```xml
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   <teiHeader>
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         <titleStmt>
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William Shakespeares comedies, histories, &amp; tragedies.
               Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
            <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
               tragedies</title>
            <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
            <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
            <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
            <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
            <respStmt>
               <persName>Droeshout, Martin, 1601-</persName>
               <resp>engraver</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt>
               <persName>Jaggard, Isaac, -1627</persName>
               <resp>printer</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt>
               <persName>Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632</persName>
               <resp>printer</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt>
               <persName>Jaggard, William, 1569-1623</persName>
               <resp>publisher</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt>
               <persName>Smethwicke, John, -1641</persName>
               <resp>publisher</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt>
               <persName>Aspley, William, -1640</persName>
               <resp>publisher</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="BDLSS">
               <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/bdlss">Bodleian Digital
Library Systems and Services</orgName>
               <resp>creation of electronic edition</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="INVIDA">
               <orgName ref="http://www.invidasolutions.com/">Invida Trans It
Solutions PVT. LTD.</orgName>
               <resp>preliminary keying and encoding by</resp>
            </respStmt>
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```xml
            <respStmt xml:id="PW">
               <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
               <resp>project management</resp>
               <resp>proofing</resp>
               <resp>encoding</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <respStmt xml:id="JC">
               <persName>James Cummings</persName>
               <resp>encoding consultation</resp>
            </respStmt>
            <funder><ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for
Shakespeare</ref>
               Crowdfunding</funder>
            <funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made
possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
and book history.</funder>
         </titleStmt>
         <editionStmt>
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April
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               <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of
Oxford</orgName></publisher>
            <date when="2014-09-11">11 September 2014</date>
            <authority><orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/bdlss"
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               Library Systems and Services</orgName></authority>
            <address>
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             <addrLine>Osney Mead</addrLine>
             <addrLine>Oxford</addrLine>
             <postCode>OX2 0EW</postCode>
            </address>
            <availability>
               <p> Available for reuse, according to the terms of the <ref
target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative Commons Attribution
3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
            </availability>
            <idno type="url">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</idno>
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&amp;
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          <title type="variant">Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&amp;
            tragedies</title>
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<country>England</country></pubPlace>:
          <publisher><persName>William Jaggard</persName>,
<persName>Edward
            Blount</persName>, <persName>John
Smethwicke</persName></publisher>
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          <date type="entry" when="1623-11-08">8 November 1623
(entered)</date>
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          <idno type="alephSysNo">015592789</idno>
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          <note type="citation">Greg, III, p. 1109-12</note>
          <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
          <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
          <note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. &amp; West, A.J. "The
Shakespeare First Folios a
            descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>
          <note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of
            Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>
          <note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare
First Folios,
            With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March
            1999), p.1-19</note>
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        <msDesc>
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            <settlement>Oxford</settlement>
            <institution>University of Oxford</institution>
            <repository>Bodleian Library</repository>
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            <altIdentifier type="previous">
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```xml
                    1624-1664?]</idno>
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                <titlePage>
                    <docTitle>
                        <titlePart>M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM <lb/><hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
                        <lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, &amp;
<lb/>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>
                        <titlePart>Publiſhed according to the True Originall
Copies.</titlePart>

                    </docTitle>

                    <docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at
the charges
                        of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,
                        <docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
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                                <height unit="mm">349</height>
                                <width unit="mm">323</width>
                            </dimensions>
                        </support>
                        <foliation><p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80,
[26], 76,
                            79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.; fol.</p>
                            <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
p.59
                            misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
151; p.161
                            misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
misnumbered 163; p.
                            189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
misnumbered 252; p.
                            265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
some copies;
                            p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
p.165-166
```

numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 -- 5th count: p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308 misnumbered 38; p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
</foliation>
<collation><p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: πA^6 ($\pi A1+1$) $[\pi B^2]$, ^2A-$2B^6$ Gg^6 $2C^2$ a-g^6 χgg^8 h-v^6 x^4 $\chi 1.2$ [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 aa-ff^6 gg^2 hh^6 kk-bbb^6; 2. West: πA^6 ($\pi A1+1$, $\pi A5+1.2$)^2A-$2B^6$ $2C^2$ a-g^6 $^2g^8$ h-v^6 x^4 'gg3.4' ($\pm$'gg3') [para.]-2[para.]^6 3[para]^1 2a-$2f^6$ $2g^2$ $2G^6$ $2h^6$ 2k-$2v^6$ x^6 2y-$3b^6$.</p>
<p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; $^3gg1$ mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
<p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination on leaf a1 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on leaf aa1 recto.</p>
</collation>
<condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader". The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of some the Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.</condition>
</supportDesc>
<layoutDesc>
  <layout>
    <p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>
    <p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>
    <p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
    <p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>
  </layout>

```xml
      </layoutDesc>
    </objectDesc>
    <decoDesc>
      <decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>
      <decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.</decoNote>
    </decoDesc>
    <additions><p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap was seen". 2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on t.p. (mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor annotations on leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions>
    <bindingDesc>
      <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard printed waste from Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod.
```

Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
                                  </bindingDesc>
                              </physDesc>
                            <history>
                                <origin>
                                    <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The
printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.
</p>
</origin>
<acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It
was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library
Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at
shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication
of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the
newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records
to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of
"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a
bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
<p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered
the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall,
Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the
family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was
reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>,
raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and
purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The
Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (theTurbutt
Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
<p>For a full discussion of this copy and the
digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and
Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>
</acquisition>
</history>

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    </listBibl>
  </surrogates>
</additional>
</msDesc>
</sourceDesc>
</fileDesc>
<encodingDesc>
  <listPrefixDef>
    <prefixDef ident="FFimg" matchPattern="([a-z]+[a-z0-9]*)" replacementPattern="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/page-cropped/$1">
      <p>The private URIs with the prefix 'FFimg' should be replaced with the URL pointing to the Bodleian's First Folio website.</p>
    </prefixDef>
  </listPrefixDef>
</encodingDesc>
<profileDesc>
  <particDesc>
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        <persName type="form">Alice.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lady.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-h5-all">
        <persName type="standard">All</persName>
        <persName type="form">All.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-h5-amb.1">
        <persName type="standard">First Ambassador</persName>
        <persName type="form">Amb.</persName>
      </person>
      <person xml:id="F-h5-can">
        <persName type="standard">Archbishop of Canterbury</persName>
        <persName type="form">B.</persName>
        <persName type="form">B. Can.</persName>
        <persName type="form">B. Cant,</persName>
        <persName type="form">B. Cant.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Bish. Can.</persName>
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```xml
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   <persName type="form">Bish.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Bish. Ely.</persName>
</person>
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   <persName type="form">Bar.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Bard.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-h5-bat">
   <persName type="standard">Bates</persName>
   <persName type="form">Bates.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-h5-bed">
   <persName type="standard">Duke of Bedford</persName>
   <persName type="form">Bed.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Bedf.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Bedf,</persName>
   <persName type="form">Bedf</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-h5-boy">
   <persName type="standard">Boy</persName>
   <persName type="form">Boy.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-h5-bri">
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Bourbon)</persName>
   <persName type="form">Brit.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Bur.</persName>
</person>
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   <persName type="form">Bur.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Burg.</persName>
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   <persName type="standard">Earl of Cambridge</persName>
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</person>
<person xml:id="F-h5-cho">
   <persName type="standard">Chorus</persName>
   <persName type="form">Chorus.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-h5-con">
   <persName type="standard">Constable of France</persName>
   <persName type="form">Con.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Const.</persName>
</person>
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```xml
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   <persName type="form">Court.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-h5-lew">
   <persName type="standard">Lewis the Dauphin</persName>
   <persName type="form">Dol.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Dolph.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Dolphin.</persName>
</person>
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   <persName type="form">Eng.</persName>
   <persName type="form">England.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Kin.</persName>
   <persName type="form">King.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-h5-erp">
   <persName type="standard">Sir Thomas Erpingham</persName>
   <persName type="form">Erp.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Erping.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-h5-exe">
   <persName type="standard">Duke of Exeter</persName>
   <persName type="form">Exe.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Exe:</persName>
   <persName type="form">Exet.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Exeter.</persName>
</person>
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   <persName type="form">Flu.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Welch.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-h5-fra">
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   <persName type="form">Fra.</persName>
   <persName type="form">France.</persName>
   <persName type="form">French King.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Kin.</persName>
   <persName type="form">King.</persName>
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<person xml:id="F-h5-fre">
   <persName type="standard">French Soldier</persName>
   <persName type="form">Fre.</persName>
   <persName type="form">Fren.</persName>
   <persName type="form">French.</persName>
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```xml
      <persName type="form">Glouc.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Gloster.</persName>
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      <persName type="form">Gouer.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-h5-gow">
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    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-h5-gre">
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      <persName type="form">Grey.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Kni.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-h5-gra">
      <persName type="standard">Grandpre</persName>
      <persName type="form">Grandpree.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-h5-her">
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    <person xml:id="F-h5-hos">
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      <persName type="form">Host.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Hostesse.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Woman.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-h5-mac">
      <persName type="standard">Macmorris</persName>
      <persName type="form">Irish.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-h5-kat">
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      <persName type="form">Kath.</persName>
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```xml
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      <persName type="form">Messeng.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-h5-mon">
      <persName type="standard">Montjoy</persName>
      <persName type="form">Mont.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Mount.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Mountioy.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-h5-nym">
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      <persName type="form">Nim.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Nym.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-h5-orl">
      <persName type="standard">Duke of Orleans</persName>
      <persName type="form">Orl.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Orleance.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-h5-pis">
      <persName type="standard">Pistol</persName>
      <persName type="form">Pi.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Pist.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Pistoll.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-h5-isa">
      <persName type="standard">Queen Isabel</persName>
      <persName type="form">Quee.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-h5-ram">
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      <persName type="form">Ram.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Ramb.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-h5-sal">
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      <persName type="form">Sal.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Salisb.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-h5-jam">
      <persName type="standard">Jamy</persName>
      <persName type="form">Scot.</persName>
  </person>
  <person xml:id="F-h5-scr">
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      <persName type="form">Scro.</persName>
  </person>
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```

```xml
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                    <persName type="form">West.</persName>
                    <persName type="form">Westm.</persName>
                </person>
                <person xml:id="F-h5-wil">
                    <persName type="standard">Williams</persName>
                    <persName type="form">Wil.</persName>
                    <persName type="form">Will.</persName>
                    <persName type="form">Williams.</persName>
                </person>
                <person xml:id="F-h5-yor">
                    <persName type="standard">Duke of York</persName>
                    <persName type="form">Yorke.</persName>
                </person>
            </listPerson>
        </particDesc>
    </profileDesc>
</teiHeader>
<text type="play" xml:id="F-h5">
        <body>
            <div type="play" n="19">
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0425-0.jpg" n="69"/>
                <head rend="italic centre">The Life of Henry the Fift.</head>
                <div type="prologue" rend="notPresent">
                    <head type="supplied">[Prologue]</head>
                    <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Prologue.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-cho">
                <cb n="1"/>
                <l n="1"><c rend="decoratedCapital">O</c> <hi rend="italic">For a
Muse of Fire, that would ascend</hi></l>
                <l rend="italic" n="2">The brightest Heauen of Inuention:</l>
                <l rend="italic" n="3">A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,</l>
                <l rend="italic" n="4">And Monarchs to behold the swelling
Scene.</l>
                <l n="5"><hi rend="italic">Then should the Warlike</hi> Harry, <hi
rend="italic">like himselfe,</hi></l>
                <l n="6"><hi rend="italic">Assume the Port of</hi> Mars<hi
rend="italic">, and at his heeles</hi></l>
                <l rend="italic" n="7">(Leasht in, like Hounds) should Famine,
Sword, and Fire</l>
                <l rend="italic" n="8">Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles
all:</l>
                <l rend="italic" n="9">The flat vnraysed Spirits, that hath dar'd,</l>
                <l rend="italic" n="10">On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth</l>
                <l rend="italic" n="11">So great an Obiect Can this Cock-Pit hold</l>
                <l rend="italic" n="12">The vastie fields of France? Or may we
cramme</l>
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<l rend="italic" n="13">Within this Woodden O. the very Caskes</l>
<l rend="italic" n="14">That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?</l>
<l rend="italic" n="15">O pardon: since a crooked Figure may</l>
<l rend="italic" n="16">Attest in little place a Million,</l>
<l rend="italic" n="17">And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l rend="italic" n="18">On your imaginarie Forces worke.</l>
<l rend="italic" n="19">Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls</l>
<l rend="italic" n="20">Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,</l>
<l rend="italic" n="21">Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,</l>
<l rend="italic" n="22">The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.</l>
<l rend="italic" n="23">Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:</l>
<l rend="italic" n="24">Into a thousand parts diuide one Man,</l>
<l rend="italic" n="25">And make imaginarie Puissance.</l>
<l rend="italic" n="26">Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them</l>
<l rend="italic" n="27">Printing their prowd Hoofes i'th' receiuing Earth:</l>
<l rend="italic" n="28">For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,</l>
<l rend="italic" n="29">Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;</l>
<l rend="italic" n="30">Turning th'accomplishment of many yeeres</l>
<l rend="italic" n="31">Into an Howre-glasse: for the which supplie</l>
<l n="32"><hi rend="italic">Admit me</hi> Chorus <hi rend="italic">to this Historie;</hi></l>
<l rend="italic" n="33">Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,</l>
<l rend="italic" n="34">Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play.</l>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</sp>
</div>
<div type="act" n="1">
  <div type="scene" n="1">
    <head rend="italic centre">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
    <cb n="1"/>
  <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-h5-can">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bish. Cant.</speaker>
    <l n="35">
```

`<c rend="decoratedCapital">M</c>`Y Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe
Bill is vrg'd,`</l>`
`<l n="36">`Which in
`<choice><abbr>`th'eleuēth`</abbr><expan>`th'eleuenth`</expan></choice>`
yere of y`<hi rend="superscript">`e`</hi>` last Kings reign`</l>`
`<l n="37">`Was like, and had indeed against vs past,`</l>`
`<l n="38">`But that the scambling and vnquiet time`</l>`
`<l n="39">`Did push it out of farther question.`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-ely">`
`<speaker rend="italic">`Bish. Ely.`</speaker>`
`<l n="40">`But how my Lord shall we resist it now?`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-can">`
`<speaker rend="italic">`Bish. Cant.`</speaker>`
`<l n="41">`It must be thought on: if it passe against vs,`</l>`
`<l n="42">`We loose the better halfe of our Possession:`</l>`
`<l n="43">`For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout`</l>`
`<l n="44">`By Testament haue giuen to the Church,`</l>`
`<l n="45">`Would they strip from vs; being valu'd thus,`</l>`
`<l n="46">`As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,`</l>`
`<l n="47">`Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,`</l>`
`<l n="48">`Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:`</l>`
`<l n="49">`And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age`</l>`
`<l n="50">`Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,`</l>`
`<l n="51">`A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:`</l>`
`<l n="52">`And to the Coffers of the King beside,`</l>`
`<l n="53">`A thousand pounds by th'yeere`<pc rend="uninked"/>`
Thus runs the Bill.`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-ely">`
`<speaker rend="italic">`Bish. Ely.`</speaker>`
`<l n="54">`This would drinke deepe.`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-can">`
`<speaker rend="italic">`Bish. Cant.`</speaker>`
`<l n="55">`'Twould drinke the Cup and all.`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-ely">`
`<speaker rend="italic">`Bish. Ely.`</speaker>`
`<l n="56">`But what preuention?`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<cb n="2"/>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-can">`
`<speaker rend="italic">`Bish. Cant.`</speaker>`
`<l n="57">`The King is full of grace, and faire re-
`<lb/>`gard.`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-ely">`
`<speaker rend="italic">`Bish. Ely.`</speaker>`

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    <l n="58">And a true louer of the holy Church.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-can">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bish. Cant.</speaker>
    <l n="59">The courses of his youth promis'd it not.</l>
    <l n="60">The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,</l>
    <l n="61">But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,</l>
    <l n="62">Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,</l>
    <l n="63">Consideration like an Angell came,</l>
    <l n="64">And whipt th'offending <hi rend="italic">Adam</hi>
      out of him;</l>
    <l n="65">Leauing his body as a Paradise,</l>
    <l n="66">T'inuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.</l>
    <l n="67">Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made:</l>
    <l n="68">Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,</l>
    <l n="69">With such a heady currance scowring faults:</l>
    <l n="70">Nor neuer <hi rend="italic">Hidra</hi>-headed
Wilfulnesse</l>
    <l n="71">So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once;</l>
    <l n="72">As in this King.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-ely">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bish. Ely.</speaker>
    <l n="73">We are blessed in the Change.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-can">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bish. Cant.</speaker>
    <l n="74"> Heare him but reason in Diuinitie;</l>
    <l n="75">And all-admiring, with an inward wish</l>
    <l n="76">You would desire the King were made a Prelate:</l>
    <l n="77">Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;</l>
    <l n="78">You would say, it hath been all in all his study:</l>
    <l n="79">List his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare</l>
    <l n="80">A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.</l>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">h</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Turn<gap/>
  </fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0426-0.jpg" n="70"/>
    <fw type="rh">
  <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>
</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <l n="81">Turne him to any Cause of Pollicy,</l>
    <l n="82">The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose,</l>
    <l n="83">Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,</l>
    <l n="84">The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,</l>
    <l n="85">And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,</l>
    <l n="86">To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences:</l>
    <l n="87">So that the Art and Practique part of Life,</l>
    <l n="88">Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.</l>
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            <l n="89">Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane
it,</l>

