 14th. Thomas Creede. A booke intituled *The famous victories of HENRYE the FFYFT conteyninge the honorable battell of Agincourt*. [II. 648.]

[1600.]	August 4th.	<i>As you like yt</i>	a booke	} to be staied.
		<i>HENRY the FFIFT</i>	a booke	
		<i>Every man in his humour</i>	a booke	
		<i>The commedie of 'muche A doo about nothing'</i>	a booke	
				[III. 37.]

1600. August 14th. Thomas Pavyer. Entred for his copies. . . .
These copies followinge beinge things formerlye printed and

sett over to the sayd Thomas Pavyer, vizt. . . . *The Historye of Henry the Vth* with the battell of Agincourt. [III. 169.]

1626 August 4th. Edward Brewster, Robert Birde. . . . by Mistris Pavier all the estate right title and Interest which Master Thomas Pavier her late husband had in the copies here after mencioned . . . *The History of HENRY the FIFT and the play of the same.* [IV. 164.]

More to Edward Brewster, Robert Birde. . . . Master Paviers right in SHAKESPERES *plaies* or any of them. [IV. 165.]

1630. November 8th. Richard Cotes. . . . by Master Bird. . . .
HENRY the FIFT

.
Agincourt
. [IV. 242.]

Title-pages of quartos of *Henry V.* and kindred plays.

The Famous Victories of Henry the fifth : Containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt : As it was plaide by the Queenes maiesties Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598. [4^o. Black Letter.]

The Famous Victories . . . etc. . . . as it was Acted by the Kinges Maiesties Seruants. London. . . . Imprinted by Barnard Alsop. . . 1617.

The CRONICLE History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France.* Together with *Auntient Pistoll.* As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London. Printed by *Thomas Creede,* for Tho. Millington, and John Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600.

The CHRONICLE History. . . etc. . . . London. Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pavier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the sign of the Cat and Parrets neare the Exchange. 1602.

The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France.* Together with *Ancient Pistoll.* As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. London. Printed for T. P. 1608.

[In the 1623 Folio Edition, *Henry V.* is called in the "Catalogue," under head of "Histories," *The Life of King Henry the Fift.* In the body of the Folio, the play is simply styled, both in the heading and in the running title, "The Life of Henry the Fift. "]

Extracts from *Henslowe's Diary*.

1595. "R. the 28 of november, 1595, at harye the v. (iii. vi. o)."

(It is noted that this play was performed 13 times).

"The booke of the Inventory of the goods of my Lord Admeralles men, tacken the 10 of Marche in the year 1598

Gone and loste

Item, Harey the fyftes dublet.

Item, Harey the fyftes vellet gowne. . . ."

The Inuentorey of all the aparell of the Lord Admeralles men, taken the 13th of Marche 1598, as followeth:

Item, Harye the v. velvet gowne. . . .

Item, Harye the v. satten dublett, layd with gowld lace. . . ."

The above extracts from the Dulwich MSS. are given from Malone's transcript (Boswell, vol. iii.). In *The Diary*, as issued by the old Shakespeare Society, there is an earlier entry recorded as follows:

"Rd. at harye the vth, the 14 of maye 1592. 1s."

Mr. Collier subjoined a note, calling attention to the fact that "Malone takes no notice of this play &c."

But it has been pointed out by Dr. Furnivall and others that the entry really is "harye the 6th."

The writer of this note has in his possession all Mr. Collier's own copies of the Shakespeare Society's publications. On the title-page of *Henslowe's Diary*, Mr. Collier has erased the word "edited" by J. Payne Collier, and substituted "notes" by J. P. C. He has also written: "T. Amyot superintended the Transcript, and collated it, as I had no opportunity, the college urging us to return the MS. I referred to the original in various places, and the copy was always correct." J. P. C. In another note on the title-page, Mr. Collier adds "P. C. made the transcript;" thus further apparently adding to the accusations against Mr. Peter Cunningham. If the MS. remark above quoted is consistent with what Mr. Collier has printed in his Introduction to the *Diary*, it can only be said that he did not in that preface express himself with his usual clearness.

Mr. Malone also gives the following as an extract from Henslowe: "R. the 26 of maye 1597, at harye the fifte life and death" (6 times performed).

He adds in a note (Boswell, iii. p. 307): "this could not have been the play already mentioned (the *Famous Victories*), because in that Henry does not die; nor could it have been Shakespeare's play." But Mr. Collier remarks "Malone puzzled himself by misreading "Harey the *fifte*," for "Harey the *firste*," as it undoubtedly stands in the MS.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. 17: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

COMMITTEE { ALVEY A. ADEE, *Chairman*.
THOMAS R. PRICE.
WM. H. FLEMING.
APPLETON MORGAN.





THE EARLIER PLAY
OF 1598



THE
FAMOVVS VIC-
tories of Henry the
fifth:

Containing the Honou-
rable Battell of Agin-court:

*As it was plaide by the Queenes Maiesties
Players.*



LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598.





The Famous Victories of Henry the fifth, Conte ining the Hono- rable Battell of Agin-court.

Enter the young Prince, Ned, and Tom.

Henry the fifth.

Come away Ned and Tom.

Both. Here my Lord.

Henr. 5. Come away my Lads :

Tell me sirs, how much gold haue you got ?

Ned. Faith my Lord, I haue got five hundred pound.

Hen. 5. But tell me Tom, how much hast thou got ?

Tom. Faith my Lord, some foure hundred pound.

Hen. 5. Foure hundred pounds, bzauely spoken Lads.

But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous
part of me to rob my fathers Receiuers ?

Ned. Why no my Lord, it was but a tricke of youth.

Hen. 5. Faith Ned thou sayest true.

But tell me sirs, whereabouts are we ?

Tom. My Lord, we are now about a mile off London.

Hen. 5. But sirs, I maruell that sir John Old-castle
Comes not away : Sounds see where he comes.

Enters Lockey.

How now Lockey, what netues with thee ?

Lockey. Faith my Lord, such netues as passeth,
For the Towne of Detfort is risen,

A 2

With

With hue and crie after your man,
Which parted from vs the last night,
And has set vpon, and hath robd a poore Carrier.

Hen. 5. So vones, the vilaine that was wont to spie
Out our booties.

Iock. I my Lord, even the very same.

Hen. 5. How bale minded rascal to rob a poore carrier,
What it kills not, it saue the bale vilaines life :

I, I may; but tel me Iockey, wher about be the Receiuers?

Ioc. Faith my Lord, they are hard by,
But the best is, we are a horse backe and they be a foote,
So we may escape them.

Hen. 5. What, I the vilaines come, let me alone with
them.

But tel me Iockey, how much gots thou from the knaues:
For I am sure I got something, for one of the vilaines
So belands me about the shoulders,
As I shal feele it this moneth.

Iock. Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundzed peund.

Hen. 5. A hundzed pound, now brauely spoken Iockey:
But come sirs, laie al your money before me,
How by heauen here is a braue shewe :
But as I am true Gentleman, I wil haue the halfe
Of this spent to night, but sirs take vp your bags,
Here comes the Receiuers, let me alone.

Enters two Recciuers.

One. Alas god fellow, what shal we do?
I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I shal be hangd.
But loke, here is the yong Prince, what shal we doe?

Hen. 5. How now you vilaines, what are you?

One Recci. Speake you to him.

Other. No I pray, speake you to him.

Hen. 5. Why how now you rascals, why speak you not?

One. Forsooth we be. Pray speake you to him.

Hen. 5. So vons, vilains speak, or else cut off your heads.

Other.

Other. Forsooth he can tel the tale better then I.
 One. Forsooth we be your fathers Receiuers.
 Hen. 7. Are you my fathers Receiuers?
 Then I hope ye haue brought me some money.
 One. Honey, Alas sir we be robb.
 Hen. 5. Robb, how many were there of them?
 One. Werry sir, there were fours of them:
 And one of them had sir Iohn Old-Castles bay Hobbie,
 And your blacke Bag.
 Hen. 5. Wogs wounds how like you this Tockey?
 Wlad you vilaines: my father robb of his money abroad,
 And we robb in our Gables.
 But tell me, how many woers of them?
 One recei. If it please you, there were foure of them,
 And there was one about the bigne the of you:
 But I am sure I so belambd him about the shoulders,
 That he wil seeke if this month.
 Hen. 5. Wogs wounds you laud them fairerly,
 So that they haue carried away your money.
 But come sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?
 Both recei. I besech your grace, be good to vs.
 Ned: I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once,
 Well stand by and get you gone,
 And loke that you speake not a word of it,
 For if there be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin.
Exit Pursuant,
 Hen. 5. Now sirs, how like you this?
 Was not this byauey done?
 For now the vilaines dare not speake a word of it,
 I haue so feared them with words,
 Now whither shall we goe?
 All. Why my Lord, you know our old hostes
 At Feuerham.
 Hen. 5. Our hostes at Feuerham, blood what shal we do
 We haue a thousand pound about vs, (there?
And

A 3

And we shall go to a pettie Ale-house.

No, no : you know the olde Lauerne in Eastcheape,
There is good wine : besides, there is a pretie wench
That can talke well, soz I delight as much in their tonges,
As any part about them.

All. We are readie to waite vpon your grace.

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogither,
We are all fellows, I tell you sirs, and the King
My father were dead, we would be all Kings,
Therefore come away.

Ned. Gogs wounds, bzauely spoken Harry.

Enter Iohn Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence
Coftermonger.

Iohn Cob. All is well here, all is well maisters.

Robin. How say you neighbour Iohn Cobler?
I thinke it best that my neighbour
Robin Pewterer went to Dudding lane end,
And we will watch here at Billingsgate ward,
How say you neighbour Robin, how like you this :

Robin. Harry well neighbours :
I care not much if I goe to Dudding lanes end,
But neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me,
Make haste: and if I heare any adoe about you,
I will come to you.

Exit Robin.

Law. Neighbour, what newes heare you of y^e young Prince:

Iohn. Harry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward yong
Foz if he met any by the hie way, (Prince,
He will not let to talke with him,
I dare not call him these, but sure he is one of these taking
(fellows.

Law. Indeed neighbour I heare say he is as lively
A yong Prince as euer was.

Iohn. I, and I heare say, if he vse it long,
His father will cut him off from the Crowne:

But

But neighbour say nothing of that.

Law. No, no, neighbour, I warrant you.

John. Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe,
If you will, we will sit down,
For I thinke it is about midnight.

Law. Harry content neighbour, let vs sleepe.

Enter Dericke rousing.

Dericke. Who, who there, who there?

Exit Dericke.

Enter Robin.

Robin. O neighbours, what meane you to sleepe,
And such abo in the streets?

Ambo. How now neighbour, whats the matter?

Enter Dericke againe.

Dericke. Who there, who there, who there?

Cobler. Why what aillt thou: here is no horses.

Dericke. O alas man, I am robb, who there, who there?

Robin. Hold him neighbour Cobler.

Robin. Why I see thou art a plaine Clowne.

Dericke. Am I a Clowne, solunes maisters,

Do Clownes go in slike apparell?

I am sure all we gentlemen Clownes in Kent scant go so

Well: Solunes you know clownes very well:

Heare you, are you maister Constable, and you be speake?

For I will not take it at his hands.

John. Faith I am not maister Constable,

But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

Dericke. Is not maister Constable here?

Well it is no matter, he have the law at his hands.

John. Nay I pray you do not take the law of vs.

Der. Well, you are one of his beasly officers,

John. I am one of his had officers.

Der. Why then I charge thee loke to him.

Cobler. Nay but heare ye sir, you seeme to be an honest
fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis nigh:

And

And we would be loth to haue any thing adoo,
Wherefoze I pray thee put it vp.

Der. First, thou saiest true, I am an honest fellow,
And a proper handsome fellow too,
And you seeme to be worse men, therfoze I care not greatly,
I say, I am quickly pacified:
But and you chance to spie the theefe,
I pray you laie hold on him.

Robin. Yes that we wil, I warrant you.

Der. 'Tis a wonderful thing to see how glad the knaues
As, now I haue forgiven him.

John. Neighbors do ye looke about you?
How now, who's there?

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Here is a good fellow, I pray you which is the
Way to the old Lauerne in Eastcheape?

Der. Whope hollo, now Gads Hill, knowest thou me?

Theef. I know thee for an Ass.

Der. And I know thee for a taking fellow,
Upon Gads hill in Kent:
A bots light vpon ye.

Theef. The whozson vilaine would be knockt.

Der. Masters, vilaine, and ye be men stand to him,
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you.

John. My friend, what make you abroad now?
It is too late to walke now.

Theef. It is not too late for true men to walke.

Law. We know thee not to be a true man.

Theef. Why what do you meane to do with me?
Solmes I am one of the kings liege people.

Der. Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people?

Theef. I marry am I sir, what say you to it?

Der. Harry sir, I say you are one of the kings filching

Cob. Come, come, lets haue him away. (people.

Theef. Why what haue I done?

Robin.

Robin. Thou hast robd a poore fellow,
And taken away his goods from him.

Theefe. I neuer sawe him before.

Der. Haisters who comes here?

Enter the Vintners boy.

Boy. How now good man Cobler?

Cob. How now Robin, what makes thou abroad
At this time of night?

Boy. Harrie I haue bene at the Counter,
I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like.

Cobler. What is that Robin, what is the matter?

Boy. Why this night about two houres ago, there came
the young Prince, and thre or foure more of his compani-
ous, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a
noyle of Musicians, and were very merry for the space of
an houre, then whether their Musicks liked them not, or
whether they had drunke too much Wine or no, I cannot
tell, but our pots flue against the wals, and then they drew
their swordes, and went into the streete and fought, and
some toke one part, & some toke another, but for the space
of halfe an houre, there was such a bloodie fray as passeth,
and none coulde part them untill such time as the Maior
and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at the last with much
ado, they toke them, and so the yong Prince was carried
to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came
a Messenger from the Court in all haste from the King, for
my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I
know not.

Cobler. Here is newes indeede Robert.

Law. Harry neighbour, this newes is strange indeede,
I thinke it best neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe
first.

Theefe. What meane you to doe with me?

Cobler. We meane to carry you to the prison, and there
to remaine till the Sessions day.

B

Theefe

Theef. When I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is.

Cob. Nay thou must go to þ country prison, to newgate, Therefore come away.

Theef. I praye be good to me honest fellow.

Der. I marry will I, ile be verie charitable to thee, For I will neuer leaue thee, til I see thee on the Gallowes.

Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of E: eter, and the Lord of Oxford.

Oxf. And please your Maiestie, here is my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with your Maiestie.

K. Hen. 4. Admit them to our presence. (Kie.

Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe.

Maior. Now my good Lord Maior of London, The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tel you of a matter which I have learned of my Councell: Wherein I vnderstand, that you haue committed my sonne to prison without our leaue and license. What although he be a rude youth, and likely to giue occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be halled to prison by every subiect.

Maior. May it please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue to tel our tale?

King Hen. 4. O; else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an vnequall Iudge, hauing more affection to my sonne, then to any rightfull indigent.

Maior. When I do not doubt but we shal rather deserue commendations at your Maiesties hands, then any anger.

K. Hen. 4. Go to, say on.

Maior. When if it please your Maiestie, this night betwixt two and thre of the clocke in the morning, my Lord the yong Prince with a very disordred companie, came to the old Tauerne in Castcheape, and whether it was that their Musicke liked them not, or whether they were ouercome with wine, I know not, but they setw their swords,

and

and into the streets they went, and some took my Lord the young Princes part, and some took the other, but betwixt them there was such a bloody fray for the space of halfe an houre, that neither watchme nor any other could stay the, till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were sent for, and at the last with much ado we staid them, but it was long first, which was a great disquieting to all your loving subjects thereabouts: and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had sent them to trie vs, whether we would do iustice, or whether it were of their owne voluntarie will or not, we canuot tell: and therefore in such a case we knew not what to do, but for our own safegard we sent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace, and your Maiesties sonne. And thus most humbly beseeching your Maiestie to thinke of our answer.

Hen. 4. Stand aside vntill we haue further deliberated on your answer.

Exit Maior.

Hen. 4. Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry,
That hath gotten a sonne, which with graue
Will end his fathers dayes.
Oh my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince indeed,
And to deserue imprisonment,
And well haue they done, and like faithfull subjects:
Discharge them and let them go.

L. Ex. I beseech your Grace, be good to my Lord the young Prince.

Hen. 4. Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

L. Ox. Perchance the Maior and the Sheriffe haue bene too precise in this matter.

Hen. 4. So: they haue done like faithfull subjects:
I will go my selfe to discharge them, and let them go.

Exit omnes.

Enter Lord chiefe Iustice, Clarke of the Office, Iayler,
Iohn Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe.

B 2

Iudge.

Judge. *Hayler bzing the prisoner to the barre.*

Der. *Hearc you my Lord, I pray you bzing the bar to the prisoner.*

Judge. *Hold thy hand vp at the barre.*

Theefe. *Here it is my Lord.*

Judge. *Clarke of the Office, reade his inditement.*

Clarke. *What is thy name?*

Theefe. *My name was knowne befoze I came here, And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.*

Judge. *I, I thinke so, but we will know it better befoze thou go.*

Der. *Sownes and you do but send to the next Halls, We are sure to know his name,*

foz this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile warrant

Clarke. *What is thy name? (you.*

Theefe. *What need you to aske, and haue it in writing.*

Clarke. *Is not thy name Curbert Cutter?*

Theefe. *What the Diuell need you aske, and know it so well.*

Clarke. *Why then Curbert Cutter, I indite thee by the name of Curbert Cutter, foz robbing a poze carrier the 20 day of May last past, in the fourteen yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, foz setting vpon a poze Carrier vpon Gads hill in Kent, and hauing beaten and wounded the said Carrier, and taken his goods from him.*

Der. *Wh maisters stay there, nay lets neuer belie the man, foz he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but hee hath beaten and wounded my packs, and hath taken the great rale of Ginger, that bouncing Wesse with the lolly buttocks should haue had, that grieues me most.*

Judge. *Well, what sayest thou, art thou guiltie, or not guiltie?*

Theefe. *Not guiltie, my Lord.*

Judge. *By whom wilt thou be tride?*

Theefe

Theefe. By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe whether you will.

Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Hen. 5. Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain, what make you heere: I must goe about my businesse my selfe, and you must stand loytering here.

Theefe. Why my Lord, they haue bound me, and will not let me goe.

Hen. 5. Haue they bound thæ villain, why how now my Lord?

Iudge. I am glad to see your grace in good health.

Hen. 5. Why my Lord, this is my man, tis maruell you knew him not long befoze this, I tell you he is a man of his hands.

Theefe. I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare

Iudge. Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknowledging him to be your man.

Hen. 5. Why my Lord, what hath he done? (Carrier.

Iud. And it please your Maiestie, he hath robbed a poze

Der. Heare you sir, marry it was one Dericke, Goodman Hoblings man of Kent.

Hen. 5. What wast you butten-breech? Of my word my Lord, he did it but in iest.

Der. Heare you sir, is it your mans qualitie to rob folkes in iest? In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest.

Hen. 5. Well my Lord, what do you meane to do with my man?

Iudg. And please your grace, the law must passe on him, According to iustice, then he must be executed.

Der. Heare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in iest? In faith he shall be hangd in iest.

Hen. 5. Well my Lord, what meane you to do with my man?

Iudg. And please your grace the law must passe on him, According to iustice, then he must be executed.

15 3

Hen.

Hen. 5. Why then belike you meane to hang my man?

Judge. I am sozrie that it fallcs out so.

Hen. 5. Why my Lord, I pray ye who am I?

Jud. And please your Grace, you are my Lord the yong
Princc, our King that shall be after the deceale of our soue-
raigne Lord, King Henry the fourth, whom God graunt
long to raigne.

Hen. 5. You say true my Lord:
And you will hang my man.

Judge. And like your grace, I must needs do iustice.

Hen. 5. Tell me my Lord, shall I haue my man?

Judge. I cannot my Lord.

Hen. 5. But will you not let him go?

Jud. I am sozrie that his case is so ill.

Hen. 5. Tuth, case me no casings, shall I haue my man?

Judge. I cannot, nor I may not my Lord.

Hen. 5. Say, and I shall not say, & then I am answered?

Judge. No.

Hen. 5. No: then I will haue him.

He giueth him a boxe on the eare.

Ned. Gogs wound s my Lord, shall I cut off his head?

Hen. 5. No, I charge you draw not your swords,
But get you hence, prouide a noyle of Musitians,
Away, be gone.

Exeunt the Theefe.

Judge. Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your
hands.

Hen. 5. Nay and you be not, you shall haue more.

Judge. Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?

Hen. 5. You, who knowes not you?

Why man, you are Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Judge. Your Grace hath said truth, therfoze in striking
me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me onely,
but also your father: whose liuely person here in this place
I do represent. And therfoze to teach you what preroga-
tiues

times meane, I commit you to the Fleet, vntill we haue spoken with your father.

Hen. 5. Why then belike you meane to send me to the Fleet?

Iudge. I indeed, and therefore carry him away.

Exeunt Hen. 5. with the Officers.

Iudge. Tayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe, vntill the next Sifes.

Iay. At your commandement my Lord, it shalbe done.

Enter Dericke and Iohn Cobler.

Der. Sownds maisters, heres adw,

When Princes must go to prison:

Why Iohn, didst euer see the like?

Iohn. O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like. (ler,

Der. Why Iohn thou maist see what princes be in chole
A Iudge a boxe on the eare, He tel thee Iohn, O Iohn,
I would not haue done it for twentie shillings.

Iohn. No no, I, there had bene no way but one with
We should haue bene hangde. (vs,

Der. Faith Iohn, He tel thee what, thou shalt be my
Lord chiefe Justice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire,
And its be the yong prince, and hit thee a boxe on the eare,
And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatiues
Meane, I commit you to the Fleet.

Iohn. Come on, He be your Iudge,
But thou shalt not hit me hard.

Der. No, no.

Iohn. What hath he done?

Der. Marry he hath robd Dericke.

Iohn. Why then I cannot let him go.

Der. I must needs haue my man.

Iohn. You shall not haue him.

Der. Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare?
How say you, shall I not haue my man?

Iohn. No marry shall you not.

Der.

Der. Shall I not Iohn?

Iohn. No Dericke.

Der. Why then take you that till moze come,
Solowes, shall I not haue him?

Iohn. Well I am content to take this at your hand,
But I pray you, who am I?

Der. Who art thou, Solowes, dost not know thy selfe
Iohn. No.

Der. Now away simple fellow,
Why man, thou art Iohn the Cobler.

Iohn. No, I am my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Der. Oh Iohn, make thou saist true, thou art indeed.

Iohn. Why then to teach you what prerogatiues mean
I commit you to the fléete.

Der. Well I will go, but yfaith you gray beard knaue,

Exit. And straight enters again. (He course you.
Oh Iohn, Come, come out of thy chair, why what a clown
weart thou, to let me hit thee a box on the eare, and now
thou seest they will not take me to the fléete, I thinke that
thou art one of these Wozenday Clownes.

Iohn. But I maruell what will become of thee?

Der. Faith ile be no moze a Carrier.

Iohn. What wilt thou do then?

Der. Ile dwell with thee and be a Cobler.

Iohn. With me, alaske I am not able to kéep thee,
Why thou wilt eate me out of doores.

Der. Oh Iohn, no Iohn, I am none of these great flou-
ching fellowes, that deuoure these great péeces of beefe and
bzeues, alaske a trifle serues me, a Woodcocke, a Chicken,
oz a Capons legge, oz any such little thing serues me.

Iohn. a Capon, why man, I cannot get a Capon once a
yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some other mans house,
so; we Coblers be glad of a dish of rootes.

Der. Rootes, why are you so good at rooting?
I say Cobler, wéele haue you ringde.

Io 6

John But Dericke, though we be so poore,
Yet will we haue in stoze a crab in the fire,
With nut-browne Ale, that is full scale,
Which wil a man quail, and laie in the mire.

Der. A bots on you, and be but for your Ale,
Ale diuel with you, come lets away as fast as we can.

Exeunt.

Enter the yoong Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Hen.5. Come away sirs, Gogs wounds Ned,
Didst thou not see what a bore on the eare
I toke my Lord chiefe Justice?

Tom. By gogs blood it did me good to see it,
It made his sixth iarre in his head.

Enter sir John Old-Castle.

Hen.5. How now sir John Old-Castle,
What newes with you?

Ioh.Old. I am glad to see your grace at libertie,
I was come I, to visit you in prison.

Hen.5. To visit me, didst thou not know that I am a
Princes son, why tis inough for me to looke into a prison,
though I come not in my selfe, but heres such adoe now a
dayes, heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the
diuel and all: but I tel you sirs, when I am King, we will
haue no such things, but my lads, if the old king my father
wers dead, we would be all kings.

Ioh.Old. He is a good olde man, God take him to his
mercy the sooner.

Hen.5. But Ned, so soone as I am King, the first thing
I wil do, shall be to put my Lord chief Justice out of office,
And thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Ned. Shall I be Lord chiefe Justice?
By gogs wounds, ile be the braneest Lord chiefe Justice
That euer was in England.

Hen.5. When Ned, ile turne all these prisons into fencs
Scholes, and I will endue thee with them, with landes to

C

main

maintaine them withall: then I wil haue a bout with my Lord chief Justice, thou shalt hang none but picke purses and horse stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that fellow that will stand by the high way side couragiously with his sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow giue him commendations, beside that, send him to me and I will giue him an anuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

Ioh. Nobly spoken Harry, we shall neuer haue a merry world til the old king be dead.

Ned. But whither are ye going now?

Hen. 5. To the Court, for I heare say, my father lies very sicke.

Tom. But I doubt he wil not die.

Hen. 5. Yet will I goe thither, for the breath that be no soner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the Crowne on my head.

Iockey. Will you goe to the Court with that cloake so full of needles?

Hen. 5. Cloake, hat-holes, needles, and all was of mine owne dealing, and therefore I wil weare it.

Tom. I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

Hen. 5. Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns, til the Crowne be on my head.

Ioc. O that every needle might be a prick to their hearts that repine at your doings.

Hen. 5. Thou saist true Iockey, but thers some wil say, the young Prince will be a well coward young man and all this gear, that I had as leue they would breake my head with a pot, as to say any such thing, but we stand prating here so long, I must needs speake with my father, therfore come away.

Porter. What a rapping keep you at the Kings Court gates?

Hen. 5

Hen. 5. Heres one that must speake with the King.

Por. The King is verie sick, and none must speak with him.

Hen. 5. So you rascal, do you not know me?

Por. You are my Lord the yong Prince,

Hen. 5. When goe and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him.

Ned. Shall I cut off his head?

Hen. 5. So, no, though I would helpe you in other places, yet I haue nothing to do here, what you are in my fathers Court.

Ned. I will write him in my Tables, so, so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Justice, I wil put him out of his Office.

The Trumpet sounds.

Hen. 5. Gods wounds first, the King comes,
Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter.

Hen. 4. And is it true my Lord, that my sonne is already sent to the flecte? now truly that man is moze fitter to rule the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my sonne, and he by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into another, I had thought once whiles I had liued, to haue seene this noble Realme of England flourish by thee my sonne, but now I see it goes to ruine and decaie.

He wepeth.

Enters Lord of Oxford.

Ox. And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne,
That cometh to speake with you,
He saith, he must and wil speake with you.

Hen. 4. Who my sonne Harry?

Ox. I and please your Mateltie,

Hen. 4. I know wherefoze he cometh,
But loke that none come with him.

¶ 2

Ox,

Oxf. A berie disordered company, and such as make
Aerie ill rule in your Graces house.

Hen.4. Well let him come,
But take that none come with him.

He goeth.

Oxf. And please your grace,
My Lord the King, sends for you.

Hen.5. Come away sirs, lets go all together.

Oxf. And please your grace, none must go with you.

Hen.5. Why I must needs haue them with me,
Otherwise I can do my father no countenance,
Therefore come away.

Oxf. The King your father commaunds
There should none come.

Hen.5. Well sirs then be gone,
And prouide me three Boye of Quisitions.

Exeunt knights.

Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.

Hen.4. Come my sonne, come on a Gods name,
I know wherofore thy comming is,
Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene,
That thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilde and
Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly:
Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings
Will end thy fathers dayes.

He weepes.

I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence
of thy sick father, in that disguised sort, I tel thee my sonne,
that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke, but it is a prick to
my heart, & neuer an ilat-hole, but it is a hole to my soule;
and wherofore thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I
know not, but by coniecture.

He weepes.

Hen.5. My conscience accuseth me, most soueraign Lord,
and welbeloued father, to answer first to the last point,
That

That is, whereas you coniecture that this hand and this
 dagger shall be arme against your life: no, know my be-
 loued father, far be the thoughts of your sonne, sonne said
 I, an vnwoorthie sonne for so good a father: but farre be the
 thoughts of any such pretended mischief: and I most hum-
 bly render it to your Gratiess hand, and liue my Lord and
 soueraigne for euer: and with your dagger arme show like
 vengeance vpon the bodie of that your sonne, I was about
 say and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde
 slaue, tis not the Crowne that I come for, swete father,
 because I am vnwoorthie, and those vilde & repobate cour-
 pany I abandon, & vtterly abolish their company for euer.
 Pardon swete father, pardon: the least thing and most de-
 sire: and this ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe,
 and sacrifice it to the diuel, which is maister of al mischief:
 Pardon me, swete father, pardon me: god my Lord of Exe-
 ter speak for me: pardon me, pardon god father, not a word:
 ah he wil not speak one word: A Harry, now thrice vnhap-
 pie Harry. But what shal I do? I wil go take me into some
 solitarie place, and there lament my sinfull life, and when
 I haue done, I wil late me downe and die.

Exit.

Hen. 4. Call him againe, call my sonne againe.

Hen. 5. And doth my father call me againe: now Harry,
 Happie be the time that thy father calleth thee againe.

Hen. 4. Stand by my son, and do not think thy father,
 But at the request of thee my sonne I wil pardon thee,
 And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant.

Hen. 5. Thanks god my Lord, & no doubt but this day,
 Euen this day, I am borne new againe.

Hen. 4. Come my son and Lords, take me by the hands.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Dericke.

Der. Thou art a stinking whoze, & a whozson stinking
 Doest thinkst it take it at thy hands? (whoze,

Enter

Enter

Enter Iohn Cobler running.

Iohn. Derick, D.D. Hearesta,
Do D. neuer while thou liuest vse that,
Why what wil my neighbors say, and thou go away so?
Der. Shées a narrant whoze, and Ile haue the lawe on
you Iohn.

Iohn. Why what hath she done?

Der. Harry marke thou Iohn.

I wil proue it that I wil.

Iohn. What wilt thou proue?

Der. That she cald me in to dinner.

Iohn, marke the tale wel Iohn, and when I was set,
She brought me a dish of owtres, and a peece of barrel butter
therein: and she is a verie knaue,
And thou a djab if thou take her part.

Iohn. Hearesta Dericke, is this the matter?
I pay, and if be no worse, we wil go home againe,
And all shall be amended.

Der. Oh Iohn, hearesta Iohn, is all well?

Iohn. I, all is wel.

Der. When ile go home befoze, and bryake all the glasse
windowes.

Enter the King with his Lords.

Hen. 4. Come my Lords, I see it bootes me not to take
any physick, soz all the Physicians in the world cannot cure
me, no not one. But god my Lords, remember my last
wil and Testament concerning my sonne, soz truly my
Lords, I do not thinke but he wil proue as valiant and
victorious a King, as euer raigned in England.

Both. Let heauen and earth be witnesse betwene vs, if
we accomplish not thy wil to the vttermoſt.

Hen. 4. I giue you most vnfaigned thāks, god my lords,
Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sleepe.

He sleepeth.

(Exeunt Lords.

Enter

Enter the Prince.

Hen.5. Ah Harry, thrice unhappie, that hath neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I wil goe, nay but why doe I not go to the Chamber of my sick father, to comfort the melancholy soule of his bodie, his soule laid I, here is his bodie indeed, but his soule is, whereas it needs no bodie. How thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I craue pardon for all. Oh my dying father, curst be the day wherin I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherin I was begotten, but what shall I do: if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I wil weepe day and night until the fountaine be drie with weeping.

Exit.

Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.

Exe. Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King.

Hen.4. How my Lords.

Oxf. How doth your Grace feele your selfe?

