



The Life of Henry the Fifth.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heavens of Invention:
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles
(Leasht in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unraysed Spirits, that haith dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
Attest in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Account,

On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them
Printing their prowd Hoofes i'th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Jumping o're Times;
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glasse: for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play.

Exit.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.

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

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

Bish. Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,
We loose the better halfe of our Possession:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Testament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they strip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fiftene Earles, and fiftene 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,
A thousand pounds by th'yeere Thus runs the Bill.

Bish. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

Bish. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Bish. Ely. But what preuention?

Bish. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Bish. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.

Bish. Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending Adam out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradise,
T'incloep and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heedy currence scowring faults:
Nor neuer Hydra-headed Wilfulnesse
So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change.

Bish. Cant. Heare him but reason in Diuinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
Lift his discourse of Warres, and you shall heare
A fearefull Battaille rendered you in Musique.

Turn

Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courtes vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any studie,
Any retyrement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holesome Berryes thriue and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
Vnseene, yet cressue in his facultie.

B. Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needs admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

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

B. Cant. He seemes indifferent:
Or rather swaying more vpon our part,
Then cherishing th'exhibitors against vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

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

B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The seueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

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

B. Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B. Ely. It is.

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

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

Exeunt.

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

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in presence.

King. Send for him, good Vnckle.

Westm. Shall we call in th' Ambassador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Bishops.

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

King. Sure we thanke you.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iustly and religiously vnfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your readings,
Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in natie colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,
How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are euery one, a Woe, a sore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes such waste in brieue mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Cant. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,
That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant,
No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the French vniustly gloze
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:
Where *Charles* the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certaine French:
Who holding in disdain the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* (as I said) twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen*.
Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie six: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred siue. Besides, their Writers say,
King *Pepin*, which deposed *Childerike*,
Did as Heire Generall, being descended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne

Of *Charles* the Duke of *Lorraine*, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himsele as th' Heire to th' Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, till satisfied,
That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of *Lorraine*:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.

So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vsurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Bish. Cant. The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfres Tombe,
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelp
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Bish. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;

West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whose hearts haue left their bodies here in England,
And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.

Bish. Can. O let their bodies follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualltie
Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not onely arme t'inuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages.

Bish. Can. They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courting snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,
Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Can. She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayle,
As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries.

Bish. Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begia.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.

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

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

The sad-ey'd Iustice with his surly humme,
 Deliuering ore to Executors pale
 The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
 That many things hauing full reference
 To one consent, may worke contrariouly,
 As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes
 Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
 As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea;
 As many Lynes close in the Dials center:
 So may a thousand actions once a foote,
 And in one purpose, and be all well borne
 Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
 Diuide your happy England into foure,
 Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
 And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
 If we with thrice such powers left at home,
 Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
 Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose
 The name of hardinesse and policie.

King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.
 Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe
 And yours, the noble sinewes of our power,
 France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
 Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l sit,
 (Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
 Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)
 Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
 Tombleffe, with no remembrance ouer them:
 Either our History shall with full mouth
 Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue
 Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,
 Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
 Of our faire Cosin Dolphin: for we heare,
 Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
 Freely to render what we haue in charge:
 Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
 The Dolphins meauing, and our Embasie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
 Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect
 As is our wretches fctred in our prisons,
 Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,
 Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Amb. Thus than in few:
 Your Highnesse lately sending into France,
 Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
 Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
 In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master
 Sayes, that you saueur too much of your youth,
 And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
 That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
 You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
 He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit
 This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
 Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime
 Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin speakes.

King. What Treasure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
 His Present, and your paines we thanke you for:
 When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,
 We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,
 Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
 Tell him, he hath made a match with such a Wrangler,

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
 With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,
 How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
 Not measuring what vse we made of them.
 We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England,
 And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selfe
 To barbarous license: As 'tis euer common,
 That men are merriest, when they are from home.
 But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
 Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
 When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.
 For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,
 And plodded like a man for working dayes:
 But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
 That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
 Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
 And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
 Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his soule
 Shall stand fore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
 That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands;
 Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe:
 And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
 That shal haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
 But this lyes all within the wil of God,
 To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
 Tel you the Dolphin, I am comming on,
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin,
 His Iest will saueur but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
 Conuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Message.

King. We hope to make the Sender blush at it:
 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howie,
 That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:
 For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
 Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse.
 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
 Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
 That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde
 More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
 Wee'le chide this Dolphin at his fathers doore.
 Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
 That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
 And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
 Now thrive the Armorers, and Honors thought
 Reignes solely in the breast of euery man.
 They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;
 Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,
 With winged heeles, as English Mercuries.
 For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,
 And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
 With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
 Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
 The French aduis'd by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadfull preparation,
 Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
 Seeke to diuert the English purposes.
 O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,
 Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What

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

Exit

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall Nym.

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. What, are Ancient Pistoll and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: but when
time shall serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as
it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will
toste Cheese, and it will endure cold, as another mans
sword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes,
and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't
be so good Corporall Nym.

Nym. Faich, I will liue so long as I may, that's the cer-
taine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe
as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendezuous of it.

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

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

Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.

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

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

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

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing
heere.