            <l n="90">Since his addiction was to Courses vaine,</l>
            <l n="91">His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,</l>
            <l n="92">His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;</l>
            <l n="93">And neuer noted in him any studie,</l>
            <l n="94">Any retyrement, any sequestration,</l>
            <l n="95">From open Haunts and Popularitie.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-ely">
            <speaker rend="italic">B. Ely.</speaker>
            <l n="96">The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,</l>
            <l n="97">And holesome Berryes thriue and ripen best,</l>
            <l n="98">Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:</l>
            <l n="99">And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation</l>
            <l n="100">Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)</l>
            <l n="101">Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,</l>
            <l n="102">Vnseene, yet cressiue in his facultie.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-can">
            <speaker rend="italic">B. Cant.</speaker>
            <l n="103">It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:</l>
            <l n="104">And therefore we must needes admit the meanes,</l>
            <l n="105">How things are perfected.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-ely">
            <speaker rend="italic">B. Ely.</speaker>
            <l n="106">But my good Lord:</l>
            <l n="107">How now for mittigation of this Bill,</l>
            <l n="108">Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie</l>
            <l n="109">Incline to it, or no?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-can">
            <speaker rend="italic">B. Cant.</speaker>
            <l n="110">He seemes indifferent:</l>
            <l n="111">Or rather swaying more vpon our part,</l>
            <l n="112">Then cherishing th'exhibiters against vs:</l>
            <l n="113">For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie,</l>
            <l n="114">Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,</l>
            <l n="115">And in regard of Causes now in hand,</l>
            <l n="116">Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,</l>
            <l n="117">As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,</l>
            <l n="118">Then euer at one time the Clergie yet</l>
            <l n="119">Did to his Predecessors part withall.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-ely">
            <speaker rend="italic">B. Ely.</speaker>
            <l n="120">How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-can">
```

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<speaker rend="italic">B. Cant.</speaker>
<l n="121">With good acceptance of his Maiestie:</l>
<l n="122">Saue that there was not time enough to heare,</l>
<l n="123">As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,</l>
<l n="124">The seueralls and vnhidden passages</l>
<l n="125">Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,</l>
<l n="126">And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,</l>
<l n="127">Deriu'd from <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>, his
great Grandfather.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-ely">
  <speaker rend="italic">B. Ely.</speaker>
  <l n="128">What was th'impediment that broke this off?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-can">
  <speaker rend="italic">B. Cant.</speaker>
  <l n="129">The French Embassador vpon that instant</l>
  <l n="130">Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,</l>
  <l n="131">To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-ely">
  <speaker rend="italic">B. Ely.</speaker>
  <l n="132">It is.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-can">
  <speaker rend="italic">B. Cant.</speaker>
  <l n="133">Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:</l>
  <l n="134">Which I could with a ready guesse declare,</l>
  <l n="135">Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-ely">
  <speaker rend="italic">B. Ely.</speaker>
  <l n="136">Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
  </div>
<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the King,
Humfrey,
  Bedford, Clarence, <lb/>Warwick, Westmerland, and
  Exeter.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="137">Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-exe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Exeter.</speaker>
  <p n="138">Not here in presence.</p>
</sp>
```

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<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l n="139">Send for him, good Vnckle.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-wes">
  <speaker rend="italic">Westm.</speaker>
  <l n="140">Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l n="141">Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolu'd,</l>
  <l n="142">Before we heare him, of some things of weight,</l>
  <l n="143">That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and
France.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter two
Bishops.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-can">
  <speaker rend="italic">B. Cant.</speaker>
  <l n="144">God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,</l>
  <l n="145">And make you long become it.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l n="146">Sure we thanke you.</l>
  <l n="147">My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,</l>
  <l n="148">And iustly and religiously vnfold,</l>
  <l n="149">Why the Law <hi rend="italic">Salike</hi>, that
they haue in France,</l>
  <l n="150">Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:</l>
  <l n="151">And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,</l>
  <l n="152">That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,</l>
  <l n="153">Or nicely charge your vnderstanding Soule,</l>
  <l n="154">With opening Titles miscreate, whose right</l>
  <l n="155">Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth:</l>
  <l n="156">For God doth know, how many now in health,</l>
  <l n="157">Shall drop their blood, in approbation</l>
  <l n="158">Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to.</l>
  <l n="159">Therefore take heed how you impawne our
Person,</l>
  <l n="160">How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;</l>
  <l n="161">We charge you in the Name of God take heed:</l>
  <l n="162">For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,</l>
  <l n="163">Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse
drops</l>
  <l n="164">Are euery one, a Woe, a sore Complaint,</l>
  <l n="165">'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the
Swords,</l>
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                              <l n="166">That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.</l>
                              <l n="167">Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:</l>
                              <l n="168">For we will heare, note, and beleeue in heart,</l>
                              <l n="169">That what you speake, is in your Conscience
washt,</l>
                              <l n="170">As pure as sinne with Baptisme.</l>
                          </sp>
                          <sp who="#F-h5-can">
                              <speaker rend="italic">B. Can.</speaker>
                              <l n="171">Then heare me gracious Soueraign, &amp; you
Peers,</l>
                              <l n="172">That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,</l>
                              <l n="173">To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre</l>
                              <l n="174">To make against your Highnesse Clayme to
France,</l>
                              <l n="175">But this which they produce from <hi
rend="italic">Pharamond</hi>,</l>
                              <l n="176">
                              <hi rend="italic">In terram Salicam Mulieres ne
succedaul</hi>,</l>
                              <l n="177">No Woman shall succeed in <hi
rend="italic">Salike</hi> Land:</l>
                              <l n="178">Which <hi rend="italic">Salike</hi> Land, the
French vniustly gloze</l>
                              <l n="179">To be the Realme of France, and <hi
rend="italic">Pharamond</hi>
                              </l>
                              <l n="180">The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.</l>
                              <l n="181">Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,</l>
                              <l n="182">That the Land <hi rend="italic">Salike</hi> is in
Germanie,</l>
                              <l n="183">Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:</l>
                              <l n="184">Where <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the Great
hauing subdu'd the Saxons,</l>
                              <l n="185">There left behind and settled certaine French:</l>
                              <l n="186">Who holding in disdaine the German Women,</l>
                              <l n="187">For some dishonest manners of their life,</l>
                              <l n="188">Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female</l>
                              <l n="189">Should be Inheritrix in <hi rend="italic">Salike</hi>
Land:</l>
                              <l n="190">Which <hi rend="italic">Salike</hi> (as I said)
'twixt Elue and Sala,</l>
                              <l n="191">Is at this day in Germanie, call'd <hi
rend="italic">Meisen</hi>.
                              </l>
                              <l n="192">Then doth it well appeare, the <hi
rend="italic">Salike</hi> Law</l>
                              <l n="193">Was not deuised for the Realme of France:</l>
                              <l n="194">Nor did the French possesse the <hi
rend="italic">Salike</hi> Land,</l>
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<l n="195">Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres</l>
<l n="196">After defunction of King <hi rend="italic">Pharamond</hi>,
</l>
<l n="197">Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,</l>
<l n="198">Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,</l>
<l n="199">Foure hundred twentie six: and <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the Great</l>
<l n="200">Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French</l>
<l n="201">Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere</l>
<l n="202">Eight hundred fiue. Besides, their Writers say,</l>
<l n="203">King <hi rend="italic">Pepin</hi>, which deposed <hi rend="italic">Childerike</hi>,
</l>
<l n="204">Did as Heire Generall, being descended</l>
<l n="205">Of <hi rend="italic">Blithild</hi>, which was Daughter to King <hi rend="italic">Clothair</hi>,</l>
<l n="206">Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.</l>
<l n="207">
<hi rend="italic">Hugh Capet</hi> also, who vsurpt the Crowne</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Of</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0427-0.jpg" n="71"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry The Fift</hi>.
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l n="208">Of <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male</l>
<l n="209">Of the true Line and Stock of <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the Great:</l>
<l n="210">To find his Title with some shewes of truth,</l>
<l n="211">Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,</l>
<l n="212">Conuey'd himselfe as th'Heire to th' Lady <hi rend="italic">Lingare</hi>,
</l>
<l n="213">Daughter to <hi rend="italic">Charlemaine</hi>, who was the Sonne</l>
<l n="214">To <hi rend="italic">Lewes</hi> the Emperour, and <hi rend="italic">Lewes</hi> the Sonne</l>
<l n="215">Of <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the Great: also King <hi rend="italic">Lewes</hi> the Tenth,</l>
<l n="216">Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper <hi rend="italic">Capet</hi>,
</l>
<l n="217">Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,</l>
<l n="218">Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,</l>
<l n="219">That faire Queene <hi rend="italic">Isabel</hi>, his Grandmother,</l>
<l n="220">Was Lineall of the Lady <hi

rend="italic">Ermengare</hi>,
                </l>
                <l n="221">Daughter to <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the foresaid Duke of Loraine:</l>
                <l n="222">By the which Marriage, the Lyne of <hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> the Great</l>
                <l n="223">Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.</l>
                <l n="224">So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,</l>
                <l n="225">King <hi rend="italic">Pepins</hi> Title, and <hi rend="italic">Hugh Capets</hi> Clayme,</l>
                <l n="226">King <hi rend="italic">Lewes</hi> his satisfaction, all appeare</l>
                <l n="227">To hold in Right and Title of the Female:</l>
                <l n="228">So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.</l>
                <l n="229">Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,</l>
                <l n="230">To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,</l>
                <l n="231">And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,</l>
                <l n="232">Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,</l>
                <l n="233">Vsurpt from you and your Progenitors.</l>
              </sp>
             <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                <l n="234">May I with right and conscience make this claim?</l>
              </sp>
             <sp who="#F-h5-can">
                <speaker rend="italic">Bish. Cant.</speaker>
                <l n="235">The sinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:</l>
                <l n="236">For in the Booke of <hi rend="italic">Numbers</hi> is it writ,</l>
                <l n="237">When the man dyes, let the Inheritance</l>
                <l n="238">Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,</l>
                <l n="239">Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,</l>
                <l n="240">Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:</l>
                <l n="241">Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandsires Tombe,</l>
                <l n="242">From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,</l>
                <l n="243">And your Great Vnckles, <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the Black Prince,</l>
                <l n="244">Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,</l>
                <l n="245">Making defeat on the full Power of France:</l>
                <l n="246">Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill</l>
                <l n="247">Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe</l>
                <l n="248">Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.</l>
                <l n="249">O Noble English, that could entertaine</l>
                <l n="250">With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,</l>
                <l n="251">And let another halfe stand laughing by,</l>

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                        <l n="252">All out of worke, and cold for action.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-ely">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Bish.</speaker>
                        <l n="253">Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,</l>
                        <l n="254">And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats;</l>
                        <l n="255">You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne:</l>
                        <l n="256">The Blood and Courage that renowned them,</l>
                        <l n="257">Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant
Liege</l>
                        <l n="258">Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,</l>
                        <l n="259">Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
                        <l n="260">Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth</l>
                        <l n="261">Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,</l>
                        <l n="262">As did the former Lyons of your Blood.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-wes">
                        <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
                        <l n="263">They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
<lb rend="turnover"/>
                        <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>might;</l>
                        <l n="264">So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England</l>
                        <l n="265">Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,</l>
                        <l n="266">Whose hearts haue left their bodyes here in
England,</l>
                        <l n="267">And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-can">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Bish. Can.</speaker>
                        <l n="268">
                        <hi rend="italic">O</hi> let their bodyes follow my deare
Liege</l>
                        <l n="269">With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your
Right:</l>
                        <l n="270">In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie</l>
                        <l n="271">Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie
Summe,</l>
                        <l n="272">As neuer did the Clergie at one time</l>
                        <l n="273">Bring in to any of your Ancestors.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <cb n="2"/>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                        <l n="274">We must not onely arme t'inuade the French,</l>
                        <l n="275">But lay downe our proportions, to defend</l>
                        <l n="276">Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,</l>
                        <l n="277">With all aduantages.</l>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-can">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bish. Can.</speaker>
          <l n="278">They of those Marches, gracious Soueraign,</l>
          <l n="279">Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend</l>
          <l n="280">Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l n="281">We do not meane the coursing snatchers onely,</l>
          <l n="282">But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,</l>
          <l n="283">Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs:</l>
          <l n="284">For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather</l>
          <l n="285">Neuer went with his forces into France,</l>
          <l n="286">But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,</l>
          <l n="287">Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,</l>
          <l n="288">With ample and brim fulnesse of his force,</l>
          <l n="289">Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes,</l>
          <l n="290">Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes:</l>
          <l n="291">That England being emptie of defence,</l>
          <l n="292">Hath shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-can">
          <speaker rend="italic">B. Can.</speaker>
          <l n="293">She hath bin <choice><abbr>th&#x0113;</abbr><expan>then</expan></choice> more fear'd <choice><abbr>th&#x0113;</abbr><expan>then</expan></choice> harm'd, my Liege:</l>
          <l n="294">For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,</l>
          <l n="295">When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,</l>
          <l n="296">And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,</l>
          <l n="297">Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended.</l>
          <l n="298">But taken and impounded as a Stray,</l>
          <l n="299">The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,</l>
          <l n="300">To fill King <hi rend="italic">Edwards</hi> fame with prisoner Kings,</l>
          <l n="301">And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,</l>
          <l n="302">As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea</l>
          <l n="303">With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-ely">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bish. Ely.</speaker>
          <l n="304">But there's a saying very old and true,</l>
          <l n="305">
          <hi rend="italic">If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begia</hi>.
          </l>
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                    <l n="306">For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,</l>
                    <l n="307">To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)</l>
                    <l n="308">Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely
Egges,</l>
                    <l n="309">Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,</l>
                    <l n="310">To tame and hauocke more then she can eate.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
                    <l n="311">It followes the<c rend="inverted">n</c>, the Cat
must stay at home,</l>
                    <l n="312">Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,</l>
                    <l n="313">Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,</l>
                    <l n="314">And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.</l>
                    <l n="315">While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,</l>
                    <l n="316">Th'aduised head defends it selfe at home:</l>
                    <l n="317">For Gouernment, though high, and low, and
lower,</l>
                    <l n="318">Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,</l>
                    <l n="319">Congreeing in a full and natural close,</l>
                    <l n="320">Like Musicke.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-can">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Cant.</speaker>
                    <l n="321">Therefore doth heauen diuide</l>
                    <l n="322">The state of man in diuers functions,</l>
                    <l n="323">Setting endeuour in continual motion:</l>
                    <l n="324">To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,</l>
                    <l n="325">Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,</l>
                    <l n="326">Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach</l>
                    <l n="327">The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.</l>
                    <l n="328">They haue a King, and Officers of sorts,</l>
                    <l n="329">Where some like Magistrates correct at home:</l>
                    <l n="330">Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:</l>
                    <l n="331">Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,</l>
                    <l n="332">Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:</l>
                    <l n="333">Which pillage, they with merry march bring
home:</l>
                    <l n="334">To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:</l>
                    <l n="335">Who busied in his Maiesties surueyes</l>
                    <l n="336">The singing Masons building roofes of Gold,</l>
                    <l n="337">The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony;</l>
                    <l n="338">The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in</l>
                    <l n="339">Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:</l>
                    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">h2</fw>
                    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>
                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0428-0.jpg" n="72"/>
                    <fw type="rh">
                <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
                </fw>
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<cb n="1"/>
<l n="340">The sad-ey'd Iustice with his surly humme,</l>
<l n="341">Deliuering ore to Executors pale</l>
<l n="342">The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,</l>
<l n="343">That many things hauing full reference</l>
<l n="344">To one consent, may worke contrariously,</l>
<l n="345">As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes</l>
<l n="346">Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,</l>
<l n="347">As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea;</l>
<l n="348">As many Lynes close in the Dials center:</l>
<l n="349">So may a thousand actions once a foote,</l>
<l n="350">And in one purpose, and be all well borne</l>
<l n="351">Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,</l>
<l n="352">Diuide your happy England into foure,</l>
<l n="353">Whereof, take you one quarter into France,</l>
<l n="354">And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.</l>
<l n="355">If we with thrice such powers left at home,</l>
<l n="356">Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,</l>
<l n="357">Let vs be worried, and our Nation lose</l>
<l n="358">The name of hardinesse and policie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l n="359">Call in the Messengers sent from the Dolphin.</l>
<l n="360">Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe</l>
<l n="361">And yours, the noble sinewes of our power,</l>
<l n="362">France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,</l>
<l n="363">Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l sit,</l>
<l n="364">(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,</l>
<l n="365">Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes)</l>
<l n="366">Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne,</l>
<l n="367">Tomblesse, with no remembrance ouer them:</l>
<l n="368">Either our History shall with full mouth</l>
<l n="369">Speake freely of our Acts, or else our graue</l>
<l n="370">Like Turkish mute, shall haue a tonguelesse mouth,</l>
<l n="371">Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph.</l>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Ambassadors of France.</stage>
<l n="372">Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure</l>
<l n="373">Of our faire Cosin Dolphin: for we heare,</l>
<l n="374">Your greeting is from him, not from the King.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-amb.1">
<speaker rend="italic">Amb.</speaker>
<l n="375">May't please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue</l>
<l n="376">Freely to render what we haue in charge:</l>
<l n="377">Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off</l>
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<l n="378">The Dolphins mea<c rend="inverted">n</c>ing, and our Embassie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l n="379">We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,</l>
<l n="380">Vnto whose grace our passion is as subiect</l>
<l n="381">As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,</l>
<l n="382">Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse,</l>
<l n="383">Tell vs the <hi rend="italic">Dolphins</hi> minde.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-amb.1">
<speaker rend="italic">Amb.</speaker>
<l n="384">Thus than in few:</l>
<l n="385">Your Highnesse lately sending into France,</l>
<l n="386">Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right</l>
<l n="387">Of your great Predecessor, King <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the third.</l>
<l n="388">In answer of which claime, the Prince our Master</l>
<l n="389">Sayes, that you sauour too much of your youth,</l>
<l n="390">And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,</l>
<l n="391">That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:</l>
<l n="392">You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.</l>
<l n="393">He therefore sends you meeter for your spirit</l>
<l n="394">This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,</l>
<l n="395">Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime</l>
<l n="396">Heare no more of you. This the <hi rend="italic">Dolphin</hi> speakes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<p n="397">What Treasure Vncle?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-exe">
<speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
<l n="398">Tennis balles, my Liege.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">Kin,</speaker>
<l n="399">We are glad the <hi rend="italic">Dolphin</hi> is so pleasant with vs,</l>
<l n="400">His Present, and your paines we thanke you for:</l>
<l n="401">When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles,</l>
<l n="402">We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set,</l>
<l n="403">Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.</l>