Hen.4. Somewhat better after my sleepe,
But god my Lords take off my Crowne,
Remoue my chaire a litle backe, and set me right.

Ambo. And please your grace, the crowne is take away.

Hen.4. The Crowne taken away,
God my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this deeds
No doubt tis some vilde traitor that hath done it,
Do depaue my sonne, they that would do it now,
Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.

Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.

Oxf. Here and please your Grace,
Is my Lord the young Prince with the Crowne.

Hen.4. Why how now my sonne?
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling,
I had giuen you a lesson for all,
And do you now begin againe?
Why tel me my sonne,

Doest

Doest thou thinke the time so long,
That thou wouldest haue it befoze the
Breath be out of my mouth :

Hen.5. Most soueraign Lord, and welbeloued father,
I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy
Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time
Past all recouerie, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witnesse: and what should I do,
But with weeping tears lament y^e death of you my father,
And after that, seeing the Crowne, I toke it:
And tel me my father, who might better take it then I,
After your death? but seeing you liue,
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands,
And the happiest man aliue, that my father liue:
And liue my Lord and ffather, for euer.

Hen.4. Stand by my sonne,
Thine answere hath sounded wel in mine eares,
For I must need confesse that I was in a very sound sleep,
And altogether vnmindful of thy coming:
But come neare my sonne,
And let me put thee in possession whilst I liue,
That none deppriue thee of it after my death.

Hen.5. Well may I take it at your maiesties hands,
But if that neuer touch my head, so long as my father liues.

He taketh the Crowne:

Hen.4. God giue thee toy my sonne,
God blesse thee and make thee his seruant,
And send thee a prosperous raigne.
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I haue maintained it.

Hen.5. Howsoeuer you came by it, I know not,
But now I haue it from you, and from you I will keepe it:
And he that seekes to take the Crowne from my head,
Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,
Or I will pearce him to the heart,

Here

Were it harder then brasse or bolliou.

Hen. 4. Nobly spoken, and like a King.
How trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,
As euer raigned in England.

L. Ambo. His former life shewes no lesse.

Hen. 4. Wel my lords, I know not whether it be so? sleep,
Or drawing neare of drawne summer of death,
But I am verie much giuen to sleepe,
Wherefoze god my Lords and my sonne,
Draw the Curtaines, depart my Chamber,
And cause some Husicke to rocke me a sleepe.

Exeunt omnes.

The King dieth.

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird
Which hath escaped out of the Cage,
For so soone as my Lord chiefe Iustice heard
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,
For feare of my Lord the yong Prince:
But here comes some of his companions,
I wil see and I can get any thing of them,
For old acquaintance.

Enter Knights raunging.

Tom. Gogs wounds, the King is dead.

Ioc. Dead, then gogs blood, we shall be all kings.

Ned. Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord chiefe Iustice
Of England.

Tom. Why how, are you broken out of prison?

Ned. Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes.

Ioc. Why what wil become of thee now?

Fie upon him, how the rascal stinkes.

Theefe. Harry I wil go and serue my maister againe.

Tom. Gogs blood, dost think that he wil haue any such
Scab'd kuaue as thou art: what man he is a king now.

D

Ned.

Ned. Hold thee, heres a couple of Angels for thee,
And get thee gone, for the King wil not be long
Before he come this way :
And hereafter I wil tel the king of thee.

Exit Theefe.

Ioc. Oh how it did me good, to see the king
When he was crowned:
He thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,
And his person like vnto a God.

Ned. But who would haue thought,
That the king would haue changde his countenance so ?

Ioc. Did you not see with what grace
He sent his embassage into France: to tel the French king
That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,
And Harry of England wil haue it.

Tom. But twas but a litle to make the people belieue,
That he was sozie for his fathers death.

The Trumpet sounds.

Ned. Gods wounds, the king comes,
Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King with the Archbishop, and
the Lord of Oxford.

Ioc. How do you my Lord ?

Ned. How now Harry ?

But my Lord, put away these dumpees,
You are a king, and all the realme is yours :
What man, do you not remember the old sayings,
You know I must be Lord chiefe Justice of England,
Trust me my lord, me thinks you are very much changed,
And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folks belieue
The death of your father grieues you,
And tis nothing so.

Hen. 5. I pray thee Ned, mend thy maners,
And be moze modest in thy tearmes,
For my vnfained græse is not to be ruled by thy flattering
And

And dissembling talke, thou saidst I am changed,
So I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that quickly,
Or else I must cause thee to be chaunged.

Loc. Gogs wounds how like you this ?

Downds tis not so swéete as Pusicke.

Tom. I trust we haue not offended your grace no way.

Hen. 5. Ah Tom, your former life grieues me,
And makes me to abandō & abolish your company for euer
And therfoze not vpo pain of death to appzoch my presence
By ten miles space, then if I heare wel of you,
It may be I wil do somewhat for you,
Otherwise loke for no moze fauour at my hands,
Then at any other mans : And therfoze be gone,
We haue other matters to talke on.

Exeunt Knights.

Now my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,
What say you to our Embassage into France ?

Archb. Your right to the French Crowne of France,
Came by your great grandmother Izabel,
Wife to King Edward the third,
And sister to Charles the French King :
Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he wil,
Then must you take your swozd in hand,
And conquer the right.

Let the blurped Frenchman know,
Although your predecessoys haue let it passe, you wil not :
For your Country men are willing with purse and men,
To aide you.

Then my good Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne,
That Scotland hath bene in league with France,
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,
I thinke it therfoze best to conquere Scotland,
And the I think that you may go moze easily into France :
And this is all that I can say, By god Lord, Berbury.

Hen. 5. I thanke you, my good lord Archbishop of Can-

D 2

What

What say you my good Lord of Oxford?

Oxf. And please your Maiestie,
I agree to my Lord Archbishop, sauing in this,
He that wil Scotland win, must first with France begin:
According to the old saying. (France,
Wherefoze my good Lord, I thinke it best first to inuade
Foꝛ in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one,
And conquare France, and conquare both,

Enter Lord of Exeter.

Exe. And please your Maiestie,
My Lord Embassadoꝛ is come out of France.

Hen. 5. Now trust me my Lord,
He was the last man that we talked of,
I am glad that he is come to resoluē vs of our answer,
Commit him to our pꝛesence.

Enter Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. God saue the life of my soueraign Lord the king,
Hen. 5. Now my good Lord the Duke of Yorke,
What newes from our bꝛother the French King?

Yorke. And please your Maiestie,
I deliuered him my Embassage,
Whereof I toke some deliberation,
But foꝛ the answer he hath sent,
My Lord Embassadoꝛ of Burges, the Duke of Burgony,
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie hoꝛslemen,
To bring the Embassage.

Hen. 5. Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges
Into our pꝛesence.

Enter Archbishop of Burges.

Now my Lord Archbishop of Burges,
We do learne by our Lord Embassadoꝛ,
That you haue our message to do
From our bꝛother the French King:
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,
We giue you frēe libertie and license to speake,

With

With good audience.

Archb. God save the mightie King of England,
By Lord and maister, the most Christian king,
Charles the seventh, the great & mightie king of France,
As a most noble and Christian king,
Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content
To yeeld somewhat to your vnreasonable demaunds,
That if fiftie thousand crownes a yeare with his daughter
The said Ladie Katheren, in marriage,
And some crownes which he may wel spare,
Not hurting of his kingdome,
He is content to yeeld so far to your vnreasonable desire.

Hen. 5. Why then belike your Lord and maister,
Thinks to passe me vp with fiftie thousand crowns a yeare,
So tell thy Lord and maister,
That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,
Except the Crowne and kingdome it selfe:
And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter.

He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Archb. And it please your Maiestie,
By Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,
With this present.

He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles.

Hen. 5. What a gilded Tunne?
I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looks what is in it?
Yorke, And it please your Grace,
Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Hen. 5. A Tunne of Tennis balles?
I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,
What might the meaning thereof be?

Archb. And it please you my Lord,
A messenger you know, ought to keepe close his messages.
And specially an Embassadoz.

Hen. 5. But I know that you may declare your message
To a king, the law of Armes allowes no lesse.

D 3

Archb,

Archb. My Lord hearing of your wilfulness befoze your
fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,
Meaning that you are moze fitter for a Tennis Court
Then a field, and moze fitter for a Carpet then the Camp.

Hen. 5. My lord prince Dolphin is very pleasant with
But tel him, that in steed of balles of leather, (me:
We wil tesse him balles of brasse and yron,
Pea such balles as neuer were tost in France,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it.
I and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it.
Therefore get thes hence, and tel him thy message quickly,
Least I be there befoze the: Away prest, be gone.

Archb. I beseech your grace, to deliuer me your safe
Conduct vnder your broad seale Emanuel.

Hen. 5. Priest of Burges, know,
That the hand and seale of a King, and his woꝝd is all one,
And in stead of my hand and seale,
I will bring him my hand and swoꝝd:
And tel thy lord & maister, that I Harry of England said it,
And I Harry of England, wil perfoꝝme it.
My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct,
Vnder our broad seale Emanuel.

Exeunt Archbishop, and the Duke of Yorke.

Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,
For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest
French man in all France, shall rue the time that cutt
These Tennis balles were sent into England.
My Lord, I wil y there be prouided a great Nauy of ships,
With all speed, at South-Hampton,
For there I meane to ship my men,
For I would be there befoze him, if it were possible,
Therefore come, but waie,
I had almost forgot the chiefest thing of all, with chaffing
With this French Embassadoꝝ.
Call in my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Enters

Enters Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Exe. Here is the King my Lord.

Iustice. God pteserue your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. Why how now my lord, what is the matter?

Iustice. I would it were vnknowne to your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. Why what aile you?

Iust. Your Maiestie knoweth my grieue well.

Hen. 5. Oh my Lord, you remember you sent me to the Fléece, did you not?

Iust. I trust your grace haue forgotten that.

Hen. 5. I truly my Lord, and for reuengement,
I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme,
Until it shall please God to giue me speedie returne
Out of France.

Iust. And if it please your Maiestie, I am far vnwoorthie
Of so high a dignitie.

Hen. 5. Tut my Lord, you are not vnwoorthie,
Because I thinke you woorthie:

For you that would not spare me,

I thinke wil not spare another,

It must needs be so, and therefore come,

Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter a Capraine, Iohn Cobler and his wife.

Cap. Come, come, there's no remedie,
Thou must needs serue the King.

Iohn. Good maister Captaine let me go,
I am not able to go so farre.

Wife. I pray you good maister Captaine,
Be good to my husband.

Cap. Why I am sure he is not too good to serue y^e King:

Iohn. Alasse no: but a great deale too bad,
Therefore I pray you let me go.

Cap. No, no, thou shalt go.

Iohn

Iohn. Oh sir, I haue a great many shoes at home to Cobble.

Wife. I pray you let him go home againe.

Cap. Truly I care not, thou shalt go.

Iohn. Oh wife, and you had bene a louing wife to me,
This had not bene, so; I haue said many times,
That I would go away, and now I must go
Against my will.

He weepeth.

Enters Dericke.

Der. How now ho, *Basilus Mannus*, so; an old codpéece,
Maister Captaine shall we away?
How now Iohn, what a crying?
What make you and my dame there?
I maruell whose head you will throw the skoles at,
How we are gone.

Wife. He tell you, come ye cloghead,
What do you with my potlid: heare you,
Will you haue it rapt about your pate?

She beatech him with her potlid.

Der. Oh good dame, here he shakes her,
And I had my dagger here, I wold wozie you al to pièces
That I would.

Wife. Would you so, He trie that.

She beatech him.

Der. Maister Captaine will ye suffer her?
Go to dame, I will go backe as far as I can,
But and you come againe,
He clap the law on your backe thats flat:
He tell you maister Captaine what you shall do:
Hesse her so; a souldier, I warrant you,
She will do as much good as her husband and I too.

Enters the Theefe.

Hownes, who comes yonder?

Cap. How now god fellow, dost thou want a maister:
Theefe.

Theefe. I truly sir.

Cap. Hold thee then, I presse thee for a souldier,
To serue the King in France.

Der. How now Gads, what doest knowes thinkest ?

Theefe. I, I knew thee long ago.

Der. Heare you maister Captaine ?

Cap. What saist thou ?

Der. I pray you let me go home againe.

Cap. Why what wouldst thou do at home ?

Der. Harry I haue brought two shirts with me,
And I would carry one of them home againe,
For I am sure heele steale it from me,
He is such a filching fellow.

Cap. I warrant thee he wil not steale it from thee,
Come lets away.

Der. Come maister Captaine lets away,
Come follow me.

Iohn. Come wife, lets part lovingly.

Wife. Farewell good husband.

Der. Fie what a kissing and crying is here ?
Solunes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe ?
Why Iohn come away, doest thinke that we are so bale
Spinded to die among French men ?
Solunes, we know not whether they will laie
Us in their Church or no: Come G. Captain, lets away.

Cap. I cannot staie no longer, therefore come away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord
high Constable of France.

King. How my Lord high Constable,
What say you to our Embassage into En. and ?

Const. And it please your Maestie, I can say nothing,
Vntil my Lords Embassadors be come home,
But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well,
To get your men in so good a readinesse,

Ⓒ

For

For feare of the worst.

King. I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse,
But if the King of England make against vs,
We must haue thrice so many moe.

Dolphin. Tut my Lord, although the King of England
Be yong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke he will be so
Unwise to make battell against the mightie King of
France.

King. Oh my sonne, although the King of England be
Yong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is rulde
By his wife Councellozs.

Enter Archbishop of Burges.

Archb. God saue the life of my soueraign lord the king.

King. Now my good Lord Archbishop of Burges,
What newes from our brother the English King?

Archb. And please your Maiestie,
He is so far from your expectation,
That nothing wil serue him but the Crowne
And kingdome it selfe, besides, he had me haste quickly,
Least he be there befoze me, and so far as I heare,
He hath kept promise, for they say, he is already landed
At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the Riuer of Sene,
And laid his siege to the Garrison Towne of Harflew.

King. You haue made great haste in the meane time,
Haste you not?

Dolphin. I pray you my Lord, how did the King of
England take my presents?

Archb. Truly my Lord, in verie ill part,
For these your balles of leather,
He will tolle you balles of brasse and yron:
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,
He is such a haunie and high minded Prince,
He is as fierce as a Lyon.

Con. Tush, we wil make him as tame as a Lambe,
I warrant you,

Enters

Enters a Messenger.

Messen. God saue the mightie King of France.

King. How Messenger, what newes?

Messen. And it please your Maiestie,
I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew,
Which is so beset on euery side,
If your Maiestie do not send present aide,
The Towne will be yelded to the English King.

King. Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still
Till our Country be spoyled vnder our noses?
My Lords, let the Normanes, Breabants, Pickardies,
And Danes, be sent for with all speede:
And you my Lord high Constable, I make Generall
Duer all my whole Armie.

Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas,
Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment.

Dolp. I trust your Maiestie will bestow,
Some part of the battell on me,
I hope not to present any otherwise then well.

King. I tell thee my sonne,
Although I should get the victorie, and thou lose thy life,
I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,
And the English men to haue the victorie.

Dol. Why my Lord and father,
I would haue the petty king of England to know,
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

King. I know well my sonne,
But at this time I will haue it thus:
Wherefoze come away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords of England,
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,
Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come.

Ⓒ 2

But

But god my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines
With all speed, to number the hoast of the french men,
And by that meanes we may the better know
How to appoint the battell.

Yorke. And it please your Maicstie,
There are many of your men sicke and diseased,
And many of them die for want of vittuals.

Hen. 5. And why did you not tell me of it before?
If we cannot haue it for money,
We will haue it by dint of sword,
The lawe of Armes allow no lesse.

Oxf. I besech your grace, to graunt me a boone,

Hen. 5. What is that my good Lord?

Oxf. That your grace would giue me the
Cuantgard in the battell.

Hen. 5. Trust me my Lord of Oxford, I cannot:
For I haue already giue it to my vnckle the Duke of York,
Yet I thanke you for your good will.

A Trumpet soundes.

How now, what is that?

Yorke. I thinke it be some Herald of Armes.

Enters a Herald.

Herald. King of England, my Lord high Constable,
And others of the noble men of France,
Sends me to desie thee, as open enemy to God,
Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon,
They presently bid thee battell.

Hen. 5. Herald tell them, that I desie them,
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,
And as wrongfull vsurpers of my right:
And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell,
Tell them that I thinke they know how to please me:
But I pray thee what place hath my lord Prince Dolphin
Here in battell.

Herald. And it please your grace,

¶¶¶

My Lord and King his father,
Will not let him come into the field,

Hen. 5. Why then he doth me great iniurie,
I thought that he & I shuld haue plaid at tennis together,
Wherefoze I haue bzought tennis balles for him,
But other maner of ones then he sene me.
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,
That I haue inured my hands with other kind of weapons
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,
And that he shall finde it ere it be long,
And so adue my friend:
And tell my Lord, that I am readie when he will.

Exit Herald.

Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,
And ile see the number of the French army my selfe,
Strike by the Drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter French Souldiers.

1. Soul. Come away Jack Drummer, come away all,
And me will tel you what me wil do,
We wil fro one chance on the dice,
Who shall haue the king of England and his lords.
- 2. Soul. Come away Jacke Drummer,
And fro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme.

Enter Drummer.

Drum. Oh the bzaue apparel that the English mans
Hay bzought ouer, I wil tel you what
We ha doue, me ha pzouided a hundzeth trunkes,
And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.

1. Soul. What do thou meane by trunkea?

2. Soul. A sheff man, a hundzed sheffs.

1. Soul. Awee, awee, awee, We wil tel you what,
We ha put fine shildzen out of my house,
And all too litle to put the fine apparel of the
English mans in.

☉ 3

Drum

Drum. Oh the braue, the braue apparel that we shall
Haue anon, but come, and you shall see what me wil tro
At the kings Drummer and Fife,
Ha, me ha no god lucke, tro you.

3. Sol. Faith me wil tro at y^e Earle of Northumberland
And my Lord a Willowby, with his great hoyle,
Snooting, farting, oh braue hoyle.

1. Sol. Ha, but Ladie you ha reasonable good lucke,
How I wil tro at the king himselfe,
Ha, me haue no god-lucke.

Enters a Captaine.

Cap. How now what make you here,
So farre from the Campe?

2 Sol. Shal me tel our captain what we haue done here?

Drum. Awake, awake.

Exeunt Drum, and one Souldier.

2. Sol. I wil tel you what we haue done,
We haue bene troing our chance on the Dice,
But none can win the king.

Cap. I thinke so, why he is left behind for me,
And I haue set thres or foure chaire makers a worke,
To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly
King of England in, that all the people may laugh
And scoffe at him.

2. Soul. Oh braue Captaine.

Cap. I am glad, and yet with a kinde of pittie
To see the poore king:
Why who euer saw a moze flourishing armie in France
In one day, then here is: Are not here all the Peeres of
France? Are not here the Romans with their firie hand
Gunnies, and launching Curtlears?
Are not here the Barbarians with their bard hoyles,
And lanching speares?
Are not here Rickardes with their Crosbowes & piercing
Dartes,

The

The Hennes with their cutting Glaues and sharpe Carbuckles.

Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie ?
And on the other side, a site of poze English scabs ?
Why take an English man out of his warme bed
And his ale drinke, but one moneth,
And alas what wil become of him ?
But giue the Frenchman a Reddish roote,
And he wil liue with it all the dayes of his life.

Exit.

2. Soul. Oh the bzaue apparel that we shall haue of the English mans.

(Exit.

Enters the king of England and his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords and fellowes of armes,
What company is there of the French men ?

Oxf. And if please your Maestie,
Our Captaines haue numbred them,
And so neare as they can iudge,
They are about threelcoze thousand hozslemen,
And forty thousand footemen.

Hen. 5. They threelcoze thousand,
And we but two thousand,
They threelcoze thousand footemen,
And we twelue thousand,
They are a hundred thousand,
And we forty thousand, ten to one :
My Lords and louing Country men,
Though we be fewe and they many,
Feare not, your quarrel is god, and God wil defend you;
Blucke up your hearts, for this day we shall either haue
A valiant victorie, or a honourable death,
Now my Lords, I wil that my vncke the Duke of Yorke,
Haue the auantgard in the battell.
The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,
The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,

The

The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beside the army,
 That they may come fresh vpon them.
 And I my selfe with the Duke of Bedford,
 The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloster,
 Will be in the midst of the battell.
 Furthermoze, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,
 And the Earle of Northumberland,
 With their troupes of hozsmen, be continually running like
 Wings on both sides of the army :
 My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing
 When I wil, that euery archer prouide him a stake of
 A tree, and sharpe it at both endes,
 And at the first encounter of the hozsamen,
 To pitch their stakes downe into the ground befoze them,
 That they may goze themselues vpon them,
 And then to recoyle backe, and shote wholly altogether,
 And so discomfit them.

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,
 I wil take that in charge, if your grace be therewith content.

Hen. With all my heart, my good Lord of Oxford:
 And go and prouide quickly.

Oxf. I thanke your highnesse.

Exit.

Hen. 5. Well my Lords, our battels are ordeined,
 And the French making of bonfires, and at their bankets,
 But let them looke, for I meane to set vpon them.

The Trumpet soundes.

Soft, heres comes some other French message.

Enters Herald.

Herald. King of England, my Lord high Constable,
 And other of my Lords, considering the worse estate of thee
 And thy worse Countrey men,
 Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ransome?
 Perhaps thou maist agree better cheape now,
 Then when thou art conquered.

Hen. 5.

Hen. 5. Why then belike your high Constable,
Sends to know what I wil giue for my ransome?
How trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of tennis balls,
No not so much as one poyze tennis ball,
Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the field, so feed crows,
When euer England shall pay one penny ransome
For my bodie.

Herald. A kingly resolution.

Hen. 5. No Herald, tis a kingly resolution,
And the resolution of a king:
Here take this for thy paines.

Exit Herald.

But stay my Lords, what time is it?

All. Prime my Lord.

Hen. 5. Then is it good time no doubt,
For all England praieeth for vs:
What say my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully vpon me:
Why then with one voice and like true English hearts,
With me throw vp your caps, and for England,
Cry S. George, and God and S. George helpe vs.
Strike Drummer. Exeunt omnes.

The French men crie within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis;
Mount Ioy S. Dennis.

The Battell.

Enters King of England, and his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords come, by this time our
Swords are almost drunke with French blood,
But my Lords, which of you can tell me how many of our
Army be slaine in the battell?

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,
There are of the French armie slaine,
Aboue ten thousand, twentie five hundred,
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners:
Besides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken prisoners.

F

Of

Of your Maiesties Armie, are slaine none but the good Duke of Yorke, and not aboute five or six and twentis Common souldiers.

Hen. 5. For the good Duke of Yorke my vnckle,
I am heartily sozie, and greatly lanient his misfortune,
Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath given vs,
Doth make me much reioyce. But staie,
Here comes another French message.

Sound Trumpet.

Enters a Herald and kneeleth.

Her. God saue the life of the most mightie Conqueror,
The honourable king of England.

Hen. 5. Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed
With you now, what I am sure it is a great disgrace for a
Herald to knaue to the king of England,
What is thy message?

Her. My Lord & maister, the conquered king of France,
Sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.

Hen. 5. Heralds, his greetings are welcome,
But I thanke God for my health:
Well Herald, say on.

Herald. He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie,
To giue him leaue to go into the field to view his poore
Country men, that they may all be honourably buried.

Hen. 5. Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maister
Send to me to burie the dead?
Let him bury them a Gods name.

But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord his Constable,
And those that would haue had my ransome?

Herald. And it please your maiestie,
He was slaine in the battell.

Hen. 5. Why you may see, you will make your selues
Sure befoze the victorie be wonne, but Herald,
What Castle is this so nere adioyning to our Campe?

Herald. And it please your Maiestie,

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It is calld the Castle of Agincourt.

Hen. 5. Well then my lords of England,
For the more honour of our English men,
I will that this be for ever calld the battell of Agincourt.

Herald. And it please your Maiestie,
I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. What is that Herald: say on.

Her. And it please your Maiestie, my Lord and maister,
Craves to parley with your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. With a good will, so some of my Nobles
Wit to the place for feare of trecherie and treason.

Herald. Your grace needs not to doubt that.

Exit Herald.

Hen. 5. Well, tell him then, I will come.
Now my lords, I will go into the field my selfe,
To view my Country men, and to haue them honourably
Buried, for the French King shall neuer surpasse me in
Curtisie, whiles I am Harry King of England.
Come on my lords.

Exeunt omnes.

Enters Iohn Cobler, and Robbin Pewterer.

Robin. Now, Iohn Cobler,
Didst thou see how the King did behaue himselfe?

Iohn. Wat Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie
The King had, to see how the French men were kild
With the stakes of the trees.

Robin. I Iohn, there was a haue pollicie.

Enters an English souldier, roming.

Soul. What are you my maisters?

Both. Why we be English men.

Soul. Are you English men, then change your language
For the kings Wents are set a fire,
And all they that speake English will be kild.

Iohn. What shall we do Robin? saith ile shift,
For I can speake broken French,

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Robin.

Robin. Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst speak :
Iohn. Commodeuales Monsieur.

Robin. Whats well, come lets be gone,

Drum and Trumpet sounds.

Enters Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman,
and takes him prisoner.

Dericke. O good Mounser.

French man. Come, come, you villeaco.

Der. O I will sir, I will.

Frenchman. Come quickly you pesant.

Der. I will sir, what shall I giue you?

French. Harry thou shalt giue me,
One, so, tre, foure, hundred Crownes.

Der. Nay sir, I will giue you moze,
I will giue you as many crowns as wil lie on your sword,

French. Willt thou giue me as many crowns
As will lie on my sword?

Der. I marrie will I, I but you must lay downe your
sword, or else they will not lie on your sword.

Here the Frenchman laies downe his sword, and
the clowne takes it vp, and hurles him downe.

Der. Thou villaine, darest thou looke vp?

French. O good Mounsier comparteue.
Monsieur pardon me.

Der. O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie,
Doest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy throat?
O villaine, now I will strike off thy head.

Here whiles he turnes his backe, the French
man ruines his wayes.

Der. What is he gone, masse I am glad of it,
For if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd again,
And then I should haue bæne spilt,
But I will away, to kill moze Frenchmen.

Enters King of France, King of England,
and attendants.

Hen. 5.

Hen. 5. Know my good brother of France,
My coming into this land was not to shed blood,
But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can deny,
I am content peaceably to leaue my siege,
And to depart out of your land.

Charles. What is it you demand,
My louing brother of England?

Hen. 5. My Secretary hath it witten, read it.

Secretary. Item, that immediately Henry of England
Be crowned King of France.

Charles. A very hard sentence,
My god brother of England.

Hen. 5. No more but right, my good brother of France.

French King. Well read on.

Secrer. Item, that after the death of the said Henry,
The Crowns remaine to him and his heires for ever.

French King. Why then you do not onely mean to
Disposse me, but also my sonne.

Hen. 5. Why my good brother of France,
You haue had it long inough :
And as for Prince Dolphin,
It skils not though he sit beside the saddle :
Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be.

French King. You are very peremptorie,
My god brother of England.

Hen. And you as peruerse, my good brother of France.

Charles. Why then belike, all that I haue here is yours.

Hen. 5. I euen as far as the kingdom of France reaches

Charles. I for by this hote beginning,
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

Hen. 5. It is as you please, here is my resolution.

Charles. Well my brother of England,
If you will giue me a coppie,
We will meete you againe to morrow.

Exit King of France, and all their attendants.

¶ 3

Hen. 5.

Hen.5. With a good will my good brother of France.
Secretary deliuer him a coppie.
My lords of England go beseege,
And I will follow you. Exeunt Lords.

Speakes to himselfe.

Hen.5. Ah Harry, thrice unhappie Harry.
Hast thou now conquered the french King,
And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,
Which hath sought to win her fathers Crowne?
Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne:
I but I loue her, and must craue her,
May I loue her and will haue her.

Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.

But here she comes:
How now faire Ladie, Katheren of France,
What newes?

Katheren. And if please your Maiestie,
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these
Unreasonable demands which you require:

Hen.5. Now trust me Kate,
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,
For none in the world could sooner haue made me debate if
It were possible:

But tell me swæte Kate, canst thou tell how to loue?

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

Hen.5. Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,
Canst thou loue the King of England?
I cannot do as these Countries do,
That spend halfe their time in woiing:
Tush wench, I am none such,
But wilt thou go ouer to England?

Kate. I would to God, that I had your Maiestie,
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres,

3

I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,
Whitill you had related all these unreasonable demaunds.

Hen. 5. Easly Kate, I know thou wouldest not vse me so
Hardly; But tell me, canst thou loue the king of England?

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

Hen. 5. But ile deale as easly with thee,
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require,
How saist thou, what will it be?

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

Hen. 5. But that I haue thy good wil in the mean season?

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

Hen. 5. Now befoze God, it is a swæte wench.

She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.

Kat. I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,
That is beloued of the mightie King of England.

Hen. 5. Well Kate, are you at hoast with me?
Swæte Kate, tel thy father from me,
That none in the world could sooner haue perswaded me to
It then thou, and so tel thy father from me.

Kat. God keepe your Maiestie in good health,

Exit, Kat.

Hen. 5. Farewel swæte Kate, in faith, it is a swæte wench,
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,
I would so rowse the Towres ouer his eares,
That I would make him be glad to byng her me,
Upon his hands and knees.

Exit King.

Enters Dericke, with his girdle full of shoes.

Der. How now? Hownes it did me good to see how
I did triumph ouer the French men.

Enters

Enters Iohn Cobler rouing, with a packe full
of apparell.

Iohn. *Whope* Dericke, how doest thou?

Der. *What* Iohn, Comedeuales, aliuē yet.

Iohn. *I* promise thee Dericke, *I* scape hardily,
For *I* was within halfe a mile when one was kild.

Der. *Where* you so?

Iohn. *I* trust me, *I* had like bene slaine.

Der. *But* once kild, why it tis nothing,
I was foure or five times slaine.

Iohn. *Foure* or five times slaine.

Why how couldst thou haue bene aliuē now?

Der. *O* Iohn, neuer say so,

For *I* was calld the bloodie souldier amongst them all.

Iohn. *Why* what didst thou?

Der. *Why* *I* will tell thee Iohn,
Euery day when *I* went into the field,
I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose,
And make my nose bleed, and then *I* wold go into the field,
And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,
Peace a bloodie souldier, and bid me stand aside,
Whereof *I* was glad:

But marke the chance Iohn.

I went and stood behinde a tree, but marke then Iohn,

I thought *I* had bene safe, but on a sodaine,

There steps to me a luffie tall French man,

How he dzew, and *I* dzew,

How *I* lay here, and he lay there,

How *I* set this leg befoze, and turned this backward,

And skipped quite ouer a hedge,

And he saw me no moze there that day,

And was not this well done Iohn?

Iohn. *Watte* Dericke, thou hast a wittie head.

Der. *I* Iohn, thou maist see, if thou hadst takē my couisel,
But what hast thou there?

I thinke

I thinke thou hast bene robbing the French men.

Iohn. I saith Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell
To carry home to my wife.

Der. And I haue got some shoes,
For ile tel thee what I did, when they were dead,
I would go take off all their shoes.

Iohn. I but Dericke, how shall we get home?

Der. Nay sownds, and they take thee,
They wil hang thee,
O Iohn, neuer do so, if it be thy fortune to be hangd,
Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoeuer thou doest.

Iohn. Why Dericke the warres is done,
We may go home now.

Der. I but you may not go befoze you aske the king leaue,
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no leaue.

Iohn. How is that Dericke?

Der. Why Iohn, thou knowest the Duke of Yorkes
Funerall must be carried into England, soest thou not?

Iohn. I that I do.

Der. Why then thou knowest weele go with it.

Iohn. I but Dericke, how shall we do for to meet them?

Der. Sownds if I make not shift to meet them, hang me.
Sirra, thou knowest that in euery Towne there wil
Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke,
Now I wil go to the Clarke and Sexton
And keepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well,
And thou shalt go and take a peece of cake, then ile ring,
And thou shalt say, oh this fellow keepe a good stint,
And then I will go drinke to thee all the way:
But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come home,
Because we haue not a French word to cast at a Dog
By the way?

Iohn. Why what shall we do Dericke?