Nym. Pist.

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

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

Nym. Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus.

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.

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.

Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

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.

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.

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

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

Enter the Boy.

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

Bard. Away you Rogue.

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

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-swell, and fiends for food howle
on.

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

Pist. Base 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: pre-
thee pit 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 Sut-
ler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee
thy hand.

Nym. I shall haue my Noble?

Pist. In cash, most iustly payd.

Nym. Well, then that the humor of it.

Enter Hostesse.

Host. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to sir *John*: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

Pist. *Nym*, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carrees.

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

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.

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

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselves, As if allegiance in their bosomes fate Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours; That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboard. My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Masbam*, And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts: Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the execution, and the acte, For which we haue in head assembled them.

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

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded We carry not a heart with vs from hence, That growes not in a faire consent with ours: Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd, Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect That sits in heart-greefe and vneasinesse Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment.

Kni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies, Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness, And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner then quittance of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthinesse.

Scro. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes toyle, And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope To do your Grace incessant seruices.

King. We Iudge no lesse. Vnkle of *Exeter*, Inlarge the man committed yesterday, That rayl'd against our person: We consider It was excesse of Wine that set him on, And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

Scro. That's mercy, but too much security: Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

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

Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life, After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me, Are heauy Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch: If little faults proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man, Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care And tender preseruacion of our person Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes, Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. I one my Lord, Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.

Scro. So did you me my Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours: There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Masbam*, and Sir Knight: *Gray* of *Northumberland*, this same is yours: Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse. My Lord of *Westmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*, We will aboard to night. Why how now Gentlemen? What see you in those papers, that you loose So much complexion? Looke ye how they change: Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there, That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood Out of apparence.

Cam. I do confesse my fault, And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late, By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd: You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy, For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes, As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres, These English monsters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere, You know how apt our loue was, to accord To furnish with all appertinents Belonging to his Honour; and this man, Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd And sworne vnto the practises of France To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which, This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworne. But O, What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell, Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature? Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes, That knew'st the very bottome of my soule, That (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Golde, Would'st thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vse? May it be possible, that forraigne hyer Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange, That though the truth of it stands off as grosse As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it. Treason, and murder, euer kept together, As two yoake diuels sworne to cythers purpose, Working so grossely in an naturall cause, That admiration did not hoope at them. But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in Wonder to waite on treason, and on murder: And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was That wrought vpon thee so preposterously, Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And

And other diuels that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From glist'ring semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,
Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vassie Tarrar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
A soule so easie as that Englishmans.
Oh, how hast thou with ielousie infected
The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned?
Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?
Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not tweruing with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,
Such and so finely boulted didst thou seeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee fall fraught man, and best indued
With some suspicion, I will weepe for thee.
For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the Law.
And God acquit them of their practises.

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

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

I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of *Thomas*
Grey, Knight of *Northumberland*.

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

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

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

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence
You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,
Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Recey'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:
Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,
His Subiects to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into desolation:
Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety wust so tender,
Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue

You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exit.*
Now Lords for France: the enterprize whercof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.

We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Flourish.*

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

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

Pistol. No: for my manly heart dotherne. *Bardolph,*
be blythe: *Nim*, rowle thy vaunting Veines: Boy, bristle
thy Courage vp: for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must
erne therefore.

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

Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs*
Bosome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made a
finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome
Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n
at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with
the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fin-
gers 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 Iohn (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
vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.

Hostesse. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hostesse. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incar-
nate.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
lour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A said once, the Deule would haue him about
Women.

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

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

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

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

Pist. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes:
Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences
rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes
are Strawes, mens Faiths are Waser-Cakes, and hold-fast
is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Cauteo* bee
thy Counsaile. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke-
fellowes in Aimes, let vs to France, like Horse-
leeches

leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hostesse.

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

Pist. Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee command.

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu.

Exeunt

Flourish.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs, And more then carefully it vs concernes, To answer Royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth, And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre With men of courage, and with meanes defendant: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.

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

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father, It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe: For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome, (Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question) But that Defences, Musters, Preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, As were a Warre in expectation. Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth, To view the sick and feeble parts of France: And let vs doe it with no shew of feare, No, with no more, then if we heard that England Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance: For, my good Liege, thee is so idly King'd, Her Scepter so phantastically borne, By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth, That feare attends her not.

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

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

King. Thinke we King *Harry* strong: And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him. The Kindred of him hath beenc flesht vpon vs:

And he is bred out of that bloodie straine, That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes: Witnesse our too much memorable shame, When Cressly Battell fatall was stricke, And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales: Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden *Sunne*, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

You see this Chase is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs Most spend their mouths, whē what they seem to threaten Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne Take vp the English short, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne, As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie: He wills you in the Name of God Almighty, That you deuelt your selfe, and lay apart The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen, By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne, And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times, Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know 'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme, Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes, Nor from the dust of old Obliuion rakt, He sends you this most memorable Lyne, In euery Branch truly demonstratiue; Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree: And when you find him euenly deriu'd From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors, *Edward* the third; he bids you then resigne Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes?

Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it. Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue*: That if requiring faile, he will compell. And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord, Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes, The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes, For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers, That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie. This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message: Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here; To whom expressely I bring greeting to.

King. For

King. For vs, we will consider of this further:

To morrow shall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,

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

Exe. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;
Hee'll call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock
In second Accent of his Ordinance.

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

Exe. Hee'll make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:
And be assur'd, you'll find a diff'rence,
As we his Subjects haue in wonder found,
Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,
And these he masters now: now he weiges Time
Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade
In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

King. To morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Flourish.

Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.

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

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flies,
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you haue seene
The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaten Sayles,
Borne with th'inuisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breasting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand vpon the Riuaige, and behold
A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:
For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall,
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauie,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,
Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther past, or not arriud to pyth and puissance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht

With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
These cull'd and choise-drawne Caualliers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouches gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes back:
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches,

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.

Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:
In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillnesse, and humilitie:
But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the sinewes, commane vp the blood,
Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and iutty his confounded Base,
Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean.
Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nostrill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,
Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proafe:
Fathers, that like so many *Alexanders*,
Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to me of grosser blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whose Lymes were made in England; shew vs here
The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so meane and base,
That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.
I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and *S. George*.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

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

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

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

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

Pist. And

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

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

Enter Fluellen.

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

Pist. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: uſe lenitie ſweet Chuck.

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

Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obſeru'd theſe three Swaſhers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would ſerue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three ſuch Antiques doe not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistol*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the beſt men, and therefore hee ſcornes to ſay his Prayers, leſt a ſhould be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was againſt a Poſt, when he was drunke. They will ſteale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* ſtole a Lute-caſe, bore it twelue Leagues, and ſold it for three halpence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they ſtole a fire-ſhouell. I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much againſt my Manhood, if I ſhould take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. I muſt leaue them, and ſeeke ſome better Seruice: their Villany goes againſt my weake ſtomacke, and therefore I muſt caſt it vp.

Exit.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the Mynes; the Duke of Glouceſter would ſpeake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not ſo good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the diſciplines of the Warre; the concauities of it is not ſufficient: for looke you, th'athuerſarie, you may diſcuſſe vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himſelfe foure yard vnder the Countermine: by *Cheſtu*, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directi-
ons.

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

Welch. It is Captaine *Mackmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

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

Enter Mackmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

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

Welch. Captaine *Iamy* is a maruellous ſalorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-

ledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheſtu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the diſciplines of the Priſtine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I ſay gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worſhip, good Captaine *Iames*.

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Iriſh. By Chriſt Law tiſh ill done: the Worke iſh giue ouer, the Trompet ſound the Retreat. By my Hand I ſweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke iſh ill done: it iſh giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, ſo Chriſt ſaue me law, in an houre. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done: by my Hand tiſh ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beſeech you now, will you voutſafe me, looke you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to ſatiſſie my Opinion, and partly for the ſatiſfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie diſcipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It ſhall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I ſhall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occaſion: that ſhall I mary.

Iriſh. It is no time to diſcouſe, ſo Chriſt ſaue me: the day is hor, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to diſcouſe, the Town is beſeech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chriſt do nothing, tis ſhame for vs all: ſo God ſa'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, ſo Chriſt ſa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theſe eyes of mine take themſelues to ſlomber, ayle de gud ſeruice, or Ile ligge yth' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſuerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full ſaine heard ſome queſtion tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is nor many of your Nation.

Iriſh. Of my Nation? What iſh my Nation? Iſh a Villaine, and a Baſterd, and a Knaue, and a Raſcall. What iſh my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwiſe then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peraduenture I ſhall thinke you doe not uſe me with that affabilitie, as in diſcretion you ought to uſe me, looke you, being as good a man as your ſelfe, both in the diſciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Iriſh. I doe not know you ſo good a man as my ſelfe: ſo Chriſt ſaue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault.

A Parley.

Gower. The Towne ſounds a Parley.

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

Exit.

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet reſolues the Gouvernour of the Towne? This is the lateſt Parle we will admit:

There.

Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,
Or like to men proud of destruction,
Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe-archieued Harflew,
Till in her ashes she lye buried.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grass
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his smyrch'd complexion all fell feats,
Enlynck't to wast and desolation?
What is't to me, when you your selues are cause,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootlesse spend our vaine Command
Vpon th'enrag'd Souldiers in their spoyle,
As send Precepts to the *Leuiathan*, to come ashore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pittie of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Desire the Locks of your shrill-siriking Daughters:
Your Fathers taken by the siluer Beards,
And their most reuerend Heads dash't to the Walls:
Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
At *Herods* bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?
Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Governour.

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To rayse so great a Siege: Therefore great King,
We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle Exeter,
Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
And fortifie it strongly gainst the French:
Vse mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
To morrow for the March are we addrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas
le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. Je te prie m'enseigniez, il faut que ie apprend a par-
len: Comment appelle vous le main en Anglois?

Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. E le doys.

Kat. Le doys, ma foy Je oublie, e doyt mays, ie me souueneray
le doys ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.