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<l n="404">Tell him, he hath made a match with such a
Wrangler,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l n="405">That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd</l>
<l n="406">With Chaces. And we vnderstand him well,</l>
<l n="407">How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,</l>
<l n="408">Not measuring what vse we made of them.</l>
<l n="409">We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England,</l>
<l n="410">And therefore liuing hence, did giue our selfe</l>
<l n="411">To barbarous license: As 'tis euer common,</l>
<l n="412">That men are merriest, when they are from home.</l>
<l n="413">But tell the <hi rend="italic">Dolphin</hi>, I will
keepe my State,</l>
<l n="414">Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,</l>
<l n="415">When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.</l>
<l n="416">For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,</l>
<l n="417">And plodded like a man for working dayes:</l>
<l n="418">But I will rise there with so full a glorie,</l>
<l n="419">That I will dazle all the eyes of France,</l>
<l n="420">Yea strike the <hi rend="italic">Dolphin</hi> blinde
to looke on vs,</l>
<l n="421">And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his</l>
<l n="422">Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his
soule</l>
<l n="423">Shall stand sore charged, for the wastefull
vengeance</l>
<l n="424">That shall flye with them: for many a thousand
widows</l>
<l n="425">Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer
hnsbands;</l>
<l n="426">Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles
downe:</l>
<l n="427">And some are yet vngotten and vnborne,</l>
<l n="428">That shal haue cause to curse the <hi
rend="italic">Dolphins</hi> scorne.</l>
<l n="429">But this lyes all within the wil of God,</l>
<l n="430">To whom I do appeale, and in whose name</l>
<l n="431">Tel you the <hi rend="italic">Dolphin</hi>, I am
comming on,</l>
<l n="432">To venge me as I may, and to put forth</l>
<l n="433">My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.</l>
<l n="434">So get you hence in peace: And tell the <hi
rend="italic">Dolphin</hi>,</l>
<l n="435">His Iest will sauour but of shallow wit,</l>
<l n="436">When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.</l>
<l n="437">Conuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
Ambassadors.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-exe">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
        <l n="438">This was a merry Message.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l n="439">We hope to make the Sender blush at it:</l>
        <l n="440">Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,</l>
        <l n="441">That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:</l>
        <l n="442">For we haue now no thought in vs but France,</l>
        <l n="443">Saue those to God, that runne before our
businesse.</l>
        <l n="444">Therefore let our proportions for these Warres</l>
        <l n="445">Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,</l>
        <l n="446">That may with reasonable swiftnesse adde</l>
        <l n="447">More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,</l>
        <l n="448">Wee'le chide this <hi rend="italic">Dolphin</hi> at
his
            fathers doore.</l>
        <l n="449">Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,</l>
        <l n="450">That this faire Action may on foot be brought.</l>
    </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
    </div>
    <div type="act" n="2" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 2]</head>
        <div type="prologue" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Prologue]</head>
        <stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter
Chorus.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-h5-cho">
        <l n="451">Now all the Youth of England are on fire,</l>
        <l n="452">And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:</l>
        <l n="453">Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought</l>
        <l n="454">Reignes solely in the breast of euery man.</l>
        <l n="455">They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse;</l>
        <l n="456">Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings,</l>
        <l n="457">With winged heeles, as English <hi
rend="italic">Mercuries</hi>.</l>
        <l n="458">For now sits Expectation in the Ayre,</l>
        <l n="459">And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,</l>
        <l n="460">With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,</l>
        <l n="461">Promis'd to <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, and his
followers.</l>
        <l n="462">The French aduis'd by good intelligence</l>
        <l n="463">Of this most dreadfull preparation,</l>
        <l n="464">Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy</l>
        <l n="465">Seeke to diuert the English purposes.</l>
        <l n="466">O England: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse,</l>
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<l n="467">Like little Body with a mightie Heart:</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">What</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0429-0.jpg" n="73"/>
<fw type="rh">
  <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l n="468">What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,</l>
<l n="469">Were all thy children kinde and naturall:</l>
<l n="470">But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,</l>
<l n="471">A nest of hollow bosomes, which he filles</l>
<l n="472">With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:</l>
<l n="473">One, <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> Earle of Cambridge, and the second</l>
<l n="474"><hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> Lord <hi rend="italic">Scroope</hi> of <hi rend="italic">Masham</hi>, and the third</l>
<l n="475">Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas Grey</hi> Knight of Northumberland,</l>
<l n="476">Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)</l>
<l n="477">Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefull France,</l>
<l n="478">And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye.</l>
<l n="479">If Hell and Treason hold their promises,</l>
<l n="480">Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.</l>
<l n="481">Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest</l>
<l n="482">Th'abuse of distance; force a play:</l>
<l n="483">The summe is payde, the Traitors are agreed,</l>
<l n="484">The King is set from London, and the Scene</l>
<l n="485">Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton,</l>
<l n="486">There is the Play-house now, there must you sit,</l>
<l n="487">And thence to France shall we conuey you safe,</l>
<l n="488">And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas</l>
<l n="489">To giue you gentle Passe: for if we may,</l>
<l n="490">Wee'l not offend one stomacke with our Play.</l>
<l n="491">But till the King come forth, and not till then,</l>
<l n="492">Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-bar">
<speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
<p n="493">Well met Corporall <hi rend="italic">Nym</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-nym">
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              <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
              <p n="494">Good morrow Lieutenant <hi
rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-bar">
              <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
              <p n="495">What, are Ancient <hi rend="italic">Pistoll</hi> and
you
                friends yet?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
              <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
              <p n="496">For my part, I care not: I say little: but when <lb
n="497"/>time shall
                serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as <lb n="498"/>it
may.
                I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
                <lb n="499"/>mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It
will
                <lb
n="500"/><choice><orig>tofte</orig><corr>toste</corr></choice> Cheese, and it
will endure cold, as another mans
                <lb n="501"/>sword will: and there's an end.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-bar">
              <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
              <p n="502">I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes,
                <lb n="503"/>and wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to
France: Let't
                <lb n="504"/>be so good Corporall <hi
rend="italic">Nym</hi>.</p>
            </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
              <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
              <p n="505">Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the cer-
                <lb n="506"/>taine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I
will doe
                <lb n="507"/>as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendeuous of
it.</p>
            </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-bar">
              <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
              <p n="508">It is certaine Corporall, that he is marryed to <lb
n="509"/>
                <hi rend="italic">Nell Quickly</hi>, and certainly she did you
                wrong, for you <lb n="510"/>were troth-plight to her.</p>
            </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
              <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
              <p n="511">I cannot tell, Things must be as they may: men <lb
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n="512"/>may
                        sleepe, and they may haue their throats about them <lb
n="513"/>at that
                        time, and some say, kniues haue edges: It must <lb
n="514"/>be as
                        it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee <lb
n="515"/>will
                        plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot
                        <lb n="516"/>tell.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Pistoll, &amp;
Quickly.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-h5-bar">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
                    <p n="517">Heere comes Ancient <hi rend="italic">Pistoll</hi>
and his
                        wife: good <lb n="518"/>Corporall be patient heere. How now
mine
                        Hoaste <hi rend="italic">Pi-<lb n="519"/>stoll?</hi>
                </p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                    <p n="520">Base Tyke, cal'st thou mee Hoste, now by this
                        <lb n="521"/>hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my
<hi rend="italic">Nel</hi> keep
                        <lb n="522"/>Lodgers.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hos">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
                    <p n="523">No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge <lb
n="524"/>and board a
                        dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue <lb
n="525"/>honestly
                        by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee <lb
n="526"/>thought we
                        keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday
                        <lb n="527"/>Lady, if he be not hewne now, we shall see
wilful
                        adulte-<lb n="528"/>ry and murther committed.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-bar">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
                    <p n="529">Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing
                        <lb n="530"/>heere.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
                    <p n="531">Pish.</p>
                </sp>
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<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
   <p n="532">Pish for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur <lb
n="533"/>of Island.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hos">
   <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
   <p n="534">Good Corporall <hi rend="italic">Nym</hi> shew
thy valor, and put
      <lb n="535"/>vp your sword.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-nym">
   <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
   <l n="536">Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
   <p n="537">Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus <lb
n="538"/>in thy
      most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and <lb
n="539"/>in
      thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw
      <lb n="540"/>perdy; and which is worse, within thy nastie
mouth.
      I <lb n="541"/>do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take,
and
      <hi rend="italic">Pi-<lb n="542"/>stols</hi> cocke is vp, and
      flashing fire will follow.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-nym">
   <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
   <p n="543">I am not <hi rend="italic">Barbason</hi>, you
cannot coniure mee:
      I <lb n="544"/>haue an humor to knocke you indifferently
well: If
      you <lb n="545"/>grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure
you
      with my <lb n="546"/>Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If
you would
      walke <lb n="547"/>off, I would pricke your guts a little in
good
      tearmes, as <lb n="548"/>I may, and that's the humor of it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
   <l n="549">O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,</l>
   <l n="550">The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,</l>
   <l n="551">Therefore exhale.</l>
</sp>
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<sp who="#F-h5-bar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
  <p n="552">Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes <lb n="553"/>the
     first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as
     I am a sol-<lb n="554"/>dier.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p n="555">An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
     <lb n="556"/>Giue me thy fist, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy spirites
     <lb n="557"/>are most tall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-nym">
  <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
  <p n="558">I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire
     <lb n="559"/>termes, that is the humor of it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pistoll.</speaker>
  <p n="560"><hi rend="italic">Couple a gorge</hi>, that is the word, I defie thee a-
     <lb n="561"/>gaine. O hound of Creet, think'st thou my spouse to get?
     <lb n="562"/>No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of in-
     <lb n="563"/>famy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of <hi rend="italic">Cressids</hi> kinde, <hi rend="italic">Doll
     <lb n="564"/>Teare-sheete</hi>, she by name, and her espouse. I haue, and I
     <lb n="565"/>will hold the <hi rend="italic">Quondam Quickely</hi> for the onely shee: and
     <lb n="566"/><hi rend="italic">Pauca</hi>, there's enough to go to.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the Boy.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p n="567">Mine Hoast <hi rend="italic">Pistoll</hi>, you must come to my May-
     <lb n="568"/>ster, and your Hostesse: He is very sicke, &amp; would to bed.
     <lb n="569"/>Good <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>, put thy face betweene his sheets, and do
     <lb n="570"/>the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-bar">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
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            <p n="571">Away you Rogue.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-hos">
            <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
            <p n="572">By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one
               <lb n="573"/>of these dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Hus-
               <lb n="574"/>band come home presently.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
         <sp who="#F-h5-bar">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
            <p n="575">Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must
               <lb n="576"/>to France together: why the diuel should we keep kniues
               <lb n="577"/>to cut one anothers throats?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
            <p n="578">Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for food
               howle on.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
            <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
            <p n="579">You'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you <lb n="580"/>at Betting?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
            <p n="581">Base is the Slaue that payes.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
            <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
            <p n="582">That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
            <p n="583">As manhood shal compound: push home.</p>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Draw</stage>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-bar">
            <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
            <p n="584">By this sword, hee that makes the first
               thrust,<lb n="585"/>
            Ile kill him: By this sword, I wil.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
            <speaker rend="italic">Pi.</speaker>
            <p n="586">Sword is an Oath, &amp; Oaths must haue their course</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-bar">
          <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
          <p n="587">Coporall <hi rend="italic">Nym</hi>, &amp; thou
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wilt be friends be frends,
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                <lb n="588"/>and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me
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to: pre-
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                <lb n="589"/>thee put vp.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
          <p n="590">A Noble shalt thou haue, and present pay, and
                <lb n="591"/>Liquor likewise will I giue to thee, and
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friendshippe
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                <lb n="592"/>shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by <hi
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rend="italic">Nymme</hi>, &
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                <lb n="593"/><hi rend="italic">Nymme</hi> shall liue by me,
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is not this iust? For I shal Sut-
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                <lb n="594"/>ler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue.
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Giue mee <lb n="595"/>thy hand.</p>
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        </sp>
        <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">h3</fw>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
        <hi rend="italic">Nym</hi>.
      </fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0430-0.jpg" n="74"/>
        <fw type="rh">
        <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
      </fw>
        <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
          <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
          <l n="596">I shall haue my Noble?</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
          <l n="597">In cash, most iustly payd.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
          <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
          <p n="598">Well, then that the humor of't.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter
          Hostesse.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hos">
          <speaker rend="italic">Host.</speaker>
          <p n="599">As euer you come of women, come in quickly <lb
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n="600"/>to sir
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                <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of
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a burning
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                <lb n="601"/>quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to
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behold. <lb n="602"/>Sweet men, come to him.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
      <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
      <p n="603">The King hath run bad humors on the Knight,
        <lb n="604"/>that's the euen of it.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
      <p n="605"><hi rend="italic">Nym</hi>, thou hast spoke the
right, his heart is fra-
        <lb n="606"/>cted and corroborate.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
      <speaker rend="italic">Nym.</speaker>
      <p n="607">The King is a good King, but it must bee as it
        <lb n="608"/>may: he passes some humors, and carreeres.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
      <p n="609">Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we
        <lb n="610"/>will liue.</p>
    </sp>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
      <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Exeter,
Bedford, &amp; Westmerland.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-h5-bed">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bed</speaker>
        <p n="611">Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
        <l n="612">They shall be apprehended by and by.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-wes">
        <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
        <l n="613">How smooth and euen they do bear themselues,</l>
        <l n="614">As if allegeance in their bosomes sate</l>
        <l n="615">Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-bed">
        <speaker rend="italic">Bed.</speaker>
        <l n="616">The King hath note of all that they intend,</l>
        <l n="617">By interception, which they dreame not of.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
        <l n="618">Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,</l>

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            <l n="619">Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;</l>
            <l n="620">That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell</l>
            <l n="621">His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sound Trumpets.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l n="622">Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboord.</l>
            <l n="623">My Lord of <hi rend="italic">Cambridge</hi>, and my kinde Lord of <hi rend="italic">Masham</hi>,
            </l>
            <l n="624">And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:</l>
            <l n="625">Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs</l>
            <l n="626">Will cut their passage through the force of France?</l>
            <l n="627">Doing the execution, and the acte,</l>
            <l n="628">For which we haue in head assembled them.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-scr">
            <speaker rend="italic">Scro.</speaker>
            <p n="629">No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l n="630">I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded</l>
            <l n="631">We carry not a heart with vs from hence,</l>
            <l n="632">That growes not in a faire consent with ours:</l>
            <l n="633">Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wish</l>
            <l n="634">Successe and Conquest to attend on vs.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-cam">
            <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
            <l n="635">Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,</l>
            <l n="636">Then is your Maiesty; there's not I thinke a subiect</l>
            <l n="637">That sits in heart-greefe and vneasinesse</l>
            <l n="638">Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-gre">
            <speaker rend="italic">Kni.</speaker>
            <l n="639">True: those that were your Fathers enemies,</l>
            <l n="640">Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you</l>
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    <l n="641">With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l n="642">We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnes,</l>
    <l n="643">And shall forget the office of our hand</l>
    <l n="644">Sooner then quittance of desert and merit,</l>
    <l n="645">According to the weight and worthinesse.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scro.</speaker>
    <l n="646">So seruice shall with steeled sinewes toyle,</l>
    <l n="647">And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope</l>
    <l n="648">To do your Grace incessant seruices.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l n="649">We Iudge no lesse. Vnkle of <hi
rend="italic">Exeter</hi>,</l>
    <l n="650">Inlarge the man committed yesterday,</l>
    <l n="651">That rayl'd against our person: We consider</l>
    <l n="652">It was excesse of Wine that set him on,</l>
    <l n="653">And on his more aduice, We pardon him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-scr">
    <speaker rend="italic">Scro.</speaker>
    <l n="654">That's mercy, but too much security:</l>
    <l n="655">Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example</l>
    <l n="656">Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l n="657">O let vs yet be mercifull.</l>
  </sp>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <sp who="#F-h5-cam">
    <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
    <l n="658">So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-gre">
    <speaker rend="italic">Grey.</speaker>
    <l n="659">Sir, you shew great mercy if you giue him life,</l>
    <l n="660">After the taste of much correction.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l n="661">Alas, your too much loue and care of me,</l>
    <l n="662">Are heauy Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch:</l>
    <l n="663">If little faults proceeding on distemper,</l>
    <l n="664">Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our
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eye</l>
				<l n="665">When capitall crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and
digested,</l>
				<l n="666">Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,</l>
				<l n="667">Though <hi rend="italic">Cambridge</hi>, <hi
rend="italic">Scroope</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Gray</hi>, in their deere care</l>
				<l n="668">And tender preseruation of our person</l>
				<l n="669">Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French
causes,</l>
				<l n="670">Who are the late Commissioners?</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-h5-cam">
				<speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
				<l n="671">I one my Lord,</l>
				<l n="672">Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-h5-scr">
				<speaker rend="italic">Scro.</speaker>
				<p n="673">So did you me my Liege.</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-h5-gre">
				<speaker rend="italic">Gray.</speaker>
				<p n="674">And I my Royall Soueraigne.</p>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
				<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
				<l n="675">Then <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> Earle of <hi
rend="italic">Cambridge</hi>, there is yours:</l>
				<l n="676">There yours Lord <hi rend="italic">Scroope</hi> of
<hi rend="italic">Masham</hi>, and Sir Knight:</l>
				<l n="677"><hi rend="italic">Gray</hi> of <hi
rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>, this same is yours:</l>
				<l n="678">Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.</l>
				<l n="679">My Lord of <hi rend="italic">Westmerland</hi>,
and Vnkle <hi rend="italic">Exeter</hi>,</l>
				<l n="680">We will aboord to night. Why how now
Gentlemen?</l>
				<l n="681">What see you in those papers, that you loose</l>
				<l n="682">So much complexion? Looke ye how they
change:</l>
				<l n="683">Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you
there,</l>
				<l n="684">That haue so cowarded and chac'd your blood</l>
				<l n="685">Out of apparance.</l>
			</sp>
			<sp who="#F-h5-cam">
				<speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
				<l n="686">I do confesse my fault,</l>
				<l n="687">And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.</l>
			</sp>
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<sp who="#F-h5-gra #F-h5-scr">
<speaker rend="italic">Gray. Scro.</speaker>
<l n="688">To which we all appeale.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l n="689">The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,</l>
<l n="690">By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill'd:</l>
<l n="691">You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,</l>
<l n="692">For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,</l>
<l n="693">As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you:</l>
<l n="694">See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,</l>
<l n="695">These English monsters: My Lord of <hi
rend="italic">Cambridge</hi> heere,</l>
<l n="696">You know how apt our loue was, to accord</l>
<l n="697">To furnish with all appertinents</l>
<l n="698">Belonging to his Honour; and this man,</l>
<l n="699">Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir'd</l>
<l n="700">And sworne vnto the practises of France.</l>
<l n="701">To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,</l>
<l n="702">This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs</l>
<l n="703">Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,</l>
<l n="704">What shall I say to thee Lord <hi
rend="italic">Scroope</hi>, thou cruell,</l>
<l n="705">Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature?</l>
<l n="706">Thou that didst beare the key of all my
counsailes,</l>
<l n="707">That knew'st the very bottome of my soule,</l>
<l n="708">That (almost<hi rend="italic">)</hi> might'st haue
coyn'd me into Golde,</l>
<l
n="709"><choice><orig>Would'ft</orig><corr>Would'st</corr></choice> thou haue
practis'd on me, for thy vse?</l>
<l n="710">May it be possible, that forraigne hyer</l>
<l n="711">Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill</l>
<l n="712">That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,</l>
<l n="713">That though the truth of it stands off as grosse</l>
<l n="714">As blacke and white, my eye will scarsely see it.</l>
<l n="715">Treason, and murther, euer kept together,</l>
<l n="716">As two yoake diuels sworne to eythers purpose,</l>
<l n="717">Working so grossely in an naturall cause,</l>
<l n="718">That admiration did not hoope at them.</l>
<l n="719">But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in</l>
<l n="720">Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther:</l>
<l n="721">And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was</l>
<l n="722">That wrought vpon thee so preposterously,</l>
<l n="723">Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0431-0.jpg" n="75"/>
<fw type="rh">
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                    <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
                </fw>
                    <l n="724">And other diuels that suggest by treasons</l>
                    <l n="725">Do botch and bungle vp damnation,</l>
                    <l n="726">With patches, colours, and with formes being
fetcht</l>
                    <l n="727">From glist'ring semblances of piety:</l>
                    <l n="728">But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp,</l>
                    <l n="729">Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do
treason,</l>
                    <l n="730">Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.</l>
                    <l n="731">If that same Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,</l>
                    <l n="732">Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole
world,</l>
                    <l n="733">He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,</l>
                    <l n="734">And tell the Legions, I can neuer win</l>
                    <l n="735">A soule so easie as that Englishmans.</l>
                    <l n="736">Oh, how hast thou with iealousie infected</l>
                    <l n="737">The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,</l>
                    <l n="738">Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and
learned?</l>
                    <l n="739">Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?</l>
                    <l n="740">Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?</l>
                    <l n="741">Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,</l>
                    <l n="742">Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,</l>
                    <l n="743">Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood,</l>
                    <l n="744">Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,</l>
                    <l n="745">Not working with the eye, without the eare,</l>
                    <l n="746">And but in purged iudgement trusting neither,</l>
                    <l n="747">Such and so finely boulted didst thou seeme:</l>
                    <l n="748">And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,</l>
                    <l n="749">To make thee full fraught man, and best indued</l>
                    <l n="750">With some suspition, I will weepe for thee.</l>
                    <l n="751">For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like</l>
                    <l n="752">Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,</l>
                    <l n="753">Arrest them to the answer of the Law,</l>
                    <l n="754">And God acquit them of their practises.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
                    <p n="755">I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of
                        <lb n="756"/><hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> Earle of <hi
rend="italic">Cambridge.</hi></p>
                    <p n="757">I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of <hi
rend="italic">Thomas</hi>
                        <lb n="758"/>Lord <hi rend="italic">Scroope</hi> of <hi
rend="italic">Marsham</hi>.</p>
                    <p n="759">I arrest thee of High Treason, by the name of <hi
rend="italic">Thomas
                        <lb n="760"/>Grey</hi>, Knight of <hi
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rend="italic">Northumberland</hi>.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-scr">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Scro.</speaker>
                        <l n="761">Our purposes, God iustly hath discouer'd,</l>
                        <l n="762">And I repent my fault more then my death,</l>
                        <l n="763">Which I beseech your Highnesse to forgiue,</l>
                        <l n="764">Although my body pay the price of it.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-cam">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Cam.</speaker>
                        <l n="765">For me, the Gold of France did not seduce,</l>
                        <l n="766">Although I did admit it as a motiue,</l>
                        <l n="767">The sooner to effect what I intended:</l>
                        <l n="768">But God be thanked for preuention,</l>
                        <l n="769">Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce,</l>
                        <l n="770">Beseeching God, and you, to pardon mee.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-gre">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Gray.</speaker>
                        <l n="771">Neuer did faithfull subiect more reioyce</l>
                        <l n="772">At the discouery of most dangerous Treason,</l>
                        <l n="773">Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe,</l>
                        <l n="774">Preuented from a damned enterprize;</l>
                        <l n="775">My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                        <l n="776">God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence</l>
                        <l n="777">You haue conspir'd against Our Royall person,</l>
                        <l n="778">Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
                            Coffers,</l>
                        <l n="779">Receyu'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:</l>
                        <l n="780">Wherein you would haue sold your King to
slaughter,</l>
                        <l n="781">His Princes, and his Peeres to seruitude,</l>
                        <l n="782">His Subiects to oppression, and contempt,</l>
                        <l n="783">And his whole Kingdome into desolation:</l>
                        <l n="784">Touching our person, seeke we no reuenge,</l>
                        <l n="785">But we our Kingdomes safety <c
rend="inverted">m</c>ust so tender,</l>
                        <l n="786">Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes</l>
                        <l n="787">We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,</l>
                        <l n="788">(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:</l>
                        <l n="789">The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue</l>
                        <cb n="2"/>
                        <l n="790">You patience to indure, and true Repentance</l>
                        <l n="791">Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence.</l>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                        <l n="792">Now Lords for France: the enterprise whereof</l>