Der. Why Iohn, ile go befoze and call my dame whoze,
And thou shalt come after and set fire on the house,

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We may do it Iohn, for the prouer is,
Because we be souldiers.

The Trumpets sound.

Iohn. Dericke helpe me to carry my shoes and bootes.

Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exerer, then
the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of
Burgondie, and attendants.

Hen. 5. Now my good brother of France,
I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your answer:

Fr. King. I my welbeloued brother of England,
We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councell,
But cannot finde that you should be crowned
King of France.

Hen. 5. What not King of France, then nothing,
I must be King: but my louing brother of France,
I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me,
When I came last to parley,
The French men had better a raked
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,
Then to haue fiered my Tentes,
And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,
I would so rotte him, as he was neuer so rowled.

Fr. King. I dare swaie for my sonnes innocencie
In this matter.

But if this please you, that immediately you be
Proclaimed and crowned heere and Regent of France,
Not King, because I my selfe was once crowned King.

Hen. 5. Heire and Regent of France, that is well,
But that is not all that I must haue.

Fr. King. The rest my Secretary hath in writing.

Secret. Item, that Henry King of England,
Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,
During the life of King Charles, and after his death,

The

The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King Henry
Of England, and to his heires for ever.

Hen. 5. Well my good brother of France,
There is one thing I must needs desire.

Fr. King. What is that my good brother of England?

Hen. 5. That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true
to me.

Fr. King. Whereas they have not stucke with greater
Dangers, I know they wil not sticke with such a trifle,
When you my Lord Duke of Burgondie,

Hen. 5. Come my Lord of Burgondie,
Take your oath vpon my sword.

Burgen. I Philip Duke of Burgondie,
Swear to Henry King of England,
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,
And that if I Philip, heare of any foraigne power
Comming to inuade the said Henry or his heires,
Then I the said Philip to send him word,
And aide him with all the power I can make,
And thereunto I take my oath.

He kisseth the sword.

Hen. 5. Come Prince Dolphin, you must swear too.

He kisseth the sword.

Hen. 5. Well my brother of France,
There is one thing moze I must needs require of you.

Fr. King. Wherin is it that we may satisfie your

Hen. 5. A trifle my good brother of France. (Paucitie?)
I meane to make your daughter Queene of England,
If she be willing, and you therewith content:

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

Kate. How should I loue th^x, which is my fathers enemy?

Hen. 5. But stand not vpon these points,
As you must make vs friends:

I know Kate, thou art not a little proud, that I loue thee:
What wench, the King of England?

Frer

French King. Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the
King of England and thee, agree to it.

Kate. I had best whilst he is willing,
Least when I would, he will not:
I rest at your Majesties command.

Hen. 5. Welcome sweet Kate, but my brother of France,
What say you to it?

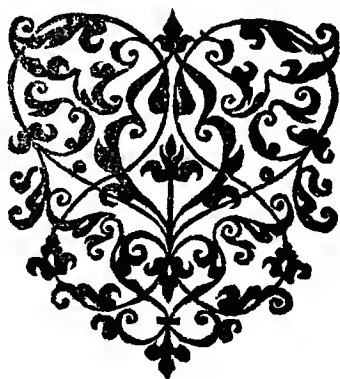
French king. With all my heart I like it,
But when shall be your wedding day?

Hen. 5. The first Sunday of the next month,
God willing.

Sound Trumpets.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



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

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



LONDON

Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for *Tho. Millington*, and *John Busby*. And are to be
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THE LIFE OF
HENRY THE FIFT.





The Chronicle Historie

of *Henry* the fift: with his battel fought
at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with
Auncient Pistoll.



The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend	1
The brightest Heauen of Inuention :	2
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,	3
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.	4
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,	5
Affume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles	6
(Leasht in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire	7
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all :	8
The flat vnrayfed Spirits, that hath dar'd,	9
On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth	10
So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold	11
The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme	12
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes	13
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt ?	14
O pardon : since a crooked Figure may	15
Attest in little place a Million,	16
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,	17
On your imaginarie Forces worke.	18
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls	19
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,	20
Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,	21
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.	22
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts :	23

<i>Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,</i>	24
<i>And make imaginarie Puissance.</i>	25
<i>Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them,</i>	26
<i>Printing their prowde Hoofes i' th'receiuing Earth :</i>	27
<i>For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,</i>	28
<i>Carry them here and there : Iumping o're Times ;</i>	29
<i>Turning th'accomplishment of many yeeres</i>	30
<i>Into an Howre-glasse : for the which supplie,</i>	31
<i>Admit me Chorus to this Historie ;</i>	32
<i>Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,</i>	33
<i>Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play.</i>	<i>Exit.</i> 34

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely. 35

Bish. Cant. 36

MY Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd,
 Which in th'eleuēth yere of ſy laſt Kings reign
 Was like, and had indeed againſt vs paſt,
 But that the ſcambling and vnquiet time
 Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Bish. Ely. But how my Lord ſhall we reſiſt it now ? 42

Bish. Cant. It muſt be thought on:if it paſſe againſt vs,
 We looſe the better halfe of our Poſſeſſion :
 For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
 By Teſtament haue giuen to the Church,
 Would they ſtrip from vs ; being valu'd thus,
 As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
 Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
 Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires :
 And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
 Of indigent faint Soules, paſt corporall toyle,
 A hundred Almes-houſes, right well ſupply'd :

And to the Coffers of the King beside,	54
A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.	55
<i>Bish. Ely.</i> This would drinke deepe.	56
<i>Bish. Cant.</i> 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.	57
<i>Bish. Ely.</i> But what preuention ?	58
<i>Bish. Cant.</i> The King is full of grace, and faire regard.	59
<i>Bish. Ely.</i> And a true louer of the holy Church.	60
<i>Bish. Cant.</i> The courfes of his youth promis'd it not.	61
The breath no fooner left his Fathers body,	62
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,	63
Seem'd to dye too : yea, at that very moment,	64
Confideration like an Angell came,	65
And whipt th'offending <i>Adam</i> out of him ;	66
Leauing his body as a Paradife,	67
T'inuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.	68
Neuer was fuch a fodaine Scholler made:	69
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,	70
With fuch a heady currance fcowring faults :	71
Nor neuer <i>Hidra</i> -headed Wilfulnesse	72
So foone did loofe his Seat ; and all at once ;	73
As in this King.	74
<i>Bish. Ely.</i> We are bleffed in the Change.	75
<i>Bish. Cant.</i> Heare him but reafon in Diuinitie ;	76
And all-admiring, with an inward wifh	77
You would defire the King were made a Prelate :	78
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires ;	79
You would fay, it hath been all in all his ftudy :	80
Lift his difcourfe of Warre ; and you fhall heare	81
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Mufique.	82
Turne him to any Caufe of Pollicy,	83
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloofe,	84
Familiar as his Garter : that when he fpeakes,	85
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is ftill,	86
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,	87
To ftiale his fweet and honyed Sentences :	88
	89

So that the Art and Practique part of Life,	90
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.	91
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,	92
Since his addiçtion was to Courfes vaine,	93
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,	94
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports ;	95
And neuer noted in him any studie,	96
Any retyrement, any sequestration,	97
From open Haunts and Popularitie.	98
<i>B. Ely.</i> The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,	99
And holesome Berryes thriue and ripen best,	100
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie :	101
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation	102
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)	103
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,	104
Vnseene, yet cressiue in his facultie.	105
<i>B. Cant.</i> It must be so ; for Miracles are ceast :	106
And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,	107
How things are perfected.	108
<i>B. Ely.</i> But my good Lord :	109
How now for mittigation of this Bill,	110
Vrg'd by the Commons ? doth his Maiestie	111
Incline to it, or no ?	112
<i>B. Cant.</i> He seemes indifferent :	113
Or rather swaying more vpon our part,	114
Then cherishing th'exhibiters against vs :	115
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,	116
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,	117
And in regard of Causes now in hand,	118
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,	119
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,	120
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet	121
Did to his Predecessors part withall,	122
<i>B. Ely.</i> How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord ?	123
<i>B. Cant.</i> With good acceptance of his Maiestie :	124
Saued that there was not time enough to heare,	125

141 1 *Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Bishops, Clarence, and other*
 2 *Attendants.*

Exeter.

146 3
 4 **S** Hall I call in Thambassadors my Liege?
 5 *King.* Not yet my Coufin, til we be refulde
 6 Of some ferious matters touching vs and *France.*

7 *Bi.* God and his Angels guard your facred throne,
 8 And make you long become it.

9 *King.* Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed

156 10 Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France,*
 11 Or should or should not, ftop vs in our clayme :
 12 And God forbid my wise and learned Lord,
 13 That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the fame.

As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,	126
The feueralls and vnhidden passages	127
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,	128
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,	129
Deriu'd from <i>Edward</i> , his great Grandfather.	130
<i>B. Ely.</i> What was th'impediment that broke this off?	131
<i>B. Cant.</i> The French Embassador vpon that instant	132
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,	133
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?	134
<i>B. Ely.</i> It is.	135
<i>B. Cant.</i> Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:	136
Which I could with a ready guesse declare,	137
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.	138
<i>B. Ely.</i> Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.	139
<i>Exeunt.</i>	140
<i>Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,</i>	141
<i>Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.</i>	142
<i>King.</i> Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?	143
<i>Exeter.</i> Not here in prefence.	144
<i>King.</i> Send for him, good Vnckle.	145
<i>Westm.</i> Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?	146
<i>King.</i> Not yet, my Coufin: we would be resolu'd,	147
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,	148
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.	149
<i>Enter two Bishops.</i>	150
<i>B. Cant.</i> God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,	151
And make you long become it.	152
<i>King.</i> Sure we thanke you.	153
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,	154
And iustly and religiously vnfold,	155
Why the Law <i>Salike</i> , that they haue in France,	156
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:	157
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,	158
That you should fashon, wrest, or bow your reading,	159
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,	160

14 For God doth know how many now in health,
 15 Shall drop their blood in approbation,
 16 Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too,
 17 Therefore take heed how you impawne our perfon.
 18 How you awake the sleeping fword of warre :
 19 We charge you in the name of God take heed.

20 After this coniuration, fpeake my Lord :
 175 21 And we will iudge, note, and beleue in heart,
 22 That what you fpeake, is washt as pure
 23 As fin in baptifme. *Bifh.*
 24 Then heare me gracious foueraigne, and you peeres,
 25 Which owe your liues, your faith and feruices
 26 To this imperiall throne.
 27 There is no bar to ftay your highneffe claime to *France*
 28 But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,

184 29 No female fhall fucceed in falicke land,
 30 Which falicke land the French vniuftly gloze
 31 To be the realme of *France*:
 32 And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female barre:
 33 Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme
 34 That the land falicke lyes in *Germany*,
 35 Betweene the flouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
 36 Where *Charles* the fift hauing fubdude the Saxons,
 37 There left behind, and fetled certaine French,
 38 Who holding in difdaine the Germaine women,
 39 For fome difhoneft maners of their liues,
 40 Eftablifht there this lawe. To wit,
 41 No female fhall fucceed in falicke land:

With opening Titles miscreate, whose right	161
Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth :	162
For God doth know, how many now in health,	163
Shall drop their blood, in approbation	164
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.	165
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Perfon,	166
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;	167
We charge you in the Name of God take heed :	168
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,	169
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops	170
Are euery one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,	171
'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,	172
That makes such waste in brieue mortalitie.	173
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord :	174
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,	175
That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,	176
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.	177
<i>B.Can.</i> Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,	178
That owe your felues, your liues, and seruices,	179
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre	180
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,	181
But this which they produce from <i>Pharamond</i> ,	182
<i>In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant</i> ,	183
No Woman shall succeed in <i>Salike</i> Land :	184
Which <i>Salike</i> Land, the French vniustly gloze	185
To be the Realme of France, and <i>Pharamond</i>	186
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.	187
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,	188
That the Land <i>Salike</i> is in Germanie,	189
Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue :	190
Where <i>Charles</i> the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,	191
There left behind and settled certaine French :	192
Who holding in disdaine the German Women,	193
For some dishonest manners of their life,	194
Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female	195
Should be Inheritrix in <i>Salike</i> Land :	196

42 Which falicke land as I faid before,
43 Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mefene*:
44 Thus doth it well appeare the falicke lawe
45 Was not deuifed for the realme of *France*,
46 Nor did the French poffeffe the falicke land,
47 Vntill 400.one and twentie yeares
203 48 After the function of king *Faramont*;
49 Godly fupposed the founder of this lawe:

50 *Hugh Capet* alfo that vfurpt the crowne,

51 To fine his title with fome showe of truth,
52 When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
53 Conuaid himfelfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
54 Daughter to *Charles*, the forefaid Duke of *Lorain*,

231 55 So that as cleare as is the fommers Sun,
56 King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,

Which <i>Salike</i> (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,	197
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd <i>Meisen</i> .	198
Then doth it well appeare, the <i>Salike</i> Law	199
Was not deuifed for the Realme of France :	200
Nor did the French poffesse the <i>Salike</i> Land,	201
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres	202
After defunction of King <i>Pharamond</i> ,	203
Idly fuppos'd the founder of this Law,	204
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,	205
Foure hundred twentie fix : and <i>Charles</i> the Great	206
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French	207
Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere	208
Eight hundred foue. Befides, their Writers fay,	209
King <i>Pepin</i> , which depofed <i>Childerike</i> ,	210
Did as Heire Generall, being defcended	211
Of <i>Blithild</i> , which was Daughter to King <i>Clothair</i> ,	212
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.	213
<i>Hugh Capet</i> alfo, who vsurpt the Crowne	214
Of <i>Charles</i> the Duke of Loraine, fole Heire male	215
Of the true Line and Stock of <i>Charles</i> the Great :	216
To find his Title with fome fhewes of truth,	217
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,	218
Conuey'd himfelfe as th'Heire to th' Lady <i>Lingare</i> ,	219
Daughter to <i>Charlemaine</i> , who was the Sonne	220
To <i>Lewes</i> the Emperour, and <i>Lewes</i> the Sonne	221
Of <i>Charles</i> the Great : alfo King <i>Lewes</i> the Tenth,	222
Who was fole Heire to the Vsurper <i>Capet</i> ,	223
Could not keepe quiet in his confcience,	224
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till fatisfied,	225
That faire Queene <i>Ifabel</i> , his Grandmother,	226
Was Lineall of the Lady <i>Ermengare</i> ,	227
Daughter to <i>Charles</i> the forefaid Duke of Loraine :	228
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of <i>Charles</i> the Great	229
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.	230
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,	231
King <i>Pepins</i> Title, and <i>Hugh Capet's</i> Clayme,	232

57 King *Charles* his fatisfaction all appeare,
 58 To hold in right and title of the female:
 59 So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,
 60 Howbeit they would hold vp this falick lawe
 61 To bar your highneffe claiming from the female,
 62 And rather choofe to hide them in a net,
 63 Then amply to imbace their crooked caufes,
 64 Vfurpt from you and your progenitors. (claime?)
 241 65 *K.* May we with right & confcience make this
 66 *Bi.* The fin vpon my head dread foueraigne.
 67 For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
 68 When the fonne dies, let the inheritance
 69 Defcend vnto the daughter.
 70 Noble Lord stand for your owne,
 71 Vnwinde your bloody flagge,
 72 Go my dread Lord to your great graunfirs graue,
 73 From whom you clayme:
 74 And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
 75 Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
 252 76 Making defeat on the full power of *France*,
 77 Whilest his moft mighty father on a hill,
 78 Stood fmiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
 79 Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.
 80 O Noble Englifh that could entertaine
 81 With halfe their Forces the full power of *France*:
 82 And let an other halfe stand laughing by,
 259 83 All out of worke, and cold for action.

King <i>Lewes</i> his satisfaction, all appeare	233
To hold in Right and Title of the Female :	234
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.	235
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,	236
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,	237
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,	238
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,	239
Vfurpt from you and your Progenitors.	240
<i>King.</i> May I with right and conscience make this claim ?	241
<i>Bish. Cant.</i> The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne :	242
For in the Booke of <i>Numbers</i> is it writ,	243
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance	244
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,	245
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,	246
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors :	247
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,	248
From whom you clayme ; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,	249
And your Great Vnckles, <i>Edward</i> the Black Prince,	250
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,	251
Making defeat on the full Power of France :	252
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill	253
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe	254
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.	255
O Noble English, that could entertaine	256
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,	257
And let another halfe stand laughing by,	258
All out of worke, and cold for action.	259
<i>Bish.</i> Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,	260
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats ;	261
You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne :	262
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,	263
Runs in your Veines : and my thrice-puissant Liege	264
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,	265
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.	266
<i>Exe.</i> Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth	267
Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,	268

281 84 *King.* We muft not onely arme vs againft the French,
 85 But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
 86 Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.

87 *Bi.* The Marches gracious foueraigne, fhallbe fufficient

88 To guardyour *England* from the pilfering borderers.

288 89 *King.* We do not meane the courfing sneakers onely,
 90 But feare the mayne entedement of the Scot,

91 For you fhall read, neuer my great grandfather
 92 Vnmaskt his power for *France*,

93 But that the Scot on his vnfurnifht Kingdome,

294 94 Came pouring like the Tide into a breach

298 95 That *England* being empty of defences,
 96 Hath fhooke and trembled at the brute hereof.

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

98 For heare her but examplified by her felfe,

99 When all her chiuarly hath bene in *France*

100 And fhe a mourning widow of her Nobles,

101 She hath her felfe not only well defended,

As did the former Lyons of your Blood.	(might;	269
<i>West.</i> They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and		270
So hath your Highnesse : neuer King of England		271
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,		272
Whose hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,		273
And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.		274
<i>Bish.Can.</i> O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege		275
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right :		276
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualltie		277
Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,		278
As neuer did the Clergie at one time		279
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.		280
<i>King.</i> We must not onely arme t'inuade the French,		281
But lay downe our proportions, to defend		282
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,		283
With all aduantages.		284
<i>Bish.Can.</i> They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,		285
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend		286
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.		287
<i>King.</i> We do not meane the courting fnatchers onely,		288
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,		289
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:		290
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather		291
Neuer went with his forces into France,		292
But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,		293
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,		294
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,		295
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Affayes,		296
Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes :		297
That England being emptie of defence,		298
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.		299
<i>B.Can.</i> She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege:		300
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,		301
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,		302
And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,		303
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,		304

305 102 But taken and impounded as a fray, the king of Scots,
103 Whom like a caytiffe she did leade to *France*,

104 Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise
105 As is the owfe and bottome of the sea
106 With funken wrack and shipleffe treafurie.
107 *Lord*. There is a faying very old and true,
108 If you will *France* win,
109 Then with *Scotland* first begin :
110 For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
111 To his vnfurnish nest the weazel Scot

112 Would fuck her eggs, playing the moufe in absence of the
113 To fpoyle and hauock more then she can eat. (cat:
318 114 *Exe*. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,
115 Yet that is but a curst necessitie,
116 Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeues:

117 Whilfte that the armed hand doth fight abroad
118 The aduifed head controlles at home.
119 For government though high or lowe, being put into parts,
120 Congrueth with a mutuall consent like muficke.

328 121 *Bi*. True: therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man
122 in diuers functions.

123 Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience:
124 For fo liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe

125 Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome :
126 They haue a King and officers of fort,
127 Where some like Magistrates correct at home :
128 Others like Marchants venture trade abroad :
129 Others like fouldiers armed in their stings,
130 Make boote vpon the sommers veluet bud :

But taken and impounded as a Stray,	305
The King of Scots: whom shee did fend to France,	306
To fill King <i>Edwards</i> fame with prifoner Kings,	307
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayfe,	308
As is the Owfe and bottome of the Sea	309
With funken Wrack, and fum-Ieffe Treasuries.	310
<i>Bijh.Ely.</i> But there's a faying very old and true,	311
<i>If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begia.</i>	312
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,	313
To her vnguarded Nefte, the Weazell (Scot)	314
Comes sneaking, and fo fucks her Princely Egges,	315
Playing the Moufe in abfence of the Cat,	316
To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.	317
<i>Exet.</i> It followes theu, the Cat muft ftay at home,	318
Yet that is but a cruft'd necefsity,	319
Since we haue lockes to fafegard neceffaries,	320
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues .	321
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,	322
Th'aduifed head defends it felfe at home:	323
For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,	324
Put into parts, doth keepe in one confent,	325
Congreeing in a full and natural clofe,	326
Like Muficke.	327
<i>Cant.</i> Therefore doth heauen diuide	328
The ftate of man in diuers functions,	329
Setting endeuour in continual motion:	330
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,	331
Obedience: for fo worke the Hony Bees,	332
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach	333
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.	334
They haue a King, and Officers of forts,	335
Where fome like Magiftrates correct at home:	336
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:	337
Others, like Souldiers armed in their ftings,	338
Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:	339

- 131 Which pillage they with mery march bring home
 132 To the tent royall of their Emperour,
 133 Who bufied in his maieftie, behold
 343 134 The finging mafons building roofes of gold :
 135 The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,
- 136 The fad eyde Iuftice with his furly humme,
 137 Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
- 138 This I infer, that 20. a \dot{c} tions once a foote,
 139 May all end in one moment.
- 352 140 As many Arrowes lofed feuerall wayes, flye to one marke:
 141 As many feuerall wayes meete in one towne :
 142 As many frefh ftreames run in one felfe fea:
 143 As many lines clofe in the dyall center:
 144 So may a thoufand a \dot{c} tions once a foote,
 145 End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
 146 Therefore my Liege to *France*.
 147 Diuide your happy England into foure,
 148 Of which take you one quarter into *France*,
 149 And you withall, fhall make all *Gallia* fhake.
 150 If we with thrice that power left at home,
 151 Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
 152 Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lofe
 153 The name of pollicy and hardineffe.
- 366 154 *Ki.* Call in the meffenger fent frō the Dolphin,
 155 And by your ayde, the noble finewes of our land,
- 369 156 *France* being ours, wee le bring it to our awe,
 157 Or breake it all in peeces:

158 Eyther our Chronicles fhall with full mouth fpeak

Which pillage, they with merry march bring home	340
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor :	341
Who buſied in his Maieſties furueyes	342
The ſinging Maſons building roofes of Gold,	343
The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony ;	344
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in	345
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate :	346
The ſad-ey'd Iuſtice with his ſurly humme,	347
Deliuering ore to Executors pale	348
The lazie yawning Drone : I this inferre,	349
That many things hauing full reference	350
To one conſent, may worke contrariouſly,	351
As many Arrowes loofed feuerall wayes	352
Come to one marke : as many wayes meet in one towne,	353
As many freſh ſtreames meet in one ſalt ſea ;	354
As many Lynes cloſe in the Dials center :	355
So may a thouſand aſtions once a foote,	356
And in one purpoſe, and be all well borne	357
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,	358
Diuide your happy England into foure,	359
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,	360
And you withall ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.	361
If we with thrice ſuch powers left at home,	362
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,	363
Let vs be worried, and our Nation loſe	364
The name of hardineſſe and policie.	365
<i>King.</i> Call in the Meſſengers ſent from the Dolphin.	366
Now are we well reſolu'd, and by Gods helpe	367
And yours, the noble finewes of our power,	368
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,	369
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l fit,	370
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,	371
Ore France, and all her (almoſt) Kingly Dukedomes)	372
Or lay theſe bones in an vnworthy Vrne,	373
Tumbleſſe, with no remembrance ouer them :	374
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full mouth	375

- 159 Freely of our acts,
 160 Or else like toongleffe mutes
 161 Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph :
 162 *Enter Thambassadors from France.*
 389 163 Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
 164 For we heare your comming is from him.

 165 *Ambassa.* Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
 166 Freely to render what we haue in charge :
 167 Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
 168 The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage ?
 169 *King.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
 170 To whom our spirit is as subiect,
 389 171 As are our wretches fettered in our prisons..
 172 Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse
 173 Tell vs the Dolphins minde.
 174 *Ambasf.* Then this in fine the Dolphin faith,

 175 Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,
 176 From your predeceffor king *Edward* the third,
 177 This he returnes.
 178 He faith, theres nought in *France* that can be with a nimble

 179 Galliard wonne : you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there:

 180 Therefore he sendeth meeter for your study.
 181 This tunne of treasure : and in lieu of this,
 182 Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
 404 183 Heare no more from you : This the Dolphin faith.
 184 *King.* What treasure Vncle?
 185 *Exe.* Tennis balles my Liege.
 186 *King.* We are glad the Dolphin is so pleafant with vs,
 187 Your message and his present we accept :
 188 When we haue matched our rackets to these bailes,
 189 We will by Gods grace play such a fet,
 190 Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.

Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue	376
Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,	377
Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.	378
<i>Enter Ambassadors of France.</i>	379
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure	380
Of our faire Cofin Dolphin : for we heare,	381
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.	382
<i>Amb.</i> May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue	383
Freely to render what we haue in charge :	384
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off	385
The Dolphins meauing, and our Embasie.	386
<i>King.</i> We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,	387
Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect	388
As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,	389
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,	390
Tell vs the <i>Dolphins</i> minde.	391
<i>Amb.</i> Thus than in few :	392
Your Highnesse lately sending into France,	393
Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right	394
Of your great Predecessor, King <i>Edward</i> the third.	395
In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master	396
Sayes, that you fauour too much of your youth,	397
And bids you be aduis'd : There's nought in France,	398
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne :	399
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.	400
He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit	401
This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,	402
Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime	403
Heare no more of you. This the <i>Dolphin</i> speakes.	404
<i>King.</i> What Treasure Vncle ?	405
<i>Exe.</i> Tennis balles, my Liege.	406
<i>King.</i> We are glad the <i>Dolphin</i> is so pleafant with vs,	407
His Present, and your paines we thanke you for :	408
When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,	409
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a fet,	410
Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.	411

- 191 Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
 192 That all the Courts of *France* shall be disturbd with chafes.
 193 And we vnderstand him well, how he comes ore vs
 194 With our wilder dayes, not meafuring what vse we made
 195 of them.
 417 196 We neuer valued this poore feate of England.
 197 And therefore gaue our felues to barbarous licence:
 198 As tis common seene that men are merriest when they are
 199 from home.
 200 But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,
 201 Be like a King, mightie and commaund,
 202 When we do rowse vs in throne of *France*:
 203 For this haue we laid by our Maieftie
 204 And plodded lide a man for working dayes.
 205 But we will rise there with so full of glory,
 206 That we will dazell all the eyes of *France*,
 428 207 I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs. (stones
 208 And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his balles to gun
 209 And his foule shall fit fore charged for the waftfull
 210 (vengeance
 211 That shall flye from them. For this his mocke
 212 Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.
 213 Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mocke Castles downe,
 214 I some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
 215 That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
 216 But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we doo
 217 (appeale,
 439 218 And in whose name tel you the Dolphin we are coming on
 219 To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand

 220 In a rightfull cause : so get you hence, and tell your Prince,
 221 His Iest will fauour but of shallow wit,
 222 When thousandes weepe, more then did laugh at it.
 223 Conuey them with safe conduct : see them hence.

 224 *Exe.* This was a merry message.

Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler, 412
 That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd 413
 With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well, 414
 How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes, 415
 Not meafuring what vse we made of them. 416
 We neuer vau'd this poore feate of England, 417
 And therefore liuing hence, did giue our felfe 418
 To barbarous licenfe : As 'tis euer common, 419
 That men are merriest, when they are from home. 420
 But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State, 421
 Be like a King, and shew my fayle of Greatnesse, 422
 When I do rowse me in my Throne of France. 423
 For that I haue layd by my Maiestie, 424
 And plodded like a man for working dayes : 425
 But I will rise there with so full a glorie, 426
 That I will dazle all the eyes of France, 427
 Yea strike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs, 428
 And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his 429
 Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his foule 430
 Shall stand fore charged, for the wastefull vengeance 431
 That shall flye with them : for many a thousand widows 432
 Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands; 433
 Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe: 434
 And some are yet vngotten and vnborne, 435
 That shal haue cause to curse the *Dolphins* scorne. 436
 But this lyes all within the wil of God, 437
 To whom I do appeale, and in whose name 438
 Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on, 439
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth 440
 My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause. 441
 So get you hence in peace : And tell the *Dolphin*, 442
 His Iest will fauour but of shallow wit, 443
 When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it. 444
 Conuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well. 445
Exeunt Ambassadors. 446
Exe. This was a merry Message. 447

448 225 *King.* We hope to make the fender blufh at it :

226 Therefore let our collectio for the wars be foone prouided:

227 For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers

228 (doore.

458 229 Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,

230 That this faire actio may on foote be brought.

231

Exeunt omnes.

<i>King.</i> We hope to make the Sender blush at it :	448
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,	449
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition :	450
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,	451
Sauē those to God, that runne before our businesse.	452
Therefore let our proportions for these Warres	453
Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,	454
That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde	455
More Feathers to our Wings : for God before,	456
Wee'le chide this <i>Dolphin</i> at his fathers doore.	457
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,	458
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. <i>Exeunt.</i>	459

Flourish. Enter Chorus. 460

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,	461
And filken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes :	462
Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought	463
Reignes soley in the breast of euery man.	464
They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;	465
Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,	466
With winged heeles, as English <i>Mercuries</i> .	467
For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,	468
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,	469
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,	470
Promis'd to <i>Harry</i> , and his followers.	471
The French aduis'd by good intelligence	472
Of this most dreadfull preparation,	473
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy	474
Seeke to diuert the English purposes.	475
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,	476
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:	477
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,	478
Were all thy children kinde and naturall :	479
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,	480

503 232

*Enter Nim and Bardolfe.*233 *Bar.* Godmorrow Corporall *Nim.*234 *Nim.* Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe.*235 *Bar.* What is antient *Pistoll* and thee friends yet?236 *Nim.* I cannot tell, things must be as they may:

509 237 I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron :
238 It is a fimple one, but what tho ; it will ferue to tofte cheefe.
239 And it will endure cold as an other mans fword will,
240 And theres the humor of it.

A nest of hollow bofomes, which he filles 481
 With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men: 482
 One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the second 483
Henry Lord *Scroope* of *Mafham*, and the third 484
 Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland, 485
 Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed) 486
 Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France, 487
 And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye. 488
 If Hell and Treafon hold their promifes, 489
 Ere he take fhip for France ; and in Southampton. 490
 Linger your patience on, and wee'l digeft 491
 Th'abufe of diftance; force a play : 492
 The fumme is payde, the Traitors are agreed, 493
 The King is fet from London, and the Scene 494
 Is now tranfported (Gentles) to Southampton, 495
 There is the Play-houfe now, there must you fit, 496
 And thence to France fhall we conuey you fafe, 497
 And bring you backe : Charming the narrow feas 498
 To giue you gentle Paffe : for if we may, 499
 Wee'l not offend one ftomacke with our Play. 500
 But till the King come forth, and not till then, 501
 Vnto Southampton do we fhift our Scene. *Exit* 502

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe. 503

Bar. Well met Corporall *Nym*. 504

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe*. 505

Bar. What, are Ancient *Piftoll* and you friends yet ? 506

Nym. For my part, I care not : I fay little : but when
 time fhall ferue, there fhall be fmiles, but that fhall be as
 it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
 mine yron : it is a fimple one, but what though ? It will
 tofte Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
 fword will : and there's an end. 512

Bar. I will beftow a breakfast to make you friendes, 513

- 241 *Bar.* Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,
 242 For thou weart troth plight to her.
 243 *Nim.* I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare:
 244 Yet sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges,
 245 And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them
 246 At that time, and there is the humour of it.
 247 *Bar.* Come yfaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*
 248 And thee friendes. What a plague should we carrie kniues
 249 To cut our owne throates.
 516 250 *Nim.* Yfaith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.
 251 And when I cannot hue any longer, Ile do as I may,
 252 And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.