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

Kath. Pay gaynie, deux mots d'Anglois vistement, comment
appelle vous le ongles?

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

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

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

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E de coudee.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Je men fay le repiticio de tous les mots
que vous m'avez, appris des a present.

Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Je pense.

Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de
Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, comment ap-
pelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton.

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite vous pronoun-
cies les mots ausi droit, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

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

Alice. N'ane vos y desia oublie ce que ie vous a enseignie.

Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de
Fingre, de Mayles.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arma, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sans vostre honneur d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainsi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: comment ap-
pelle vous les pied & de roba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il sont le
mots de son mauuais corruptible grosse & impudique, & non
pour le Dames de Honeur d'oser: Je ne voudray prononcer ce
mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, so le
Foot & le Count, neant moy, Je recitera un autrefois ma lecon
ensemble, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de
Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

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

Exit.

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

King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuer Some.

Const. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,
And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu viuant: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and sauage Stock,
Spirt vp so suddenly into the Clouds,
And ouer-looke their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards:
Mort du mauie, if they march along
Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,

To

To buy a slobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-shorten Ile of Albion.

Const. *Dieu de Battailles*, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Isyckles
Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.

Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainly say,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodies to the Lust of English Youth,
To new-store France wit' Bastard Warriors.

Brit. They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Lanolt's* high, and swift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are most loftie Run-awayes.

King. Where is *Montioy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanson, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaques Chattillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemout*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Rouffe*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Lestrale*, *Boucignall*, and *Charaboyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
Barre *Harry* England, that sweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleys, whose low Vassall Sear,
The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhewme vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.

Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
Hee'll drop his heart into the sinck of feare,
And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ransome.

King. Therefore Lord Constable, hast on *Montioy*,
And let him say to England, that we send,
To know what willing Ransome he will giue.
Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with vs in Roan.

Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.

King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs,
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

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

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from
the Bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
mitted at the Bridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Aga-*

memnon, and a man that I loue and honour with my soule,
and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing,
and my vttermost power. He is not, God be prayfed and
blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge
most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aun-
chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very
conscience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and
hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see
him doe as gallant seruice.

Gower. What doe you call him?

Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Pistoll*.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pistoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

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

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

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

Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Pistoll*: Fortune is
painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie
to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also
with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of
it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie,
and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a
Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles:
in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent descripti-
on of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolph's* foe, and frownes on him:
for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned
death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter*
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
and let not *Bardolph's* vitall thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient *Pistoll*, I doe partly vnderstand your
meaning.

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

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 pleasure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vsed.

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

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Figge of Spaine.

Exit.

Flu. Very good.

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

Flu. Ile assure you, a vt'tred as prauce words at the
Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but it is very
well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is serue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gulla Poole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne
into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and such
fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done;
at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Con-
uoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who dis-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they
conne perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horrid 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 such flanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mistooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower*: I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearken you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God plesse your Maiestie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, canst thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most prau passages: marry, th'athuersarie was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a prau man.

King. What men haue you lost, *Fluellen*?

Flu. The perdition of th'athuersarie hath beene very great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

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

Tucket. Enter *Mountioy*.

Mountioy. You know me by my habit.

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

Mountioy. My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountioy. Thus sayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe: Aduantag is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruisse an iniurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is imperiall: England shall repent his folly, see his weaknesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his petteinesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthless satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master; so much my Office.

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

Mount. *Mountioy*.

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back, And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now, But could be willing to march on to Callice, Without impeachment: for to say the sooth, Though 'tis no wisdom to confesse so much Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage, My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue, Almost no better then so many French; Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald, I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God, That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent: Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am; My Ransome, is this frayle and worthless Trunke; My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard: Yet God before, tell him we will come on, Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountioy*. Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe. If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred, We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood Discolour: and so *Mountioy*, fare you well. The summe of all our Answer is but this: We would not seeke a Battaille as we are, Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it: So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thanks to your Highnesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs: March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night, Beyond the Riuer wee'll encampe our selues, And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramours, Orleans, Dolphin, with others.

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

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

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orleans. Will it neuer be Morning?

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

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

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treads but on foure postures: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de fen*. When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest horne of his hooft, is more Muscalle then the Pipe of *Hermes*.

Orleans. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Persens*: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but only in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horse, and all other lades you may call Beasts.

Const. Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and excellent Horse.

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

Orleanse. No more Cousin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deferred prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and unknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleanse. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse.

Orleanse. Your Mistresse beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the prescript prayse and perfection of a good and particular Mistresse.

Const. Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse shrewdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Const. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Horse off, and in your strait Stroffers.

Const. You haue good iudgement in Horsemanship.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horse to my Mistresse.

Const. I had as liue haue my Mistresse a Iade.

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

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

Dolph. *Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement est la lenye lancee au boubier:* thou mak'st vse of any thing.

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

Ramb. My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Const. Starres my Lord.

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

Const. And yet my Sky shall not want.

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

Const. Eu'n as your Horse beares your prayses, who would trot as well, were some of your bragges dismounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his desert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paued with English Faces.

Const. I will not say so, for feare I should be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the English.