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<l n="793">Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.</l>
<l n="794">We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,</l>
<l n="795">Since God so graciously hath brought to light</l>
<l n="796">This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,</l>
<l n="797">To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,</l>
<l n="798">But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way.</l>
<l n="799">Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer</l>
<l n="800">Our Puissance into the hand of God,</l>
<l n="801">Putting it straight in expedition.</l>
<l n="802">Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,</l>
<l n="803">No King of England, if not King of France.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Flourish.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Pistoll, Nim,
Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-hos">
<speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
<p n="804">'Prythee honey sweet Husband, let me bring <lb
n="805"/>thee to Staines.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pistoll.</speaker>
<p n="806">No: for my manly heart doth erne. <hi
rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>,
<lb n="807"/>be blythe: <hi rend="italic">Nim</hi>, rowse thy
vaunting Veines:
Boy, brissle <lb n="808"/>thy Courage vp: for <hi
rend="italic">Falstaffe</hi> hee is dead, and wee must <lb n="809"/>erne
therefore.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-bar">
<speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
<p n="810">Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is,
<lb n="811"/>eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hos">
<speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
<p n="812">Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in <hi
rend="italic">Arthurs</hi>
<lb n="813"/>Bosome, if euer man went to <hi
rend="italic">Arthurs</hi> Bosome: a made a <lb n="814"/>finer
end, and went away and it had beene any Christome
<lb n="815"/>Child: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and
One,
eu'n <lb n="816"/>at the turning o'th'Tyde: for
after I saw him fumble with
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vpon his fin-

Nose was

How now

man? be a good cheare: so a

now I,

God; I

with any

on his

and they

knees, and so

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                    <lb n="817"/>the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile
                    <lb n="818"/>gers end, I knew there was but one way: for his
                    <lb n="819"/>as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields.
                    <lb n="820"/>Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> (quoth I?) what
                    <lb n="821"/>cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times:
                    <lb n="822"/>to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of
                    <lb n="823"/>hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe
                    <lb n="824"/>such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes
                    <lb n="825"/>feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them,
                    <lb n="826"/>were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his
                    <lb n="827"/>vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold
                    as any stone.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Nim.</speaker>
                  <p n="828">They say he cryed out of Sack.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hos">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
                  <p n="829">I, that a did.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-bar">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
                  <p n="830">And of Women.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hos">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
                  <p n="831">Nay, that a did not.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-boy">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
                  <p n="832">Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incar-
                    <lb n="833"/>nate</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hos">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Woman.</speaker>
                  <p n="834">A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Co-
                    <lb n="835"/>lour he neuer lik'd.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-boy">
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                    <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
                    <p n="836">A said once, the Deule would haue him about
                        <lb n="837"/>Women.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hos">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
                    <p n="838">A did in some sort (indeed) handle Women:
                        <lb n="839"/>but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the
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Whore of
```xml
                        <lb n="840"/>Babylon.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-boy">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
                    <p n="841">Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke vpon
                        <lb n="842"/><hi rend="italic">Bardolphs</hi> Nose, and a
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said it was a blacke Soule burning
```xml
                        <lb n="843"/>in Hell.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-bar">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
                    <p n="844">Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire:
                        <lb n="845"/>that's all the Riches I got in his seruice.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Nim.</speaker>
                    <p n="846">Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from
                        <lb n="847"/>Southampton.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                    <p n="848">Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes:
                        <lb n="849"/>Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let
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Sences
```xml
                        <lb n="850"/>rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for
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Oathes
```xml
                        <lb n="851"/>are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and
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hold-fast
```xml
                        <lb n="852"/>is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore <hi
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rend="italic">Caueto</hi> bee
```xml
                        <lb n="853"/>thy Counsailor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls.
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Yoke-
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                        <lb n="854"/>fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horse-
                        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">leeches</fw>
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0432-0.jpg" n="76"/>
                <fw type="rh">
                    <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
                </fw>
                    <cb n="1"/>
                    <lb n="855"/>leeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very
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blood to

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                    <lb n="856"/>sucke.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-boy">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
                    <p n="857">And that's but vnwholesome food, they say.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                    <p n="858">Touch her soft mouth, and march.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-bar">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
                    <p n="859">Farwell Hostesse.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Nim.</speaker>
                    <p n="860">I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but <lb
n="861"/>adieu.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                    <p n="862">Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee <lb
n="863"/>command.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hos">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Hostesse.</speaker>
                    <p n="864">Farwell: adieu.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
                </div>
                <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 4]</head>
                <stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
                    <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the
                    French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes <lb/>of Berry and
                    Britaine.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <l n="865">Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs,</l>
                    <l n="866">And more then carefully it vs concernes,</l>
                    <l n="867">To answer Royally in our defences.</l>
                    <l n="868">Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,</l>
                    <l n="869">Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,</l>
                    <l n="870">And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch</l>
                    <l n="871">To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre</l>
                    <l n="872">With men of courage, and with meanes
defendant:</l>
                    <l n="873">For England his approaches makes as fierce,</l>
                    <l n="874">As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.</l>
                    <l n="875">It fits vs then to be as prouident,</l>
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<l n="876">As feare may teach vs, out of late examples</l>
<l n="877">Left by the fatall and neglected English,</l>
<l n="878">Vpon our fields.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dolphin.</speaker>
    <l n="879">My most redoubted Father,</l>
    <l n="880">It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe:</l>
    <l n="881">For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,</l>
    <l n="882">(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in
question)</l>
    <l n="883">But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,</l>
    <l n="884">Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,</l>
    <l n="885">As were a Warre in expectation.</l>
    <l n="886">Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,</l>
    <l n="887">To view the sick and feeble parts of France:</l>
    <l n="888">And let vs doe it with no shew of feare,</l>
    <l n="889">No, with no more, then if we heard that England</l>
    <l n="890">Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance:</l>
    <l n="891">For, my good Liege, shee is so idly King'd,</l>
    <l n="892">Her Scepter so phantastically borne,</l>
    <l n="893">By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,</l>
    <l n="894">That feare attends her not.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-con">
    <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
    <l n="895">O peace, Prince Dolphin,</l>
    <l n="896">You are too much mistaken in this King:</l>
    <l n="897">Question your Grace the late Embassadors,</l>
    <l n="898">With what great State he heard their Embassie,</l>
    <l n="899">How well supply'd with Noble Councellors,</l>
    <l n="900">How modest in exception; and withall,</l>
    <l n="901">How terrible in constant resolution:</l>
    <l n="902">And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent,</l>
    <l n="903">Were but the out-side of the Roman <hi
rend="italic">Brutus</hi>,</l>
    <l n="904">Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly;</l>
    <l n="905">As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots</l>
    <l n="906">That shall first spring, and be most delicate.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
    <speaker rend="italic">Dolphin.</speaker>
    <l n="907">Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.</l>
    <l n="908">But though we thinke it so, it is no matter:</l>
    <l n="909">In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh</l>
    <l n="910">The Enemie more mightie then he seemes,</l>
    <l n="911">So the proportions of defence are fill'd:</l>
    <l n="912">Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,</l>
    <l n="913">Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with scanting</l>
    <l n="914">A little Cloth.</l>
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            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
               <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
               <l n="915">Thinke we King <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>
strong:</l>
               <l n="916">And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet
him.</l>
               <l n="917">The Kindred of him hath beene flesht vpon vs:</l>
               <cb n="2"/>
               <l n="918">And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,</l>
               <l n="919">That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes:</l>
               <l n="920">Witnesse our too much memorable shame,</l>
               <l n="921">When Cressy Battell fatally was strucke,</l>
               <l n="922">And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand</l>
               <l n="923">Of that black Name, <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi>,
black Prince of Wales:</l>
               <l n="924">Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine
standing</l>
               <l n="925">Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,</l>
               <l n="926">Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him</l>
               <l n="927">Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface</l>
               <l n="928">The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers</l>
               <l n="929">Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem</l>
               <l n="930">Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare</l>
               <l n="931">The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter a
Messenger.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-h5-mes">
               <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
               <l n="932">Embassadors from <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>
King of England,</l>
               <l n="933">Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
               <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
               <l n="934">Weele giue them present audience.</l>
               <l n="935">Goe, and bring them.</l>
               <l n="936">You see this Chase is hotly followed, friends.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
               <speaker rend="italic">Dolphin.</speaker>
               <l n="937">Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs</l>
               <l n="938">Most spend their mouths,
<choice><abbr>wh&#x0113;</abbr><expan>when</expan></choice> what they
seem to threaten</l>
               <l n="939">Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne</l>
               <l n="940">Take vp the English short, and let them know</l>
               <l n="941">Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:</l>
               <l n="942">Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne,</l>
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    <l n="943">As selfe-neglecting.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Exeter.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p n="944">From our Brother of England?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
    <l n="945">From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:</l>
    <l n="946">He wills you in the Name of God Almightie,</l>
    <l n="947">That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart</l>
    <l n="948">The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,</l>
    <l n="949">By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs</l>
    <l n="950">To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,</l>
    <l n="951">And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine</l>
    <l n="952">By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,</l>
    <l n="953">Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know</l>
    <l n="954">'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme,</l>
    <l n="955">Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes,</l>
    <l n="956">Nor from the dust of old Obliuion rakt,</l>
    <l n="957">He sends you this most memorable Lyne,</l>
    <l n="958">In euery Branch truly demonstratiue;</l>
    <l n="959">Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree:</l>
    <l n="960">And when you find him euenly deriu'd</l>
    <l n="961">From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,</l>
    <l n="962"><hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the third; he bids you then resigne</l>
    <l n="963">Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held</l>
    <l n="964">From him the Natiue and true Challenger.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p n="965">Or else what followes?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
    <l n="966">Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne</l>
    <l n="967">Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.</l>
    <l n="968">Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming,</l>
    <l n="969">In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi>:</l>
    <l n="970">That if requiring faile, he will compell.</l>
    <l n="971">And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,</l>
    <l n="972">Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie</l>
    <l n="973">On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre</l>
    <l n="974">Opens his vastie Iawes: and on your head</l>
    <l n="975">Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans
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Cryes,</l>
  <l n="976">The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens
Groanes,</l>
<l n="977">For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,</l>
<l n="978">That shall be swallowed in this Controuersie.</l>
<l n="979">This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my
Message:</l>
<l n="980">Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here;</l>
<l n="981">To whom expressely I bring greeting to.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">King</hi>. For</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0433-0.jpg" n="77"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
</fw>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l n="982">For vs, we will consider of this further:</l>
<l n="983">To morrow shall you beare our full intent</l>
<l n="984">Back to our Brother of England.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
<speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
<l n="985">For the Dolphin,</l>
<l n="986">I stand here for him: what to him from England?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-exe">
<speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
<l n="987">Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,</l>
<l n="988">And any thing that may not mis-become</l>
<l n="989">The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.</l>
<l n="990">Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers
Highnesse</l>
<l n="991">Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,</l>
<l n="992">Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie;</l>
<l n="993">Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,</l>
<l n="994">That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France</l>
<l n="995">Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock</l>
<l n="996">In second Accent of his Ordinance.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
<speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
<l n="997">Say: if my Father render faire returne,</l>
<l n="998">It is against my will: for I desire</l>
<l n="999">Nothing but Oddes with England.</l>
<l n="1000">To that end, as matching to his Youth and
Vanitie,</l>
<l n="1001">I did present him with the Paris-Balls.</l>
</sp>

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<sp who="#F-h5-exe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
   <l n="1002">Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,</l>
   <l n="1003">Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:</l>
   <l n="1004">And be assur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,</l>
   <l n="1005">As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,</l>
   <l n="1006">Betweene the promise of his greener dayes,</l>
   <l n="1007">And these he masters now: now he weighes
Time</l>
   <l n="1008">Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade</l>
   <l n="1009">In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l n="1010">To morrow shall you know our mind at full.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-exe">
   <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
   <l n="1011">Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King</l>
   <l n="1012">Come here himselfe to question our delay;</l>
   <l n="1013">For he is footed in this Land already.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l n="1014">You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire
conditions.</l>
   <l n="1015">A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse,</l>
   <l n="1016">To answer matters of this consequence.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
     </div>
    </div>
   <div type="act" n="3" rend="differentlyLabelled">
     <head rend="italic centre">Actus Secundus.</head>
     <head type="supplied">[Act 3]</head>
     <div type="prologue" rend="notPresent">
       <head type="supplied">[Prologue]</head>
       <stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
       <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter
Chorus.</stage>
       <sp who="#F-h5-cho">
   <l n="1017">Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes,</l>
   <l n="1018">In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of
Thought.</l>
   <l n="1019">Suppose, that you haue seene</l>
   <l n="1020">The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,</l>
   <l n="1021">Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,</l>
   <l n="1022">With silken Streamers, the young <hi
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rend="italic">Phebus</hi> fayning;</l>
                    <l n="1023">Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,</l>
                    <l n="1024">Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;</l>
                    <l n="1025">Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order giue</l>
                    <l n="1026">To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,</l>
                    <l n="1027">Borne with th'inuisible and creeping Wind,</l>
                    <l n="1028">Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed
Sea,</l>
                    <l n="1029">Bresting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke</l>
                    <l n="1030">You stand vpon the Riuage, and behold</l>
                    <l n="1031">A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:</l>
                    <l n="1032">For so appeares this Fleet Maiesticall,</l>
                    <l n="1033">Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:</l>
                    <l n="1034">Grapple your minds to sternage of this Nauie,</l>
                    <l n="1035">And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, still,</l>
                    <l n="1036">Guarded with Grandsires, Babyes, and old
Women,</l>
                    <l n="1037">Eyther past, or not arriu'd to pyth and puissance:</l>
                    <l n="1038">For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht</l>
                    <cb n="2"/>
                    <l n="1039">With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow</l>
                    <l n="1040">These cull'd and choyse-drawne Caualiers to
France?</l>
                    <l n="1041">Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a
Siege:</l>
                    <l n="1042">Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,</l>
                    <l n="1043">With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.</l>
                    <l n="1044">Suppose th'Embassador from the French comes
back:</l>
                    <l n="1045">Tells <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, That the King
doth offer him</l>
                    <l n="1046"><hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi> his Daughter, and
with her to Dowrie,</l>
                    <l n="1047">Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.</l>
                    <l n="1048">The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner</l>
                    <l n="1049">With Lynstock now the diuellish Cannon touches,</l>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum, and
Chambers goe off.</stage>
                    <l n="1050">And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,</l>
                    <l n="1051">And eech out our performance with your mind.</l>
                      </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                    </div>
                    <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
                       <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
                       <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the King,
Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester.</stage>
                       <stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Alarum: Scaling
Ladders at Harflew.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">