- 528 253 *Enter Pistoll and Hostes Quickly, his wife.*
 254 *Bar.* Godmorrow ancient *Pistoll*.
 255 Here comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prithee *Nim* be quiet.
 256 *Nim.* How do you my Hofte?
 257 *Pist.* Base flaue, callest thou me hofte?
 258 Now by gads lugges I fweare, I scorne the title,
 259 Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.
 535 260 *Hofst.* No by my troath not I,
 261 For we cānot bed nor boord half a fcore honest gētlewome
 262 That liue honestly by the prick of their needle,
 263 But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-houfe.
 264 O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now shall
 265 We haue wilful adultry and murther committed :

and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France : Let't 514
 be fo good Corporall *Nym*. 515

Nym. Faith, I will liue fo long as I may, that's the cer- 516
 taine of it : and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe 517
 as I may : That is my rest, that is the rendeuous of it. 518

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is married to 519
Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you 520
 were troth-plight to her. 521

Nym. I cannot tell, Things must be as they may:men 522
 may sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them 523
 at that time, and some say, kniues haue edges : It must 524
 be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee 525
 will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot 526
 tell. 527

Enter Pistol, & Quickly. 528

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Pistol* and his wife: good 529
 Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste *Pi-* 530
stoll? 531

Pist. Base Tyke, cal'ft thou mee Hoaste, now by this 532
 hand I sweare I scorne the terme : nor shall my *Nel* keep 533
 Lodgers. 534

Hofst. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge 535
 and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue 536
 honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee 537
 thought we keepe a Bawdy-house fraight. O welliday 538
 Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see wilful adultery 539
 and murther committed. 540

266 Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
 267 And put vp your sword.
 268 *Nim.* Puff.
 269 *Pist.* What dost thou puff, thou prickeard cur of Ifelands

270 *Nim.* Will you fhog off? I would haue you folus.
 271 *Pist.* Solus egregious dog, that folus in thy throte,

551 272 And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
 273 Thy meffull mouth, I do retort that folus in thy
 274 Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,
 275 And *Pistolls* flashing firy cock is vp.
 276 *Nim.* I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniuere me :
 277 I haue an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well,
 278 And you fall foule with me *Pistoll* Ile scoure you with my
 279 Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little,
 280 Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes,
 281 And theres the humour of it.
 561 282 *Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight.
 283 The Graue doth gape, and groaning
 284 Death is neare, therefore exall.
 285 *They drawe.*
 286 *Bar.* Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
 287 Ile kill him, as I am a souldier.

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

570 289 *Nim.* Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire
 290 And theres the humor of it, (termes,
 291 *Pist.* Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen :
 292 A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get ?
 293 No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
 294 Fetch forth the lazar kite of Crefides kinde,

- Bar.* Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing
heere. 541
542
- Nym.* Pish. 543
- Pist.* Pish for thee, Island dogge : thou prickeard cur
of Island. 544
545
- Hof.* Good Corporall *Nym* shew thy valor, and put
vp your sword. 546
547
- Nym.* Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus. 548
- Pist.* Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile ; The solus
in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and
in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
perdy ; and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth. I
do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pi-*
stols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow. 549
550
551
552
553
554
- Nym.* I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniuere mee : I
haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well : If you
grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my
Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as
I may, and that's the humor of it. 555
556
557
558
559
560
- Pist.* O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale. 561
562
563
- Bar.* Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes
the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a sol-
dier. 564
565
566
- Pist.* An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Giue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me giue : Thy spirites
are most tall. 567
568
569
- Nym.* I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire
termes, that is the humor of it. 570
571
- Pistoll.* *Couple a gorge*, that is the word. I defie thee a-
gaine. O hound of Creet, think'ft thou my spouse to get ?
No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kinde, *Doll* 572
573
574
575

295 Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowfe

296 I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,

297 For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.

298 *Enter the Boy.*

580 299 *Boy.* Hostes you muft come straight to my maifter,

300 And you Host *Pistoll.* Good *Bardolfe*

301 Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a

302 (warming pan.

303 *Host.* By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one

304 (of these dayes.

305 Ile go to him, husband youle come?

306 *Bar.* Come *Pistoll* be friends.

307 *Nim* prithee be friends, and if thou wilt not be

308 Enemies with me too.

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

310 *Pist.* Bafe is the flauē that payes.

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

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

313 *Bar.* He that strikes the first blow,

314 Ile kill him by this sword.

600 315 *Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oathes muft haue their courfe.

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

318 *Pist.* A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay,

319 And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,

320 And friendship shall combind and brotherhood :

321 Ile liue by *Nim* as *Nim* shall liue by me :

322 Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be

608 323 Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.

Teare-sheets, she by name, and her espouse. I haue, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the onely shee : and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoast *Pistoll*, you must come to my Mayster, and your Hofteffe: He is very sicke, & would to bed. Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan : Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Hof. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Husband come home presently.

Exit

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

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

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

Pist. Bafe is the Slaue that payes.

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

Pist. As manhood shal compound: push home. *Draw*

Bard. By this sword, hee that makes the first thrust, Ile kill him : By this sword, I wil.

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

Bar. Coporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be friends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: prethee put vp.

Pist. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe

shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, & *Nymme* shall liue by me, is not this iust? For I shal Suttler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee thy hand.

- 324 *Nim.* I fhall haue my noble?
 325 *Pist.* In cash moft truly paid.
 326 *Nim.* Why theres the humour of it.

327 *Enter Hostes.*

- 328 *Hostes.* As euer you came of men come in,
 329 *Sir Iohn* poore foule is fo troubled
 330 With a burning tathan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

- 624 331 *Pist.* Let vs condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue.

332

Exeunt omnes.

333

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

- 334 *Gloft.* Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust
 335 these traytors.
 628 336 *Exe.* They fhالبة apprehended by and by.

- 634 337 *Glost.* I but the man that was his bedfellow
 338 Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours
 339 That he should for a forraine purse, to fell
 340 His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.
 341 *Exe.* O the Lord of *Mafsham.*

Nym. I shall haue my Noble? 610

Pist. In cash, most iustly payd. 611

Nym. Well, then that the humor of't. 612

Enter Hostesse. 613

Host. As euer you come of women, come in quickly 614

to sir *Iohn* : A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning 615

quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. 616

Sweet men, come to him. 617

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, 618

that's the euen of it. 619

Pist. *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fra- 620

cted and corroborate. 621

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it 622

may : he passes some humors, and carrees. 623

Pist. Let vs condole the Knight, for (*Lambekins*) we 624

will liue. 625

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland. 626

Bed Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors 627

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by. 628

West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselues, 629

As if allegiance in their bosomes fate 630

Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty. 631

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, 632

By interception, which they dreame not of. 633

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, 634

Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours ; 635

That he should for a forraigne purse, so fell 636

His Soueraignes life to death and treachery. 637

Sound Trumpets. 638

342 *Enter the King and three Lords,*

640 343 *King.* Now firs the windes faire, and we wil aboard;
 344 My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Mafsham*,
 345 And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts.
 346 Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
 347 Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France*?

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

653 349 *Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then
 350 is your maieftie.

351 *Gray.* Euenthofe that were your fathers enemies
 352 Haue fteeped their galles in honey for your fake.

660 353 *King.* We therefore haue great caufe of thankfulneffe,
 354 And fhall forget the office of our hands :
 355 Sooner then reward and merit,
 356 According to their caufe and worthineffe.

357 *Mafsha.* So feruice fhall with fteeled finewes fhine,
 358 And labour fhall refresh it felfe with hope
 359 To do your Grace inceffant feruice.

360 *King.* Vncle of *Exeter*, enlarge the man
 361 Committed yefterday, that rayled againft our perfon,
 362 We confider it was the heate of wine that fet him on,

363 And on his more aduice we pardon him.

364 *Mafsha.* That is mercie, but too much securitie :
 365 Let him bee punifht Soueraigne, leaft the example of
 366 (him,

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray. 639

King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboard. 640

My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Masham*, 641

And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts: 642

Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs 643

Will cut their passage through the force of France ? 644

Doing the execution, and the acte, 645

For which we haue in head assembled them. 646

Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best. 647

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perfwaded 648

We carry not a heart with vs from hence, 649

That growes not in a faire consent with ours: 650

Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish 651

Succeffe and Conquest to attend on vs. 652

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd, 653

Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect 654

That fits in heart-greefe and vneasinesse 655

Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment. 656

Kni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies, 657

Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do ferue you 658

With hearts create of duty, and of zeale. 659

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness, 660

And shall forget the office of our hand 661

Sooner then quittance of desert and merit, 662

According to the weight and worthinesse. 663

Scro. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes toyle, 664

And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope 665

To do your Grace incessant seruices. 666

King. We Iudge no lesse. Vnkle of *Exeter*, 667

Inlarge the man committed yesterday, 668

That rayl'd against our person: We consider 669

It was excesse of Wine that set him on, 670

And on his more aduice, We pardon him. 671

Scro. That's mercy, but too much security: 672

Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example 673

- 674 367 Breed more of such a kinde.
 368 *King.* O let vs yet be mercifull.
 369 *Cam.* So may your highnesse, and punish too.
 370 *Gray.* You shew great mercie if you giue him life,
 371 After the taste of his correction.
 372 *King.* Alas your too much care and loue of me
 373 Are heauy orifons gainst the poore wretch,
 374 If litle faults proceeding on distemper should not bee
 375 (winked at,
 376 How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
 683 377 Chewed, swallowed and digested, appeare before vs :
- 378 Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
 379 In their deare loues, and tender preferuation of our state,
 380 Would haue him punisht.
 381 Now to our French causes.
 382 Who are the late Commiffioners ?
 383 *Cam.* Me one my Lord, your highnesse bad me aske for
 384 it to day.
 385 *Mash.* So did you me my Soueraigne.
 386 *Gray.* And me my Lord.
 387 *King.* Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge* there is yours:
 388 There is yours my Lord of *Masham*.
 389 And fir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland*, this same is
 696 390 Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours:
 391 Vnckle *Exeter* I will aboard to night.
 392 Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
 393 What see you in those papers
 394 That hath so chafed your blood out of apparance?
- 395 *Cam.* I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
 705 396 To your highnesse mercie.
 397 *Mash.* To which we all appeale.
 398 *King.* The mercy which was quit in vs but late,

Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.	674
<i>King.</i> O let vs yet be mercifull.	675
<i>Cam.</i> So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.	676
<i>Grey.</i> Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life, After the taste of much correction.	677 678
<i>King.</i> Alas, your too much loue and care of me, Are heauy Orifons 'gainst this poore wretch:	679 680
If little faults proceeding on distemper,	681
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye	682
When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,	683
Apppeare before vs ? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,	684
Though <i>Cambridge, Scroope,</i> and <i>Gray,</i> in their deere care	685
And tender preferuation of our person	686
Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes,	687
Who are the late Commiffioners ?	688
<i>Cam.</i> I one my Lord,	689
Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.	690
<i>Scro.</i> So did you me my Liege.	691
<i>Gray.</i> And I my Royall Soueraigne.	692
<i>King.</i> Then <i>Richard</i> Earle of <i>Cambridge,</i> there is yours:	693
There yours Lord <i>Scroope</i> of <i>Masham,</i> and Sir Knight :	694
<i>Gray</i> of <i>Northumberland,</i> this same is yours :	695
Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.	696
My Lord of <i>Westmerland,</i> and Vnkle <i>Exeter,</i>	697
We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen ?	698
What see you in those papers, that you loofe	699
So much complexion ? Looke ye how they change :	700
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,	701
That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood	702
Out of apparance.	703
<i>Cam.</i> I do confesse my fault,	704
And do submit mé to your Highnesse mercy.	705
<i>Gray. Scro.</i> To which we all appeale.	706
<i>King.</i> The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,	707

399 By your owne reafons is forestald and done:
 400 You muft not dare for fhame to aske for mercy,
 401 For your owne confcience turne vpon your bofomes,
 402 As dogs vpon their maifters worrying them.
 403 See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
 404 Thefe English monfters :
 405 My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
 406 You know how apt we were to grace him,
 407 In all things belonging to his honour:

408 And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,
 718 409 Lightly confpired and fworne vnto the praftifes of *France*:
 410 To kill vs here in *Hampton*. To the which,
 411 This knight no leffe in bountie bound to vs
 412 Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise fworne.
 413 But oh what fhall I fay to thee falfe man,
 414 Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature.
 415 Thou that didft beare the key of all my counfell,
 416 That knewft the very fecrets of my heart,
 417 That almoft mighteft a coyned me into gold,
 727 418 Wouldeft thou a praftifde on me for thy vfe:
 419 Can it be poffible that out of thee

420 Should proceed one fparke that might annoy my finger?
 421 Tis fo ftrange, that tho the truth doth fhowe as grofe
 422 As black from white, mine eye wil fcarcely fee it.

By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd :	708
You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,	709
For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,	710
As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you :	711
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,	712
These English monsters : My Lord of <i>Cambridge</i> heere,	713
You know how apt our loue was, to accord	714
To furnish with all appertinents	715
Belonging to his Honour ; and this man,	716
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd	717
And sworne vnto the practises of France	718
To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,	719
This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs	720
Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,	721
What shall I say to thee Lord <i>Scroope</i> , thou cruell,	722
Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature ?	723
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,	724
That knew'st the very bottome of my soule,	725
That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde,	726
Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vse ?	727
May it be possible, that forraigne hyer	728
Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill	729
That might annoy my finger ? 'Tis so strange,	730
That though the truth of it stands off as grosse	731
As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.	732
Treason, and murther, euer kept together,	733
As two yoake diuels sworne to eythers purpose,	734
Working so grossely in an naturall cause,	735
That admiration did not hoope at them.	736
But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in	737
Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther :	738
And whatfoeuer cunning fiend it was	739
That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,	740
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence :	741
And other diuels that suggest by treasons,	742

423 Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the lawe,

424 And God acquit them of their practises.

773 425 *Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason,

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

427 I arrest thee of high treason,

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

429 I arrest thee of high treason,

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

Do botch and bungle vp damnation,	743
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht	744
From glift'ring femblances of piety :	745
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,	746
Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,	747
Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.	748
If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,	749
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,	750
He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,	751
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win	752
A foule so easie as that Englishmans.	753
Oh, how hast thou with iealousie infected	754
The sweetnesse of affiancè? Shew men dutifull,	755
Why so didst thou : seeme they graue and learned?	756
Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?	757
Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?	758
Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,	759
Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,	760
Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood,	761
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,	762
Not working with the eye, without the eare,	763
And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,	764
Such and so finely boulded didst thou seeme :	765
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,	766
To make thee full fraught man, and best indued	767
With some suspection, I will weepe for thee.	768
For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like	769
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,	770
Arrest them to the answer of the Law,	771
And God acquit them of their practises.	772
<i>Exe.</i> I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of	773
<i>Richard Earle of Cambridge .</i>	774
I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of <i>Thomas</i>	775
<i>Lord Scroope of Marsham.</i>	776
I arrest thee of High Treason by the name of <i>Thomas</i>	777
<i>Grey, Knight of Northumberland.</i>	778

431 *Masht.* Our purposes God iustly hath difcouered,
 432 And I repent my fault more then my death,
 433 Which I befeech your maieftie forgiue,
 782 434 Altho my body pay the price of it.

435 *King.* God quit you in his mcrcy. Heare your fentence.
 436 You haue confpired againft our royall perfon,
 437 Ioynd with an enemy proclaimed and fixed.
 438 And frō his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death

439 Touching our perfon we feeke no redrefse.
 803 440 But we our kingdomes safetie must fo tender
 441 Whofe ruine you haue fought,
 442 That to our lawes we do deliuer you. (death,
 443 Get ye therefore hence:poore miserable creatures to your
 444 The tafte whereof, God in his mercy giue you (amiffe:
 445 Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
 446 Beare them hence.
 447 *Exit three Lords.*
 448 Now Lords to *France.* The enterprife whereof,
 449 Shall be to you as vs, fucceffiuely,

450 Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way

Scro. Our purposes, God iustly hath discover'd, 779
 And I repent my fault more then my death, 780
 Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgieue, 781
 Although my body pay the price of it. 782

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not seduce, 783
 Although I did admit it as a motiue, 784
 The sooner to effect what I intended : 785
 But God be thanked for preuention, 786
 Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce, 787
 Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee. 788

Gray. Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce 789
 At the discovery of most dangerous Treason, 790
 Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe, 791
 Preuented from a damned enterprize ; 792
 My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne. 793

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence 794
 You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person, 795
 Ioynd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers, 796
 Recey'd the Golden Earnest of Our death : 797
 Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter, 798
 His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude, 799
 His Subiects to oppression, and contempt, 800
 And his whole Kingdome into desolation : 801
 Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge, 802
 But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender, 803
 Whose ruine you fought, that to her Lawes 804
 We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence, 805
 (Poore miserable wretches) to your death: 806
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue 807
 You patience to indure, and true Repentance 808
 Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exit.* 809

Now Lords for France : the enterprize whereof 810
 Shall be to you as vs, like glorious. 811
 We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre, 812
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light 813

451 Cheerly to fea, the fignes of war aduance:
821 452 No King of England, if not King of *France*.

453 *Exit omnes.*

454 *Enter Nim, Piftoll, Bardolfe, Hoftes and a Boy.*

455 *Hof.* I prethy fweete heart, let me bring thee fo farre as
456 (*Stanes.*)

457 *Pift.* No fur.no fur.

458 *Bar.* Well fir *John* is gone.God be with him.

459 *Hof.*I, he is in *Arthors* bofom, if euer any were :

460 He went away as if it were a cryfombd childe,

461 Betweene twelue and one,

835 462 Iuft at turning of the tide:

463 His nofe was as fharpe as a pen :

464 For when I faw him fumble with the fheetes,

465 And talk of floures, and fmile vpo his fingers ends

466 I knew there was no way but or .

467 How now fir *John* quoth I?

468 And he cryed threer times, God, God, God,

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

470 I hope there was no fuch need.

471 Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:

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

This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,	814
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,	815
But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way.	816
Then forth, deare Countreyemen : Let vs deliuer	817
Our Puissance into the hand of God,	818
Putting it straight in expedition.	819
Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,	820
No King of England, if not King of France. <i>Flourish.</i>	821

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Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse. 822

Hostesse. 'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines. 823
824

Pistoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. *Bardolph,* be blythe: *Nim,* rowse thy vaunting Veines: Boy, bristle thy Courage vp: for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must erne therefore. 825
826
827
828

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell. 829
830

Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs* Bosome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir *John* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any such thoughts yet: so a bad 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 831
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- 473 And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
 474 And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any storm.
- 847 475 *Nim.* They say he cride out on Sack.
 476 *Hofst.* I that he did.
 477 *Boy.* And of women.
 478 *Hofst.* No that he did not.
 479 *Boy.* Yes that he did:and he fed they were diuels incarnat.
- 480 *Hofst.* Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.
- 481 *Nim.* Well he did cry out on women.
- 482 *Hofst.* Indeed he did in some fort handle women,
 483 But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of
 484 *(Babylon.*
- 860 485 *Boy.* Hofstes do you remember he saw a Flea stand
 486 Vpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and fed it was a black soule
 487 Burning in hell fire?
 488 *Bar.* Well, God be with him,
 489 That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.
 490 *Nim.* Shall we fhog off?
 491 The king wil be gone from *Southampton.*
 492 *Pisf.* Cleare vp thy cristalles,
- 868 493 Looke to my chattels and my moueables.
 494 Trust none:the word is pitch and pay:
 495 Mens words are wafer cakes,
 496 And holdfast-is the only dog my deare.
 497 Therefore cophetua be thy counfellow,
- 498 Touch her soft lips and part.
 499 *Bar.* Farewell hofstes.
- 879 500 *Nim.* I cannot kis:and theres the humor of it.
 501 But adieu.

vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any fstone.	846
<i>Nim.</i> They fay he cryed out of Sack.	847
<i>Hofteffe.</i> I, that a did.	848
<i>Bard.</i> And of Women.	849
<i>Hofteffe.</i> Nay, that a did not.	850
<i>Boy.</i> Yes that a did, and faid they were Deules incarnate.	851 852
<i>Woman.</i> A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he neuer lik'd.	853 854
<i>Boy.</i> A faid once, the Deule would haue him about Women.	855 856
<i>Hofteffe.</i> A did in fome fort (indeed) handle Women : but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.	857 858 859
<i>Boy.</i> Doe you not remember a faw a Flea fticke vpon <i>Bardolphs</i> Nofe, and a faid it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.	860 861 862
<i>Bard.</i> Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire : that's all the Riches I got in his feruice.	863 864
<i>Nim.</i> Shall wee fhogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.	865 866
<i>Pifl.</i> Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes : Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables : Let Sences rule : The world is, Pitch and pay : trust none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faft is the onely Dogge : My Ducke, therefore <i>Caueo</i> bee thy Counfaillor. Goe , cleare thy Chryftalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes , let vs to France , like Horfe-leeches my Boyes, to fuccke, to fuccke, the very blood to fuccke.	867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875
<i>Boy.</i> And that's but vnwholefome food, they fay.	876
<i>Pifl.</i> Touch her foft mouth, and march.	877
<i>Bard.</i> Farwell Hofteffe.	878
<i>Nim.</i> I cannot kiffe , that is the humor of it : but adieu.	879 880

502 *Pist.* Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

503

Exit omnes.

885 504 *Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,*
505 *and others.*

506 *King.* Now you Lords of *Orleance,*
507 *Of Bourbon,* and of *Berry,*

508 You see the King of England is not slack,
509 For he is footed on this land alreadie.
510 *Dolphin.* My gracious Lord, tis meet we all goe
511 And arme vs against the foe: (foorth,

909 512 And view the weak & sickly parts of *France:*
513 But let vs do it with no shew of feare,
514 No with no more, then if we heard
515 England were bufied with a Moris dance.
516 For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
517 Her scepter so fantastically borne,
518 So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
916 519 That feare attends her not.

<i>Pist.</i> Let Hufwiferie appeare : keepe clofe , I thee	881
command.	882
<i>Hofteffe.</i> Farwell : adieu.	<i>Exeunt</i> 883
<i>Flourish.</i>	884
<i>Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.</i>	885 886
<i>King.</i> Thus comes the Englifh with full power vpon vs,	887
And more then carefully it vs concernes,	888
To anfwer Royally in our defences.	889
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,	890
Of Brabant and of Orleance, fhall make forth,	891
And you Prince Dolphin, with all fwift difpatch	892
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre	893
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:	894
For England his approaches makes as fierce,	895
As Waters to the fucking of a Gulfe.	896
It fits vs then to be as prouident,	897
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples	898
Left by the fatal and neglected Englifh,	899
Vpon our fields.	900
<i>Dolphin.</i> My moft redoubted Father,	901
It is moft meet we arme vs 'gainft the Foe :	902
For Peace it felfe fhould not fo dull a Kingdome,	903
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in queftion)	904
But that Defences, Mufters, Preparations,	905
Should be maintain'd, affembled, and collected,	906
As were a Warre in expectation.	907
Therefore I fay, 'tis meet we all goe forth,	908
To view the fick and feeble parts of France :	909
And let vs doe it with no fhew of feare,	910
No, with no more, then if we heard that England	911
Were bufied with a Whitfon Morris-dance :	912
For, my good Liege, fhée is fo idly King'd,	913
Her Scepter fo phantaftically borne,	914
By a vaine giddie fhallow humorous Youth,	915
That feare attends her not.	916

520 *Con.* O peace Prince *Dolphin*, you deceiue your selfe,

919 521 Question your grace the late Embaffador,
522 With what regard he heard his Embassage,
523 How well supplied with aged Counsellours,

524 And how his refolution andfwered him,
525 You then would fay that *Harry* was not wilde.

937 526 *King.* Well thinke we *Harry* ftrong :
527 And ftrongly arme vs to preuent the foe.

<i>Const.</i> O peace, Prince Dolphin,	917
You are too much mistaken in this King :	918
Question your Grace the late Embassadors,	919
With what great State he heard their Embassie,	920
How well supply'd with Noble Councillors,	921
How modest in exception ; and withall,	922
How terrible in constant resolution :	923
And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,	924
Were but the out-side of the Roman <i>Brutus</i> ,	925
Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly ;	926
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots	927
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.	928
<i>Dolphin.</i> Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.	929
But though we thinke it so, it is no matter :	930
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh	931
The Enemy more mightie then he seemes,	932
So the proportions of defence are fill'd :	933
Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,	934
Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting	935
A little Cloth.	936
<i>King.</i> Thinke we King <i>Harry</i> strong :	937
And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.	938
The Kindred of him hath beene sleht vpon vs :	939
And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,	940
That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes :	941
Witnesse our too much memorable shame,	942
When Cressy Battell fatally was strucke,	943
And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand	944
Of that black Name, <i>Edward</i> , black Prince of Wales :	945
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing	946
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,	947
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him	948
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface	949
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers	950
Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem	951
Of that Victorious Stock : and let vs feare	952
The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.	953

528 *Con.* My Lord here is an Embaffador
529 From the King of England.

530 *Kin.* Bid him come in.
959 531 You fee this chafe is hotly followed Lords.

532 *Dol.* My gracious father, cut vp this English short.

533 Selfeloue my Liege is not fo vile a thing,
534 As felfe neglecting.

535 *Enter Exeter.*

968 536 *King.* From our brother England?

537 *Exe.* From him, and thus he greets your Maieftie :
538 He wils you in the name of God Almightye,
539 That you deueft your felfe and lay apart
540 That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
541 Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
542 To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
543 And all wide ftretched titles that belongs

544 Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know
545 Tis no finifter, nor no awkward claime,
546 Pickt from the worm holes of old vanifht dayes,
547 Nor from the duft of old obliuion rackte,
548 He fendes you thefe moft memorable lynes,
549 In euery branch truly demonftrated:

550 Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,
551 And when you finde him euenly deriued
552 From his moft famed and famous anceftors,
553 *Edward* the third, he bids you then refigne
554 Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held

988 555 From him, the natiue and true challenger.
556 *King.* If not, what followes?

Enter a Messenger. 954

Mess. Embassadors from *Harry* King of England, 955

Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie. 956

King. Weele giue them present audience. 957

Goe, and bring them. 958

You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends. 959

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop purfuit:for coward Dogs 960

Most spend their mouths, whē what they seem to threaten 961

Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne 962

Take vp the English short, and let them know 963

Of what a Monarchie you are the Head : 964

Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne, 965

As selfe-neglecting. 966

Enter Exeter. 967

King. From our Brother of England ? 968

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie : 969

He wills you in the Name of God Almightye, 970

That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart 971

The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen, 972

By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs 973

To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne, 974

And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine 975

By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times, 976

Vnto the Crowne of France : that you may know 977

'Tis no sinifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme, 978

Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes, 979

Nor from the dust of old Obliuion rakt, 980

He sends you this most memorable Lyne, 981

In euery Branch truly demonstratiue ; 982

Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree : 983

And when you find him euenly deriu'd 984

From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors, 985

Edward the third ; he bids you then resigne 986

Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held 987

From him, the Natiue and true Challenger. 988

King. Or else what followes ? 989

557 *Exe.* Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown
 558 Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
 559 Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming,
 560 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Ioue*,
 561 That if requiring faile, he will compell it:

562 And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,
 563 The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,
 564 The pining maydens grones.
 565 For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
 566 Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.
 567 This is his claime, his threatning, and my message.
 568 Vnles the *Dolphin* be in presence here,
 569 To whom exprefly we bring greeting too.

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

1011 572 *Exe.* Scorn & defiance, flight regard, contempt,
 573 And any thing that may not misbecome
 574 The mightie fender, doth he prife you at:
 575 Thus faith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse

576 Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,
 577 Heele call you to so loud an answere for it,
 578 That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*
 579 Shall chide your trespassse, and return your mock,
 580 In second accent of his ordenance.

581 *Dol.* Say that my father render faire reply,
 582 It is against my will:
 583 For I desire nothing so much,
 584 As odde with England.
 585 And for that cause according to his youth
 586 I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

<i>Exe.</i> Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne	990
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.	991
Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,	992
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a <i>Ioue</i> :	993
That if requiring faile, he will compell.	994
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,	995
Deliuier vp the Crowne, and to take mercie	996
On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre	997
Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head	998
Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,	999
The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,	1000
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,	1001
That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie.	1002
This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message:	1003
Vnlesse the Dolphin be in prefence here;	1004
To whom expreffely I bring greeting to.	1005
<i>King.</i> For vs, we will confider of this further:	1006
To morrow shall you beare our full intent	1007
Back to our Brother of England.	1008
<i>Dolph.</i> For the Dolphin,	1009
I stand here for him: what to him from England?	1010
<i>Exe.</i> Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,	1011
And any thing that may not mis-become	1012
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.	1013
Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse	1014
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,	1015
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;	1016
Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,	1017
That Cauces and Wombie Vaultages of France	1018
Shall chide your Trefpas, and returne your Mock	1019
In second Accent of his Ordinance.	1020
<i>Dolph.</i> Say: if my Father render faire returne,	1021
It is against my will: for I desire	1022
Nothing but Oddes with England.	1023
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,	1024
I did present him with the Paris-Balls.	1025

- 1026 587 *Exe.* Heele make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,
588 Were it the mistresse Court of mightie *Europe*.
589 And be assured, youle finde a difference
590 As we his subiects haue in wonder founde
591 Betweene his yonger dayes and these he mufters now,
592 Now he wayes time euen to the latestt graine,
593 Which you shall finde in your owne losses
1033 594 If he stay in *France*.
595 *King.* Well for vs, you shall returne our anfwere backe
596 To our brother England.
597 *Exit omnes.*

<i>Exe.</i> Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,	1026
Were it the Miftresse Court of mightie Europe :	1027
And be affur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,	1028
As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,	1029
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,	1030
And these he masters now: now he weighes Time	1031
Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade	1032
In your owne Loffes, if he stay in France.	1033
<i>King.</i> To morrow shall you know our mind at full.	1034
<i>Flourish.</i>	1035

<i>Exe.</i> Dispatch vs with all speed, leaft that our King	1036
Come here himfelfe to question our delay ;	1037
For he is footed in this Land already.	1038
<i>King.</i> You shalbe foone difpatcht, with faire conditions.	1039
A Night is but small breathe, and little pawfe,	1040
To answer matters of this consequence. <i>Exeunt.</i>	1041

Actus Secundus.

<i>Flourish. Enter Chorus.</i>	1042
Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,	1043
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.	1044
Suppose, that you haue seene	1045
The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,	1046
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,	1047
With filken Streamers, the young <i>Phebus</i> fayning ;	1048
Play with your Fancies : and in them behold,	1049
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;	1050
Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue	1051
To sounds confus'd : behold the threaden Sayles,	1052
Borne with th'inuifible and creeping Wind,	1053
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,	1054

Breſting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke	1055
You ſtand vpon the Riuaſe, and behold	1056
A Citie on th'inconſtant Billowes dauncing :	1057
For ſo appeares this Fleet Maieſticall,	1058
Holding due courſe to Harflew. Follow, follow :	1059
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this Nauie,	1060
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, ſtill,	1061
Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,	1062
Eyther paſt, or not arriu'd to pyth and puiſſance :	1063
For who is he, whoſe Chin is but enrich	1064
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow	1065
Theſe cull'd and choſe-drawne Caualiers to France ?	1066
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein ſee a Siege :	1067
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,	1068
With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.	1069
Suppoſe th'Embaffador from the French comes back :	1070
Tells <i>Harry</i> , That the King doth offer him	1071
<i>Katherine</i> his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,	1072
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.	1073
The offer likes not : and the nimble Gunner	1074
With Lynſtock now the diuellish Cannon touches,	1075
<i>Alarum, and Chambers goe off.</i>	1076
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,	1077
And eech out our performance with your mind. <i>Exit.</i>	1078
<i>Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Glouceſter.</i>	1079
<i>Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.</i>	1080
<i>King.</i> Once more vnto the Breach,	1081
Deare friends, once more ;	1082
Or cloſe the Wall vp with our Engliſh dead :	1083
In Peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man,	1084
As modeſt ſtillneſſe, and humilitie :	1085
But when the blaſt of Warre blowes in our eares,	1086
Then imitate the action of the Tyger :	1087
Stiffen the finewes, commune vp the blood,	1088
Diſguiſe faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage :	1089

1117 598 *Enter* Nim, Bardolfe, Piftoll, Boy.

599 *Nim.* Before God here is hote seruice.

600 *Pist.* Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
1124 601 Gods vaffals drop and die.

Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect : 1090
 Let it pry through the portage of the Head, 1091
 Like the Braffe Cannon : let the Brow o'rewhelme it, 1092
 As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke 1093
 O're-hang and iutty his confounded Base, 1094
 Swill'd with the wild and waftfull Ocean. 1095
 Now fet the Teeth, and stretch the Nothrill wide, 1096
 Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euey Spirit 1097
 To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English, 1098
 Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-prooffe : 1099
 Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*, 1100
 Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought, 1101
 And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument. 1102
 Dishonour not your Mothers : now attest, 1103
 That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you. 1104
 Be Coppy now to me of groffer blood, 1105
 And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen, 1106
 Whose Lyms were made in England ; shew vs here 1107
 The mettell of your Pasture : let vs sweare, 1108
 That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt not : 1109
 For there is none of you so meane and bafe, 1110
 That hath not Noble luster in your eyes. 1111
 I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the flips, 1112
 Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot : 1113
 Follow your Spirit ; and vpon this Charge, 1114
 Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*. 1115
 Alarum, and Chambers goe off. 1116

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy. 1117

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach. 1118

Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too 1119
 hot : and for mine owne part, I haue not a Cafe of Liues : 1120
 the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song 1121
 of it. 1122

Pist. The plaine-Song is most iust : for humors doe a- 1123
 bound : Knocks goe and come : Gods Vassals drop and 1124

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

603 *Boy.* Would I were in London:

604 Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

605 *Pist.* And I. If wifhes would preuaile,

606 I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

607 *Enter Flewellen and beates them in.*

608 *Flew.* Godes plud vp to the breaches

609 You rafcals, will you not vp to the breaches ?

1138 610 *Nim* Abate thy rage sweete knight,

611 Abate thy rage.

612 *Boy.* Well I would I were once from them:

613 They would haue me as familiar

614 With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their

615 Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.

dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne 1125
immortall fame. 1126

Boy. Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I 1127
would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and safetie. 1128

Pist. And I: If wishes would preuayle with me, my 1129
purpose should not fayle with me; but thither would I 1130
high. 1131

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on 1132
bough. 1133

Enter Fluellen. 1134

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you 1135
Cullions. 1136

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: a- 1137
bate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, 1138
great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vfe lenitie 1139
sweet Chuck, 1140

Nim. These be good humors: your Honor wins bad 1141
humors. *Exit.* 1142

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three 1143
Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, 1144
though they would serue me, could not be Man to me; 1145
for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: 1146
for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the 1147
meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistoll*, 1148
hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the 1149
meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keeps whole 1150
Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few 1151
Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say 1152
his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his 1153
few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for 1154
a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was 1155

against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any 1156

616 *Bardolfe* stole a Lute case, carried it three mile,
617 And fold it for three hapence.

618 *Nim* stole a fier shouell.

619 I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:

620 Well, if they will not leaue me,

621 I meane to leaue them.

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

623 *Enter Gower.*

1170 624 *Gower.* Gaptain *Flewellen*, you muft come strait
625 To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster*.

626 *Flew.* Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good

627 To come to the mines: the concuaueties is otherwise,

628 You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd

629 Himselfe fiewe yardes vnder the countermines:

630 By *Iesus* I thinke heele blowe vp all

1179 631 If there be no better direction.

thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, 1157
 bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three halfe-pence. 1158
Nim and *Bardolph* are fworne Brothers in filching: and 1159
 in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by that peece 1160
 of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would 1161
 haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues 1162
 or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my 1163
 Manhood, if I should take from anothers Pocket, to put 1164
 into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. 1165
 I must leaue them, and seeke some better Seruice: their 1166
 Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore 1167
 I must cast it vp. *Exit.* 1168

Enter Gower. 1169

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you must come presently to 1170
 the Mynes; the Duke of Gloucester would speake with 1171
 you. 1172

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so 1173
 good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes 1174
 is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the con- 1175
 cauities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athuer- 1176
 farie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt 1177
 himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by *Cheshu*, 1178
 I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directi- 1179
 ons. 1180

Gower. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order 1181
 of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish 1182
 man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith. 1183

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not? 1184

Gower. I thinke it be. 1185

Welch. By *Cheshu* he is an Ass, as in the World, I will 1186
 verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions 1187
 in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the 1188
 Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog. 1189

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy. 1190

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine 1191
Iamy, with him. 1192

Welch. Captaine *Jamy* is a maruellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheshu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the disciplines of the Priftine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I fay gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worship, good Captaine *James*.

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish giue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand I fweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: it ish giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, fo Chrish faue me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand tish ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I befeech you now, will you voutfate me, looke you, a few difputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satisfie my Opinion, and partly for the fatisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie discipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It fall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I fall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occaſion: that fall I mary.

Irish. It is no time to difcourſe, fo Chrish faue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to difcourſe, the Town is befeech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for vs all: fo God fa'me tis shame to ſtand ſtill, it is ſhame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there ish nothing done, fo Chriſt fa'me law.

632 *Enter the King and his Lords alarum.*

1258 633 *King.* How yet refoles the Gouvernour of the Towne ?

634 This is the latest parley weele admit :

635 Therefore to our best mercie giue your felues,

636 Or like to men proud of destruction, defie vs to our worst,

Scot. By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take them- 1229
 felues to flomber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile ligge i'th' 1230
 grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valo- 1231
 rously as I may, that fal I fuerly do, that is the breff and 1232
 the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some queffion 1233
 tween you tway. 1234

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, 1235
 vnder your correccion, there is not many of your Na- 1236
 tion. 1237

Irish. Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a 1238
 Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What 1239
 ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation? 1240

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise 1241
 then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peraduenture I 1242
 fhall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in 1243
 difcretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good 1244
 a man as your selfe, both in the difciplines of Warre, and 1245
 in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particula- 1246
 rities. 1247

Irish. I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe: 1248
 fo Chrish saue me, I will cut off your Head. 1249

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other. 1250

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.* 1251

Gower. The Towne founds a Parley. 1252

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more 1253
 better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be 1254
 fo bold as to tell you, I know the difciplines of Warre: 1255
 and there is an end. *Exit.* 1256

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates. 1257

King. How yet resolues the Gouvernour of the Towne? 1258
 This is the lateft Parle we will admit: 1259

Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues, 1260

Or like to men proud of destruction, 1261

Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier, 1262

637 For as I am a fouldier, a name that in my thoughts
638 Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe
639 I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harflew,
640 Till in her ashes she be buried,
1267 641 The gates of mercie are all shut vp.

A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best ;	1263
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,	1264
I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,	1265
Till in her ashes she lye buried.	1266
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,	1267
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,	1268
In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge	1269
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Graffe	1270
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.	1271
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,	1272
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,	1273
Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,	1274
Enlynckt to waft and defolation ?	1275
What is't to me, when you your selues are cause,	1276
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand	1277
Of hot and forcing Violation ?	1278
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickedneffe,	1279
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere ?	1280
We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command	1281
Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,	1282
As send Precepts to the <i>Leuiathan</i> , to come ashore.	1283
Therefore, you men of Harflew,	1284
Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,	1285
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,	1286
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace	1287
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds	1288
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.	1289
If not : why in a moment looke to see	1290
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand	1291
Desire the Locks of your shrill-shrieking Daughters :	1292
Your Fathers taken by the siluer Beards,	1293
And their most reuerend Heads dasht to the Walls :	1294
Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,	1295
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,	1296
Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry,	1297
At <i>Herods</i> bloody-hunting slaughter-men.	1298

642 What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
 643 Or guiltie in defence be thus destroyed?

644 *Enter Gouverneur.*

1302 645 *Gouer.* Our expectation hath this day an end :
 646 The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,
 647 Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
 648 To raise so great a siege : therefore dread King,
 649 We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercie :
 650 Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
 651 For we no longer are defensible now.

652 *Enter Katherine, Alice.*

653 *Kate. Alice* venecia, vous aues cates en,
 654 Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,

655 Coman fae palla vou la main en francoy.

1324 656 *Alice.* La main madam de han.

What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd? 1299
Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd. 1300

Enter Gouvernour. 1301

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end: 1302
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated, 1303
Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready, 1304
To rayse so great a Siege: Therefore great King, 1305
We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy: 1306
Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours, 1307
For we no longer are defensible. 1308

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle *Exeter*, 1309
Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine, 1310
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French: 1311
Vse mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle. 1312
The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing 1313
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis. 1314
To night in Harflew will we be your Guest, 1315
To morrow for the March are we adrest. 1316

Flourish, and enter the Towne. 1317

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman. 1318

Kathe. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas 1319
le Language. 1320

Alice. En peu Madame. 1321

Kath. Je te prie m'enseigniez, il faut que ie apprcnd a par- 1322
len: Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois? 1323

Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand. 1324

Kath. De Hand. 1325

Alice. E le doys. 1326

Kat. Le doys, ma foy Je oublie, e doyt mays, ie me souemeray 1327
le doys ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres. 1328

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doys le Fingres, ie pense que ie 1329
suis le bon escholier. 1330

657 *Kate.* E da bras.

658 *Allice.* De arma madam.

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

660 *Allice.* Owe madam.

661 *Kate.* E Coman fa pella vow la menton a là coll.

662 *Allice.* De neck, e de cin, madam.

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

664 *Allice.* De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,

665 Le tude, o de elbo madam.

666 *Kate.* Ecowte Ie reherfera, towte cella que Iac apoandre,

1345 667 De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.

668 *Allice.* De elbo madam.

669 *Kate.* O Iefu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontera

670 De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.

671 *Allice.* Ma foy madam, vow parla au se bon Angloys

672 Aſie vous aues ettue en Englatara.

<i>Kath. T'ay gaynie diux mots d' Anglois viftement, coment</i>	1331
<i>appelle vous le ongles ?</i>	1332
<i>Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.</i>	1333
<i>Kath. De Nayles escoute: dites moy, fi ie parle bien: de</i>	1334
<i>Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.</i>	1335
<i>Alice. C'est bien diët Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.</i>	1336
<i>Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.</i>	1337
<i>Alice. De Arme, Madame.</i>	1338
<i>Kath. E de coudee.</i>	1339
<i>Alice. D'Elbow.</i>	1340
<i>Kath. D'Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de tous les mots</i>	1341
<i>que vous maves, apprins des a present.</i>	1342
<i>Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Ie pense.</i>	1343
<i>Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d' Hand, de Fingre, de</i>	1344
<i>Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.</i>	1345
<i>Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.</i>	1346
<i>Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d' Elbow, coment ap-</i>	1347
<i>pelle vous le col.</i>	1348
<i>Alice. De Nick, Madame.</i>	1349
<i>Kath. De Nick, e le menton.</i>	1350
<i>Alice. De Chin.</i>	1351
<i>Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.</i>	1352
<i>Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous pronoun-</i>	1353
<i>cies les mots aufi droiët, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.</i>	1354
<i>Kath. Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu,</i>	1355
<i>& en peu de temps.</i>	1356
<i>Alice. N'aue vos y desia oublie ce que ie vous a ensignée.</i>	1357
<i>Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d' Hand, de</i>	1358
<i>Fingre, de Maylees.</i>	1359

673 *Kate.* Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes, Ie parle millous

674 Coman fe pella vou le peid e le robe.

675 *Allice.* Le foot, e le con.

1366 676 *Kate.* Le fot, e le con, ô Iesu! Ie ne vew pointc parle,

677 Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,

678 Pur one million ma foy.

679 *Allice,* Madam, de foote, e le con.

680 *Kate.* O et ill aufie, ecowte Allice, de han, de arms,

681 De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.

682 *Allice.* Cet fort bon madam.

683 *Kate.* Aloues a diner.

684

Exit omnes

1376 685 *Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin,*
686 *and Burbon.*

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

688 *Con.* Mordeu ma via : Shall a few fpranes of vs,

689 The emptying of our fathers luxerie,

690 Outgrow their grafters.

691 *Bur.* Normanes, basterd Normanes, mor du

692 And if they passe vnfoughtwithall,

693 Ile fell my Dukedome for a foggy farme

1391 694 In that short nooke Ile of England.

695 *Const.* Why whence haue they this mettall ?

<i>Alice. De Nayles, Madame.</i>	1360
<i>Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Elbow.</i>	1361
<i>Alice. Sans vostre honeus d' Elbow.</i>	1362
<i>Kath. Ainfi de ie d' Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin : coment ap-</i>	1363
<i>pelle vous les pied & de roba.</i>	1364
<i>Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.</i>	1365
<i>Kath. Le Foot, & le Count : O Seigneur Dieu, il font le</i>	1366
<i>mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non</i>	1367
<i>pour le Dames de Honeur d' user : Je ne voudray pronouncer ce</i>	1368
<i>mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le</i>	1369
<i>Foot & le Count, neant moys, Je recitera vn autrefoys ma lecon</i>	1370
<i>ensembe, d' Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d' Arme, d' Elbow, de</i>	1371
<i>Nick , de Sin, de Foot, le Count.</i>	1372
<i>Alice. Excellent, Madame.</i>	1373
<i>Kath. C' est asses pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.</i>	1374
<i>Exit.</i>	1375
<i>Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the</i>	1376
<i>Constable of France, and others.</i>	1377
<i>King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuier Some.</i>	1378
<i>Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,</i>	1379
Let vs not liue in France : let vs quit all,	1380
And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People,	1381
<i>Dolph. O Dieu viuant : Shall a few Sprayes of vs,</i>	1382
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,	1383
Our Syens, put in wilde and fauage Stock,	1384
Spirit vp so suddently into the Clouds,	1385
And ouer-looke their Grafters ?	1386
<i>Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards:</i>	1387
<i>Mort du ma vie, if they march along</i>	1388
Vnfought withall, but I will fell my Dukedome,	1389
To buy a slobbry and a durtie Farme	1390
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.	1391
<i>Const. Dieu de Battailes, where haue they this mettell ?</i>	1392

696 Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde.

697 On whom as in difdaine, the Sunne lookes pale ?

698 Can barley broath, a drench for fwolne Iades

699 Their foddren water decockt fuch liuely blood ?

700 And fhall our quick blood fpirited with wine

701 Seeme frofty ? O for honour of our names,

702 Let vs not hang like frozen Iicesfickles

703 Vpon our houfes tops, while they a more frofty clymate

704 Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?	1393
On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale,	1394
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can fodden Water,	1395
A Drench for fur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,	1396
Decoſt their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat ?	1397
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with Wine,	1398
Seeme froſtie ? O, for honor of our Land,	1399
Let vs not hang like roping Ifyckles	1400
Vpon our Houſes Thatch, whiles a more froſtie People	1401
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields :	1402
Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.	1403
<i>Dolphin.</i> By Faith and Honor,	1404
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly fay,	1405
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue	1406
Their bodyes to the Luſt of Engliſh Youth,	1407
To new-ſtore France with Baſtard Warriours.	1408
<i>Brit.</i> They bid vs to the Engliſh Dancing-Schooles,	1409
And teach <i>Lauolta's</i> high, and ſwift <i>Carranto's</i> ,	1410
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,	1411
And that we are moſt loftie Run-awayes.	1412
<i>King.</i> Where is <i>Montioy</i> the Herald? ſpeed him hence,	1413
Let him greet England with our ſharpe defiance.	1414
Vp Princes, and with ſpirit of Honor edged,	1415
More ſharper then your Swords, high to the field :	1416
<i>Charles Delabreth</i> , High Conſtable of France,	1417
You Dukes of <i>Orleance</i> , <i>Burbon</i> , and of <i>Berry</i> ,	1418
<i>Alanſon</i> , <i>Brabant</i> , <i>Bar</i> , and <i>Burgonie</i> ,	1419
<i>Iaques Chattillion</i> , <i>Rambures</i> , <i>Vandemont</i> ,	1420
<i>Beumont</i> , <i>Grand Pree</i> , <i>Rouſſi</i> , and <i>Faulconbridge</i> ,	1421
<i>Loys</i> , <i>Leftrale</i> , <i>Bouciquall</i> , and <i>Charaloyes</i> ,	1422
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings ;	1423
For your great Seats, now quit you of great ſhames :	1424
Barre <i>Harry</i> England, that ſweepes through our Land	1425
With Penons painted in the blood of Harſlew :	1426
Ruſh on his Hoaft, as doth the melted Snow	1427
Vpon the Valleyes, whoſe low Vaffall Seat,	1428

1439 705 *King.* Conftable difpatch, fend Montioy forth,

706 To know what willing raunfome he will giue ?

707 Sonne *Dolphin* you fhall ftay in *Rone* with me.

708 *Dol.* Not fo I do befeech your Maieftie.

709 *King.* Well, I fay it fhallbe fo.

710

Exeunt omnes.

711

Enter Gower.

712 *Go.* How now Captain *Flewellen*, come you fro the bridgee

713 *Flew.* By Iefus thers excellēt feruice cōmitted at ſ̄ bridge.

1453 714 *Gour.* Is the Duke of *Exeter* fafe?

715 *Flew.* The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue, & I honor,

716 And I worſhip, with my foule, and my heart, and my life,

717 And my lands and my liuings,

718 And my vttermoſt powers.

719 The Duke is looke you,

720 God be praifed and pleaſed for it, no harme in the worrell.

721 He is maintain the bridge very gallantly: there is an Enſigne

722 There, I do not know how you call him, but by Iefus I think

723 He is as valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, he doth maintain

724 the bridge moſt gallantly : yet he is a man of no reckoning:

725 But I did fee him do gallant feruice.

The Alpes doth split, and void his rhowme vpon. 1429
 Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough, 1430
 And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan 1431
 Bring him our Prifoner. 1432

Const. This becomes the Great. 1433

Sorry am I his numbers are so few, 1434
 His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March: 1435
 For I am sure, when he shall see our Army, 1436
 Hee'le drop his heart into the sinck of feare, 1437
 And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ranfome, 1438

King. Therefore Lord Conftable, haft on *Montioy*, 1439
 And let him fay to England, that we fend, 1440
 To know what willing Ranfome he will giue. 1441
 Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with vs in Roan. 1442

Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie. 1443

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs. 1444
 Now forth Lord Conftable, and Princes all, 1445
 And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.* 1446

*Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower
 and Fluellen.* 1447
 1448

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from 1449
 the Bridge? 1450

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com- 1451
 mitted at the Bridge. 1452

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe? 1453

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, 1454
 and a man that I loue and honour with my soule, 1455
 and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing, 1456
 and my vttermoſt power. He is not, God be prayfed and 1457

bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge 1458
 moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an aun- 1459
 chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very 1460
 confcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and 1461
 hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee 1462
 him doe as gallant feruice. 1463

726 *Gouer.* How do you call him?

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

728 *Gouer.* I know him not.

729 *Enter Ancient Pistoll.*

730 *Flew.* Do you not know him, here comes the man.

731 *Pist.* Captaine, I thee befeech to do me fauour,

732 The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

733 *Flew.* I, and I praife God I haue merrited some loue at

734 (his hands.

735 *Pist.* *Bardolfe* a fouldier, one of buxfome valour,

736 Hath by furious fate

737 And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,

1476 738 That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling reflleffe

739 (ftone.

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

741 Fortune, looke you is painted,

742 Plind with a muffer before her eyes,

743 To fignifie to you, that Fortune is plind :

744 And fhe is moreouer painted with a wheele,

745 Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,

746 And inconstant, and variation;and mutabilities :

747 And her fate is fixed at a fphericall ftone

748 Which rouses, and rouses, and rouses :

749 Surely the Poet is make an excellēt defcriptiō of Fortune.

1485 750 Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.

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

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

753 A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,

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

755 But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,

756 For packs of pettie price :

757 Therefore go fpeake the Duke will heare thy voyce,

758 And let not *Bardolfes* vitall threed be cut,

759 With edge of penny-cord, and vile approach.

760 Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Gower. What doe you call him? 1464

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Pistoll*. 1465

Gower. I know him not. 1466

Enter Pistoll. 1467

Flu. Here is the man. 1468

Pist. Captaine, I thee befeech to doe me fauours: the Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well. 1470

Flu. I, I prayse God, and I haue merited some loue at his hands. 1472

Pist. Bardolph, a Souldier firme and found of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddeffe blind, that stands vpon the rolling restlesse Stone, 1474
1475
1476

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Pistoll*: Fortune is 1477

painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie 1478
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also 1479
with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of 1480
it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie, 1481
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a 1482

Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: 1483
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descrip- 1484
tion of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall, 1485

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him: 1486
for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned 1487
death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free, 1488
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter* 1489
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price. 1490

Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; 1491
and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of 1492
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for 1493
his Life, and I will thee requite, 1494

- 761 *Flew.* Captain *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.
- 762 *Pist.* Why then reioyce therefore.
- 763 *Flew.* Certainly Antient *Pistol*, tis not a thing to reioyce at,
- 764 For if he were my owne brother, I would with the Duke
- 765 To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,
- 766 Disciplies ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.
- 1502 767 *Pist.* Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.
- 768 *Flew.* That is good.
- 769 *Pist.* The figge of *Spaine* within thy Iawe.
- 770 *Flew.* That is very well.
- 771 *Pist.* I fay the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.
- 772 *Exit Pistoll.*
- 773 *Fle.* Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder?
- 774 *Gour.* Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
- 775 I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurfe.
- 776 *Flew.* By Iesus hee is vtter as prauē words vpon the bridge
- 777 As you shall desire to see in a fommers day, but its all one,
- 778 What he hath sed to me, looke you, is all one.
- 1512 779 *Go.* Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars
- 780 Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London :
- 781 And such fellowes as he,
- 782 Are perfect in great Commaunders names.
- 783 They will learne by rote where seruices were done,
- 784 At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,
- 785 At such a conuoy : who came off brauely, who was shot,
- 786 Who disgraced, what termes the enemie flood on.
- 787 And this they cō perfectly in phrafe of warre,
- 788 Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & what a berd
- 789 Of the Generalls cut, and a horid shout of the campe
- 790 Will do among the foming bottles and alewafht wits
- 791 Is wonderfull to be thought on : but you must learne
- 792 To know such flanders of this age,
- 793 Or else you may maruellously be mistooke.
- 794 *Flew.* Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,

Flu. Aunchient *Pistoll*, I doe partly vnderstand your meaning. 1495
1496

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore. 1497

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would desire the Duke to vse his good pleafure, and put him to execution; for difcipline ought to be vsed. 1498
1499
1500
1501

Pist. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendship. 1502

Flu. It is well. 1503

Pist. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.* 1504

Flu. Very good. 1505

Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purfe. 1506
1507

Flu. Ile assure you, a vtt'ed as prauē words at the Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is ferue. 1508
1509
1510
1511

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and fuch fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done; at fuch and fuch a Sconce, at fuch a Breach, at fuch a Conuoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who difgrac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phrafe of Warre; which they tricke vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know fuch flanders of the age, or else you may be maruelloufly mistooke. 1512
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Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue 1527

795 That I did take him to be : but when time fhall ferue,

796 I fhall tell him a litle of my defires : here comes his Maieftie.

797 *Enter King, Clarence, Glofter and others.*

1535 798 *King.* How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge ?

799 *Flew.* I and it fhall pleafe your Maieftie,

800 There is excellent feruice at the bridge.

801 *King.* What men haue you loft *Flewellen* ?

802 *Flew.* And it fhall pleafe your Maieftie,

803 The partition of the aduerfarie hath bene great,

804 Very reafonably great:but for our own parts, like you now,

805 I thinke we haue loft neuer a man, vnleffe it be one

806 For robbing of a church; one *Bardolfe*, if your Maieftie

807 Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,

808 And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nofe

809 Like a cole, fometimes red, fometimes plew :

810 But god be praifed, now his nofe is executed, & his fire out.

1553 811 *King.* We would haue all offenders fo cut off,

812 And we here giue exprefle commaundment,

813 That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,

814 None of the French abufed,

815 Or abraided with difdainfull language:

816 For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,

817 The gentleft gamefter is the fooner winner.

hee is not the man that hee would gladly make flew to 1528
 the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell 1529
 him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I 1530
 must speake with him from the Pridge. 1531

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his 1532
poore Souldiers. 1533

Flu. God plesse your Maiestie. 1534

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge? 1535

Flu. I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter 1536
 ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is 1537
 gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prae 1538
 passages: marry, th'athuerfarie was haue possession of 1539
 the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of 1540
 Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, 1541
 the Duke is a prae man. 1542

King. What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*? 1543

Flu. The perdition of th'athuerfarie hath beene very 1544
 great, reasonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the 1545
 Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be exe- 1546
 cuted for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maie- 1547
 stie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, 1548
 and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his 1549
 nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and 1550
 sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's 1551
 out. 1552

King. Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off: 1553
 and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through 1554
 the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Vil- 1555
 lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French 1556
 vpbroyd or abused in disdainefull Language; for when 1557
 Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler 1558
 Gamester is the soonest winner. 1559

- 818 *Enter French Herauld.*
 819 *Hera.* You know me by my habit.
 820 *Ki.* Well thē, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?
- 1564 821 *Hera.* My maisters minde.
 822 *King.* Vnfold it.
 823 *Heral.* Go thee vnto *Harry of England*, and tell him,
 824 Aduantage is a better fouldier then rashnesse :
 825 Altho we did feeme dead, we did but slumber.
- 826 Now we speake vpon our *kue*, and our voyce is imperiall,
 827 England shall repent her folly : see her rashnesse,
 828 And admire our sufferance. Which to raunfome,
- 829 His pettinesse would bow vnder:
- 830 For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake :
 831 For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
 832 Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
- 1583 833 To this, adde defyance. So much from the king my maister.
- 834 *King.* What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.
 835 *Herald.* *Montioy.*
 836 *King.* Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
 837 And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now :
 838 But could be well content, without impeach,
 839 To march on to *Callis* : for to say the sooth,
 840 Though tis no wifdome to confesse so much
 841 Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.
 842 My fouldiers are with sicknesse much infeebled,
 843 My Army leffoned, and those fewe I haue,

Tucket. Enter Mountioy. 1560

Mountioy. You know me by my habit. 1561

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee? 1562
1563

Mountioy. My Masters mind. 1564

King. Vnfold it. 1565

Mountioy. Thus fayer my King: Say thou to *Harry* 1566
of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe: 1567
Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, 1568

wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee 1569
thought not good to bruisse an iniurie, till it were full 1570
ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is im- 1571
periall: England shall repent his folly, see his weake- 1572
nesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore con- 1573
sider of his ranfome, which must proportion the losses we 1574
haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we 1575
haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his petti- 1576
nesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is 1577
too poore; for th'effusion of our blood, the Muster of his 1578
Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his 1579
owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worth- 1580
lesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for 1581
conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con- 1582
demnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master; 1583
so much my Office. 1584

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie. 1585

Mount. Mountioy. 1586

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back, 1587
And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now, 1588
But could be willing to march on to Callice, 1589
Without impeachment: for to say the footh, 1590
Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much 1591
Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage, 1592
My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled, 1593
My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue, 1594

- 1595 844 Almost no better then fo many French :
 845 Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herauld,
 846 I thought vpon one paire of English legges,
 847 Did march three French mens.
 848 Yet forgiue me God, that I do brag thus :
 849 This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.
 850 I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,
 851 My raunfome is this frayle and worthlesse body,
 852 My Army but a weake and sickly garde,
 853 Yet God before, we will come on,
 854 If *France* and fuch an other neighbour stood in our way :
- 855 If we may passe, we will : if we be hindered,
 1609 856 We shal your tawny ground with your red blood difcolour.
 857 So *Montioy* get you gone, there is for your paines :
 858 The fum of all our answere is but this,
 859 We would not feeke a battle as we are :
 860 Nor as we are, we fay we will not shun it.
- 861 *Herauld.* I shall deliuer fo: thanks to your Maiestie.
- 862 *Glof.* My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
 863 *King.* We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs :
 864 To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
 865 And on to morrow bid them march away.
- 866 *Enter* *Burbon*, *Conftable*, *Orleance*, *Gebon*.
- 867 *Const.* Tut I haue the best armour in the world.
- 1626 868 *Orleance.* You haue an excellent armour,
 869 But let my horfe haue his due.

Almost no better then fo many French ;	1595
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,	1596
I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges	1597
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,	1598
That I doe bragge thus ; this your ayre of France	1599
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent :	1600
Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am ;	1601
My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke ;	1602
My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard :	1603
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,	1604
Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor	1605
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour <i>Mountiocy</i> .	1606
Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.	1607
If we may passe, we will : if we be hindred,	1608
We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood	1609
Difcolour : and fo <i>Mountiocy</i> , fare you well.	1610
The fumme of all our Anſwer is but this :	1611
We would not seeke a Battaile as we are,	1612
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it :	1613
So tell your Master.	1614
<i>Mount.</i> I shall deliuer fo : Thanks to your High-	1615
nesse.	1616
<i>Glouc.</i> I hope they will not come vpon vs now.	1617
<i>King.</i> We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs :	1618
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,	1619
Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our felues,	1620
And on to morrow bid them march away. <i>Exeunt.</i>	1621
<i>Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,</i>	1622
<i>Orleance, Dolphin, with others.</i>	1623
<i>Const.</i> Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World :	1624
would it were day.	1625
<i>Orleance.</i> You haue an excellent Armour : but let my	1626
Horſe haue his due.	1627
<i>Const.</i> It is the best Horſe of Europe.	1628

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

1642 873 *Orleance.* He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.
874 *Bur.* And of the heate a the Ginger.

1658 875 Turne all the fands into eloquent tongues,
876 And my horfe is argument for them all :

- Orleance.* Will it neuer be Morning? 1629
- Dolph.* My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con- 1630
stable, you talke of Horfe and Armour? 1631
- Orleance.* You are as well prouided of both, as any 1632
Prince in the World. 1633
- Dolph.* What a long Night is this? I will not change 1634
my Horfe with any that treades but on foure poftures: 1635
ch' ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were 1636
hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegafus, *ches les narines de* 1637
feu. When I beftryde him, I foare, I am a Hawke: he trots 1638
the ayre: the Earth fings, when he touches it: the bafeft 1639
horne of his hoofe, is more Muficall then the Pipe of 1640
Hermes. 1641
- Orleance.* Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg. 1642
- Dolph.* And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beaft 1643
for *Perfeus*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele- 1644
ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but on- 1645
ly in patient ftillneffe while his Rider mounts him: hee 1646
is indeede a Horfe, and all other Iades you may call 1647
Beafts. 1648
- Conft.* Indeed my Lord, it is a moft abfolute and ex- 1649
cellent Horfe. 1650
- Dolph.* It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like 1651
the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces 1652
Homage. 1653
- Orleance.* No more Coufin. 1654
- Dolph.* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from 1655
the rifing of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, 1656
varie deferued prayfe on my Palfray: it is a Theame as 1657
fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, 1658
and my Horfe is argument for them all: 'tis a fubieft 1659
for a Soueraigne to reafon on, and for a Soueraignes So- 1660
ueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, 1661

877 I once writ a Sonnet in the praife of my horfe,
 878 And began thus. Wonder of nature.
 879 *Con.* I haue heard a Sonnet begin fo,
 880 In the praife of ones Miftresse.
 881 *Burb.* Why then did they immitate that
 882 Which I writ in praife of my horfe,
 883 For my horfe is my miftresse.

1672 884 *Con.* Ma foy the other day, me thought
 885 Your miftresse fhooke you fhrewdly.

1685 886 *Bur.* I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,
 887 My miftresse weares her owne haire.
 888 *Con.* I could make as good a boaft of that,
 889 If I had had a fow to my miftresse.

890 *Bur.* Tut thou wilt make vfe of any thing.
 891 *Con.* Yet I do not vfe my horfe for my miftresse.

and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, 1662
 and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayfe, 1663
 and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.* 1664

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin fo to ones Mi- 1665
 ftresse. 1666

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd 1667
 to my Courfer, for my Horfe is my Miftresse. 1668

Orleance. Your Miftresse beares well. 1669

Dolph. Me well, which is the prescript prayfe and per- 1670
 fection of a good and particular Miftresse. 1671

Const. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Miftresse 1672
 fhrewdly shooke your back. 1673

Dolph. So perhaps did yours. 1674

Const. Mine was not bridled. 1675

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you 1676
 rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hofe off, and in 1677
 your strait Stroffers. 1678

Const. You haue good iudgement in Horfeman- 1679
 fhip. 1680

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride fo, and 1681
 ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue 1682
 my Horfe to my Miftresse. 1683

Const. I had as liue haue my Miftresse a Iade. 1684

Dolph. I tell thee Conftable, my Miftresse weares his 1685
 owne hayre. 1686

Const. I could make as true a boaft as that, if I had a 1687
 Sow to my Miftresse. 1688

Dolph. *Le chien est retourne a son propre vemiffement est* 1689
la leuye lauee au bourbier: thou mak'ft vse of any thing. 1690

Const. Yet doe I not vse my Horfe for my Miftresse, 1691
 or any fuch Prouerbe, fo little kin to the purpose. 1692

Ramb. My Lord Conftable, the Armour that I faw in 1693
 your Tent to night, are thofe Starres or Sunnes vpon it? 1694

Const. Starres my Lord. 1695

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope. 1696

892 *Bur.* Will it neuer be morning?