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

Const. You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, He goe arme my selfe. *Exit.*

Orleanse. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Const. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleanse. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Const. Swear by her Foot, that she may tread out the Oath.

Orleanse. He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of France.

Const. Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing.

Orleanse. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Const. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name still.

Orleanse. I know him to be valiant.

Const. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleanse. What's hee?

Const. Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleanse. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Const. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orleanse. Ill will neuer sayd well.

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

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

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

Orleanse. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.

Const. You haue shot ouer.

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

Const. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpree.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Const. Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on, leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleanse. I,

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

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

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

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine coniecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuerse.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of cyther Army stilly sounds;
That the fixt Centinels almost receiue
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaille sees the others vंबर'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With busie Hammers closing Riuetts vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowfie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-lustie French,
Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
And chide the creepie-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediously away. The poore condemned English,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminare
The Mornings danger: and their gesture sad,
Inuesting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
Presented them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,
Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:
But freshly lookes, and ouer-bears Attaint,
With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiesie:
That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largeesse vniuersall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And so our Scene must to the Battaille flye:
Where, O for pittie, we shall much disgrace,
With foure or five most vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)

The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.

Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. *Gloster*, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother *Bedford*: God Almighty,
There is some soule of goodnesse in things euill,
Would men obseruingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to vs all; admonishing,
That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churlish turse of France.

Erping. Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowfie Graue, and newly moue
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas*: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pauillion.

Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Bosome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen blesse thee, Noble
Harry. *Exeunt.*

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st cheare-
fully. *Enter Pistoll.*

Pist. *Che vous la?*

King. A friend.

Pist. Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
base, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?

King. Euen so: what are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift
most valiant: I kisse his durty shooe, and from heart-
string I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. *Harry le Roy.*

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

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen*?

King. Yes.

Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
S. Danies day.

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

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. And his Kinsman too.

Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.

King. I thanke you: God be with you.

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

King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen.

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniuersall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatives and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of Pompey the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddletadle nor pibble bable in Pompeyes Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, 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 prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Ass and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, 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, Iohn Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother Iohn 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 Iohn 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 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 relish 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 beleue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish 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 wish himselfe any where, but where hee is.

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

King. I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him here alone: howsoeuer 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.

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 Battaille, shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children rawly left: I am asfeard, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaille: 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 Monney, be assayled 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 (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Scales 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 outrunne Nature punishment; though they can out-strip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punished, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would bee safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprovided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but euery Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery sicke man in his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-lie that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

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.

King. If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

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

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

Exit Souldiers.

King. Indeepe 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.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We must beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose sence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.

What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,
That priuate men enioy?

And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie?

And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?

What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more

Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?

O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.

What? is thy Soule of Odoration?

Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,

Creating awe and feare in other men?

Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,

Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.

Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?

Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers knee,

Command the health of it? No, thou prou'd Dreame,

That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.

I am a King that find thee: and I know,

'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,

The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall,

The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,

The farsed Title running fore the King,

The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of P~~ope~~,
That beates vpon the high shore of this World:

No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;

Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiesticall,

Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue:

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

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

Neuer sees horride Night, the Child of Hell:

But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,

Sweates in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night

Sleepes in *Elizium*: next day after dawne,

Doth rise and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horse,

And followes so the euer-running yeere

With profitable labour to his Graue:

And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,

Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.

The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,

Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,

What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;

Whose howres, the P~~esant~~ best aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your absence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

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

Erp. I shall doo't, my Lord.

Exit.

King. O God of Battailles, Steele my Souldiers hearts,

Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now

The sence of reckning of th'opposed numbers:

Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,

O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault

My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.

I *Richards* body haue interred new,

And on it haue bestowed more contrite teares,

Then from it issued forced drops of blood.

Fine hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,

Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp

Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:

And I haue built two Chauntries,

Where the sad and solemn Priests sing still

For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:

Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;

Since that my Penitence comes after all,

Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce? I:

I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:

The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. *Monte Chenal:* My Horse, *Verlot Lacquay:* Ha.

Orleance. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. *Via les ewes & terre.*

Orleance. *Rien puis le air & fen.*

Dolph. *Cein, Cousin Orleance.* *Enter Constable.*

Now my Lord Constable?

Const. Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice neigh.

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

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horses blood? How shall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. The English are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Const. To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse. Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band, And your faire shew shall suck away their Soules, Leauing them but the shales and huskes of men. There is not worke enough for all our hands, Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines, To giue each naked Curtlex a stayne, That our French Gallants shall to day draw out, And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on them, The vapour of our Valour will o're-terne them. 'Tis positue against all exceptions, Lords, That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pefants, Who in vnneccessarie action swarme About our Squares of Battaile, were enow To purge this field of such a hilding Foe; Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by, Tooke stand for idle speculation: But that our Honours must not. What's to say? A very little little let vs doe, And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount: For our approach shall so much dare the field, That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandpree.

Grandpree. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France? Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones, Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field: Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose, And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully. Bigge *Mars* seemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast, And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes. The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks, With Torch-staues in their hand: and their poore Iades Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips: The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse. And their executors, the knauish Crowes, Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre. Description cannot sute it selfe in words, To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile, In life so liuelesse, as it shewes it selfe.