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<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l n="1052">Once more vnto the Breach,</l>
<l n="1053">Deare friends, once more;</l>
<l n="1054">Or close the Wall vp with our English dead:</l>
<l n="1055">In Peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,</l>
<l n="1056">As modest stillnesse, and humilitie:</l>
<l n="1057">But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,</l>
<l n="1058">Then imitate the action of the Tyger:</l>
<l n="1059">Stiffen the sinewes, commune vp the blood,</l>
<l n="1060">Disguise faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:</l>
<l n="1061">Then lend the Eye a terrible aspect:</l>
<l n="1062">Let it pry through the portage of the Head,</l>
<l n="1063">Like the Brasse Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,</l>
<l n="1064">As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke</l>
<l n="1065">O're-hang and iutty his confounded Base,</l>
<l n="1066">Swill'd with the wild and wastfull Ocean.</l>
<l n="1067">Now set the Teeth, and stretch the Nosthrill wide,</l>
<l n="1068">Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit</l>
<l n="1069">To his full height. On, on, you Noblish English,</l>
<l n="1070">Whose blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe:</l>
<l n="1071">Fathers, that like so many <hi rend="italic">Alexanders</hi>,</l>
<l n="1072">Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,</l>
<l n="1073">And sheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.</l>
<l n="1074">Dishonour not your Mothers: now attest,</l>
<l n="1075">That those whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.</l>
<l n="1076">Be Coppy now to me of grosser blood,</l>
<l n="1077">And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,</l>
<l n="1078">Whose Lyms were made in England; shew vs here</l>
<l n="1079">The mettell of your Pasture: let vs sweare,</l>
<l n="1080">That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:</l>
<l n="1081">For there is none of you so meane and base,</l>
<l n="1082">That hath not Noble luster in your eyes.</l>
<l n="1083">I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,</l>
<l n="1084">Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:</l>
<l n="1085">Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,</l>
<l n="1086">Cry, God for <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>, England, and S. <hi rend="italic">George</hi>.
</l>
</sp>
```

```xml
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum, and
Chambers goe off.</stage>
            </div>
            <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
                <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
            <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Nim, Bardolph,
Pistoll, and Boy.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-h5-bar">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bard.</speaker>
                    <p n="1087">On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-nym">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Nim.</speaker>
                    <p n="1088">'Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too
                        <lb n="1089"/>hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Case
of Liues:
                        <lb n="1090"/>the humor of it is too hot, that is the very
plaine-Song
                        <lb n="1091"/>of it.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                    <p n="1092">The plaine-Song is most iust: for humors doe a-
                        <lb n="1093"/>bound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vassals
drop and
                        <lb n="1094"/>dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field,
doth winne
                        <lb n="1095"/>immortall fame.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-boy">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
                    <p n="1096">Would I were in an Ale-house in London, I
                        <lb n="1097"/>would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and
safetie.</p>
                </sp>
                <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
                <hi rend="italic">Pist</hi>. And</fw>
                <pb facs="FFimg:axc0434-0.jpg" n="78"/>
                <fw type="rh">
                <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
            </fw>
                <cb n="1"/>
                <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                    <p n="1098">And I: If wishes would preuayle with me, my
                        <lb n="1099"/>purpose should not fayle with me; but thither
would I
                        <lb n="1100"/>high.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-boy">
```

```
<speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<p n="1101">As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth sing on
    <lb n="1102"/>bough.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Fluellen.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
<p n="1103">Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you
    <lb n="1104"/>Cullions.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
<p n="1105">Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: a-
    <lb n="1106"/>bate  thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy
```
Rage,
```
    <lb n="1107"/>great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vse
```
lenitie
```
    <lb n="1108"/>sweet Chuck.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-nym">
    <speaker rend="italic">Nim.</speaker>
<p n="1109">These be good humors: your Honor wins bad <lb
n="1110"/>humors.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-boy">
    <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
<p n="1111">As young as I am, I haue obseru'd these three
    <lb n="1112"/>Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all
```
they three,
```
    <lb n="1113"/>though they would serue me, could not be Man
```
to me;
```
    <lb n="1114"/>for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount
```
to a man:
```
    <lb n="1115"/>for <hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>, hee is
```
white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the
```
    <lb n="1116"/>meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not:
```
for <hi rend="italic">Pistoll</hi>,
```
    <lb n="1117"/>hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword;
```
by the
```
    <lb n="1118"/>meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes
```
whole
```
    <lb n="1119"/>Weapons: for <hi rend="italic">Nim</hi>, hee
```
hath heard, that men of few
```
    <lb n="1120"/>Words are the best men, and therefore hee
```
scornes to say
```
    <lb n="1121"/>his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward:
```
but his
```
    <lb n="1122"/>few bad Words are matcht with as few good
```
Deeds; for

that was
```
                    <lb n="1123"/>a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and
```
steale any
```
                    <lb n="1124"/>against a Post, when he was drunke. They will
```
```
                    <lb n="1125"/>thing, and call it Purchase. <hi
rend="italic">Bardolph</hi> stole a Lute-case,
                    <lb n="1126"/>bore it twelue Leagues, and sold it for three
```
halfepence.
```
                    <lb n="1127"/><hi rend="italic">Nim</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Bardolph</hi> are sworne Brothers in filching: and
                    <lb n="1128"/>in Callice they stole a fire-shouell. I knew by
```
that peece
```
                    <lb n="1129"/>of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They
```
would
```
                    <lb n="1130"/>haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their
```
Gloues
```
                    <lb n="1131"/>or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much
```
against my
```
                    <lb n="1132"/>Manhood, if I should take from anothers
```
Pocket, to put
```
                    <lb n="1133"/>into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of
```
Wrongs.
```
                    <lb n="1134"/>I must leaue them, and seeke some better
```
Seruice: their
```
                    <lb n="1135"/>Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and
```
therefore
```
                    <lb n="1136"/>I must cast it vp.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Gower.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-h5-gow">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
                    <p n="1137">Captaine <hi rend="italic">Fluellen</hi>, you must
                        come presently to <lb n="1138"/>the Mynes; the Duke of
```
Gloucester
```
                        would speake with <lb n="1139"/>you.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                    <p n="1140">To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so
                        <lb n="1141"/>good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the
```
Mynes
```
                        <lb n="1142"/>is not according to the disciplines of the Warre;
```
the con-
```
                        <lb n="1143"/>cauities of it is not sufficient: for looke you,
```
th'athuer-
```
                        <lb n="1144"/>sarie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke
```
you, is digt
```
                        <lb n="1145"/>himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by
<hi rend="italic">Cheshu</hi>,
```

`<lb n="1146"/>`I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directi-

`<lb n="1147"/>`ons.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-gow">`
  `<speaker rend="italic">`Gower.`</speaker>`
  `<p n="1148">`The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the Order
    `<lb n="1149"/>`of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Irish
    `<lb n="1150"/>`man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-flu">`
  `<speaker rend="italic">`Welch.`</speaker>`
  `<l n="1151">`It is Captaine `<hi rend="italic">`Makmorrice`</hi>`, is it not?`</l>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-gow">`
  `<speaker rend="italic">`Gower.`</speaker>`
  `<p n="1152">`I thinke it be.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-flu">`
  `<speaker rend="italic">`Welch.`</speaker>`
  `<p n="1153">`By `<hi rend="italic">`Cheshu`</hi>` he is an Asse, as in the World, I will
    `<lb n="1154"/>`verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions
    `<lb n="1155"/>`in the true disciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the
    `<lb n="1156"/>`Roman disciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">`Enter Makmorrice, and
  Captaine Iamy.`</stage>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-gow">`
  `<speaker rend="italic">`Gower.`</speaker>`
  `<p n="1157">`Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine `<lb n="1158"/>`

   `<hi rend="italic">`Iamy`</hi>`, with him.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-flu">`
  `<speaker rend="italic">`Welch.`</speaker>`
  `<p n="1159">`Captaine `<hi rend="italic">`Iamy`</hi>` is a maruellous falorous Gen-
    `<lb n="1160"/>`tleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-
    `<cb n="2"/>`
    `<lb n="1161"/>`ledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular know-
    `<lb n="1162"/>`ledge of his directions: by `<hi rend="italic">`Cheshu`</hi>` he will maintaine his
    `<lb n="1163"/>`Argument as well as any Militarie man in the

World, in
                    `<lb n="1164"/>`the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the
Romans.`</p>`
                `</sp>`
            `<sp who="#F-h5-jam">`
                `<speaker rend="italic">`Scot.`</speaker>`
                `<p n="1165">`I say gudday, Captaine `<hi`
rend="italic">`Fluellen`</hi>`.
                `</p>`
            `</sp>`
            `<sp who="#F-h5-flu">`
                `<speaker rend="italic">`Welch.`</speaker>`
                `<p n="1166">`Godden to your Worship, good Captaine `<lb`
n="1167"/>`
                 `<hi rend="italic">`Iames`</hi>`.
            `</p>`
            `</sp>`
            `<sp who="#F-h5-gow">`
                `<speaker rend="italic">`Gower.`</speaker>`
                `<p n="1168">`How now Captaine `<hi`
rend="italic">`Mackmorrice`</hi>`, haue you
                    `<lb n="1169"/>`quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen
o're?`</p>`
                `</sp>`
            `<sp who="#F-h5-mac">`
                `<speaker rend="italic">`Irish.`</speaker>`
                `<p n="1170">`By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish `<lb`
n="1171"/>`giue ouer, the
                    Trompet sound the Retreat. By my Hand `<lb n="1172"/>`I
sweare, and my
                    fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: `<lb n="1173"/>`it ish giue
ouer: I
                    would haue blowed vp the Towne, `<lb n="1174"/>`so Chrish
saue me law, in
                    an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill `<lb n="1175"/>`done: by my
Hand tish
                    ill done.`</p>`
                `</sp>`
            `<sp who="#F-h5-flu">`
                `<speaker rend="italic">`Welch.`</speaker>`
                `<p n="1176">`Captaine `<hi rend="italic">`Mackmorrice`</hi>`, I
beseech you now,
                    `<lb n="1177"/>`will you voutsafe me, looke you, a few
disputations with
                    `<lb n="1178"/>`you, as partly touching or concerning the
disciplines of
                    `<lb n="1179"/>`the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of
Argument,
                    `<lb n="1180"/>`looke you, and friendly communication: partly
to satisfie

```
                        <lb n="1181"/>my Opinion, and partly for the satisfaction,
looke you, of
                        <lb n="1182"/>my Mind: as touching the direction of the
Militarie dis-
                        <lb n="1183"/>cipline, that is the Point.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-jam">
                   <speaker rend="italic">Scot.</speaker>
                   <p n="1184">It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath,
                        <lb n="1185"/>and I sall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick
occasion:
                        <lb n="1186"/>that sall I mary.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-mac">
                   <speaker rend="italic">Irish.</speaker>
                   <p n="1187">It is no time to discourse, so Chrish saue me:
                        <lb n="1188"/>the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres,
and the
                        <lb n="1189"/>King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse,
the Town
                        <lb n="1190"/>is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the
breech, and
                        <lb n="1191"/>we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame
for vs all:
                        <lb n="1192"/>so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame
by my
                        <lb n="1193"/>hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and
Workes to be
                        <lb n="1194"/>done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ
sa'me law.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-jam">
                   <speaker rend="italic">Scot.</speaker>
                   <p n="1195">By the Mes, ere theise eyes of mine take them-
                        <lb n="1196"/>selues to slomber, ayle de gud seruice, or Ile
ligge i'th'
                        <lb n="1197"/>grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as
valo-
                        <lb n="1198"/>rously as I may, that sal I suerly do, that is the
breff and <lb n="1199"/>the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question
                        <lb n="1200"/>tween you tway.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                   <speaker rend="italic">Welch.</speaker>
                   <p n="1201">Captaine <hi rend="italic">Mackmorrice</hi>, I
thinke, looke you,
                        <lb n="1202"/>vnder your correction, there is not many of your
Na-
                        <lb n="1203"/>tion.</p>
                </sp>
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<sp who="#F-h5-mac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Irish.</speaker>
  <p n="1204">Of my Nation? What ish my Nation? Ish a
    <lb n="1205"/>Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What
    <lb n="1206"/>ish my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Welch.</speaker>
  <p n="1207">Looke you, if you take the matter otherwise
    <lb n="1208"/>then is meant, Captaine <hi rend="italic">Mackmorrice</hi>, peraduenture I
    <lb n="1209"/>shall thinke you doe not vse me with that affabilitie, as in
    <lb n="1210"/>discretion you ought to vse me, looke you, being as good
    <lb n="1211"/>a man as your selfe, both in the disciplines of Warre, and
    <lb n="1212"/>in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particula-
    <lb n="1213"/>rities.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-mac">
  <speaker rend="italic">Irish.</speaker>
  <p n="1214">I doe not know you so good a man as my selfe:
    <lb n="1215"/>so Chrish saue me, I will cut off your Head.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
  <p n="1216">Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-jam">
  <speaker rend="italic">Scot.</speaker>
  <p n="1217">A, that's a foule fault.</p>
  <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A Parley.</stage>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
  <p n="1218">The Towne sounds a Parley.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Welch.</speaker>
  <p n="1219">Captaine <hi rend="italic">Mackmorrice</hi>, when there is more
    <lb n="1220"/>better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be
    <lb n="1221"/>so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of Warre:
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                    <lb n="1222"/>and there is an end.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                </div>
                <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
                    <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the King and
all his Traine before the Gates.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <l n="1223">How yet resolues the Gouernour of the Towne?</l>
                    <l n="1224">This is the latest Parle we will admit:</l>
                    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">There-</fw>
                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0435-0.jpg" n="79"/>
                    <fw type="rh">
                <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.</fw>
                    <cb n="1"/>
                    <l n="1225">Therefore to our best mercy giue your selues,</l>
                    <l n="1226">Or like to men prowd of destruction,</l>
                    <l n="1227">Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,</l>
                    <l n="1228">A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;</l>
                    <l n="1229">If I begin the batt'rie once againe,</l>
                    <l n="1230">I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,</l>
                    <l n="1231">Till in her ashes she lye buryed.</l>
                    <l n="1232">The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,</l>
                    <l n="1233">And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of
heart,</l>
                    <l n="1234">In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge</l>
                    <l n="1235">With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like
Grasse</l>
                    <l n="1236">Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring
Infants.</l>
                    <l n="1237">What is it then to me, if impious Warre,</l>
                    <l n="1238">Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,</l>
                    <l n="1239">Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,</l>
                    <l n="1240">Enlynckt to wast and desolation?</l>
                    <l n="1241">What is't to me, when you your selues are
cause,</l>
                    <l n="1242">If your pure Maydens fall into the hand</l>
                    <l n="1243">Of hot and forcing Violation?</l>
                    <l n="1244">What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,</l>
                    <l n="1245">When downe the Hill he holds his fierce
Carriere?</l>
                    <l n="1246">We may as bootlesse spend our vaine
Command</l>
                    <l n="1247">Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,</l>
                    <l n="1248">As send Precepts to the <hi
rend="italic">Leuiathan</hi>, to come ashore.</l>
                    <l n="1249">Therefore, you men of Harflew,</l>
                    <l n="1250">Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,</l>
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        <l n="1251">Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,</l>
        <l n="1252">Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace</l>
        <l n="1253">O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds</l>
        <l n="1254">Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.</l>
        <l n="1255">If not: why in a moment looke to see</l>
        <l n="1256">The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand</l>
        <l n="1257">Desire the Locks of your shrill-shriking Daughters:</l>
        <l n="1258">Your Fathers taken by the siluer Beards,</l>
        <l n="1259">And their most reuerend Heads dasht to the Walls:</l>
        <l n="1260">Your naked Infants spitted vpon Pykes,</l>
        <l n="1261">Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,</l>
        <l n="1262">Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry,</l>
        <l n="1263">At <hi rend="italic">Herods</hi> bloody-hunting slaughter-men.</l>
        <l n="1264">What say you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?</l>
        <l n="1265">Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Gouernour.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-h5-gov">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gouer.</speaker>
        <l n="1266">Our expectation hath this day an end:</l>
        <l n="1267">The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,</l>
        <l n="1268">Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,</l>
        <l n="1269">To rayse so great a Siege: Therefore great King,</l>
        <l n="1270">We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy soft Mercy:</l>
        <l n="1271">Enter our Gates, dispose of vs and ours,</l>
        <l n="1272">For we no longer are defensible.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l n="1273">Open your Gates: Come Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Exeter</hi>,</l>
        <l n="1274">Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,</l>
        <l n="1275">And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French:</l>
        <l n="1276">Vse mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.</l>
        <l n="1277">The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing</l>
        <l n="1278">Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.</l>
        <l n="1279">To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,</l>
        <l n="1280">To morrow for the March are we addrest.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Flourish, and enter the Towne.</stage>
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        </div>
        <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
          <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
          <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Katherine and
an old Gentlewoman.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
            <speaker rend="italic">Kathe.</speaker>
            <p rend="italic" n="1281">Alice, tu as este en Angleterre, &amp;
tu
                bien parlas <lb n="1282"/>le Language.
          </p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
            <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
            <p rend="italic" n="1283">En peu Madame.
          </p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
            <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
            <p rend="italic" n="1284">Ie te prie m'ensigniez, il faut que ie
apprend a par-
                <lb n="1285"/>len: Comient appelle vous le main en
Anglois?</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
            <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
            <p rend="italic" n="1286">Le main il &amp; appelle de
Hand.</p>
          </sp>
          <cb n="2"/>
          <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
            <note resp="#PW">This speech is conventionally attributed to
Alice.</note>
                <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                <p rend="italic" n="1287">De Hand.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
            <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
            <note resp="#PW">This speech is conventionally attributed to
Katherine.</note>
                <p rend="italic" n="1288">E le doyts.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
            <note resp="#PW">This speech is conventionally attributed to
Alice.</note>
                <speaker rend="italic">Kat.</speaker>
                <p rend="italic" n="1289">Le doyts, ma foy Ie oublie, e doyt
mays, ie me souemeray
                    <lb n="1290"/>le doyts ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres,
ou de fingres.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
          <note resp="#PW">This speech is conventionally attributed to
Katherine.</note>
          <speaker>Alice.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="1291">Le main de Hand, le doyts le
Fingres, ie pense que ie
            <lb n="1292"/>suis le bon escholier.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="1293">I'ay gaynie diux mots d'Anglois
vistement, coment
            <lb n="1294"/>appelle vous le ongles?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
          <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="1295">Le ongles, les appellons de
Nayles.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="1296">De Nayles escoute: dites moy, si ie
parle bien: de
            <lb n="1297"/>Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
          <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="1298">C'est bien dict Madame, il &amp; fort
bon Anglois.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="1299">Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
          <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="1300">De Arme, Madame.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="1301">E de coudee.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
          <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="1302">D'Elbow.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="1303">D'Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de
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                                     touts les mots <lb n="1304"/>que vous maves, apprins des a
                                     present.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
                           <p rend="italic" n="1305">Il &amp; trop difficile Madame,
comme Ie