1704 893 Ile ride too morrow a mile,

894 And my way shalbe pauerd with English faces.

895 *Con.* By my faith so will not I,

896 For feare I be outfaced of my way.

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

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

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

1716 900 *Con.* I thinke heele eate all he killes.

- Const.* And yet my Sky shall not want. 1697
- Dolph.* That may be, for you beare a many superflu- 1698
ously, and 'twere more honor some were away. 1699
- Const.* Eu'n as your Horfe beares your prayfes, who 1700
would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismount- 1701
ted. 1702
- Dolph.* Would I were able to loade him with his de- 1703
fert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, 1704
and my way shall be paued with English Faces. 1705
- Const.* I will not say so, for feare I should be fac't out 1706
of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would 1707
faine be about the eares of the English. 1708
- Ramb.* Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie 1709
Prisoners? 1710
- Const.* You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you 1711
haue them. 1712
- Dolph.* 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe. *Exit.* 1713
- Orleanse.* The Dolphin longs for morning. 1714
- Ramb.* He longs to eate the English. 1715
- Const.* I thinke he will eate all he kills. 1716
- Orleanse.* By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal- 1717
lant Prince. 1718
- Const.* Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the 1719
Oath. 1720
- Orleanse.* He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of 1721
France. 1722
- Const.* Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing. 1723
- Orleanse.* He neuer did harme, that I heard of. 1724
- Const.* Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe 1725
that good name still. 1726
- Orleanse.* I know him to be valiant. 1727
- Const.* I was told that, by one that knowes him better 1728
then you. 1729
- Orleanse.* What's hee? 1730
- Const.* Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee 1731
car'd not who knew it. 1732

- 901 *Orle.* O peace, ill will neuer faid well.
 902 *Con.* Ile cap that prouerbe,
 903 With there is flattery in friendship.
 904 *Or.* O fir, I can anfwere that,
 905 With giue the diuel his due.
- 1744 906 *Con.* Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,
 907 With a Iogge of the diuel.
 908 *Or.* Well the Duke of *Burbon*, is simply,
 909 The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.
 910 *Con.* Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing.
 911 *Or.* He neuer did hurt as I heard off.
 912 *Con.* No I warrant you, nor neuer will.
 913 *Or.* I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
 914 *Con.* I was told so by one that knows him better the you
 915 *Or.* Whose that?
 916 *Con.* Why he told me so himselfe:
 917 And faid he cared not who knew it.
 918 *Or.* Well who will go with me to hazard,
 919 For a hundred English prifoners?
 920 *Con.* You must go to hazard your selfe,
 921 Before you haue them.

1750 922

Enter a Messenger.

- 923 *Mess.* My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
 924 Paces of your Tent.

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in 1733
him. 1734

Const. By my faith Sir, but it is : neuer any body saw 1735
it, but his Lacquey : 'tis a hooded valour, and when it 1736
appeares, it will bate. 1737

Orleance. Ill will neuer sayd well. 1738

Const. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie 1739
in friendship. 1740

Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill 1741
his due. 1742

Const. Well plac't : there stands your friend for the 1743
Deuill : haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with , A 1744
Pox of the Deuill. 1745

Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much 1746
a Fooles Bolt is soone shot. 1747

Const. You haue shot ouer, 1748

Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot. 1749

Enter a Messenger. 1750

Mess. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within 1751
fifteene hundred paces of your Tents. 1752

925 *Con.* Who hath meafured the ground ?

926 *Meff.* The Lord *Granpeere*.

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

1783 928 Come, come away:

929 The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. *Exit omnes.*

- Const.* Who hath meafur'd the ground ? 1753
- Meff.* The Lord *Grandpree.* 1754
- Const.* A valiant and moft expert Gentleman. Would 1755
it were day ? Alas poore *Harry* of England : hee longs 1756
not for the Dawning, as wee doe. 1757
- Orleance.* What a wretched and peeuiſh fellow is this 1758
King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers 1759
fo farre out of his knowledge. 1760
- Const.* If the Englifh had any apprehenſion , they 1761
would runne away. 1762
- Orleance.* That they lack : for if their heads had any in- 1763
tellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare ſuch heauie 1764
Head-pieces. 1765
- Ramb.* That Iland of England breeds very valiant 1766
Creatures ; their Maſtiffes are of vnmatchable cou- 1767
rage. 1768
- Orleance.* Foolifh Curreſſes, that runne winking into 1769
the mouth of a Ruſſian Beare, and haue their heads cruſht 1770
like rotten Apples : you may as well fay, that's a valiant 1771
Flea , that dare eate his breakefaſt on the Lippe of a 1772
Lyon. 1773
- Const.* Iuſt, iuſt : and the men doe ſympathize with 1774
the Maſtiffes , in robuſtious and rough comming on, 1775
leauing their Wits with their Wiues : and then giue 1776
them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele ; they 1777
will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils. 1778
- Orleance.* I, but theſe Englifh are ſhrowdly out of 1779
Beefe. 1780
- Const.* Then ſhall we finde to morrow, they haue only 1781
ſtomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to 1782
arme : come, ſhall we about it ? 1783
- Orleance.* It is now two a Clock: but let me ſee, by ten 1784
Wee ſhall haue each a hundred Englifh men. *Excunt.* 1785

Actus Tertius.

<i>Chorus.</i>	1786
Now entertaine coniecture of a time,	1787
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke	1788
Fills the wide Veffell of the Vniuerfe.	1789
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night	1790
The Humme of eyther Army ftilly founds ;	1791
That the fixt Centinels almoft receiue	1792
The fecret Whifpers of each others Watch.	1793
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames	1794
Each Battaile fees the others vंबर'd face.	1795
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boaftfull Neighs	1796
Piercing the Nights dull Eare : and from the Tents,	1797
The Armourers accomplifhing the Knights,	1798
With bufie Hammers closing Riuets vp,	1799
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.	1800
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:	1801
And the third howre of drowfie Morning nam'd,	1802
Prowd of their Numbers, and feure in Soule,	1803
The confident and ouer-luftie French,	1804
Doe the low-rated Englifh play at Dice ;	1805
And chide the creepie-tardy-gated Night,	1806
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe	1807
So tediously away. The poore condemned Englifh,	1808
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires	1809
Sit patiently, and inly ruminare	1810
The Mornings danger : and their gefture fad,	1811
Inuefting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,	1812
Prefented them vnto the gazing Moone	1813
So many horride Ghofts. O now, who will behold	1814
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band	1815
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent ;	1816
Let him cry, Prayfe and Glory on his head :	1817

For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,	1818
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,	1819
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.	1820
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,	1821
How dread an Army hath enrounded him ;	1822
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour	1823
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night :	1824
But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,	1825
With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie :	1826
That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,	1827
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.	1828
A Largeffe vniuerfall, like the Sunne,	1829
His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,	1830
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all	1831
Behold, as may vnworthineffe define.	1832
A little touch of <i>Harry</i> in the Night,	1833
And fo our Scene muft to the Battaile flye :	1834
Where, O for pittie, we shall much difgrace,	1835
With foure or fiue most vile and ragged foyles,	1836
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)	1837
The Name of Agincourt : Yet fit and see,	1838
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.	1839
<i>Exit.</i>	1840

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester. 1841

<i>King. Gloster,</i> 'tis true that we are in great danger,	1842
The greater therefore should our Courage be.	1843
God morrow Brother <i>Bedford</i> : God Almightye,	1844
There is some foule of goodnesse in things euill,	1845
Would men obseruingly distill it out.	1846
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,	1847
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.	1848
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,	1849
And Preachers to vs all ; admonishing,	1850
That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.	1851

- 1879 930 *Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.*
931 *Pist.* Ke ve la ?
932 *King.* A friend.
933 *Pist.* Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?
934 Or art thou common, bafe, and popeler ?
935 *King.* No fir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.
936 *Pist.* Trailes thou the puiffant pike?
937 *King.* Euen fo fir, What are you ?

Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed, 1852
 And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe. 1853

Enter Erpingham. 1854

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham* : 1855
 A good soft Pillow for that good white Head, 1856
 Were better then a churlish turfe of France. 1857

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better, 1858
 Since I may say, now lye I like a King. 1859

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines, 1860
 Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased : 1861
 And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt 1862
 The Organs, though defunct and dead before, 1863
 Breake vp their drowfie Graue, and newly moue 1864
 With casted slough, and fresh legeritie. 1865

Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas* : Brothers both, 1866
 Commend me to the Princes in our Campe ; 1867
 Doe my good morrow to them, and anon 1868
 Desire them all to my Pauillion. 1869

Gloster. We shall, my Liege. 1870

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace ? 1871

King. No, my good Knight : 1872

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England : 1873
 I and my Bosome must debate a while, 1874
 And then I would no other company. 1875

Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble 1876
Harry. *Exeunt.* 1877

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'ft cheare- 1878
 fully. *Enter Pistoll.* 1879

Pist. *Che vous la ?* 1880

King. A friend. 1881

Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou 1882
 base, common, and popular ? 1883

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company. 1884

Pist. Trayl'ft thou the puissant Pyke ? 1885

King. Euen so : what are you ? 1886

938 *Pift.* As good a gentleman as the Emperour.

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

940 *Pift.* The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.

941 *Pift.* A lad of life, an impe of fame :

942 Of parents good, of fift moft valiant:

943 I kis his durtie shoe:and from my hart frings

944 I loue the louely bully.What is thy name ?

945 *King.* *Harry le Roy.*

946 *Pift.* Le Roy, a Cornifh man:

947 Art thou of Cornifh crew ?

1895 948 *Kin.* No fir, I am a Wealchman.

949 *Pift.* A Wealchman:knowft thou *Flewellen?*

950 *Kin.* I fir, he is my kinfman.

951 *Pift.* Art thou his friend ?

952 *Kin.* I fir.

953 *Pift.* Figa for thee then : my name is *Piftoll.*

954 *Kin.* It forts well with your fiercenefse.

955 *Pift.* *Piftoll* is my name.

956 *Exit Piftoll.*

1909 957 *Enter Gower and Flewellen.*

958 *Gour.* Captaine *Flewellen.*

959 *Flew.* In the name of Iefu fpeake lewer.

960 It is the greateft folly in the worell, when the auncient

961 Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.

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

963 You fhall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:

- Pist.* As good a Gentleman as the Emperor. 1887
King. Then you are a better then the King. 1888
Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a 1889
- Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fifth 1890
 most valiant: I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heart- 1891
 string I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name? 1892
King. *Harry le Roy.* 1893
Pist. *Le Roy?* a Cornifh Name: art thou of Cornifh Crew? 1894
- King.* No, I am a Welchman. 1895
Pist. Know'ft thou *Fluellen*? 1896
King. Yes. 1897
Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon 1898
 S. *Danies* day. 1899
King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe 1900
 that day, leaft he knock that about yours. 1901
Pist. Art thou his friend? 1902
King. And his Kinfman too. 1903
Pist. The *Figo* for thee then. 1904
- King.* I thanke you: God be with you. 1905
Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. *Exit.* 1906
- King.* It forts well with your fierceneffe. 1907
Manet King. 1908
- Enter Fluellen and Gower.* 1909
Gower. Captaine *Fluellen.* 1910
Flu. 'So, in the Name of Iesu Chrif, fpeake fewer: it 1911
 is the greateft admiration in the vniuerfall World, when 1912
 the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the 1913
 Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to 1914
 examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you fhall finde, 1915
 I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble ba- 1916
 ble in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you fhall finde 1917

964 But you shall finde the cares, and the feares.

965 And the ceremonies, to be otherwife.

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

1923 967 *Flew.* Godes follud, if the enemy be an Affe & a Foole,
968 And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a foole,
969 And a prating cocks-come, in your confcience now?

970 *Gour.* Ile fpeake lower.

971 *Flew.* I befeech you do, good Captaine *Gower.*

972 *Exit Gower, and Flewellen.*

1929 973 *Kin.* Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,

974 Yet theres much care in this.

975 *Enter three Souldiers.*

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

977 2. *Soul.* I we see the beginning,

978 God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and
the Formes of it, and the Sobriety of it, and the Modestie
of it, to be otherwise.

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

Flu. If the Enemie is an Ass and a Foole, and a pra-
ting Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should
also, looke you, be an Ass and a Foole, and a prating Cox-
combe, in your owne conscience now?

Gow. I will speake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

*Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court,
and Michael Williams.*

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning
which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to
desire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day,
but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it. Who goes
there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serue you?

King. Vnder Sir *John Erpingham*.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde
Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to
be washt off the next Tyde.

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

King. No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I
speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am:
the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element

- 1961 979 3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could with himselfe
980 Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
981 And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.
982 *Kin.* Now mafters god morrow, what cheare?
983 3. *S.* Ifaith fmall cheer fome of vs is like to haue,
984 Ere this day ende.
985 *Kin.* Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.
986 2. *S.* I he may be, for he hath no fuch caufe as we
987 *Kin.* Nay fay not fo, he is a man as we are.
988 The Violet fmels to him as to vs :
989 Therefore if he fee reafons, he feares as we do.

shewes to him, as it doth to me ; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions : his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakednesse he appeares but a man ; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing : therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe ; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same rellish as ours are : yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare ; least hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will : but I beleuee, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could with himselfe in Thames vp to the Neck ; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the King : I thinke hee would not with himselfe any where, but where hee is,

Bates. Then I would he were here alone ; so should he be fure to be ranfomed, and a many poore mens liues faued.

King. I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him here alone : howfoeuer you speake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company ; his Cause being iust, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after ; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects : if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

990 2.*Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,
 991 *If* his caufe be not good:when all thofe foules
 992 Whofe bodies fhall be flaugtered here,
 1982 993 Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
 994 And fay *I* dyed at fuch a place. Some fwearing:
 995 Some their wiues rawly left :
 996 Some leauing their children poore behind them.

997 Now if his caufe be bad, I think it will be a greeuous matter
 998 (to him:

999 *King.* Why fo you may fay, if a man fend his feruant
 1000 As Factor into another Countrey,
 1001 And he by any meanes mifcarry,
 1002 You may fay the bufineffe of the maifter,
 1999 1003 Was the author of his feruants misfortune.
 1004 Or if a fonne be employd by his father,
 1005 And he fall into any leaud action, you may fay the father
 1006 Was the author of his fonnes damnation.
 1007 But the maifter is not to anfwere for his feruants,
 1008 The father for his fonne, nor the king for his fubiefts :
 1009 For they purpofe not their deaths, whē they craue their fer-

1010 Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated (uices:
 1011 Murder on them:
 2008 1012 Others the broken feale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King himselfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile, shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgean; some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children rawly left: I am as fear'd, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the Sea; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be imposed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Seruant, vnder his Masters command, transporting a summe of Money, be assailed by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not so:

The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnspotted Souldiers: some (peradventure) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law, and out-

1013 Now if these outftrip the lawe,
 1014 Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
 1015 War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:

2021 1016 Euery mans feruice is the kings:
 1017 But euery mans foule is his owne.
 1018 Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
 1019 And wash euery moath out of his conscience:
 1020 That in so doing, he may be the readier for death:
 1021 Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
 1022 Wherein such preparation was made.

1023 3. *Lord.* Yfaith he faies true:
 1024 Euery mans fault on his owne head,
 1025 I would not haue the king answere for me.
 1026 Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.
 1027 *King.* Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ranfomde.

1028 2. *L.* I he said fo, to make vs fight:
 1029 But when our throates be cut, he may be ranfomde,
 1030 And we neuer the wifer.
 2040 1031 *King.* If I liue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe.

1032 2. *Sol.* Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure
 1033 That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,
 1034 Or a subiect against a monarke.

1035 Youle nere take his word again, your a naffe goe.

runne Natiue punishment; though they can out-strip 2012
 men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is 2013
 his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men 2014
 are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in 2015
 now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, 2016
 they haue borne life away; and where they would bee 2017
 safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more 2018
 is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was be- 2019
 fore guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are 2020
 now visited. Euery Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but 2021
 euery Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should 2022
 euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery sicke man in 2023
 his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his Conscience: and 2024
 dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, 2025
 the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was 2026
 gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to 2027
 thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out- 2028
 liue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others 2029
 how they should prepare. 2030

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon 2031
 his owne head, the King is not to answer it. 2032

Bates. I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and 2033
 yet I determine to fight lustily for him. 2034

King. I my selfe heard the King say he would not be 2035
 ranfom'd. 2036

Will. I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but 2037
 when our throats are cut, hee may be ranfom'd, and wee 2038
 ne're the wifer. 2039

King. If I liue to see it, I will neuer trust his word af- 2040
 ter, 2041

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out 2042
 of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure 2043
 can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about 2044
 to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a 2045
 Peacocks feather: You'le neuer trust his word after; 2046
 come, 'tis a foolish saying. 2047

1036 *King.* Your reproofe is fomewhat too bitter:

2049 1037 Were it not at this time I could be angry.

1038 2. *Sol.* Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

1039 *King.* How shall I know thee?

1040 2. *Sol.* Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat.

1041 Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.

1042 *Kin.* Here is likewise another of mine,

1043 And affure thee ile weare it.

1044 2. *Sol.* Thou dar'ft as well be hangd.

1045 3. *Sol.* Be friends you fooles,

1046 We haue French quarrels anow in hand:

1047 We haue no need of English broyles.

1048 *Kin.* Tis no treason to cut French crownes,

2074 1049 For to morrow the king himfelfe wil be a clipper.

1050

Exit the souldiers.

- King.* Your reprove is something too round, I should
be angry with you, if the time were conuenient. 2048
2049
- Will.* Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you
liue. 2050
2051
- King.* I embrace it. 2052
- Will.* How shall I know thee againe ? 2053
- King.* Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it
in my Bonnet : Then if euer thou dar'ft acknowledge it, 2054
2055
I will make it my Quarrell. 2056
- Will.* Heere's my Gloue : Giue mee another of
thine. 2057
2058
- King.* There. 2059
- Will.* This will I also weare in my Cap : if euer thou
come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue,
by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare. 2060
2061
2062
- King.* If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it. 2063
- Will.* Thou dar'ft as well be hang'd. 2064
- King.* Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the
Kings companie. 2065
2066
- Will.* Keepe thy word : fare thee well. 2067
- Bates.* Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee
haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to rec-
kon. *Exit Souldiers.* 2068
2069
2070
- King.* Indeede the French may lay twentie French
Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them
on their shoulders : but it is no English Treason to cut
French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will
be a Clipper. 2071
2072
2073
2074
2075
- Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues, 2076
2077
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King : 2078
2079
We must beare all. 2080
O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose fence 2081

No more can feele, but his owne wringing.	2082
What infinite hearts-eafe muſt Kings neglect,	2083
That priuate men enioy ?	2084
And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,	2085
Saue Ceremonie, ſaue generall Ceremonie ?	2086
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie ?	2087
What kind of God art thou? that ſuffer'ſt more	2088
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worſhippers.	2089
What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in ?	2090
O Ceremonie, ſhew me but thy worth.	2091
What ? is thy Soule of Odoration ?	2092
Art thou ought elſe but Place, Degree, and Forme,	2093
Creating awe and feare in other men ?	2094
Wherein thou art leſſe happy, being fear'd,	2095
Then they in fearing.	2096
What drink'ſt thou oft, in ſtead of Homage ſweet,	2097
But poyſon'd flatterie ? O, be ſick, great Greatneſſe,	2098
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.	2099
Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out	2100
With Titles blowne from Adulation ?	2101
Will it giue place to flexure and low bending ?	2102
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggers knee,	2103
Command the health of it ? No, thou proud Dreame,	2104
That play'ſt ſo ſubtilly with a Kings Repoſe.	2105
I am a King that find thee : and I know,	2106
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,	2107
The Sword, the Maſe, the Crowne Imperiall,	2108
The enter-tiffued Robe of Gold and Pearle,	2109
The farfed Title running 'fore the King,	2110
The Throne he ſits on : nor the Tyde of Pompe,	2111
That beates vpon the high ſhore of this World :	2112
No, not all theſe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie ;	2113
Not all theſe, lay'd in Bed Maieſtically,	2114
Can ſleepe ſo foundly, as the wretched Slaue:	2115
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,	2116
Gets him to reſt, cram'd with diſtreſſefull bread,	2117

1051 *Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and*
 1052 *Attendants.*

2138 1053 *K.* O God of battels steele my fouldiers harts,
 1054 Take from them now the fence of rekconing,
 1055 That the appofed multitudes which stand before them,
 1056 May not appall their courage.
 1057 O not to day, not to day ô God,
 1058 Thinke on the fault my father made,
 1059 In compassing the crowne.
 1060 I *Richards* bodie haue interred new,
 1061 And on it hath bestowd more contrite teares,
 1062 Then from it issued forced drops of blood:
 1063 A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,
 1064 Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
 1065 To heauen to pardon blood,

Neuer fees horride Night, the Child of Hell : 2118
 But like a Lacquey, from the Rife to Set, 2119
 Sweates in the eye of *Phebus* ; and all Night 2120
 Sleepes in *Elizium* : next day after dawne, 2121
 Doth rife and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horfe, 2122
 And followes fo the euer-running yeere 2123
 With profitable labour to his Graue : 2124
 And but for Ceremonie, fuch a Wretch, 2125
 Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with fleepe, 2126
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King. 2127
 The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace, 2128
 Enioyes it ; but in groffe braine little wots, 2129
 What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace ; 2130
 Whofe howres, the Pefant beft aduantages. 2131

Enter Erpingham. 2132

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your abfence, 2133
 Seeke through your Campe to find you. 2134

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together 2135
 At my Tent : Ile be before thee. 2136

Erp. I fhall doo't, my Lord. *Exit.* 2137

King. O God of Battailes, fteele my Souldiers hearts, 2138
 Poffeffe them not with feare : Take from them now 2139
 The fence of reckning of th'oppofed numbers : 2140
 Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord, 2141

O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault 2142
 My Father made, in compaffing the Crowne. 2143
 I *Richards* body haue interred new, 2144
 And on it haue beftowed more contrite teares, 2145
 Then from it iffued forced drops of blood. 2146
 Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay, 2147
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp 2148
 Toward Heauen, to pardon blood : 2149

2150 1066 And I haue built two chanceries, more wil I doe

1067 Tho all that I can do. is all too litle.

1068

Enter Gloster.

1069 *Glost.* My Lord.

1070 *King.* My brother *Glosters* voyce.

1071 *Glost.* My Lord, the Army staves vpon your preface.

1072 *King.* Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,

1073 The day my friends, and all things staves for me.

And I haue built two Chauntries, 2150
 Where the sad and folemne Priests sing fill 2151
 For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe : 2152
 Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth ; 2153
 Since that my Penitence comes after all, 2154
 Imploring pardon. 2155

Enter Gloucester. 2156

Glouc. My Liege. 2157

King. My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce ? I : 2158

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee : 2159

The day, my friend, and all things stay for me. 2160

Exeunt. 2161

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and 2162

Beaumont. 2163

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my 2164
 Lords. 2165

Dolph. *Monte Cheual* : My Horfe, *Verlot Lacquay* : 2166

Ha. 2167

Orleance. Oh braue Spirit. 2168

Dolph. *Via les ewes & terre.* 2169

Orleance. *Rien puis le air & feu.* 2170

Dolph. *Cein, Coufin Orleance.* *Enter Constable.* 2171

Now my Lord Constable ? 2172

Const. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice 2173
 neigh. 2174

Dolph. Mount them, and make incision in their Hides, 2175

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, 2176

And doubt them with superfluous courage : ha. 2177

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horses blood? 2178

How shall we then behold their naturall teares ? 2179

Enter Messenger. 2180

Messeng. The English are embattail'd, you French 2181
 Peeres. 2182

<i>Const.</i> To Horfe you gallant Princes, ftraight to Horfe.	2183
Doe but behold yond poore and ftarued Band,	2184
And your faire fhew fhall fuck away their Soules,	2185
Leauing them but the fhales and hufkes of men.	2186
There is not worke enough for all our hands,	2187
Scarce blood enough in all their fickly Veines,	2188
To giue each naked Curtleax a ftayne,	2189
That our French Gallants fhall to day draw out,	2190
And fheath for lack of fport. Let vs but blow on them,	2191
The vapour of our Valour will o're-terne them.	2192
'Tis pofitiue againft all exceptions, Lords,	2193
That our fuperfluous Lacquies, and our Pefants,	2194
Who in vnneceffarie a \dot{c} tion fwarme	2195
About our Squares of Battaile, were enow	2196
To purge this field of fuch a hilding Foe ;	2197
Though we vpon this Mountaines Bafis by,	2198
Tooke ftand for idle fpeculation :	2199
But that our Honours muft not. What's to fay ?	2200
A very little little let vs doe,	2201
And all is done : then let the Trumpets found	2202
The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount :	2203
For our approach fhall fo much dare the field,	2204
That England fhall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.	2205
<i>Enter Graundpree.</i>	2206
<i>Grandpree.</i> Why do you ftay fo long, my Lords of France?	2207
Yond Iland Carrions, deſperate of their bones,	2208
Ill-faouredly become the Morning field :	2209
Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loofe,	2210
And our Ayre fhakes them paſſing fcornefully.	2211
Bigge <i>Mars</i> feemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoaft,	2212
And faintly through a ruſtie Beuer peepes.	2213
The Horfemen fit like fixed Candleſticks,	2214
With Torch-ftaues in their hand: and their poore Iades	2215
Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips :	2216
The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,	2217
And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt	2218

1074 *Enter* Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisburie.

1075 *War.* My Lords the French are very strong.

2242 1076 *Exe.* There is five to one, and yet they all are fresh.

1077 *War.* Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.

1078 *Sal.* The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords :

1079 Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,

1080 My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.

1081 *Clar.* Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,

1082 And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,

1083 For thou art made on the rruer sparkes of honour.

Lyes foule with chaw'd-graffe, still and motionlesse.	2219
And their executors, the knauith Crowes,	2220
Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.	2221
Description cannot fute it selfe in words,	2222
To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,	2223
In life so liuelesse, as it shewes it selfe.	2224
<i>Const.</i> They haue said their prayers,	2225
And they stay for death.	2226
<i>Dolph.</i> Shall we goe fend them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,	2227
And giue their fasting Horfes Prouender,	2228
And after fight with them ?	2229
<i>Const.</i> I stay but for my Guard : on	2230
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,	2231
And vse it for my haste. Come, come away,	2232
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. <i>Exeunt.</i>	2233

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham 2234
with all his Hoast: Salisbury, and 2235
Westmerland. 2236

<i>Glouc.</i> Where is the King ?	2237
<i>Bedf.</i> The King himselfe is rode to view their Bat- taile.	2238 2239
<i>West.</i> Of fighting men they haue full threescore thou- sand.	2240 2241
<i>Exe.</i> There's fieve to one, besides they all are fresh.	2242
<i>Salisb.</i> Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.	2243
God buy' you Princes all ; Ile to my Charge:	2244
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen ;	2245
Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,	2246
My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,	2247
And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.	2248
<i>Bedf.</i> Farwell good <i>Salisbury</i> , & good luck go with thee :	2249
And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,	2250
For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour,	2251

1084

Enter King.

1085

War. O would we had but ten thousand men

1086

Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.

1087

King. Whose that, that wishes so, my Coufen *Warwick*

2272 1088

Gods will, I would not loofe the honour

1089

One man would share from me,

1090

Not for my Kingdome.

1091

No faith my Coufen, wish not one man more,

1092

Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,

1093

That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,

1094

Let him depart, his passport shall bee drawne,

1095

And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,

1096

We would not die in that mans company,

1097

That feares his fellowship to die with vs.

1098

This day is called the day of Cryspin,

1099

He that outliues this day, and fees old age,

2283 1100

Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,

1101

And rowse him at the name of Cryspin.

1102

He that outliues this day, and comes safe home,

1103

Shall yearely on the vygill feast his friends,

<i>Exe.</i> Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.	2252
<i>Bedf.</i> He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse, Princely in both.	2253 2254
<i>Enter the King.</i>	2255
<i>West.</i> O that we now had here But one ten thousand of those men in England, That doe no worke to day.	2256 2257 2258
<i>King.</i> What's he that wishes so ?	2259
My Cousin <i>Westmerland.</i> No, my faire Cousin : If we are markt to dye, we are enow To doe our Countrey losse : and if to liue, The fewer men, the greater share of honour. Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more. By <i>Ioue</i> , I am not couetous for Gold, Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost : It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare ; Such outward things dwell not in my desires. But if it be a sinne to couet Honor, I am the most offending Soule aliuie. No 'faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England : Gods peace, I would not loofe so great an Honor, As one man more me thinkes would share from me,	2260 2261 2262 2263 2264 2265 2266 2267 2268 2269 2270 2271 2272 2273
For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more : Rather proclaime it (<i>Westmerland</i>) through my Hoast, That he which hath no stomack to this fight, Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made, And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse : We would not dye in that mans companie, That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs. This day is call'd the Feast of <i>Crispian</i> : He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home, Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named, And rowse him at the Name of <i>Crispian</i> . He that shall see this day, and liue old age, Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,	2274 2275 2276 2277 2278 2279 2280 2281 2282 2283 2284 2285 2286

1104 And say, to morrow is S. Cryfpines day :
 1105 Then fhall we in their flowing bowles

1106 Be newly remembred. *Harry* the King,
 1107 *Bedford* and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and *Gloster*,
 1108 *Warwick* and *Yorke*.
 1109 Familiar in their mouthes as houfhold words.

1110 This ftory fhall the good man tell his fonne,

2298 1111 And from this day, vnto the generall doome :
 1112 But we in it fhall be remembred.
 1113 We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
 1114 For he to day that fheads his blood by mine,
 1115 Shalbe my brother : be he nere fo bafe,
 1116 This day fhall gentle his condition.
 1117 Then fhall he ftrip his fleeves, and fhew his skars,
 1118 And fay, thefe wounds I had on Crifpines day:
 1119 And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
 1120 Shall thinke themfelues accurft,
 1121 And hold their manhood cheape,
 1122 While any fpeake that fought with vs
 1123 Vpon Saint Crifpines day.

1124 *Glost.* My gracious Lord,
 1125 The French is in the field.

2312 1126 *Kin.* Why all things are ready, if our minds be fo.
 1127 *War.* Perifh the man whofe mind is backward now.
 1128 *King.* Thou doft not with more help frō England coufen?

1623	<i>The Life of Henry the Fifth</i>	193
	And fay, to morrow is Saint <i>Crispian</i> .	2287
	Then will he strip his fleue, and shew his skarres :	2288
	Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot :	2289
	But hee'le remember, with aduantages,	2290
	What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,	2291
	Familiar in his mouth as household words,	2292
	<i>Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,</i>	2293
	<i>Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,</i>	2294
	Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembered.	2295
	This story shall the good man teach his sonne :	2296
	And <i>Crispine Crispian</i> shall ne're goe by,	2297
	From this day to the ending of the World,	2298
	But we in it shall be remembered ;	2299
	We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :	2300
	For he to day that sheds his blood with me,	2301
	Shall be my brother : be he ne're so vile,	2302
	This day shall gentle his Condition.	2303
	And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,	2304
	Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here ;	2305
	And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,	2306
	That fought with vs vpon Saint <i>Crispines</i> day.	2307
	<i>Enter Salisbury.</i>	2308
	<i>Sal.</i> My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:	2309
	The French are brauely in their battailes set,	2310
	And will with all expedience charge on vs.	2311
	<i>King.</i> All things are ready, if our minds be so.	2312
	<i>West.</i> Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.	2313
	<i>King.</i> Thou do'ft not wish more helpe from England,	2314
	Couze ?	2315

1129 *War.* Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
 1130 Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.
 1131 Why well said. That doth please me better,
 1132 Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
 1133 God be with you all.

1134 *Enter the Herald from the French.*

1135 *Herald.* Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,
 1136 What thou wilt giue for raunfome ?

2332 1137 *Kin.* Who hath sent thee now ?

1138 *Her.* The Constable of *France*.