Const. They haue said their prayers, And they stay for death.

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

And giue their fasting Horses Prouender, And after fight with them?

Const. I stay but for my Guard: on To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, And vse it for my haste. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoast: Salisbury, and Westmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaile.

West. Of fighting men they haue full threescore thousand.

Exc. There's fise to one, besides they all are fresh.

Salisb. Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes. God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge: If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen; Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford, My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter, And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.

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

Exc. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse, Princely in both.

Enter the King.

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

King. What's he that wishes so? My Cousin *Westmerland*. No, my faire Cousin: If we are markt to dye, we are enow To doe our Countrey losse: and if to liue, The fewer men, the greater share of honour. Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more. By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold, Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost: It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare; Such outward things dwell not in my desires. But if it be a sinne to couet Honor, I am the most offending Soule aliuie. No faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England: Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor, As one man more me thinks would share from me, For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more: Rather proclaime it (*Westmerland*) through my Hoast, That he which hath no stomach to this fight, Let him depart, his Passport shall be made, And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse: We would not dye in that mans companie, That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs. This day is call'd the Feast of *Crispian*: He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home, Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named, And rowse him at the Name of *Crispian*. He that shall see this day, and liue old age, Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours, And say, to morrow is Saint *Crispian*. Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres: Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot: But hee'll remember, with aduantages, What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names, Familiar in his mouth as household words,

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And Crispine Crispian shall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themselves accurst they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speaks,
That fought with vs vpon Saint Crispines day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are brauely in their battailes set,
And will with all expedience charge on vs.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,
Couze?

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou hast vnwisht fise thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all:

Tucket. Enter Montioy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies
Must lye and fester.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I trust
Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.
And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breake out into a second course of mischief, e,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speake proudly: Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:

And time hath worne vs into flouenrie.
But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'll be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
Will soone be leuyed.

Herauld, saue thou thy labour:

Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more. Exit.

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
Ransome.

Enter Yorke.

Torke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, braue Yorke.

Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day. Exeunt.

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Curre.

French. *Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qua-
litee.*

Pist. Qualitie calmie culture me. Art thou a Gentle-
man? What is thy Name? discusse.

French. *O Seigneur Dieu.*

Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: per-
pend 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.

French. *O prenes misericordie aye pitez de moy.*

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

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

Pist. Brasse, Curre thou damned and luxurious Moun-
taine Goat, offer't me Brasse?

French. *O pardonne moy.*

Pist. Say't thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?
Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French what is his
Name.

Boy. *Esoute comment estes vous appelle?*

French. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He sayes his Name is M. Fer.

Pist. M. Fer: Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him:
discusse the same in French vnto him.

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

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

French. *Que dit il Monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous
prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de coupes vostre
gorge.*

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pesant, vnlesse
thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled shalt
thou be by this my Sword.

French. *O le vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma par-
donner, le suis le Gentilhomme de bon maison, garde ma vie, & le
vous donneray deux cent escus.*

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prayes you to saue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will giue you two hundred Crownes.

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

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et comra son larement, de pardonner aucune prisonner: neant-mons pour les esches que vous layt a promets, il est content a vous donner le liberte le franchisement.

Fren. Sur mes genoux se vous donnez milles remerciens, et le me estime heurux que le intombe entre les main. d'un Cheualier le pense le plus braue valiant et tres distime signieur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow mee.

Boy. Saue vous le grand Capitaine?

I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell in his olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a wooden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diabie.

Orl. O signeur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all, Reproach, and euerslasting shame
Sits mocking in our Plumes.

A short Alarum.

O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol. O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues:
Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we sent too, for his ransom?

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,
Let vs dye in once more backe againe,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,
Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,
Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the Field,
To smother vp the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. *Exit.*

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

King. Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countermen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Ear. The D. of York commends him to your Maiesty

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

Exc. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side,
(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.
Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.
He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cosin Suffolke,
My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen:
Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-brest:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chiuallrie.

Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,
Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,
So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A Testament of Noble-ending-loue:
The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would haue stop'd,
But I had not so much of man in mee,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to.
But hearken, what new alarum is this same?
The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then euery souldiour kill his Prisoners,
Giue the word through.

Alarum

Exit

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressly
against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-
ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience
now, is it not?

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

Flu. I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Capitaine Gower:
What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the
pig was borne?

Gow. *Alexander* the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or
the gear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnani-
mous, are all one reckonings, saue the phrase is a litle va-
riations.

Gow. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in
Macedon, his Father was call'd *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I
take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is
porne.

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you shall finde in the comparisons betwene *Macedon* & *Monmouth*, that the situations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there is also moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd *Wye* at *Monmouth*: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicated in his praines, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend *Clytus*.

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

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

Gow. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Maiesty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with prisoners. *Flourish.*

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

Enter Montjoy.

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

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowst thou not,

That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for rancome? Com'st thou againe for rancome?

Her. No great King:

I come to thee for charitable License,

That we may wander ore this bloody field,

To booke our dead, and then to bury them,

To sort our Nobles from our common men.