                                     pense.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                           <p rend="italic" n="1306">Excuse moy Alice escoute, d'Hand, de
Fingre, de

                                     <lb n="1307"/>Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
                           <p rend="italic" n="1308">D'Elbow, Madame.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                           <p rend="italic" n="1309">O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie
d'Elbow, coment ap-
                                     <lb n="1310"/>pelle vous le col.
                           </p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
                           <p rend="italic" n="1311">De Nick, Madame.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                           <p rend="italic" n="1312">De Nick, e le menton.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
                           <p rend="italic" n="1313">De Chin.
                           </p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                           <p rend="italic" n="1314">De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de
Sin.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
                           <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
                           <p rend="italic" n="1315">Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur en verite
vous pronoun-

                                     <lb n="1316"/>cies les mots ausi droict, que le Natifs
d'Angleterre.</p>
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            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
               <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
               <p rend="italic" n="1317">Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de
grace de Dieu,
                  <lb n="1318"/>&amp; en peu de temps.
            </p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
               <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
               <p rend="italic" n="1319">N'aue vos y desia oublie ce que ie
vous a <choice><orig>enfignie</orig><corr>ensignie</corr></choice>.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
               <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
               <p rend="italic" n="1320">Nome ie recitera a vous promptement,
                  d'Hand, de <lb n="1321"/>Fingre, de Maylees.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
               <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
               <p rend="italic" n="1322">De Nayles, Madame.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
               <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
               <p rend="italic" n="1323">De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
               <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
               <p rend="italic" n="1324">Sans vostre honeus d'Elbow.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
               <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
               <p rend="italic" n="1325">Ainsi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, &amp;
de Sin: coment ap-
                  <lb n="1326"/>pelle vous les pied &amp; de roba.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
               <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
               <p rend="italic" n="1327">Le Foot Madame, &amp; le
Count.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
               <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
               <p rend="italic" n="1328">Le Foot, &amp; le Count: O Seignieur
Dieu, il sont le
                  <lb n="1329"/>mots de son mauvais corruptible grosse &amp;
impudique, &amp; non
                  <lb n="1330"/>pour le Dames de Honeur d'vser: Ie ne voudray
pronouncer ce
                  <lb n="1331"/>mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute
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le monde, fo le
                    <lb n="1332"/>Foot &amp; le Count, neant moys, Ie recitera
vn autrefoys ma lecon
                    <lb n="1333"/>ensembe, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles,
d'Arme, d'Elbow, de
                    <lb n="1334"/>Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Alice.</speaker>
                    <p rend="italic" n="1335">Excellent, Madame.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                    <p rend="italic" n="1336">C'est asses pour vne foyes, alons nous
a diner.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
            </div>
            <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
                <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 5]</head>
                <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the King of
France, the Dolphin, the
                    <lb/>Constable of France, and others.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-h5-fra">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <l n="1337">'Tis certaine he hath past the Riuer Some.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-con">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
                    <l n="1338">And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,</l>
                    <l n="1339">Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,</l>
                    <l n="1340">And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
                    <l n="1341"><hi rend="italic">O Dieu viuant</hi>: Shall a few
Sprayes of vs,</l>
                    <l n="1342">The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,</l>
                    <l n="1343">Our Syens, put in wilde and sauage Stock,</l>
                    <l n="1344">Spirt vp so suddenly into the Clouds,</l>
                    <l n="1345">And ouer-looke their Grafters?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-bri">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Brit.</speaker>
                    <l n="1346">Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman
bastards:</l>
                    <l n="1347"><hi rend="italic">Mort du ma vie</hi>, if they
march along</l>
                    <l n="1348">Vnfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,</l>
                    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
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<pb facs="FFimg:axc0436-0.jpg" n="80"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l n="1349">To buy a slobbry and a durtie Farme</l>
<l n="1350">In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-con">
<speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
<l n="1351"><hi rend="italic">Dieu de Battailes</hi>, where haue they this mettell?</l>
<l n="1352">Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?</l>
<l n="1353">On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale,</l>
<l n="1354">Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,</l>
<l n="1355">A Drench for sur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,</l>
<l n="1356">Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?</l>
<l n="1357">And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,</l>
<l n="1358">Seeme frostie? O, for honor of our Land,</l>
<l n="1359">Let vs not hang like roping Isyckles</l>
<l n="1360">Vpon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People</l>
<l n="1361">Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:</l>
<l n="1362">Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
<speaker rend="italic">Dolphin.</speaker>
<l n="1363">By Faith and Honor,</l>
<l n="1364">Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely say,</l>
<l n="1365">Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue</l>
<l n="1366">Their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth,</l>
<l n="1367">To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-bri">
<speaker rend="italic">Brit.</speaker>
<l n="1368">They bid vs to the English Dancing-Schooles,</l>
<l n="1369">And teach <hi rend="italic">Lauolta's</hi> high, and swift <hi rend="italic">Carranto's</hi>,</l>
<l n="1370">Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,</l>
<l n="1371">And that we are most loftie Run-awayes.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l n="1372">Where is <hi rend="italic">Montioy</hi> the Herald? speed him hence,</l>
<l n="1373">Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.</l>
<l n="1374">Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,</l>
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<l n="1375">More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:</l>
<l n="1376"><hi rend="italic">Charles Delabreth</hi>, High Constable of France,</l>
<l n="1377">You Dukes of <hi rend="italic">Orleance</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Burbon</hi>, and of <hi rend="italic">Berry</hi>,</l>
<l n="1378"><hi rend="italic">Alanson</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Brabant</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Bar</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Burgonie</hi>,</l>
<l n="1379"><hi rend="italic">Iaques Chattillion</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Rambures</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Vandemont</hi>,</l>
<l n="1380"><hi rend="italic">Beumont</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Grand Pree</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Roussi</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Faulconbridge</hi>,</l>
<l n="1381"><hi rend="italic">Loys</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Lestrale</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Bouciquall</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Charaloyes</hi>,</l>
<l n="1382">High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;</l>
<l n="1383">For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:</l>
<l n="1384">Barre <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> England, that sweepes through our Land</l>
<l n="1385">With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:</l>
<l n="1386">Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow</l>
<l n="1387">Vpon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,</l>
<l n="1388">The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhewme vpon.</l>
<l n="1389">Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,</l>
<l n="1390">And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan</l>
<l n="1391">Bring him our Prisoner.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-con">
<speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
<l n="1392">This becomes the Great.</l>
<l n="1393">Sorry am I his numbers are so few,</l>
<l n="1394">His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:</l>
<l n="1395">For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,</l>
<l n="1396">Hee'le drop his heart into the sinck of feare,</l>
<l n="1397">And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ransome.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l n="1398">Therefore Lord Constable, hast on <hi rend="italic">Montioy</hi>,</l>
<l n="1399">And let him say to England, that we send,</l>
<l n="1400">To know what willing Ransome he will giue.</l>
<l n="1401">Prince <hi rend="italic">Dolphin</hi>, you shall stay with vs in Roan.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">

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        <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
        <l n="1402">Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-fra">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l n="1403">Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.</l>
        <l n="1404">Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,</l>
        <l n="1405">And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
      <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 6]</head>
      <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Captaines,
English and Welch, Gower <lb/>and Fluellen.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-h5-gow">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
        <p n="1406">How now Captaine <hi rend="italic">Fluellen,
come</hi> you
from <lb n="1407"/>the Bridge?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
        <p n="1408">I assure you, there is very excellent Seruices com-
          <lb n="1409"/>mitted at the Bridge.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-gow">
        <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
        <p n="1410">Is the Duke of Exeter safe?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
        <p n="1411">The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as <hi
rend="italic">Aga-
          <cb n="2"/>
          <lb n="1412"/>memnon</hi>, and a man that I loue and
honour with my soule,
          <lb n="1413"/>and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and
my liuing,
          <lb n="1414"/>and my vttermost power. He is not, God be
praysed and
          <lb n="1415"/>blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the
Bridge
          <lb n="1416"/>most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There
is an aun-
          <lb n="1417"/>chient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in
my very
          <lb n="1418"/>conscience hee is as valiant a man as <hi
rend="italic">Marke Anthony</hi>, and
          <lb n="1419"/>hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but
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I did see
<lb n="1420"/>him doe as gallant seruice.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
    <p n="1421">What doe you call him?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
    <p n="1422">Hee is call'd aunchient <hi
rend="italic">Pistoll</hi>.
    </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
    <p n="1423">I know him not.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Pistoll.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
    <p n="1424">Here is the man.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
    <p n="1425">Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me fauours: the
    <lb n="1426"/>Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
    <p n="1427">I, I prayse God, and I haue merited some loue at
<lb n="1428"/>his
    hands.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
    <p n="1429"><hi rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>, a Souldier firme
and sound of heart,
    <lb n="1430"/>and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and
giddie
    <lb n="1431"/>Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddesse
    blind, that <lb n="1432"/>stands vpon the rolling restlesse
    Stone.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
    <p n="1433">By your patience, aunchient <hi
rend="italic">Pistoll</hi>: Fortune is
    <lb n="1434"/>painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to
signifie
    <lb n="1435"/>to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is

painted also

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

Morall of

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

mutabilitie,

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

vpon a

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

rowles:

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

descripti-

<lb n="1441"/>on of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p n="1442">Fortune is <hi rend="italic">Bardolphs</hi> foe,

and frownes on him:

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

a damned

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

goe free,

<lb n="1445"/>and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but

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

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

price.

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

voyce;

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

vitall thred bee cut with edge of

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

Captaine for

<lb n="1450"/>his Life, and I will thee requite.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
  <p n="1451">Aunchient <hi rend="italic">Pistoll</hi>, I doe

partly vnderstand your

<lb n="1452"/>meaning.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p n="1453">Why then reioyce therefore.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
  <p n="1454">Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce
    <lb n="1455"/>at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I

would desire

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

to execu-

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                    <lb n="1457"/>tion; for discipline ought to be vsed.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                    <p n="1458">Dye, and be dam'd, and <hi
rend="italic">Figo</hi> for thy friendship.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                    <p n="1459">It is well.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                    <p n="1460">The Figge of Spaine.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                    <p n="1461">Very good.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-gow">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
                    <p n="1462">Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Rascall, I
                        <lb n="1463"/>remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purse.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                    <p n="1464">Ile assure you, a vtt'red as praue words at the
                        <lb n="1465"/>Pridge, as you shall see in a Summers day: but
it is very
                        <lb n="1466"/>well: what he ha's spoke to me, that is well I
warrant you,
                        <lb n="1467"/>when time is serue.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-gow">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
                    <p n="1468">Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
                        <lb n="1469"/>then goes to the Warres, to grace himselfe at his
returne
                        <lb n="1470"/>into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and
such
                        <lb n="1471"/>fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders
Names, and
                        <lb n="1472"/>they will learne you by rote where Seruices
were done;
                        <lb n="1473"/>at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at
such a Con-
                        <lb n="1474"/>uoy: who came off brauely, who was shot, who
dis-
                        <lb n="1475"/>grac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on; and
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this they
                    <lb n="1476"/>conne perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which
they tricke
                    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">vp</fw>
                  <pb facs="FFimg:axc0437-0.jpg" n="81"/>
                    <fw type="rh">
                 <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.</fw>
               <cb n="1"/>
                    <lb n="1477"/>vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of
the Ge-
                    <lb n="1478"/>neralls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe,
will doe a-
                    <lb n="1479"/>mong foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is
wonder-
                    <lb n="1480"/>full to be thought on: but you must learne to
know such
                    <lb n="1481"/>slanders of the age, or else you may be
maruellously mi-
                    <lb n="1482"/>stooke.</p>
               </sp>
               <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                  <p n="1483">I tell you what, Captaine <hi
rend="italic">Gower</hi>: I doe perceiue
                    <lb n="1484"/>hee is not the man that hee would gladly make
shew to
                    <lb n="1485"/>the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I
will tell
                    <lb n="1486"/>him my minde: hearke you, the King is
comming, and I
                    <lb n="1487"/>must speake with him from the Pridge.</p>
               </sp>
               <stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Drum and
Colours.</stage>
                  <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the King and
his
                    <lb/>poore Souldiers.</stage>
               <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                  <p n="1488">God plesse your Maiestie.</p>
               </sp>
               <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                  <p n="1489">How now <hi rend="italic">Fluellen</hi>, cam'st
thou from the Bridge?</p>
               </sp>
               <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                  <p n="1490">I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter
                    <lb n="1491"/>ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the
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French is
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                    <lb n="1492"/>gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and
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most praue
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                    <lb n="1493"/>passages: marry, th'athuersarie was haue
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possession of
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                    <lb n="1494"/>the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the
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Duke of
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                    <lb n="1495"/>Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your
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Maiestie,
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                    <lb n="1496"/>the Duke is a praue man.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="1497">What men haue you lost, Fluellen?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                    <p n="1498">The perdition of th'athuersarie hath beene very
                    <lb n="1499"/>great, reasonnable great: marry for my part, I
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thinke the
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                    <lb n="1500"/>Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like
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to be exe-
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                    <lb n="1501"/>cuted for robbing a Church, one <hi
```
rend="italic">Bardolph</hi>, if your Maie-
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                    <lb n="1502"/>stie know the man: his face is all bubukles and
```
whelkes,
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                    <lb n="1503"/>and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes
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blowes at his
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                    <lb n="1504"/>nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes
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plew, and
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                    <lb n="1505"/>sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his
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fire's
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                    <lb n="1506"/>out.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="1507">Wee would haue all such offendors so cut off:
                    <lb n="1508"/>and we giue expresse charge, that in our
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Marches through
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                    <lb n="1509"/>the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from
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the Vil-
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                    <lb n="1510"/>lages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the
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French
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                    <lb n="1511"/>vpbrayded or abused in disdainefull Language;
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for when
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                    <lb n="1512"/>Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the
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gentler
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                    <lb n="1513"/>Gamester is the soonest winner.</p>
                </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Tucket.</stage>
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                              <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter
Mountioy.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-mon">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Mountioy.</speaker>
                       <p n="1514">You know me by my habit.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                       <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                       <p n="1515">Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of
                          <lb n="1516"/>thee?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-mon">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Mountioy.</speaker>
                       <p n="1517">My Masters mind.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                       <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                       <p n="1518">Vnfold it.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-mon">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Mountioy.</speaker>
                       <p n="1519">Thus sayes my King: Say thou to <hi
rend="italic">Harry</hi>
                          <lb n="1520"/>of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did
but sleepe:
                          <lb n="1521"/>Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse.
Tell him,
                          <lb n="1522"/>wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but
that wee
                          <lb n="1523"/>thought not good to bruise an iniurie, till it were
full
                          <lb n="1524"/>ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our
voyce is im-
                          <lb n="1525"/>periall; England shall repent his folly, see his
weake-
                          <lb n="1526"/>nesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him
therefore con-
                          <lb n="1527"/>sider of his ransome, which must proportion the
losses we
                          <lb n="1528"/>haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the
disgrace we
                          <lb n="1529"/>haue digested; which in weight to re-answer,
his petti-
                          <lb n="1530"/>nesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his
Exchequer is
                          <lb n="1531"/>too poore; for th'effusion of our bloud, the
Muster of his
                          <lb n="1532"/>Kingdome too faint a number; and for our
disgrace, his
                          <lb n="1533"/>owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake
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and worth-

<lb n="1534"/>lesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and

tell him for

<lb n="1535"/>conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers,

whose con-

<lb n="1536"/>demnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and

Master;

<lb n="1537"/>so much my Office.</p>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l n="1538">What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-mon">
  <speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
  <p n="1539"><hi rend="italic">Mountioy</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l n="1540">Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,</l>
  <l n="1541">And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,</l>
  <l n="1542">But could be willing to march on to Callice,</l>
  <l n="1543">Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,</l>
  <l n="1544">Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much</l>
  <l n="1545">Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,</l>
  <l n="1546">My people are with sicknesse much enfeebled,</l>
  <l n="1547">My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,</l>
  <l n="1548">Almost no better then so many French;</l>
  <l n="1549">Who when they were in health, I tell thee

Herald,</l>

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

God,</l>

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

Trunke;</l>

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

Neighbor</l>

  <l n="1559">Stand in our way. There's for thy labour <hi
rend="italic">Mountioy</hi>.</l>
  <l n="1560">Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.</l>
  <l n="1561">If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,</l>
  <l n="1562">We shall your tawnie ground with your red

blood</l>

  <l n="1563">Discolour: and so <hi rend="italic">Mountioy</hi>,

fare you well.</l>
<l n="1564">The summe of all our Answer is but this:</l>
<l n="1565">We would not seeke a Battaile as we are,</l>
<l n="1566">Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:</l>
<l n="1567">So tell your Master.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-mon">
<speaker rend="italic">Mount.</speaker>
<p n="1568">I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your High-
<lb n="1569"/>nesse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-glo">
<speaker rend="italic">Glouc.</speaker>
<p n="1570">I hope they will not come vpon vs now.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l n="1571">We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:</l>
<l n="1572">March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward
night,</l>
<l n="1573">Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our selues,</l>
<l n="1574">And on to morrow bid them march away.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 7]</head>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the Constable of
France, the Lord Ramburs,
<lb/>Orleance, Dolphin, with others.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-con">
<speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
<p n="1575">Tut, I haue the beft Armour of the World:
<lb n="1576"/>would it were day.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
<p n="1577">You haue an excellent Armour: but let my
<lb n="1578"/>Horse haue his due.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-con">
<speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
<p n="1579">It is the best Horse of Europe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-orl">
<speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
<p n="1580">Will it neuer be Morning?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
<speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>