1139 *Kin.* I prethy beare my former answer backe:

1140 Bid them atchieue me, and then fell my bones.

1141 Good God, why should they mock good fellows

1142 The man that once did fell the Lions skin, (thus?)

1143 While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.

1144 A many of our bodies shall no doubt

1145 Finde graues within your realme of *France*:

2343 1146 Tho buried in your dunghils, we shall be famed,

1147 For there the Sun shall greet them,

1148 And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,

1149 Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme :

1150 The smel wherof, shall breed a plague in *France*:

1151 Marke then abundant valour in our English,

1152 That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,

1153 Breakes forth into a second course of mischief,

<i>West.</i> Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,	2316
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.	2317
<i>King.</i> Why now thou hast vnwisht fīue thousand men:	2318
Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.	2319
You know your places : God be with you all.	2320
<i>Tucket. Enter Montioy.</i>	
<i>Mont.</i> Once more I come to know of thee King <i>Harry</i> ,	2322
If for thy Ranfome thou wilt now compound,	2323
Before thy moft assuredouerthrow:	2324
For certainly, thou art fo neere the Gulfe,	2325
Thou needs must be engluttēd. Besides, in mercy	2326
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind	2327
Thy followers of Repentance ; that their Soules	2328
May make a peacefull and a fweet retyre	2329
From off these fields : where(wretches)their poore bodies	2330
Must lye and fester.	2331
<i>King.</i> Who hath sent thee now ?	2332
<i>Mont.</i> The Constable of France.	2333
<i>King.</i> I pray thee beare my former Answer back :	2334
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.	2335
Good God, why should they mock poore fellows thus ?	2336
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin	2337
While the beaſt liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.	2338
A many of our bodies shall no doubt	2339
Find Natiue Graues : vpon the which, I trust	2340
Shall witneſſe liue in Braſſe of this dayes worke.	2341
And thoſe that leaue their valiant bones in France,	2342
Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghills,	2343
They shall be fam'd : for there the Sun shall greet them,	2344
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,	2345
Leauiug their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,	2346
The ſmell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.	2347
Marke then abounding valour in our English :	2348
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,	2349
Breake out into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,	2350

1154 Killing in relaps of mortalitie:

1155 Let me speake proudly,

2356 1156 Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe,
 1157 Good argument I hope we shall not flye:
 1158 And time hath worne vs into flouendry.
 1159 But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
 1160 And my poore fouldiers tel me, yet ere night
 1161 Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
 1162 The gay new cloathes ore your French fouldiers eares,
 1163 And turne them out of feruice. If they do this,
 1164 As if it please God they shall,
 1165 Then shall our ranfome soone be leuied.
 1166 Saue thou thy labour Herauld:
 1167 Come thou no more for ranfom, gentle Herauld.
 1168 They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones:
 1169 Which if they haue, as *I* wil leaue am them,
 1170 Will yeeld them litle, tell the Constable.
 1171 *Her.* *I* shall deliuer so.

1172

Exit Herauld.

2376 1173 *Yorke.* My gracious Lord, vpon my knee *I* craue,
 1174 The leading of the vaward.
 1175 *Kin.* Take it braue *Yorke.* Come fouldiers lets away:

1176 And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

1177

Exit

1178 *Enter Pistoll, the French man and the Boy.*

1179 *Pist.* Eyld cur, eyld cur,

Killing in relapfe of Mortalitie.	2351
Let me fpeake proudly : Tell the Conftable,	2352
We are but Warriors for the working day :	2353
Our Gayneffe and our Gilt are all befmyrcht	2354
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.	2355
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoaft :	2356
Good argument(I hope)we will not flye :	2357
And time hath worne vs into flouenrie.	2358
But by the Maffe, our hearts are in the trim :	2359
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,	2360
They'le be in freffer Robes, or they will pluck	2361
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,	2362
And turne them out of feruice. If they doe this,	2363
As if God pleafe, they fhall ; my Ranfome then	2364
Will foone be leuyed.	2365
Herauld, faue thou thy labour :	2366
Come thou no more for Ranfome, gentle Herauld,	2367
They fhall haue none, I fweare, but thefe my ioynnts :	2368
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,	2369
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Conftable.	2370
<i>Mont.</i> I fhall, King <i>Harry.</i> And fo fare thee well :	2371
Thou neuer fhalt heare Herauld any more. <i>Exit.</i>	2372
<i>King.</i> I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a	2373
Ranfome.	2374

Enter Yorke. 2375

Yorke. My Lord, moft humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward. 2377

King. Take it, braue *Yorke.* 2378
Now Souldiers march away, 2379
And how thou pleafeft God, difpofe the day. *Exeunt.* 2380

Alarum. Excurfions. 2381

Enter Piftoll, French Souldier, Boy. 2382

Pift. Yeeld Curre. 2383

2393 1180 *French.* O Monfire, ie vous en pree aues petie de moy.
 1181 *Pist.* Moy shall not ferue. I will haue fortie moys.

1182 Boy aske him his name.

1183 *Boy.* Comant ettes vous apelles ?

1184 *French.* Monfier Fer.

1185 *Boy.* He faies his name is Master *Fer.*

1186 *Pist.* Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him:

1187 Boy discus the fame in French.

1188 *Boy.* Sir I do not know, whats French

1189 For fer, ferit and fearkt.

1190 *Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.

1191 *Boy.* Feate, vou preat, ill voulles coupele votre gage.

2416 1192 *Pist.* Onye ma foy couple la gorge.

1193 Vnleffe thou giue to me egregious raunfome, dye.

1194 One poynt of a foxe.

1195 *French.* Qui dit ill monfiere.

<i>French. Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qualitee.</i>	2384
	2385
<i>Pist. Qualitie calme culture me. Art thou a Gentleman ? What is thy Name ? discusse.</i>	2386
	2387
<i>French. O Seigneur Dieu.</i>	2388
<i>Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman : perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke : O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.</i>	2389
	2390
	2391
	2392
<i>French. O prenes misericordie aye pitez de moy.</i>	2393
<i>Pist. Moy shall not ferue, I will haue fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimfon blood.</i>	2394
	2395
	2396
<i>French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.</i>	2397
<i>Pist. Braffe, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'ft me Braffe ?</i>	2398
	2399
<i>French. O perdonne moy.</i>	2400
<i>Pist. Say'ft thou me so ? is that a Tonne of Moyes ? Come hither boy, aske me this flaue in French what is his Name.</i>	2401
	2402
	2403
<i>Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle ?</i>	2404
<i>French. Mounseur le Fer.</i>	2405
<i>Boy. He fayer his Name is M.Fer.</i>	2406
<i>Pist. M.Fer: Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him : discusse the same in French vnto him.</i>	2407
	2408
<i>Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.</i>	2409
	2410
<i>Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.</i>	2411
<i>French. Que dit il Mounseur ?</i>	2412
<i>Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de coupes vostre gorge.</i>	2413
	2414
	2415
<i>Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pefant, vnlesse thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.</i>	2416
	2417
	2418

- 1196 Ill ditye fi vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
 1197 *Boy.* La gran ranfome, all vou tueres.
 1198 *French.* O lee vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle
 1199 A cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie
 1200 A moy, ey lee donerees pour mon ranfome
 1201 Cinquante ocrs. Ie fuyes vngentelhome de *France.*
 2422 1202 *Pist.* What fayes he boy ?
 1203 *Boy.* Marry fir he fayes, he is a Gentleman of a great
 1204 Houfe, of *France:*and for his ranfome,
 1205 He will giue you 500. crownes.
 1206 *Pist.* My fury shall abate,
 1207 And I the Crownes will take.

- 2441 1208 And as I fuck blood, I will fome mercie shew. '
 1209 Follow me cur.

French. O Je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma pardonner, Je suis le Gentilhomme de bon maison, garde mavie, & Je vous donneray deux cent escus. 2419
2420
2421

Pist. What are his words ? 2422

Boy. He prayes you to faue his life, he is a Gentleman 2423
of a good house, and for his ransom he will giue you two 2424
hundred Crownes. 2425

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes 2426
will take. 2427

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il ? 2428

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra son Iurement, de pardonner au- 2429
cune prisonner: neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a pro- 2430
mets, il est content a vous donnes le liberte le franchisement. 2431

Fre. Sur mes genoux je vous donnes milles remerciours, et 2432
Je me estime heurux que Je intombe, entre les main. d'un Che- 2433
ualier Je peuse le plus braue valiant et tres distinte signieur 2434
d'Angleterre. 2435

Pist. Expound vnto me boy. 2436

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, 2437
and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into 2438
the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous 2439
and thrice-worthy signieur of England. 2440

Pist. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Fol- 2441
low mee. 2442

Boy. Saauue vous le grand Capitaine? 2443

I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a 2444
heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessell makes the 2445
greatest sound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more 2446
valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie 2447
one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and 2448
they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst 2449
steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the 2450
Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might 2451

1210

Exit omnes.

1211

*Enter the foure French Lords.*1212 *Ge.* O diabello.1213 *Const.* Mor du ma vie.1214 *Or.* O what a day is this!1215 *Bur.* O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loft.1216 *Con.* We are inough yet liuing in the field,

1217 To smother vp the English,

1218 If any order might be thought vpon.

1219 *Bur.* A plague of order, once more to the field,2468 1220 And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,

1221 Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,

1222 Like a bace leno hold the chamber doore,

1223 Why leaft by a flauē no gentler then my dog,

1224 His faireft daughter is contamuracke.

1225 *Con.* Diforder that hath fpoyld vs, right vs now,

1226 Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our liues

1227 Vnto thefe English, or else die with fame.

1228 Come, come along,

haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none 2452
to guard it but boyes. *Exit.* 2453

Enter Constable , Orleance, Burbon , Dolphin, 2454
and Ramburs. 2455

Con. O Diable. 2456

Orl. O signeur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie. 2457

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all, 2458

Reproach, and euerlasting shame 2459

Sits mocking in our Plumes. *A short Alarum.* 2460

O mefchante Fortune, do not runne away. 2461

Con. Why all our rankes are broke. 2462

Dol, O perdurable shame, let's stab our felues : 2463

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for ? 2464

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ranfome ? 2465

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame, 2466

Let vs dye in once more backe againe, 2467

And he that will not follow *Burbon* now, 2468

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand 2469

Like a bafe Pander hold the Chamber doore, 2470

Whilst a bafe flaue, no gentler then my dogge, 2471

His faireft daughter is contaminated. 2472

Con. Diforder that hath fpoyl'd vs, friend vs now, 2473

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues. 2474

Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the Field, 2475

To smother vp the English in our throngs, 2476

If any order might be thought vpon. 2477

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng ; 2478

1229 Lets dye with honour, our shame doth laft too long.

1230

Exit omnes.

1231

Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll.

1232 *King.* What the French retire ?

1233 Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.

2484 1234 *Exe.* The Duke of *Yorke* commends him to your Grace.

1235 *King.* Liues he good Vnckle, twife I fawe him downe,

1236 Twife vp againe:

1237 From helmet to the fpurre, all bleeding ore.

1238 *Exe.* In which aray, braue fouldier doth he lye,

1239 Larding the plaines and by his bloody fide,

1240 Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,

1241 The noble Earle of *Suffolke* alfo lyes.

1242 *Suffolke* firft dyde, and *Yorke* all hafted ore,

1243 Comes to him where in blood he lay fteept,

1244 And takes him by the beard, kiffes the gafhes

1245 That bloodily did yane vpon his face,

1246 And cryde aloud, tary deare coufin *Suffolke*:

1247 My foule fhall thine keep company in heauen:

1248 Tary deare foule awhile, then flie to ref:

1249 And in this glorious and well foughten field,

1250 We kept together in our chiualdry.

1251 Vpon thefe words I came and cheerd them vp,

2502 1252 He tooke me by the hand, faid deare my Lord,

1253 Commend my feruice to my foueraigne.

1254 So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke

1255 He threw his wounded arme, and fo espoufed to death,

1256 With blood he fealed. An argument

1257 Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and fweet maner of it,

1258 Forft thofe waters from me, which I would haue ftopt,

Let life be short, else shame will be too long. *Exit.* 2479

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne, 2480
with Prisoners. 2481

King. Well haue we done, thrice-ualiant Countrimen, 2482
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field. 2483

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiesty 2484

King. Liues he good Vnckle : thrice within this houre 2485
I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting, 2486
From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was. 2487

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye, 2488
Larding the plaine : and by his bloody side, 2489
(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds) 2490

The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes. 2491

Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer 2492

Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped, 2493

And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes 2494

That bloodily did yawne vpon his face. 2495

He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cofin Suffolke, 2496

My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen : 2497

Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-breft : 2498

As in this glorious and well-foughten field 2499

We kept together in our Chialrie. 2500

Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp, 2501

He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, 2502

And with a feeble gripe, sayes : Deere my Lord, 2503

Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne, 2504

So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke 2505

He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes, 2506

And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd 2507

A Testament of Noble-ending-loue : 2508

The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd 2509

Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd, 2510

2511 1259 But I not fo much of man in me,
 1260 But all my mother came into my eyes,
 1261 And gaue me vp to teares.
 1262 *Kin.* I blame you not : for hearing you,
 1263 I muft conuert to teares.
 1264 *Alarum foundes.*
 1265 What new alarum is this ?

 1266 Bid euery fouldier kill his prifoner.
 1267 *Pift.* Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*

1268 *Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.*

2522 1269 *Flew.* Godes plud kil the boyes and the luyge,
 1270 Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be defired,
 1271 In the worell now, in your confcience now.

 1272 *Gour.* Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,
 1273 And the cowerdly rafcal that ran from the battell,
 1274 Themfelues haue done this slaughter:
 1275 Befide, they haue carried away and burnt,
 1276 All that was in the kings Tent :
 1277 Whervpon the king caufed euery prifoners
 1278 Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.
 1279 *Flew.* I he was born at *Monmorth.*
 1280 Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
 1281 *Alexander* the big was borne ?
 1282 *Gour.* *Alexander* the great.
 1283 *Flew.* Why I pray, is nat big great?
 1284 As if I fay, big or great, or magnanimous,
 1285 I hope it is all one reconing,
 1286 Saue the frafe is a litle varation.

But I had not so much of man in mee,	2511
And all my mother came into mine eyes,	2512
And gaue me vp to teares.	2513
<i>King.</i> I blame you not,	2514
For hearing this, I must perforce compound	2515
With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to.	<i>Alarum</i> 2516
But hearke, what new alarum is this fame ?	2517
The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men :	2518
Then euery souldiour kill his Prifoners,	2519
Giue the word through.	<i>Exit</i> 2520

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower. 2521

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreffely 2522
against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue- 2523
ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience 2524
now, is it not? 2525

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the 2526
Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done 2527
this slaughter : besides they haue burned and carried a- 2528
way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King 2529

most worthily hath caus'd euery souldiour to cut his pri- 2530
foners throat. O 'tis a gallant King. 2531

Flu. I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower* : 2532
What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the 2533
pig was borne ? 2534

Gow. *Alexander* the Great. 2535

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or 2536
the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnani- 2537
mous, are all one reckonings, faue the phrafe is a litle va- 2538
riations. 2539

2540 1287 *Gowr.* I thinke *Alexander* the great
 1288 Was borne at *Macedon*.
 1289 His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
 1290 As *I* take it.
 1291 *Flew.* I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*
 1292 Was borne : looke you captaine *Gowr*,
 1293 And if you looke into the mappes of the worell well,
 1294 You fhall finde litle difference betweene
 1295 *Macedon* and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is
 1296 A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
 1297 In *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,
 2548 1298 *Is* called *Wye*.
 1299 But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
 1300 But tis all one, tis fo like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
 1301 And there is *Samons* in both.
 1302 Looke you captaine *Gowr*, and you marke it,
 1303 You fhall finde our King is come after *Alexander*.
 1304 God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
 1305 Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeafures,

1306 And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.
 1307 *Gowr.* *I* but our King is not like him in that,
 1308 For he neuer killd any of his friends.
 1309 *Flew.* Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
 1310 Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished :
 1311 I ſpeake in the comparifons as *Alexander* is kill
 1312 His friend *Clitus* : fo our King being in his ripe
 2566 1313 Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite

1314 With the great belly doublet: I am forget his name.
 1315 *Gowr.* Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.
 1316 *Flew.* I, I thinke it is Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* indeed,
 1317 I can tell you, theres good men borne at *Monmorth*.

- Gower.* I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in 2540
- Macedon*, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I 2541
take it. 2542
- Flu.* I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is 2543
porne : I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of 2544
- the Orld, I warrant you fall finde in the comparifons be- 2545
- tweene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke 2546
you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there 2547
is also moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd *Wye* at 2548
Monmouth : but it is out of my praines, what is the name 2549
of the other Riuer : but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers 2550
is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you 2551
marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry* of *Monmouthes* life is 2552
come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all 2553
things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his 2554
rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and 2555
his moodes, and his displeafures, and his indignations, 2556
and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in 2557
his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend 2558
Clytus. 2559
- Gow.* Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd 2560
any of his friends. 2561
- Flu.* It is not well done (marke you now) to take the 2562
tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak 2563
but in the figures, and comparifons of it : as *Alexander* 2564
kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes ; fo 2565
also *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his 2566
good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the 2567
great belly doublet : he was full of iests, and gypes, and 2568
knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name. 2569
- Gow.* Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*. 2570
- Flu.* That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne 2571
at *Monmonth*. 2572
- Gow.* Heere comes his Maiefty. 2573

1318

*Enter King and the Lords.*2576 1319 *King.* I was not angry since *I* came into *France*,

1320 Vntill this houre.

1321 Take a trumpet Herauld,

1322 And ride vnto the horfmen on yon hill :

1323 If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,

1324 Or leaue the field, they do offend our fight :

1325 Will they do neither, we will come to them,

1326 And make them skyr away, as fast

1327 As ftones enforft from the old Affirian flings.

1328 Besides, weele cut the throats of thofe we haue,

1329 And not one alieue fhall tafte our mercy.

1330 *Enter the Herauld.*

2590 1331 Gods will what meanes this? knowft thou not

1332 That we haue fined thefe bones of ours for ranfome?

1333 *Herald.* I come great king for charitable fauour,

2598 1334 To fort our Nobles from our common men,

1335 We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,

1336 Which in the field lye fpoyled and troden on.

*Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon
with prisoners. Flourish.* 2574
2575

King. I was not angry since I came to France, 2576
Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald, 2577

Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill : 2578
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe, 2579
Or voyde the field : they do offend our fight, 2580
If they'l do neither, we will come to them, 2581
And make them sker away, as swift as stones 2582
Enforced from the old Assyrian flings: 2583
Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue, 2584
And not a man of them that we shall take, 2585
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so. 2586

Enter Montioy. 2587

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege 2588

Glou. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be. 2589

King. How now, what means this Herald ? Knowst 2590
thou not, 2591

That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for ranfome? 2592

Com'ft thou againe for ranfome ? 2593

Her. No great King : 2594

I come to thee for charitable License, 2595

That we may wander ore this bloody field, 2596

To booke our dead, and then to bury them, 2597

To fort our Nobles from our common men. 2598

For many of our Princes (woe the while) 2599

Lye drown'd and foak'd in mercenary blood : 2600

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes 2601

In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds 2602

Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage 2603

Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters, 2604

Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King, 2605

To view the field in safety, and dispose 2606

Of their dead bodies. 2607

1337 *Kin.* I tell thee truly Herald, I do not know whether
 1338 The day be ours or no:
 1339 For yet a many of your French do keep the field.

2612 1340 *Hera.* The day is yours.

1341 *Kin.* Praided be God therefore.

1342 What Castle call you that ?

1343 *Hera.* We call it *Agincourt.*

1344 *Kin.* Then call we this the field of *Agincourt.*

1345 Fought on the day of *Cryspin, Cryspin.*

1346 *Flew.* Your grandfather of famous memorie,

1347 If your grace be remembred,

1348 Is do good feruice in *France.*

1349 *Kin.* Tis true *Flewellen.*

1350 *Flew.* Your Maiestie faves verie true.

1351 And it please your Maiestie,

1352 The Wealchmen there was do good feruice,

1353 In a garden where Leekes did grow.

1354 And I thinke your Maiestie wil take no sorne,

1355 To weare a Leake in your cap vpon *S.Dauiess* day.

2631 1356 *Kin.* No *Flewellen,* for I am wealch as well as you.

1357 *Flew.* All the water in *VVye* wil not wash your wealch

1358 Blood out of you, God keep it, and preferue it,

1359 To his graces will and pleasure.

1360 *Kin.* Thankes good countryman.

1361 *Flew.* By Iesus I am your Maiesties countryman:

1362 I care not who know it, fo long as your maiesty is an honest

2641 1363 *K.* God keep me fo. Our Herald go with him,

(man.

- Kin.* I tell thee truly Herald, 2608
 I know not if the day be ours or no, 2609
 For yet a many of your horfemen peere, 2610
 And gallop ore the field. 2611
Her. The day is yours. 2612
Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it : 2613
 What is this Castle call'd that ftands hard by. 2614
Her. They call it *Agincourt*. 2615
King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*, 2616
 Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*. 2617
Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please 2618
 your Maiefty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke 2619
 Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought 2620
 a most prauie pattle here in France. 2621
Kin. They did *Fluellen*. 2622
Flu. Your Maiefty fayes very true : If your Maiefties 2623
 is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a 2624
 Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their 2625
Monmouth caps, which your Maiefty know to this houre 2626
 is an honourable badge of the seruice : And I do beleue 2627
 your Maiefty takes no fcorne to weare the Leeke vppon 2628
 S. Tauies day. 2629
King. I weare it for a memorable honor : 2630
 For I am Welch you know good Countriman. 2631
Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wafh your Maie- 2632
 fties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that : 2633
 God please it, and preferue it, as long as it please his 2634
 Grace, and his Maiefty too. 2635
Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen. 2636
Flu. By Ieshu, I am your Maiefties Countreyman, I 2637
 care not who know it : I will confesse it to all the Orld, I 2638
 need not to be afhamed of your Maiefty, praised be God 2639
 fo long as your Maiefty is an honeft man. 2640
King. Good keepe me fo. 2641

1364 And bring vs the number of the scattred French.

1365

Exit Heralds.

1366 Call yonder fouldier hither.

1367 *Flew.* You fellow come to the king.

1368 *Kin.* Fellow why doost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

2649 1369 *Soul.* And please your maiestie, tis a rascals that fwagard
 1370 With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,
 1371 Which if euer I fee, I haue sworne to strike him.
 1372 So hath he sworne the like to me.

1373 *K.* How think you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull he keep his oath?

1374 *Fl.* And it please your maiesty, tis lawful he keep his vow.

1375 If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,

1376 As treads vpon too blacke fhues,

1377 *Kin.* His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.

1378 *Flew.* And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer

1379 And Belzebub, and the diuel himfelfe,

1380 Tis meete he keepe his vowe.

1381 *Kin.* Well firrha keep your word.

2673 1382 Vnder what Captain ferueest thou ?

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,	2642
Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead	2643
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.	2644
	2645

Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King. 2646

Kin. Souldier, why wear'ft thou that Gloue in thy
Cappe ? 2647
2648

Will. And't please your Maiefty, tis the gage of one 2649
that I should fight withall, if he be aliue. 2650

Kin. An Englishman ? 2651

Will. And't please your Maiefty, a Rascall that swag- 2652
ger'd with me last night : who if aliue, and euer dare to 2653
challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe 2654
a'th ere : or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he 2655
fswore as he was a Souldier he would weare(if aliue)I wil 2656
fstrike it out foundly. 2657

Kin. What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this 2658
fouldier keepe his oath. 2659

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please 2660
your Maiefty in my confcience. 2661

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great 2662
fort quite from the answer of his degree. 2663

Flu. Though he be as good a Gentleman as the diuel is, 2664
as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke 2665
your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath : If hee 2666
bee periur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a 2667
villaine and a Iacke sawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd 2668
vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my confcience law 2669

King. Then keepe thy vow firrah, when thou meet'ft 2670
the fellow. 2671

Will. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue. 2672

King. Who feru'ft thou vnder ? 2673

1383 *Soul.* Vnder Captaine *Gower*.

1384 *Flew.* Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine:

1385 And hath good littrature in the warres.

1386 *Kin.* Go call him hither.

1387 *Soul.* I will my Lord.

1388

Exit souldier.

2679 1389 *Kin.* Captain *Flewellen*, when *Alonson* and I was

1390 Downe together, *I* tooke this gloue off from his helmet,

1391 Here *Flewellen*, weare it. If any do challenge it,

1392 He is a friend of *Alonsons*,

1393 And an enemy to mee.

1394 *Fle.* Your maiestie doth me as great a fauour

1395 As can be desired in the harts of his subiects,

1396 *I* would see that man now that should challenge this gloue:

1397 And it please God of his grace, *I* would but see him,

1398 That is all.

1399 *Kin.* *Flewellen* knowst thou Captaine *Gower* ?

1400 *Fle.* Captaine *Gower* is my friend.

1401 And if it like your maiestie, *I* know him very well.

1402 *Kin.* Go call him hither.

1403 *Flew.* *I* will and it shall please your maiestie.

2696 1404 *Kin.* Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,

1405 The gloue he weares, it was the souldiers:

1406 It may be there will be harme betweene them,

1407 For *I* do know *Flewellen* valiant,

1408 And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder:

1409 And quickly will returne an iniury.

<i>Will.</i> Vnder Captaine <i>Gower</i> , my Liege.	2674
<i>Flu.</i> <i>Gower</i> is a good Captaine, and is good know- ledge and literated in the Warres.	2675 2676
<i>King.</i> Call him hither to me, Souldier.	2677
<i>Will.</i> I will my Liege.	<i>Exit.</i> 2678

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

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

King. Know'st thou *Gower* ?

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

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

Flu. I will fetch him. *Exit.*

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloster*,
Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,

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

It is the Souldiers : I by bargaine should

Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick* :

If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge

By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word ;

Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it :

For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an iniurie.

1410 Go fee there be no harme betweene them.

1411 *Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier.*

2712 1412 *Flew.* Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,
1413 Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,
1414 Then you can dreame off.

1415 *Soul.* Do you heare you fir ? do you know this gloue?

1416 *Flew.* I know the the gloue is a gloue.

1417 *Soul.* Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

1418 *He strikes him.*

1419 *Flew.* Gode plut, and his. Captain *Gower* stand away:

1420 Ile giue treason his due presently.

1421 *Enter the King, VVarwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.*

2736 1422 *Kin.* How now, what is the matter ?

1423 *Flew.* And it fhall please your Maiestie,
1424 Here is the notableft peece of treason come to light,
1425 As you fhall desire to see in a fommers day.

1426 Here is a rafcall, beggerly rafcall, is ftrike the gloue,
1427 Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of *Alonfon*:

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them. 2707
 Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter. *Exeunt.* 2708

Enter Gower and Williams. 2709

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine. 2710

Enter Fluellen. 2711

Flu. Gods will, and his pleafure, Captaine, I befeech 2712
 you now, come apace to the King: there is more good 2713
 toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to 2714
 dreame of. 2715

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue? 2716

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue. 2717

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it, 2718

Strikes him. 2719

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as any es in the Vniuer- 2720
 fall World, or in France, or in England. 2721

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine. 2722

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forfworne? 2723

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treafon 2724
 his payment into plowes, I warrant you. 2725

Will. I am no Traytor. 2726

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his 2727
 Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke 2728
Alanfons. 2729

Enter Warwick and Gloucester. 2730

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter? 2731

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayfed be God 2732

for it, a most contagious Treafon come to light, looke 2733
 you, as you fhall defire in a Summers day. Heere is his 2734
 Maiestie. *Enter King and Exeter.* 2735

King. How now, what's the matter? 2736

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, 2737
 that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which 2738
 your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of *Alan-* 2739
fon. 2740

1428 And your Maieftie will beare me witnes, and testimony,
1429 And auouchments, that this is the gloue.

1430 *Soul.* And it please your Maieftie, that was my gloue.

1431 He that I gaue it too in the night,

1432 Promifed me to weare it in his hat :

2743 1433 I promifed to ftrike him if he did.

1434 I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,

1435 And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.

1436 *Flew.* Your Maieftie heares, vnder your Maiefties

1437 Manhood, what a beggerly lowfie knaue it is.

1438 *Kin.* Let me fee thy gloue. Looke you,

1439 This is the fellow of it.

1440 It was I indeed you promifed to ftrike.

1441 And thou thou haft giuen me moft bitter words.

1442 How canft thou make vs amends ?

1443 *Flew.* Let his necke answere it,

1444 If there be any marshals lawe in the worell.

1445 *Soul.* My Liege, all offences come from the heart:

1446 Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maieftie.

2764 1447 You appeard to me as a common man:

1448 Witneffe the night, your garments, your lowlineffe,

1449 And whatfoeuer you receiued vnder that habit,

1450 I befeech your Maieftie impute it to your owne fault

1451 And not mine. For your felfe came not like your felfe:

1452 Had you bene as you feemed, I had made no offence.

1453 Therefore I befeech your grace to pardon me.

1454 *Kin.* Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes,

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow 2741
of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare 2742

it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met 2743
this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as 2744
good as my word. 2745

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, fauing your Maiesties 2746
Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowfie 2747
Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie 2748
and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue 2749
of *Alanfon*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Con- 2750
cience now. 2751

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier; 2752
Looke, heere is the fellow of it: 2753
'Twas I indeed thou promised't to strike, 2754
And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes. 2755

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere 2756
for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World. 2757

King. How canst thou make me fatisfaction? 2758

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: ne- 2759
uer came any from mine, that might offend your Ma- 2760
iestie. 2761

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse. 2762

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you 2763
appear'd to me but as a common man: witnesse the 2764
Night, your Garments, your Lowlineffe: and what 2765
your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you 2766
take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you 2767

beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I 2768
beseech your Highnesse pardon me. 2769

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes, 2770

- 1455 And giue it to the fouldier. Weare it fellow,
 1456 As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it,
 1457 Giue him the crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
 1458 I must needs haue you friends.
 1459 *Flew.* By Iesus, the fellow hath mettall enough
 1460 In his belly. Harke you fouldier, there is a shilling for you,
 2778 1461 And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & diffentiös,
 1462 And looke you, it shall be the better for you.
 1463 *Soul.* Ile none of your money fir, not I.
 1464 *Flew.* Why tis a good shilling man.
 1465 Why should you be queamish? Your shoes are not so good:
 1466 It will serue you to mend your shoes.

 1467 *Kin.* What men of fort are taken vnckle ?

 1468 *Exe.* *Charles* Duke of *Orleance*, Nephew to the King.
 1469 *John* Duke of *Burbon*, and Lord *Bowchquall*,
 1470 Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,
 1471 Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.
 1472 This note doth tell me of ten thousand
 1473 French, that in the field lyes flaine.
 2797 1474 Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,

And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,	2771
And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,	2772
Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes :	2773
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.	2774
<i>Flu.</i> By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-	2775
tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for	2776
you, and I pray you to ferue God, and keepe you out of	2777
prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and diffentions, and I	2778
warrant you it is the better for you.	2779
<i>Will.</i> I will none of your Money.	2780
<i>Flu.</i> It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ferue	2781
you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you	2782
be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good	2783
filling I warrant you, or I will change it.	2784
<i>Enter Herauld.</i>	2785
<i>King.</i> Now Herauld, are the dead numbred ?	2786
<i>Herauld.</i> Heere is the number of the slaught' red	2787
French.	2788
<i>King.</i> What Prifoners of good fort are taken,	2789
Vnckle ?	2790
<i>Exe.</i> Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,	2791
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord <i>Bouchiquald</i> :	2792
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,	2793
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.	2794
<i>King.</i> This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French	2795
That in the field lye flaine : of Princes in this number,	2796
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead	2797
One hundred twentie fix : added to these,	2798
Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,	2799
Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,	2800
Fieue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.	2801
So that in these ten thousand they haue loft,	2802
There are but fixeene hundred Mercenaries :	2803
The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,	2804
And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.	2805
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead :	2806

- 1475 *Charles de le Brute*, hie Conftable of *France*.
 1476 *Iaques of Chattillian*, Admirall of *France*.
 1477 The Maifter of the crosbows, *John Duke Alðfon*.
 1478 Lord *Ranbieres*, hie Maifter of *France*.
 1479 The braue fir *Gwigzard*, *Dolphin*. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,

- 2814 1480 *Gran Prie*, and *Roffe*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*.
 1481 *Gerard* and *Verton*. *Vandemant* and *Leftra*.
 1482 Here was a royall fellowſhip of death.
 1483 Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?
 1484 *Edward* the Duke of *Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,
 1485 Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Eſquier :

- 1486 And of all other, but fiue and twentie.
 1487 O God thy arme was here,
 1488 And vnto thee alone, afcribe we praife.
 1489 When without ſtrategem,
 1490 And in euen ſhock of battle, was euer heard
 1491 So great, and litle loſſe, on one part and an other.