For many of our Princes (woe the while)

Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes

In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds

Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage

Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,

Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,

To view the field in safety, and dispose

Of their dead bodies.

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

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it: What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*, Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Maiesty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a most prauie battell here in France.

Kin. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Maiesty sayes very true: If your Maiesties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Maiesty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleuee your Maiesty takes no scorne to weare the Leek vppon S. Taues day.

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

Flu. All the water in *Wye*, cannot wash your Maiesties Welch blood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God plesse it, and preserue it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Maiesty too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

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

King. Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

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

Exc. Souldier, you must come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Will. And't please your Maiesty, tis the gage of one that I should fight withall, if he be aliu.

Kin. An Englishman?

Will. And't please your Maiesty, a Rascall that swagge'd with me last night: who if aliu, and euer dare to challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him a boxe a'th ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliu) I wil strike it out soundly.

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

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

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

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

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

Will. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who seru'st thou vnder?

Will.

Will. Vnder Captaine Gower, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literated in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege.

Exit.

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when *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 agreed 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 given him for a fauour, May haply purchase him a box a'th'care.

It is the Souldiers: I by bargain 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 mischief may arise of it:

For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an iniurie.

Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.

Goe you with me, Vnckle of *Exeter*.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower and Williams.

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

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peradventure, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

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

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

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuersall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will giue Treason his payment into blowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

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

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

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

Flu. My Lord of *Warwick*, heere is, prayesd be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maiestie.

Enter King and Exeter.

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue which

your Maiestie is take out of the Helme of *Alanfon*.

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowlie Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me testimonie and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanfon*, that your Maiestie is giue me, in your Conscience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier; Looke, heere is the fellow of it:

'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike, And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.

Flu. And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maiestie.

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse the Night, your Garments, your Lowliness: and what your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I beseech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your Highnesse pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow, And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe, Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes: And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue you to mend your shooes: come, wherefore should you be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herald.

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the slaught'ed French.

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

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King, John Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchignald*: Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number, And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead One hundred twentie six: added to these, Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen, Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which, Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights. So that in these ten thousand they haue lost, There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries: The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,

And

And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead :
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Iaques of Chatilion, Admirall of France,
The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,
Great Master of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
Iohn Duke of Alanfon, *Anthony* Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And *Edward* Duke of Barr : of lustie Earles,
Grandpree and *Roussie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Lestrale*.
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead ?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquire ;
None else of name : and of all other men,
But fise and twentie.

O God, thy Arme was heere :
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Ascribe we all : when, without stratagem,
But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaile,
Was euer knowne so great and little losse ?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village :
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,
To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,
Which is his onely.

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

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

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

King. Doe we all holy Rights :
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay :
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,
That I may prompt them : and of such as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here presented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice : Graunt him there ; there scene,
Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea : Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood ; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffer 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way : So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath :
Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie : he forbids it,

Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride ;
Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in best fort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Caesar* in :
As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreffe,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword ;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him ? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Inuites the King of Englands stay at home :
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace betweene them : and omit
All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France :
There must we bring him ; and my selfe haue play'd
The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis past.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.
Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right : but why weare you your
Leeke to day ? *S. Davies* day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore
in all things : I will tell you asse my friend, Captaine
Gower ; the rascally, scauld, beggerly, lowsie, praggling
Knaue *Pistoll*, which you and your selfe, and all the World,
know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no
merits : hee is come to me, and prings me pread and
fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke :
it was in a place where I could not breed no contention
with him ; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap
till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little
piece of my desires.

Enter Pistoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turkey-
cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turkey-
cocks. God plesse you aunchient *Pistoll* : you scuruie low-
sie Knaue, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam ? doest thou thirst, base
Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web ? Hence ;
I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scuruie lowsie Knaue, at
my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eate,
looke you, this Leeke ; because, looke you, you doe not
loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your
digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you
to eate it.

Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.*
Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it ?

Pist. Base Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods
will is : I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and
eate your Victuals : come, there is sawce for it. You
call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make
you

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gow. Enough Capitaine, you haue astonisht him.

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

Pist. Must I bite.

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

Pist. By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate and eate I sweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to sweare by.

Pist. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

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.

Pist. Good.

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

Pist. Mea groat?

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

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God buy you, and keepe you, & heale your pate. *Exit*

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeite cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpon an honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophée 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 native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Pist. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now? Newes haue I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendezvous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and there Ile steale:

And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres, And swore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

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

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes To our most faire and Princely Cosine Katherine: And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriud, We do salute you Duke of Bourgogne, And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairely met, So are you Princes (English) euery one.

Quee. So happy be the Issue brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hitherto haue borne In them against the French that met them in their bent, The fatall Balls of murthering Basiliskes: The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quee. You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue.

Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeours, To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview; Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witnesse. Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You haue congregated: let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view, What Rub, or what Impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace, Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and ioyfull Births, Should not in this best Garden of the World, Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage? Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes, Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.

Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart, Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd, Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre, Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas, The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary, Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rusts, That should deracinate such Sauagery: The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clouer, Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke; Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing reemes, But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes, Burres, Looking both beautie and vilitie; And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges, Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildnesse. Euen so our Houses, and our selues, and Children, Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time, The Sciences that should become our Countrey; But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will, That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood, To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attire, And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall. Which to reduce into our former fauour, You are assembled: and my speech entreats, That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace Should not expell these inconueniences, And blesse vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace, Whose want giues growth to th'imperfections Which you haue cited; you must buy that Peace With full accord to all our iust demands, Whose Tenures and particular effects You haue enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

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

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

France. I haue but with a curselarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your Councell presently
To sit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-suruey them; we will suddenly
Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

England. Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Gloucester*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wisedomes best
Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee'le conigne thereto. Will you, faire Sister,
Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on.

England. Yet leaue our Cousin *Katherine* here with vs,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet King and Katherine.

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

Kath. Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake
your England.

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

Kath. *Pardonne moy*, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an
Angell.

Kath. *Que dit il que Je suis semblable a les Anges?*

Lady. *Ony verayment (sans vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.*

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

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

King. What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of
men are full of deccits?

Lady. *Ony*, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of de-
ceits: dat is de Princeesse.

King. The Princeesse is the better English-woman:
yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am
glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou
could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that
thou would'st thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my
Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but di-
rectly to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther,
then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Giue
me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bar-
gaine: how say you, Lady?

Kath. *Sans vostre honneur*, me vnderstand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to
Dance for your sake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one
I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I
haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in
strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by
vawring into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;
vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should
quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my

Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I could lay on
like a Butcher, and sit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But
before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out
my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in protestation;
onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse till vrg'd,
nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow
of this temper, *Kate*, whose face is not worth Sunne-bur-
ning? that neuer looks in his Glasse, for loue of any
thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake
to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this,
take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but
for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And
while thou liu'st, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and
vncoynd Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right,
because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for
these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues
into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reason themselues
out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is
but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will
stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will
grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax
hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the
Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it
shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his course
truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and
take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King.
And what say'st thou then to my Loue? speake my faire,
and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould loue de ennemie of
Fraunce?

King. No, it is not possible you should loue the Ene-
mie of France, *Kate*; but in louing me, you should loue
the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I
will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine:
and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate*? I will tell thee in French, which I am
sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife
about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Je
quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le pos-
session de moy.* (Let mee see, what then? Saint Dennis bee
my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, & vous estes mienne.*
It is as easie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to
speake so much more French: I shall neuer moue thee in
French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.

Kath. *Sans vostre honneur, le Francois ques vous parlez, il
& melieus que l'Anglois le quel Je parle.*

King. No faith is't not, *Kate*: but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must
needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'st
thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou loue
mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate*? Ile
aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night,
when you come into your Closet, you'le question this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to
her dispraise those parts in me, that you loue with your
heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather
gentle Princeesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou
bee'st mine, *Kate*, as I haue a sauing Faith within me tells
me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder:
Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint Dennis and Saint
George, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,
k that

that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise *Kate*, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin deesse.*

Kath. Your Maiessee aue faust. Frenche enough to deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor in true English, I loue thee *Kate*; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou dost; notwithstanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stubborne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladies, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empreffe, take me by the Hand, and say, *Harry of England*, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I speake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come, your Answer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is Musick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it shall please *de Roy mon pere.*

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

Kath. Den it fall also content me.

King. Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. *Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse, may foy: Je ne veus point que vous abbaissiez vostre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indignie seruiteur excuse moy. Je vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.*

King. Then I will kisse your Lippes, *Kate.*

Kath. *Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baissee denant leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce.*

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

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

King. To kisse.

Lady. Your Maiessee entendre better que moy.

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 currie 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 followes our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your

Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate*: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they should sooner perswade *Harry of England*, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God saue your Maiesstie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princesse English?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, 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 Virgin Crimfon of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to conigne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to consent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

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

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

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

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

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So please you.

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

France. Wee haue consented to all tearmes of reason.

England. Is't so, my Lords of England?

West. The King hath graunted every Article: His Daughter first; and in sequele, all, According to their firme proposed natures.

Exit. Onely

Exet. Onely he hath not yet subscribed this :
Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France
hauing any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall
name your Highnesse in this forme, and with this additi-
on, in French : *Nostre trescher filz Henry Roy d' Angleterre*
Heretere de Fraunce : and thus in Latine ; *Præclarissimus*
Filius noster Henricus Rex Anglia & Heres Francia.

France. Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd,
But your request shall make me let it passe.

England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon giue me your Daughter.

France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse vp
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred ; and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes : that neuer Warre aduance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

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

Flourish.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one :
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie,

Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,
To make diuerce of their incorporate League :
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receiue each other. God speake this Amen.

All. Amen.

King. Prepare we for our Marriage : on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues.
Then shall I sweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.

Senet.

Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time : but in that small, most greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword ;
By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued :
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King succeed :
Whose State so many had the managing,
That they lost France, and made his England bleed :
Which oft our Stage hath showne ; and for their sake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