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        <p n="1581">My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Con-
            <lb n="1582"/>stable, you talke of Horse and Armour?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
        <l n="1583">You are as well prouided of both, as any</l>
        <l n="1584">Prince in the World.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
        <p n="1585">What a long Night is this? I will not change
            <lb n="1586"/>my Horse with any that treades but on foure
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postures:
```xml
            <lb n="1587"/>ch' ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his
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entrayles were
```xml
            <lb n="1588"/>hayres: <hi rend="italic">le Cheual
```
volante</hi>, the Pegasus, <hi rend="italic">ches les narines de
```xml
            <lb n="1589"/>feu</hi>. When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a
```
Hawke: he trots
```xml
            <lb n="1590"/>the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it:
```
the basest
```xml
            <lb n="1591"/>horne of his hoofe, is more Musicall then the
```
Pipe of
```xml
            <lb n="1592"/><hi rend="italic">Hermes</hi>.
        </p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
        <p n="1593">Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
        <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
        <p n="1594">And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast
            <lb n="1595"/>for <hi rend="italic">Perseus</hi>: hee is pure
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Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
```xml
            <lb n="1596"/>ments of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him,
```
but on-
```xml
            <lb n="1597"/>ly in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts
```
him: hee
```xml
            <lb n="1598"/>is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may
```
call
```xml
            <lb n="1599"/>Beasts.</p>
    </sp>
    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">i</fw>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
    <hi rend="italic">Const</hi>. In-</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0438-0.jpg" n="82"/>
    <fw type="rh">
    <hi rend="italic">The Life Of Henry The Fift</hi>.
    </fw>
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<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-h5-con">
   <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
   <p n="1600">Indeed my Lord, it is a most absolute and ex-
      <lb n="1601"/>cellent Horse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
   <p n="1602">It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like
      <lb n="1603"/>the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces
      <lb n="1604"/>Homage.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
   <p n="1605">No more Cousin.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
   <p n="1606">Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from
      <lb n="1607"/>the rising of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe,
      <lb n="1608"/>varie deserued prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as
      <lb n="1609"/>fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues,
      <lb n="1610"/>and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subiect
      <lb n="1611"/>for a Soueraigne to reason on, and for a Soueraignes So-
      <lb n="1612"/>ueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs,
      <lb n="1613"/>and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions,
      <lb n="1614"/>and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse,
      <lb n="1615"/>and began thus, <hi rend="italic">Wonder of Nature</hi>.
   </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
   <p n="1616">I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mi-
      <lb n="1617"/>stresse.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
   <p n="1618">Then did they imitate that which I compos'd
      <lb n="1619"/>to my Courser, for my Horse is my Mistresse.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
          <p n="1620">Your Mistresse beares well.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
          <p n="1621">Me well, which is the prescript prayse and per-
            <lb n="1622"/>fection of a good and
            particular Mistresse.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
          <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
          <p n="1623">Nay, for me thought yesterday your Mistresse
            <lb n="1624"/>shrewdly shooke your back.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
          <l n="1625">So perhaps did yours.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
          <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
          <l n="1626">Mine was not bridled.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
          <p n="1627">O then belike she was old and gentle, and you
            <lb n="1628"/>rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hose
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off, and in
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            <lb n="1629"/>your strait Strossers.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
          <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
          <p n="1630">You haue good iudgement in Horseman-
            <lb n="1631"/>ship.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
          <p n="1632">Be warn'd by me then: they that ride so, and
            <lb n="1633"/>ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had
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rather haue
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            <lb n="1634"/>my Horse to my Mistresse.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
          <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
          <l n="1635">I had as liue haue my Mistresse a Iade.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
          <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
          <p n="1636">I tell thee Constable, my Mistresse weares his
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            <lb n="1637"/>owne hayre.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
            <p n="1638">I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a
                <lb n="1639"/>Sow to my Mistresse.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
            <p n="1640">
        <hi rend="italic">Le chien est retourne a son propre vemissement est
                <lb n="1641"/>la leuye lauee au bourbier</hi>: thou mak'st vse of any thing.
        </p>
        </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-con">
            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
            <p n="1642">Yet doe I not vse my Horse for my Mistresse,
                <lb n="1643"/>or any such Prouerbe, so little kin to the purpose.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-ram">
            <speaker rend="italic">Ramb.</speaker>
            <p n="1644">My Lord Constable, the Armour that I saw in
                <lb n="1645"/>your Tent to night, are those Starres or Sunnes vpon it?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
            <p n="1646">Starres my Lord.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
            <p n="1647">Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
            <l n="1648">And yet my Sky shall not want.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
            <p n="1649">That may be, for you beare a many superflu-
                <lb n="1650"/>ously, and 'twere more honor some were away.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
            <p n="1651">Eu'n as your Horse beares your prayses, who
                <lb n="1652"/>would trot as well, were some of your bragges
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dismount-
                    <lb n="1653"/>ted.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
                <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
                <p n="1654">Would I were able to loade him with his de-
                    <lb n="1655"/>sert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow
a mile,
                    <lb n="1656"/>and my way shall be paued with English
Faces.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-con">
                <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
                <p n="1657">I will not say so, for feare I should be fac't out
                    <lb n="1658"/>of my way: but I would it were morning, for I
would
                    <lb n="1659"/>faine be about the eares of the English.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-ram">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ramb.</speaker>
                <p n="1660">Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie
                    <lb n="1661"/>Prisoners?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-con">
                <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
                <p n="1662">You must first goe your selfe to hazard, ere you
                    <lb n="1663"/>haue them.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
                <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
                <p n="1664">'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my selfe.</p>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
                <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
                <p n="1665">The Dolphin longs for morning.</p>
            </sp>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <sp who="#F-h5-ram">
                <speaker rend="italic">Ramb.</speaker>
                <l n="1666">He longs to eate the English.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-con">
                <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
                <p n="1667">I thinke he will eate all he kills.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
                <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
                <p n="1668">By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal-
                    <lb n="1669"/>lant Prince.</p>
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        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
          <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
          <p n="1670">Sweare by her Foot, that she may tread out the<lb
n="1671"/>
          Oath.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
          <p n="1672">He is simply the most actiue Gentleman of<lb
n="1673"/>
          France.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
          <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
          <p n="1674">Doing is actiuitie, and he will still be doing.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
          <l n="1675">He neuer did harme, that I heard of.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
          <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
          <p n="1676">Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe
            <lb n="1677"/>that good name still.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
          <l n="1678">I know him to be valiant.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
          <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
          <p n="1679">I was told that, by one that knowes him better
            <lb n="1680"/>then you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
          <p n="1681">What's hee?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
          <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
          <p n="1682">Marry hee told me so himselfe, and hee sayd hee
            <lb n="1683"/>car'd not who knew it.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
          <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
          <p n="1684">Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in
            <lb n="1685"/>him.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
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            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
            <p n="1686">By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body saw
                <lb n="1687"/>it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it
                <lb n="1688"/>appeares, it will bate.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
            <l n="1689">Ill will neuer sayd well.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-con">
            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
            <p n="1690">I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie
                <lb n="1691"/>in friendship.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
            <p n="1692">And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill
                <lb n="1693"/>his due.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-con">
            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
            <p n="1694">Well plac't: there stands your friend for the
                <lb n="1695"/>Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A
                <lb n="1696"/>Pox of the Deuill.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
            <p n="1697">You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much
                <lb n="1698"/>a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-con">
            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
            <l n="1699">You haue shot ouer.</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
            <p n="1700">'Tis not the first time you were ouer-shot.</p>
          </sp>
          <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter a Messenger.</stage>
          <sp who="#F-h5-mes">
            <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
            <p n="1701">My Lord high Constable, the English lye within
                <lb n="1702"/>fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.</p>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-con">
            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
            <p n="1703">Who hath measur'd the ground?</p>
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                        </sp>
                         <sp who="#F-h5-mes">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Mess.</speaker>
                            <p n="1704">The Lord <hi rend="italic">Grandpree</hi>.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
                            <p n="1705">A valiant and most expert Gentleman. Would
                                <lb n="1706"/>it were day? Alas poore <hi
rend="italic">Harry</hi> of England: hee longs
                                <lb n="1707"/>not for the Dawning, as wee doe.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
                            <p n="1708">What a wretched and peeuish fellow is this
                                <lb n="1709"/>King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd
followers
                                <lb n="1710"/>so farre out of his knowledge.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
                            <p n="1711">If the English had any apprehension, they
                                <lb n="1712"/>would runne away.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
                            <p n="1713">That they lack: for if their heads had any in-
                                <lb n="1714"/>tellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare such
heauie
                                <lb n="1715"/>Head-pieces.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-ram">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Ramb.</speaker>
                            <p n="1716">That Iland of England breedes very valiant
                                <lb n="1717"/>Creatures; their Mastiffes are of vnmatchable
cou-
                                <lb n="1718"/>rage.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
                            <p n="1719">Foolish Curres, that runne winking into
                                <lb n="1720"/>the mouth of a Russian Beare, and haue their
heads crusht
                                <lb n="1721"/>like rotten Apples: you may as well say, that's a
valiant
                                <lb n="1722"/>Flea, that dare eate his breakefast on the Lippe
of a
                                <lb n="1723"/>Lyon.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
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        <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
        <p n="1724">Iust, iust: and the men doe sympathize with
          <lb n="1725"/>the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming
on,
          <lb n="1726"/>leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then
giue
          <lb n="1727"/>them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and
Steele; they
          <lb n="1728"/>will eate like Wolues, and fight like
Deuils.</p>
      </sp>
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
    <hi rend="italic">Orleance</hi>. I,</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0439-0.jpg" n="83"/>
    <fw type="rh">
    <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry The Fift</hi>
      </fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
        <p n="1729">I, but these English are shrowdly out of
        <lb n="1730"/>Beefe.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-con">
        <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
        <p n="1731">Then shall we finde to morrow, they haue only
          <lb n="1732"/>stomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it
time to
          <lb n="1733"/>arme: come, shall we about it?</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
        <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
        <p n="1734">It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten
          <lb n="1735"/>Wee shall haue each a hundred English
men.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    </div>
    </div>
    <div type="act" n="4" rend="differentlyLabelled">
      <head rend="italic centre">Actus Tertius.</head>
      <head type="supplied">[Act 4]</head>
      <div type="prologue" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Prologue]</head>
    <sp who="#F-h5-cho">
        <speaker rend="italic">Chorus.</speaker>
        <l n="1736">Now entertaine coniecture of a time,</l>
        <l n="1737">When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke</l>
        <l n="1738">Fills the wide Vessell of the Vniuerse.</l>
        <l n="1739">From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of
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Night</l>
<l n="1740">The Humme of eyther Army stilly sounds;</l>
<l n="1741">That the fixt Centinels almost receiue</l>
<l n="1742">The secret Whispers of each others Watch.</l>
<l n="1743">Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames</l>
<l n="1744">Each Battaile sees the others vmber'd face.</l>
<l n="1745">Steed threatens Steed, in high and boastfull Neighs</l>
<l n="1746">Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,</l>
<l n="1747">The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,</l>
<l n="1748">With busie Hammers closing Riuets vp,</l>
<l n="1749">Giue dreadfull note of preparation.</l>
<l n="1750">The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:</l>
<l n="1751">And the third howre of drowsie Morning nam'd,</l>
<l n="1752">Prowd of their Numbers, and secure in Soule,</l>
<l n="1753">The confident and ouer-lustie French,</l>
<l n="1754">Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;</l>
<l n="1755">And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,</l>
<l n="1756">Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe</l>
<l n="1757">So tediously away. The poore condemned English,</l>
<l n="1758">Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires</l>
<l n="1759">Sit patiently, and inly ruminate</l>
<l n="1760">The Mornings danger: and their gesture sad,</l>
<l n="1761">Inuesting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,</l>
<l n="1762">Presented them vnto the gazing Moone</l>
<l n="1763">So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold</l>
<l n="1764">The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band</l>
<l n="1765">Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;</l>
<l n="1766">Let him cry, Prayse and Glory on his head:</l>
<l n="1767">For forth he goes, and visits all his Hoast,</l>
<l n="1768">Bids them good morrow with a modest Smyle,</l>
<l n="1769">And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.</l>
<l n="1770">Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,</l>
<l n="1771">How dread an Army hath enrounded him;</l>
<l n="1772">Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour</l>
<l n="1773">Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:</l>
<l n="1774">But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,</l>
<l n="1775">With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maiestie:</l>
<l n="1776">That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,</l>
<l n="1777">Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.</l>
<l n="1778">A Largesse vniuersall, like the Sunne,</l>
<l n="1779">His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,</l>

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<l n="1780">Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all</l>
<l n="1781">Behold, as may vnworthinesse define.</l>
<l n="1782">A little touch of <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> in the
Night,</l>
<l n="1783">And so our Scene must to the Battaile flye:</l>
<l n="1784">Where, O for pitty, we shall much disgrace,</l>
<l n="1785">With foure or fiue most vile and ragged foyles,</l>
<l n="1786">(Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l n="1787">The Name of Agincourt: Yet sit and see,</l>
<l n="1788">Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries
bee.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the King,
Bedford, and Gloucester.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l n="1789"><hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>, 'tis true that we are
in great danger,</l>
<l n="1790">The greater therefore should our Courage be.</l>
<l n="1791">God morrow Brother <hi
rend="italic">Bedford</hi>: God Almightie,</l>
<l n="1792">There is some soule of goodnesse in things
euill,</l>
<l n="1793">Would men obseruingly distill it out.</l>
<l n="1794">For our bad Neighbour makes vs early stirrers,</l>
<l n="1795">Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.</l>
<l n="1796">Besides, they are our outward Consciences,</l>
<l n="1797">And Preachers to vs all; admonishing,</l>
<l n="1798">That we should dresse vs fairely for our end.</l>
<l n="1799">Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,</l>
<l n="1800">And make a Morall of the Diuell himselfe.</l>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter
Erpingham.</stage>
<l n="1801">Good morrow old Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas
Erpingham</hi>:</l>
<l n="1802">A good soft Pillow for that good white Head,</l>
<l n="1803">Were better then a churlish turfe of France.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-erp">
<speaker rend="italic">Erping.</speaker>
<l n="1804">Not so my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,</l>
<l n="1805">Since I may say, now lye I like a King.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
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<l n="1806">'Tis good for men to loue their present paines,</l>
<l n="1807">Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased:</l>
<l n="1808">And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt</l>
<l n="1809">The Organs, though defunct and dead before,</l>
<l n="1810">Breake vp their drowsie Graue, and newly moue</l>
<l n="1811">With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.</l>
<l n="1812">Lend me thy Cloake Sir <hi rend="italic">Thomas</hi>: Brothers both,</l>
<l n="1813">Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;</l>
<l n="1814">Doe my good morrow to them, and anon</l>
<l n="1815">Desire them all to my Pauillion.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-glo">
   <speaker rend="italic">Gloster.</speaker>
   <l n="1816">We shall, my Liege.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-erp">
   <speaker rend="italic">Erping.</speaker>
   <l n="1817">Shall I attend your Grace?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l n="1818">No, my good Knight:</l>
   <l n="1819">Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:</l>
   <l n="1820">I and my Bosome must debate a while,</l>
   <l n="1821">And then I would no other company.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-erp">
   <speaker rend="italic">Erping.</speaker>
   <l n="1822">The Lord in Heauen blesse thee, Noble <lb/><hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l n="1823">God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st cheare-<lb/>fully.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Enter Pistoll.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
   <p rend="italic" n="1824">Che vous la?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <p n="1825">A friend.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
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          <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
          <p n="1826">Discusse vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
            <lb n="1827"/>base, common, and popular?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p n="1828">I am a Gentleman of a Company.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
          <p n="1829">Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p n="1830">Euen so: what are you?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
          <p n="1831">As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p n="1832">Then you are a better then the King.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
          <p n="1833">The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
            <lb n="1834"/>Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fist

            <lb n="1835"/>most valiant: I kisse his durtie shooe, and from heart-

            <lb n="1836"/>string I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="1837">Harry le Roy.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
          <p n="1838">
         <hi rend="italic">Le Roy?</hi> a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p n="1839">No, I am a Welchman.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
          <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
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    <p n="1840">Know'st thou <hi rend="italic">Fluellen</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p n="1841">Yes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
    <p n="1842">Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon
        <lb n="1843"/>S. <hi rend="italic">Dauies</hi> day.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p n="1844">Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
        <lb n="1845"/>that day, least he knock that about yours.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">i2</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Pist</hi>. Art</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0440-0.jpg" n="84"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
    <p n="1846">Art thou his friend?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p n="1847">And his Kinsman too.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
    <p n="1848">The <hi rend="italic">Figo</hi> for thee then.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p n="1849">I thanke you: God be with you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
    <p n="1850">My name is <hi rend="italic">Pistol</hi>
call'd.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <p n="1851">It sorts well with your fiercenesse.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Manet
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King.</stage>

<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Fluellen and Gower.</stage>

<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
  <p n="1852">Captaine <hi rend="italic">Fluellen</hi>.
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
  <p n="1853">'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it
    <lb n="1854"/>is the greatest admiration in the vniuersall World, when
    <lb n="1855"/>the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the
    <lb n="1856"/>Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to
    <lb n="1857"/>examine the Warres of <hi rend="italic">Pompey</hi> the Great, you shall finde,
    <lb n="1858"/>I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble ba-
    <lb n="1859"/>ble in <hi rend="italic">Pompeyes</hi> Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde
    <lb n="1860"/>the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and
    <lb n="1861"/>the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie
    <lb n="1862"/>of it, to be otherwise.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
  <p n="1863">Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all
    <lb n="1864"/>Night.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
  <p n="1865">If the Enemie is an Asse and a Foole, and a pra-
    <lb n="1866"/>ting Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should
    <lb n="1867"/>also, looke you, be an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Cox-
    <lb n="1868"/>combe, in your owne conscience now?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
  <speaker rend="italic">Gow.</speaker>
  <p n="1869">I will speake lower.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
  <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
  <p n="1870">I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.</p>

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        </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
               <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
               <p n="1871">Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
            <lb n="1872"/>There is much care and valour in this
Welchman.</p>
         </sp>
            <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter three Souldiers,
Iohn Bates, Alexander Court,
            <lb/>and Michael Williams.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-h5-cou">
               <speaker rend="italic">Court.</speaker>
               <p n="1873">Brother <hi rend="italic">Iohn Bates</hi>, is not
that the Morning
               <lb n="1874"/>which breakes yonder?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-bat">
               <speaker rend="italic">Bates.</speaker>
               <p n="1875">I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cause to <lb
n="1876"/>desire the
               approach of day.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