- 1492 Take it God, for it is onely thine.
 1493 *Exe*. Tis wonderfull,
 1494 *King*. Come let vs go on proceſſion through the camp :
 1495 Let it be death proclaimed to any man,
 1496 To boaſt hereof, or take the praife from God,
 1497 Which is his due.
 1498 *Flew*. Is it lawful, and it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
 1499 To tell how many is kild ?
 1500 *King*. Yes *Flewellen*, but with this acknowledgement,
 1501 That God fought for vs.
 1502 *Flew*. Yes in my conſcience, he did vs great good.

- 2840 1503 *King*. Let there be fung, *Nououes* and *te Deum*.
 1504 The dead with charitie enterred in clay:
 1505 Weele then to *Calice*, and to *England* then,

<i>Charles Delabreth</i> , High Conftable of France,	2807
<i>Iaques</i> of Chatilion, Admirall of France,	2808
The Mafter of the Croffe-bowes, Lord <i>Rambures</i> ,	2809
Great Mafter of France, the braue Sir <i>Guichard Dolphin</i> ,	2810
<i>John</i> Duke of Alanfon, <i>Anthonie</i> Duke of Brabant,	2811
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,	2812
And <i>Edward</i> Duke of Barr : of luftie Earles,	2813
<i>Grandpree</i> and <i>Rouffie</i> , <i>Fauconbridge</i> and <i>Foyes</i> ,	2814
<i>Beaumont</i> and <i>Marle</i> , <i>Vandemont</i> and <i>Lestrale</i> .	2815
Here was a Royall fellowfhip of death.	2816
Where is the number of our Englifh dead ?	2817
<i>Edward</i> the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,	2818
Sir <i>Richard Ketly</i> , <i>Dauy Gam</i> Efquire ;	2819
None elfe of name : and of all other men,	2820
But fue and twentie.	2821
O God, thy Arme was heere :	2822
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,	2823
Afcribe we all : when, without ftratagem,	2824
But in plaine ftock, and euen play of Battaile,	2825
Was euer knowne fo great and little loffe ?	2826
On one part and on th'other, take it God,	2827
For it is none but thine.	2828
<i>Exet.</i> 'Tis wonderfull.	2829
<i>King.</i> Come, goe me in proceffion to the Village :	2830
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoaft,	2831
To boaft of this, or take that prayfe from God,	2832
Which is his onely.	2833
<i>Flu.</i> Is it not lawfull and pleafe your Maieftie, to tell	2834
how many is kill'd ?	2835
<i>King.</i> Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,	2836
That God fought for vs.	2837
<i>Flu.</i> Yes, my confcience, he did vs great good.	2838
<i>King.</i> Doe we all holy Rights :	2839
Let there be fung <i>Non nobis</i> , and <i>Te Deum</i> ,	2840
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay :	2841
And then to Callice, and to England then,	2842

1506 Where nere from *France*, arriude more happier men.

1507

Exit omnes.

Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men. 2843
Exeunt. 2844

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus. 2845

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story, 2846
 That I may prompt them : and of such as haue, 2847
 I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse 2848
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things, 2849
 Which cannot in their huge and proper life, 2850
 Be here presented. Now we beare the King 2851
 Toward Callice : Graunt him there ; there seene, 2852
 Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts, 2853
 Athwart the Sea : Behold the English beach 2854
 Pales in the flood ; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes, 2855
 Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea, 2856
 Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King, 2857
 Seemes to prepare his way : So let him land, 2858
 And solemnly see him set on to London. 2859
 So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now 2860
 You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath : 2861
 Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne 2862
 His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword 2863
 Before him, through the Citie : he forbids it, 2864
 Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride ; 2865
 Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent, 2866
 Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold, 2867
 In the quick Forge and working-houfe of Thought, 2868
 How London doth powre out her Citizens, 2869
 The Maior and all his Brethren in best fort, 2870
 Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome, 2871
 With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles, 2872
 Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæsar* in : 2873

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1508

*Enter Gower, and Flewellen.*2893 1509 *Gower.* But why do you weare your Leeke to day ?1510 Saint *Dauies* day is past ?1511 *Flew.* There is occasion Captaine *Gower*,

1512 Looke you why, and wherefore,

1513 The other day looke you, *Pistolles*

1514 Which you know is a man of no merites

1515 In the worell, is come where I was the other day,

1516 And brings bread and fault, and bids me

1517 Eate my Leeke : twas in a place, looke you,

1518 Where *I* could moue no difcentions :1519 But if *I* can see him, *I* shall tell him,

2905 1520 A litle of my defires.

As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood, 2874
 Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreffe, 2875
 As in good time he may, from Ireland comming, 2876
 Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword ; 2877
 How many would the peacefull Citie quit, 2878
 To welcome him ? much more, and much more caufe, 2879
 Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him. 2880
 As yet the lamentation of the French 2881
 Inuites the King of Englands stay at home : 2882
 The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France, 2883
 To order peace betweene them : and omit 2884
 All the occurrences, what euer chanc't, 2885
 Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France: 2886
 There must we bring him ; and my selfe haue play'd 2887
 The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis past. 2888
 Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance, 2889
 After your thoughts, fraight backe againe to France. 2890
Exit. 2891

Enter Fluellen and Gower. 2892

Gower. Nay, that's right : but why weare you your 2893
 Leeke to day ? *S. Dauies* day is past. 2894

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore 2895

in all things : I will tell you affe my friend, Captaine 2896
Gower ; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowfie, pragging 2897
 Knaue *Pistoll*, which you and your selfe, and all the World, 2898
 know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now. of no 2899
 merits : hee is come to me, and prings me pread and 2900
 fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke : 2901
 it was in a place where I could not breed no contention 2902

with him ; but I will be 'fo bold as to weare it in my Cap 2903
 till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little 2904
 piece of my desires. 2905

1521 *Gow.* Here a comes, fwelling like a Turkecocke.

1522 *Enter Pistoll.*

2909 1523 *Flew.* Tis no matter for his fwelling, and his turkecocks,

1524 God pleffe you Antient *Pistoll*, you scall,

1525 Beggerly, lowfie knaue, God pleffe you.

1526 *Pist.* Ha, art thou bedlem ?

1527 Dost thou thurst base Troyan,

1528 To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web ?

1529 Hence, *I* am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

1530 *Flew.* Antient *Pistoll*. I would desire you becaufe

1531 It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,

1532 And your digestions, to eate this Leeke.

1533 *Pist.* Not for *Cadwalleder* and all his goates.

2922 1534 *Flew.* There is one goate for you Antient *Pistol*.

1535

He strikes him,

1536 *Pist.* Base Troyan, thou shall dye.

1537 *Flew.* I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would

1538 Desire you to liue and eate this Leeke.

2931 1539 *Gower.* Inough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

1540 *Flew.* Astonisht him, by *Iesu*, Ile beate his head

1541 Foure dayes, and foure nights, but Ile

1542 Make him eate some part of my Leeke.

1543 *Pist.* Well must I byte?

1544 *Flew.* I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities

1545 You must byte.

Enter Pistoll. 2906

Gower. Why heere hee comes, fwelling like a Turkey- 2907
cock. 2908

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his fwellings, nor his Turkey- 2909
cocks. God plesse you aunchient *Pistoll*:you scuruie low- 2910
fie Knaue, God plesse you. 2911

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, bafe 2912

Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; 2913
I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke. 2914

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scuruie lowfie Knaue, at 2915
my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate, 2916
looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not 2917
loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your 2918
digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you 2919
to eate it. 2920

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats. 2921

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.* 2922
Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it? 2923

Pist. Bafe Troian, thou shalt dye. 2924

Flu. You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods 2925
will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and 2926
eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it. You 2927
call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make 2928
you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if 2929
you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke. 2930

Gour. Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him. 2931

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke, 2932
or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is 2933
good for your greene wound, and your plodie Cox- 2934
combe. 2935

Pist. Muft I bite. 2936

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of que- 2937
stion too, and ambiguities. 2938

- 1546 *Pist.* Good good.
 1547 *Flew.* I Leekes are good, Antient *Pistoll.*
 1548 There is a shilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.
 1549 *Pist.* Me a shilling.
 1550 *Flew.* If you will not take it,
 1551 I haue an other Leeke for you.
 1552 *Pist.* I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.
 2955 1553 *Flew.* If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,
 1554 You shalbe a woodmonger,
 1555 And by cudgels, God bwy you,
 1556 Antient *Pistoll*, God bleffe you,
 1557 And heale your broken pate.
 1558 Antient *Pistoll*, if you see Leekes an other time,
 1559 Mocke at them, that is all : God bwy you.
 1560 *Exit Flewellen.*
 1561 *Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

2970 1562 Doth Fortune play the hufwyne with me now ?

Pist. By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I
eate and eate I fweare. 2939 2940

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue some more fauce
to your Leeke : there is not enough Leeke to fweare by. 2941 2942

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate. 2943

Flu. Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay,
pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your
broken Coxcombe ; when you take occasions to see
Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all. 2944 2945 2946 2947

Pist. Good. 2948

Flu. I, Leekes is good : hold you, there is a groat to
heale' your pate. 2949 2950

Pist. Me a groat ? 2951

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue
another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall eate. 2952 2953

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge. 2954

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cud-
gells, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of
me but cudgels : God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale
your pate. 2955 2956 2957

Exit 2958

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this. 2959

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue,
will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an
honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophee
of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds
any of your words. I haue seene you gleeking & galling
at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because
he could not speake English in the natiue garb, he could
not therefore handle an English Cudgell : you finde it o-
therwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach
you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit* 2960 2961 2962 2963 2964 2965 2966 2967 2968

Pist. Doeth fortune play the hufwife with me now ? 2970

1563 Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?
 1564 Well *France* farwell, newes haue I certainly
 1565 That Doll is ficke. One mallydie of *France*,
 1566 The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.
 1567 Bawd will I turne, and vse the flyte of hand :
 1568 To England will I steale,
 1569 And there Ile steale.
 1570 And patches will I get vnto these skarres,
 1571 And fweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.
 1572

Exit Pistoll.

1573 *Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords. And at*
 1574 *the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the*
 1575 *Duke of Burbon, and others.*

2983 1576 *Harry.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
 1577 And to our brother *France*, Faire time of day.
 1578 Faire health vnto our louely cousen *Katherine*.

1579 And as a branch, and member of this stock:

1580 We do Glute you Duke of *Burgondie*.

1581 *Fran.* Brother of *England*, right ioyous are we to behold

1582 Your face, so are we Princes English euery one.

Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a mala- 2971
 dy of France, and there my rendezous is quite cut off : 2972
 Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is 2973
 Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to 2974
 Cut-purfe of quicke hand : To England will I steale, and 2975
 there Ile steale : 2976
 And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres, 2977
 And fwore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.* 2978

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke, 2979
and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, 2980
the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and 2981
other French. 2982

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met ; 2983
 Vnto our brother France, and to our Sifter 2984
 Health and faire time of day : Ioy and good wishes 2985
 To our most faire and Princely Cosine *Katherine* : 2986
 And as a branch and member of this Royalty, 2987
 By whom this great assembly is contriu'd, 2988
 We do salute you Duke of *Burgogne*, 2989
 And Princes French and Peeres health to you all. 2990

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face, 2991
 Most worthy brother England, fairely met, 2992
 So are you Princes (English) euery one. 2993

Quee. So happy be the Issue brother Ireland 2994
 Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, 2995
 As we are now glad to behold your eyes, 2996
 Your eyes which hitherto haue borne 2997
 In them against the French that met them in their bent, 2998
 The fatall Balls of murthering Basiliskes : 2999
 The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope 3000
 Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day 3001
 Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue. 3002

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare. 3003

1583 *Duk.* With pardon vnto both your mightines.

<i>Quee.</i> You English Princes all, I doe salute you.	3004
<i>Burg.</i> My dutie to you both, on equall loue.	3005
Great Kings of France and England:that I haue labour'd	3006
With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeouors,	3007
To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties	3008
Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview;	3009
Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse.	3010
Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd,	3011
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,	3012
You haue congreeted: let it not disgrace me,	3013
If I demand before this Royall view,	3014
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,	3015
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,	3016
Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and ioyfull Births,	3017
Should not in this best Garden of the World,	3018
Our fertile France, put vp her louely Vifage?	3019
Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,	3020
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,	3021
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.	3022
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,	3023
Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,	3024
Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,	3025
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,	3026
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,	3027
Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rusts,	3028
That should deracinate such Sauagery:	3029
The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth	3030
The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,	3031
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke;	3032
Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,	3033
But hatefull Docks, rough Thiftles, Kekfyes, Burres,	3034
Loosing both beautie and vtilitie;	3035
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,	3036
Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildnesse.	3037
Euen so our Houses, and our felues, and Children,	3038
Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time,	3039

1584 Let it not displeafe you, if I demaund
1585 What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,
1586 To keepe you from the gentle fpeech of peace?

3050 1587 *Har.* If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,

1588 You muft buy that peace,
1589 According as we haue drawne our articles.

1590 *Fran.* We haue but with a curfenary eye,
1591 Oreviewd them pleafeth your Grace,
1592 To let fome of your Counsell fit with vs,

3065 1593 We fhall returne our peremptory anfwere.

1594 *Har.* Go Lords, and fit with them,
1595 And bring vs anfwere backe.

The Sciences that should become our Countrey ;	3040
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,	3041
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,	3042
To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,	3043
And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall.	3044
Which to reduce into our former fauour,	3045
You are affembled : and my speech entreats,	3046
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace	3047
Should not expell these inconueniences,	3048
And bleffe vs with her former qualities.	3049
<i>Eng.</i> If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,	3050
Whose want giues growth to th'imperfektions	3051
Which you haue cited ; you must buy that Peace	3052
With full accord to all our iust demands,	3053
Whose Tenures and particular effects	3054
You haue enchedul'd briefly in your hands.	3055
<i>Burg.</i> The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet	3056
There is no Answer made.	3057
<i>Eng.</i> Well then : the Peace which you before so vrg'd,	3058
Lyes in his Answer.	3059
<i>France.</i> I haue but with a curfelarie eye	3060
O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace	3061
To appoint some of your Councell presently	3062
To fit with vs once more, with better heed	3063
To re-furuey them; we will suddently	3064
Passé our accept and peremptorie Answer.	3065
<i>England.</i> Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle <i>Exeter</i> ,	3066
And Brother <i>Clarence</i> , and you Brother <i>Gloucester</i> ,	3067
<i>Warwick</i> , and <i>Huntington</i> , goe with the King,	3068
And take with you free power, to ratifie,	3069
Augment, or alter, as your Wifdomes best	3070
Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie,	3071
Any thing in or out of our Demands,	3072
And wee'le configne thereto. Will you, faire Sifter,	3073
Goe with the Princes. or stay here with vs ?	3074

1596 Yet leaue our coufen *Katherine* here behind.

1597 *France.* Withall our hearts.

1598 *Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hrry, Kather-*
1599 *rine, and the Gentlewoman.*

3083 1600 *Hate.* Now *Kate*, you haue a blunt wooer here
1601 Left with you.

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them : 3075
 Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good, 3076
 When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on. 3077

England. Yet leaue our Coufin *Katherine* here with vs, 3078
 She is our capitall Demand, compris'd 3079
 Within the fore-ranke of our Articles. 3080

Quee. She hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes.* 3081

Manet King and Katherine. 3082

King. Faire *Katherine*, and most faire, 3083
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes, 3084
 Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare, 3085
 And pleade his Loue-suit to her gentle heart. 3086

Kath. Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake 3087
 your England. 3088

King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me foundly 3089
 with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con- 3090
 fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you 3091
 like me, *Kate* ? 3092

Kath. *Pardonne moy*, I cannot tell wat is like me. 3093

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an 3094
 Angell. 3095

Kath. *Que dit il que Je suis semblable a les Anges ?* 3096

Lady. *Ouy verayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.* 3097

King. I said so, deare *Katherine*, and I must not blush 3098
 to affirme it. 3099

Kath. *O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont plein de* 3100
tromperies. 3101

King. What fayer she, faire one? that the tongues of 3102
 men are full of deceits ? 3103

Lady. *Ouy*, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of de- 3104
 ceits : dat is de Princeffe. 3105

King. The Princeffe is the better English-woman : 3106

3121 1602 If I could win thee at leapfrog,
1603 Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
1604 Into my faddle,
1605 Without brag be it spoken,
1606 Ide make compare with any.
1607 But leauing that *Kate*,
1608 If thou takest me now,
1609 Thou shalt haue me at the worst:
1610 And in wearing, thou shalt haue me better and better,

3131 1611 Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth fun-burning.
1612 But doost thou thinke, that thou and I,
1613 Betweene Saint *Denis*,
1614 And Saint *George*, shall get a boy,
1615 That shall goe to *Constantinople*,
1616 And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*?

yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am 3107
 glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou 3108
 could'ft, thou would'ft finde me such a plaine King, that 3109
 thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my 3110
 Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but di- 3111
 rectly to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther, 3112
 then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Giue 3113
 me your answer, yfaith doe, and fo clap hands, and a bar- 3114
 gaine: how say you, Lady? 3115

Kath. *Sauf vostre honneur*, me vnderstand well. 3116

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verfes, or to 3117
 Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one 3118
 I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I 3119
 haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in 3120
 strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by 3121
 vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; 3122

vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should 3123
 quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my 3124

Loue, or bound my Horfe for her fauours, I could lay on 3125
 like a Butcher, and fit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But 3126
 before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out 3127
 my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in protestation; 3128
 onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse till vrg'd, 3129
 nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow 3130
 of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth Sunne-bur- 3131

ning? that neuer lookes in his Glasse, for loue of any 3132

- 3153 1617 *Kate*. Is it possible dat me fall
1618 Loue de enemie de *France*.
1619 *Harry*. No *Kate*, tis vnpossible
1620 You should loue the enemie of *France* :
1621 For *Kate*, I loue *France* so well,
1622 That Ile not leaue a Village,
1623 Ile haue it all mine : then *Kate*,
1624 When *France* is mine,
1625 And I am yours,
1626 Then *France* is yours,
1627 And you are mine.
1628 *Kate*. I cannot tell what is dat.
1629 *Harry*. No *Kate*,
3162 1630 Why Ile tell it you in French,
1631 Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
1632 On her new married Husband.

thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake 3133
 to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this, 3134
 take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but 3135
 for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And 3136
 while thou liu'ft, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and 3137
 vncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right, 3138
 because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for 3139
 these fellows of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues 3140
 into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reason themselues 3141
 out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is 3142
 but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will 3143
 stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will 3144
 grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax 3145
 hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the 3146
 Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it 3147
 shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his course 3148
 truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and 3149
 take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. 3150
 And what say'ft thou then to my Loue? speake my faire, 3151
 and fairely, I pray thee. 3152

Kath. Is it possible dat I should loue de ennemie of 3153
 Fraunce? 3154

King. No, it is not possible you should loue the Ene- 3155
 mie of France, *Kate*; but in louing me, you should loue 3156
 the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I 3157

will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine: 3158

and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours 3159

is France, and you are mine. 3160

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat, 3161

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am 3162

sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife 3163
 about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Ie* 3164

1633 Let me see, Saint *Dennis* be my speed.

1634 *Quan France* et mon.

1635 *Kate*. Dat is, when *France* is yours.

1636 *Harry*. Et vous ettes amoy.

1637 *Kate*. And I am to you.

1638 *Harry*. Douck *France* ettes a vous:

1639 *Kate*. Den *France* fall be mine.

1640 *Harry*. Et Ie fuyues a vous.

1641 *Kate*. And you will be to me.

3168 1642 *Har*. Wilt beleue me *Kate*? tis eafier for me

1643 To conquer the kingdome, thẽ to fpeak fo much

1644 More French.

1645 *Kate*. A your Maiefty has falfe *France* inough

1646 To deceiue de best Lady in *France*.

1647 *Harry*. No faith *Kate* not I. But *Kate*,

1648 In plaine termes, do you loue me ?

1649 *Kate*. I cannot tell.

3179 1650 *Harry*. No, can any of your neighbours tell?

1651 Ile aske them.

1652 Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.

3181 1653 And foone when you are in your cloffet,

1654 Youle question this Lady of me.

1655 But I pray thee fweete *Kate*, vfe me mercifully,

3185 1656 Because I loue thee cruelly.

1657 That I fhall dye *Kate*, is fure :

1658 But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.

1659 What Wench,

1660 A ftraight backe will growe crooked.

3145 1661 A round eye will growe hollowe.

quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le possession de moy. (Let mee see, what then? Saint Dennis bee 3165 3166

my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne.* 3167
It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to 3168

speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in 3169
French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me. 3170

Kath. *Sauf vostre honeur, le Francois ques vous parlez, il 3171*
& melieus que l'Anglois le quel Ie parle. 3172

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of 3173
my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely, must 3174
needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'st 3175
thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue 3176
mee? 3177

Kath. I cannot tell. 3178

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile 3179

aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night, 3180
when you come into your Clofet, you'le question this 3181
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to 3182
her dispraise those parts in me, that you loue with your 3183
heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather 3184
gentle Princeesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou 3185

- 3143 1662 A great leg will waxe fmall,
1663 A curld pate proue balde :
1664 But a good heart Kate, is the fun and the moone,
1665 And rather the Sun and not the Moone :
1666 And therefore *Kate* take me,
3150 1667 Take a fouldier:take a fouldier,
1668 Take a King.

beest mine, *Kate*, as I haue a fauing Faith within me tells 3186
 me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou 3187
 must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder: 3188
 Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint 3189
George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English, 3190
 that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by 3191
 the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire 3192
 Flower-de-Luce. 3193

Kate. I doe not know dat. 3194

King. No 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: 3195
 doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeauour for your 3196
 French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie, 3197
 take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer 3198
 you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin* 3199
deesse. 3200

Kath. Your Maiestee aue fause Frenche enough to 3201
 deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce. 3202

King. Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor 3203
 in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare 3204
 not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flat- 3205
 ter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and 3206
 vntempering effect of my Vifage. Now beshrew my 3207
 Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres 3208
 when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stub- 3209
 borne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come 3210
 to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the el- 3211
 der I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that 3212
 Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more 3213
 spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at 3214

1669 Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?

3230 1670 *Kate*. Dat is as please the King my father.

1671 *Harry*. Nay it will please him:

1672 Nay it shall please him *Kate*.

1673 And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kisse you.

1674 *Ka*. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelke chosse

1675 Pour toute le monde,

1676 Ce ne poynt votree facion en four,

1677 *Harry*. What faies she Lady ?

3244 1678 *Lady*. Dat it is not de facion en *France*,

1679 For de maides, before da be married to

1680 May foy ie oblye, what is to baffie ?

1681 *Har*. To kis, to kis. O that tis not the

the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, 3215
 better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Ka-* 3216
therine, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, 3217
 auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of 3218
 an Empreffe, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry* of 3219
 England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner 3220
 bleffe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, Eng- 3221
 land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry* 3222
Plantaginet is thine; who, though I speake it before his 3223
 Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt 3224
 finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your An- 3225
 swer in broken Mufick; for thy Voyce is Mufick, and 3226
 thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, 3227
 breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou 3228
 haue me? 3229

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *de Roy mon pere.* 3230

King. Nay, it will please him well, *Kate*; it shall please 3231
 him, *Kate.* 3232

Kath. Den it fall also content me. 3233

King. Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my 3234
 Queene. 3235

Kath. *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy: Je ne* 3236
veux point que vous abbaïsse vostre grandeus, en baisant le 3237
main d'une nostre Seigneur indigne seruiteur excuse moy. Je 3238
vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur. 3239

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate.* 3240

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baisee deuant* 3241
leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce. 3242

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee? 3243

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of 3244
 Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en English. 3245

King. To kisse. 3246

Lady. Your Maïestee *entendre better que moy.* 3247

3248 1682 Fashion in *Frannce*, for the maydes to kis
 1683 Before they are married.
 1684 *Lady*. Owee see votree grace.

1685 *Har*. Well, weele breake rhat custome.
 1686 Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld.
 1687 Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
 1688 In your kiffes:
 1689 And may perfwade with me more,
 3260 1690 Then all the French Councell.

1691 Your father is returned.

1692 *Enter the King of France, and*
 1693 *the Lordes.*

1694 How now my Lords ?

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

Lady. *Ouy verayment.*

King. O *Kate*, nice Customes curfie to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate*; and the libertie that follows our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes,

Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they should sooner perfwade *Harry* of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God saue your Maiestie, my Royall Coufin, teach you our Princeesse English?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Coufin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is shee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so coniure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would coniure in her, you must make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you

blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the 3280
 Virgin Crimfon of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance 3281
 of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were 3282
 (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne 3283
 to. 3284

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind 3285
 and enforces. 3286

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see 3287
 not what they doe. 3288

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Coufin to 3289
 consent winking. 3290

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you 3291
 will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well 3292
 Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholo- 3293
 mew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then 3294
 they will endure handling, which before would not abide 3295
 looking on. 3296

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot 3297
 Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your Coufin, in 3298
 the latter end, and shee must be blinde to. 3299

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues. 3300

King. It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke 3301
 Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many a faire 3302
 French Citie for one faire French Maid that stands in my 3303
 way. 3304

French King. Yes my Lord, you see them perfec- 3305
 tiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are 3306
 all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath en- 3307
 tred. 3308

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife? 3309

France. So please you. 3310

England. I am content, so the Maiden Cities you 3311
 talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that stood in 3312
 the way for my Wifh, shall shew me the way to my 3313
 Will. 3314

1695 *France.* Brother of England,
 1696 We haue oreded the Articles,
 1697 And haue agreed to all that we in fedule had.

3321 1698 *Exe.* Only he hath not subscribed this,
 1699 Where your maiestie demaunds,
 1700 That the king of *France* hauing any occafion
 1701 To write for matter of graunt,
 1702 Shall name your highneffe in this forme:
 1703 And with this addition in French.
 3325 1704 *Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy D'anglaterre.*
 1705 *E heare de France.* And thus in Latin :
 1706 *Preclariffimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,*
 1707 *Et heres Francie.*
 1708 *Fran.* Nor this haue we fo nicely stood vpon,
 1709 But you faire brother may intreat the fame.
 1710 *Har.* Why then let this among the rest,
 1711 Haue his full courfe : And withall,
 3332 1712 Your daughter *Katherine* in mariage.
 1713 *Fran.* This and what else,
 1714 Your maiestie fhall craue.
 1715 God that difpofeth all, giue you much ioy.

1716 *Har.* Why then faire *Katherine*,
 1717 Come giue me thy hand:
 1718 Our mariage will we present folemne,
 3338 1719 And end our hatred by a bond of loue.

France. Wee haue consented to all tearmes of reafon, 3315
3316

England. Is't fo, my Lords of England? 3317

Weft. The King hath graunted euery Article : 3318
His Daughter firft; and in fequale, all, 3319
According to their firme propofed natures. 3320

Exet. Onely he hath not yet fubfcribed this : 3321
Where your Maieftie demands, That the King of France 3322

hauing any occafion to write for matter of Graunt, fhall 3323
name your Highneffe in this forme, and with this additi- 3324

on, in French : *Noftre trescher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre* 3325
Heretere de Fraunce : and thus in Latine; *Præclariffimus* 3326
Filius nofter Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ. 3327

France. Nor this I haue not Brother fo deny'd, 3328
But your requeft fhall make me let it paffe. 3329

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance, 3330
Let that one Article ranke with the reft, 3331
And thereupon giue me your Daughter. 3332

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayfe vp 3333
Iffue to me, that the contending Kingdomes 3334
Of France and England, whose very fhoares looke pale, 3335
With enuy of each others happineffe, 3336
May ceafe their hatred; and this deare Coniunction 3337
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord 3338
In their fweet Bofomes : that neuer Warre aduance 3339
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France. 3340

Lords. Amen.

3341

1720 Then will I fweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee :
360 1721 And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

King. Now welcome *Kate*: and beare me witnesse all, 3342
That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene. 3343

Flourish. 3344

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages, 3345
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one : 3346
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue, 3347
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall, 3348
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie, 3349
Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage, 3350
Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes, 3351
To make diuorce of their incorporate League : 3352
That English may as French, French Englishmen, 3353
Receiue each other. God speake this Amen. 3354

All. Amen. 3355

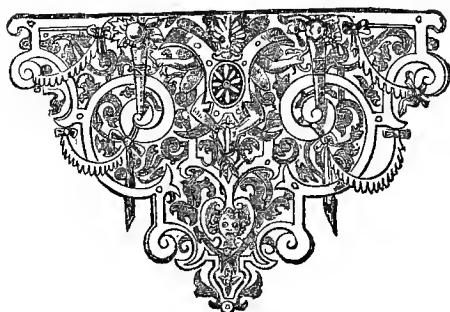
King. Prepare we for our Marriage : on which day, 3356
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath 3357
And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues, 3358
Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me, 3359
And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be. 3360

Senet. *Exeunt.* 3361

Enter Chorus. 3362

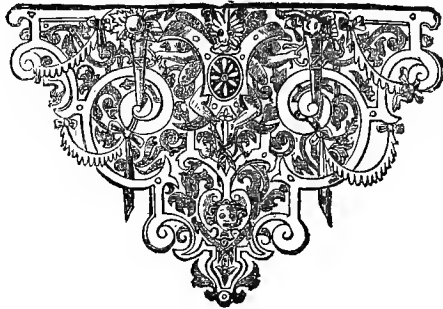
Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen, 3363
Our bending Author hath purfu'd the Story, 3364
In little roome confining mightie men, 3365
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory. 3366
Small time : but in that small, most greatly liued 3367
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword ; 3368
By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued : 3369
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord. 3370
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King 3371
Of France and England, did this King succeed : 3372
Whose State so many had the managing, 3373
That they lost France, and made his England bleed : 3374

FINIS.



Which oft our Stage hath showne ; and for their fake, 3375
In your faire minds let this acceptance take. 3376

FINIS.



THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFT.
 COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
 THE 1600 QUARTO AND THE FIRST FOLIO.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
A 2	23	177
A 3	97	300
A 3 (v.) or blank.	171	389
B	242	521
B 2	315	600
B 3	384	690
B 3 (v.) or blank.	453	821
C	520	918
C 2	590	1029
C 3	655	1323
C 3 (v.) or blank.	721	1459
D	789	1522
D 2	859	1612
D 3	929	1784
D 3 (v.) or blank.	996	1985
E	1063	2147
E 2	1130	2317
E 3	1229	2497
E 3 (v.) or blank.	1267	2120 (?)
F	1337	2609
F 2	1405	2699
F 3	1474	2797
F 3 (v.) or blank.	1543	2936
G	1609	3130 (?)
G 3	1679	3249
G 3 (v.) or blank.	1721	3360

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.	BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page 69	{ prologue 17,	1st column, page 82	1714
2d " " 69	{ text 56	2d " " 82	1778
1st " " 70	{ prologue 34,	1st " " 83	1837
2d " " 70	{ text 83	2d " " 83	1901
1st " " 71	149	1st " " 84	1964
2d " " 71	214	2d " " 84	2030
1st " " 72	280	1st " " 85	2096
2d " " 72	344	2d " " 85	2161
1st " " 73	412	1st " " 86	2227
2d " " 73	477	2d " " 86	2292
1st " " 74	543	1st " " 87	2357
2d " " 74	609	2d " " 87	2422
1st " " 75	675	1st " " 88	2484
2d " " 75	741	2d " " 88	2543
1st " " 76	807	1st " " 89	2607
2d " " 76	873	2d " " 89	2673
1st " " 77	939	1st " " 90	2738
2d " " 77	1005	2d " " 90	2804
1st " " 78	1064	1st " " 91	2864
2d " " 78	1128	2d " " 91	2928
1st " " 79	1194	1st " " 92	2993
2d " " 79	1259	2d " " 92	3059
1st " " 80	1324	1st " " 93	3124
2d " " 80	1389	2d " " 93	3190
1st " " 81	1454	1st " " 94	3256
2d " " 81	1520	2d " " 94	3320
1st " " 81	1584	1st " " 95	3349
2d " " 81	1648	2d " " 95	3376





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