               <speaker rend="italic">Williams.</speaker>
               <p n="1877">Wee see yonder the beginning of the day,
               <lb n="1878"/>but I thinke wee shall neuer see the end of it.
Who goes
               <lb n="1879"/>there?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
               <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
               <p n="1880">A Friend.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
               <speaker rend="italic">Williams.</speaker>
               <p n="1881">Vnder what Captaine serue you?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
               <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
               <p n="1882">Vnder Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn
Erpingham</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
               <speaker rend="italic">Williams.</speaker>
               <p n="1883">A good old Commander, and a most kinde
               <lb n="1884"/>Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our
estate?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
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                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="1885">Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be
<lb n="1886"/>washt
                         off the next Tyde.</p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-h5-bat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bates.</speaker>
                    <p n="1887">He hath not told his thought to the King?</p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="1888">No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I
                    <lb n="1889"/>speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as
I am:
                         <lb n="1890"/>the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the
Element
                         <lb n="1891"/>shewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences
haue but
                         <lb n="1892"/>humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in
his Na-
                         <lb n="1893"/>kednesse he appeares but a man; and though his
affecti-
                         <lb n="1894"/>ous are higher mounted then ours, yet when
they stoupe,
                         <lb n="1895"/>they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when
he sees
                         <lb n="1896"/>reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of
doubt, be of
                         <lb n="1897"/>the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no
man should
                         <lb n="1898"/>possesse him with any appearance of feare;
least hee, by
                         <lb n="1899"/>shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.</p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-h5-bat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bates.</speaker>
                    <p n="1900">He may shew what outward courage he will:
                         <lb n="1901"/>but I beleeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could
wish him-
                         <lb n="1902"/>selfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would
he were,
                         <lb n="1903"/>and I by him, at all aduentures, so we were quit
here.</p>
                 </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="1904">By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the
                    <cb n="2"/>
                    <lb n="1905"/>King: I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any
where, <lb n="1906"/>but
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                              where hee is.</p>
                    </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-h5-bat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bates.</speaker>
                    <p n="1907">Then I would he were here alone; so should he be
                       <lb n="1908"/>sure to be ransomed, and a many poore mens
liues saued.</p>
                    </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="1909">I dare say, you loue him not so ill, to wish him
                       <lb n="1910"/>here alone: howsoeuer you speake this to feele
other
                       <lb n="1911"/>mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any
where so con-
                       <lb n="1912"/>tented, as in the Kings company; his Cause
being iust, and
                       <lb n="1913"/>his Quarrell honorable.</p>
                    </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Williams.</speaker>
                    <p n="1914">That's more then we know.</p>
                    </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-h5-bat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Bates.</speaker>
                    <p n="1915">I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee
                       <lb n="1916"/>know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings
Subiects;
                       <lb n="1917"/>if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the
King wipes
                       <lb n="1918"/>the Cryme of it out of vs.</p>
                    </sp>
                 <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Williams.</speaker>
                    <p n="1919">But if the Cause be not good, the King him-
                       <lb n="1920"/>selfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when
all those
                       <lb n="1921"/>Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a
Battaile,
                       <lb n="1922"/>shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry
all, Wee dy-
                       <lb n="1923"/>ed at such a place, some swearing, some crying
for a Sur-
                       <lb n="1924"/>gean; some vpon their Wiues, left poore behind
them;
                       <lb n="1925"/>some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their
Children
                       <lb n="1926"/>rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well,
that dye
                       <lb n="1927"/>in a Battaile: for how can they charitably
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dispose of any

these men

the King,

all pro-

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        <lb n="1928"/>thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if
        <lb n="1929"/>doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for
        <lb n="1930"/>that led them to it; who to disobey, were against
        <lb n="1931"/>portion of subiection.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <p n="1932">So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about
        <lb n="1933"/>Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry vpon the
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        <lb n="1934"/>putation of his wickedneffe, by your rule,
        <lb n="1935"/>posed vpon his Father that sent him: or if a
        <lb n="1936"/>der his Masters command, transporting a
        <lb n="1937"/>ney, be assayled by Robbers, and dye in many
        <lb n="1938"/>Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the
        <lb n="1939"/>author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not
        <lb n="1940"/>The King is not bound to answer the particular
        <lb n="1941"/>of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor
        <lb n="1942"/>of his Seruant; for they purpose not their death,
        <lb n="1943"/>they purpose their seruices. Besides, there is no
        <lb n="1944"/>his Cause neuer so spotlesse, if it come to the
        <lb n="1945"/>ment of Swords, can trye it out with all
        <lb n="1946"/>diers: some (peraduenture) haue on them the
        <lb n="1947"/>premeditated and contriued Murther; some, of
        <lb n="1948"/>ling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie;
        <lb n="1949"/>making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue
        <lb n="1950"/>red the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage
        <lb n="1951"/>rie. Now, if these men haue defeated the Law,
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<lb n="1952"/>runne Natiue punishment; though they can out-strip
<lb n="1953"/>men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is
<lb n="1954"/>his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men
<lb n="1955"/>are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in
<lb n="1956"/>now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death,
<lb n="1957"/>they haue borne life away; and where they would bee
<lb n="1958"/>safe, they perish. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more
<lb n="1959"/>is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was be-
<lb n="1960"/>fore guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are
<lb n="1961"/>now visited. Euery Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but
<lb n="1962"/>euery Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore should
<lb n="1963"/>euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery sicke man in
<lb n="1964"/>his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his Conscience: and
<lb n="1965"/>dying so, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying,
<lb n="1966"/>the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was
<lb n="1967"/>gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to
<lb n="1968"/>thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-
<lb n="1969"/>liue that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others
<lb n="1970"/>how they should prepare.</p>
            </sp>
            <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
            <hi rend="italic">Will</hi>. 'Tis</fw>
            <pb facs="FFimg:axc0441-0.jpg" n="85"/>
            <fw type="rh">
            <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
          </fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
              <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
              <p n="1971">'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon
                <lb n="1972"/>his owne head, the King is not to answer it.</p>
            </sp>
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<sp who="#F-h5-bat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bates.</speaker>
  <p n="1973">I doe not desire hee should answer for me, and
    <lb n="1974"/>yet I determine to fight lustily for him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="1975">I my selfe heard the King say he would not be
    <lb n="1976"/>ransom'd.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
  <p n="1977">I, hee said so, to make vs fight chearefully: but
    <lb n="1978"/>when our throats are cut, hee may be ransom'd, and wee
    <lb n="1979"/>ne're the wiser.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="1980">If I liue to see it, I will neuer trust his word af-
    <lb n="1981"/>ter.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
  <p n="1982">You pay him then: that's a perillous shot out
    <lb n="1983"/>of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate displeasure
    <lb n="1984"/>can doe against a Monarch: you may as well goe about
    <lb n="1985"/>to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a
    <lb n="1986"/>Peacocks feather: You'le neuer trust his word after;
    <lb n="1987"/>come, 'tis a foolish saying.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="1988">Your reproofe is something too round, I should
    <lb n="1989"/>be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-wil">
  <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
  <p n="1990">Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="1991">I embrace it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-wil">
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      <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
      <p n="1992">How shall I know thee againe?</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <p n="1993">Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it
         <lb n="1994"/>in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'st acknowledge it,
         <lb n="1995"/>I will make it my Quarrell.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
      <p n="1996">Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of
         <lb n="1997"/>thine.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <p n="1998">There.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
      <p n="1999">This will I also weare in my Cap: if euer thou
         <lb n="2000"/>come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Gloue,
         <lb n="2001"/>by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <p n="2002">If euer I liue to see it, I will challenge it.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
      <p n="2003">Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
      <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
      <p n="2004">Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the
         <lb n="2005"/>Kings companie.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
      <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
      <p n="2006">Keepe thy word: fare thee well.</p>
   </sp>
   <sp who="#F-h5-bat">
      <speaker rend="italic">Bates.</speaker>
      <p n="2007">Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee
         <lb n="2008"/>haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to rec-
         <lb n="2009"/>kon.</p>
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                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
Souldiers.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                           <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                           <p n="2010">Indeede the French may lay twentie French
                              <lb n="2011"/>Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they
beare them
                              <lb n="2012"/>on their shoulders: but it is no English Treason
to cut
                              <lb n="2013"/>French Crownes, and to morrow the King
himselfe will
                              <lb n="2014"/>be a Clipper.</p>
                           <l n="2015">Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,</l>
                           <l n="2016">Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,</l>
                           <l n="2017">Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:</l>
                           <l n="2018">We must beare all.</l>
                           <l n="2019">O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,</l>
                           <l n="2020">Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whose
sence</l>
                           <l n="2021">No more can feele, but his owne wringing.</l>
                           <l n="2022">What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,</l>
                           <l n="2023">That priuate men enioy?</l>
                           <l n="2024">And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not
too,</l>
                           <l n="2025">Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie?</l>
                           <l n="2026">And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?</l>
                           <l n="2027">What kind of God art thou? that suffer'st more</l>
                           <l n="2028">Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.</l>
                           <l n="2029">What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings
in?</l>
                           <l n="2030">O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.</l>
                           <l n="2031">What? is thy Soule of Odoration?</l>
                           <l n="2032">Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and
Forme,</l>
                           <l n="2033">Creating awe and feare in other men?</l>
                           <l n="2034">Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear'd,</l>
                           <l n="2035">Then they in fearing.</l>
                           <cb n="2"/>
                           <l n="2036">What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage
sweet,</l>
                           <l n="2037">But poyson'd flatterie? O, be sick, great
Greatnesse,</l>
                           <l n="2038">And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.</l>
                           <l n="2039">Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out</l>
                           <l n="2040">With Titles blowne from Adulation?</l>
                           <l n="2041">Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?</l>
                           <l n="2042">Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggers
knee,</l>
                           <l n="2043">Command the health of it? No, thou prowd
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Dreame,</l>
<l n="2044">That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose,</l>
<l n="2045">I am a King that find thee: and I know,</l>
<l n="2046">Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,</l>
<l n="2047">The Sword, the Mase, the Crowne Imperiall,</l>
<l n="2048">The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,</l>
<l n="2049">The farsed Title running 'fore the King,</l>
<l n="2050">The Throne he sits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,</l>
<!-- An ink blot partially obscures the word "Pompe". -->
<l n="2051">That beates vpon the high shore of this World:</l>
<l n="2052">No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;</l>
<l n="2053">Not all these, lay'd in Bed Maiesticall,</l>
<l n="2054">Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slaue:</l>
<l n="2055">Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,</l>
<l n="2056">Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressefull bread,</l>
<l n="2057">Neuer sees horride Night, the Child of Hell:</l>
<l n="2058">But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,</l>
<l n="2059">Sweates in the eye of <hi rend="italic">Phebus</hi>; and all Night</l>
<l n="2060">Sleepes in <hi rend="italic">Elizium</hi>: next day after dawne,</l>
<l n="2061">Doth rise and helpe <hi rend="italic">Hiperio</hi> to his Horse,</l>
<l n="2062">And followes so the euer-running yeere</l>
<l n="2063">With profitable labour to his Graue:</l>
<l n="2064">And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,</l>
<l n="2065">Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,</l>
<l n="2066">Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.</l>
<l n="2067">The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,</l>
<l n="2068">Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,</l>
<l n="2069">What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;</l>
<l n="2070">Whose howres, the Pesant best aduantages.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Erpingham.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-erp">
<speaker rend="italic">Erp.</speaker>
<l n="2071">My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your absence,</l>
<l n="2072">Seeke through your Campe to find you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l n="2073">Good old Knight, collect them all together</l>
<l n="2074">At my Tent: Ile be before thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-erp">
<speaker rend="italic">Erp.</speaker>

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        <p n="2075">I shall doo't, my Lord.</p>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l n="2076">O God of Battailes, steele my Souldiers hearts,</l>
        <l n="2077">Possesse them not with feare: Take from them
now</l>
        <l n="2078">The sence of reckning of th'opposed numbers:</l>
        <l n="2079">Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O
Lord,</l>
        <l n="2080">O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault</l>
        <l n="2081">My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.</l>
        <l n="2082">I <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi> body haue
interred new,</l>
        <l n="2083">And on it haue bestowed more contrite teares,</l>
        <l n="2084">Then from it issued forced drops of blood.</l>
        <l n="2085">Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,</l>
        <l n="2086">Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp</l>
        <l n="2087">Toward Heauen, to pardon, blood:</l>
        <l n="2088">And I haue built two Chauntries,</l>
        <l n="2089">Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still</l>
        <l n="2090">For <hi rend="italic">Richards</hi> Soule. More
will I doe:</l>
        <l n="2091">Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;</l>
        <l n="2092">Since that my Penitence comes after all,</l>
        <l n="2093">Imploring pardon.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter
Gloucester.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-h5-glo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Glouc.</speaker>
        <p n="2094">My Liege.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l n="2095">My Brother <hi rend="italic">Gloucesters</hi>
voyce? I:</l>
        <l n="2096">I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:</l>
        <l n="2097">The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">i3</fw>
      <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Enter</fw>
      <pb facs="FFimg:axc0442-0.jpg" n="86"/>
      <fw type="rh">
      <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
    </fw>
      <cb n="1"/>
      </div>
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<div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
   <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the Dolphin,
Orleance, Ramburs, and
      <lb/>Beaumont.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
   <l n="2098">The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
   <l n="2099"><hi rend="italic">Monte Cheual:</hi> My Horse,
<hi rend="italic">Verlot Lacquay:</hi>
      <lb/>Ha.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
   <l n="2100">Oh braue Spirit.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
   <l rend="italic" n="2101">Via les ewes &amp; terre.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-orl">
   <speaker rend="italic">Orleance.</speaker>
   <l rend="italic" n="2102">Rien puis le air &amp; feu.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
   <l n="2103"><hi rend="italic">Cein</hi>, Cousin <hi
rend="italic">Orleance</hi>.</l>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter
Constable.</stage>
      <l n="2104">Now my Lord Constable?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-con">
   <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
   <l n="2105">Hearke how our Steedes, for present Seruice
      <lb/>neigh.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-lew">
   <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
   <l n="2106">Mount them, and make incision in their Hides,</l>
   <l n="2107">That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,</l>
   <l n="2108">And doubt them with superfluous courage: ha.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-ram">
   <speaker rend="italic">Ram.</speaker>
   <l n="2109">What, wil you haue them weep our Horses
blood?</l>
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          <l n="2110">How shall we then behold their naturall teares?</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter
Messenger.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-h5-mes">
          <speaker rend="italic">Messeng.</speaker>
          <l n="2111">The English are embattail'd, you French
            <lb/>Peeres.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-con">
          <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
          <l n="2112">To Horse you gallant Princes, straight to Horse.</l>
          <l n="2113">Doe but behold yond poore and starued Band,</l>
          <l n="2114">And your faire shew shall suck away their
Soules,</l>
          <l n="2115">Leauing them but the shales and huskes of men.</l>
          <l n="2116">There is not worke enough for all our hands,</l>
          <l n="2117">Scarce blood enough in all their sickly Veines,</l>
          <l n="2118">To giue each naked Curtleax a stayne,</l>
          <l n="2119">That our French Gallants shall to day draw out,</l>
          <l n="2120">And sheath for lack of sport. Let vs but blow on
them,</l>
          <l n="2121">The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them.</l>
          <l n="2122">'Tis positiue against all exceptions, Lords,</l>
          <l n="2123">That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pesants,</l>
          <l n="2124">Who in vnnecessarie action swarme</l>
          <l n="2125">About our Squares of Battaile, were enow</l>
          <l n="2126">To purge this field of such a hilding Foe;</l>
          <l n="2127">Though we vpon this Mountaines Basis by,</l>
          <l n="2128">Tooke stand for idle speculation:</l>
          <l n="2129">But that our Honours must not. What's to say;</l>
          <l n="2130">A very little little let vs doe,</l>
          <l n="2131">And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound</l>
          <l n="2132">The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount:</l>
          <l n="2133">For our approach shall so much dare the field,</l>
          <l n="2134">That England shall couch downe in feare, and
yeeld.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter
Graundpree.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-h5-gra">
          <speaker rend="italic">Grandpree.</speaker>
          <l n="2135">Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?</l>
          <l n="2136">Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones,</l>
          <l n="2137">Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field:</l>
          <l n="2138">Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let loose,</l>
          <l n="2139">And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.</l>
          <l n="2140">Bigge <hi rend="italic">Mars</hi> seemes
banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,</l>
          <l n="2141">And faintly through a rustie Beuer peepes.</l>
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            <l n="2142">The Horsemen sit like fixed Candlesticks,</l>
            <l n="2143">With Torch-staues in their hand: and their poore
Iades</l>
            <l n="2144">Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and
hips:</l>
            <l n="2145">The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead
eyes,</l>
            <l n="2146">And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt</l>
            <l n="2147">Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and
motionlesse.</l>
            <l n="2148">And their executors, the knauish Crowes,</l>
            <l n="2149">Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre.</l>
            <l n="2150">Description cannot sute it selfe in words,</l>
            <l n="2151">To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,</l>
            <l n="2152">In life so liuelesse, as it shewes it selfe.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-con">
            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
            <l n="2153">They haue said their prayers,</l>
            <l n="2154">And they stay for death.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
            <l n="2155">Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh
Sutes,</l>
            <cb n="2"/>
            <l n="2156">And giue their fasting Horses Prouender,</l>
            <l n="2157">And after fight with them?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-con">
            <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
            <l n="2158">I stay but for my Guard: on</l>
            <l n="2159">To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet
take,</l>
            <l n="2160">And vse it for my haste. Come, come away,</l>
            <l n="2161">The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day.</l>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
      <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
         <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
         <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Gloucester,
Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham
            <lb/>with all his Hoast: Salisbury and
            <lb/>Westmerland.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-h5-glo">
            <speaker rend="italic">Glouc.</speaker>
            <l n="2162">Where is the King?</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-bed">
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    <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
    <l n="2163">The King himselfe is rode to view their Bat-
        <lb/>taile.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-wes">
    <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
    <l n="2164">Of fighting men they haue full threescore thou-
        <lb/>sand.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-exe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
    <l n="2165">There's fiue to one, besides they all are fresh.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-sal">
    <speaker rend="italic">Salisb.</speaker>
    <l n="2166">Gods Arme strike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes.</l>
    <l n="2167">God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:</l>
    <l n="2168">If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;</l>
    <l n="2169">Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,</l>
    <l n="2170">My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord
Exeter,</l>
    <l n="2171">And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-bed">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
    <l n="2172">Farwell good <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi>,
&amp; good luck go with thee:</l>
    <l n="2173">And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,</l>
    <l n="2174">For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-exe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
    <l n="2175">Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-bed">
    <speaker rend="italic">Bedf.</speaker>
    <l n="2176">He is as full of Valour as of Kindnesse,</l>
    <l n="2177">Princely in both.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the
King.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-wes">
    <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
    <l n="2178">O that we now had here</l>
    <l n="2179">But one ten thousand of those men in England,</l>
    <l n="2180">That doe no worke to day.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l n="2181">What's he that wishes so?</l>
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<l n="2182">My Cousin <hi rend="italic">Westmerland</hi>.
No, my faire Cousin:</l>
<l n="2183">If we are markt to dye, we are enow</l>
<l n="2184">To doe our Countrey losse: and if to liue,</l>
<l n="2185">The fewer men, the greater share of honour.</l>
<l n="2186">Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more.</l>
<l n="2187">By <hi rend="italic">Ioue</hi>, I am not couetous
for Gold,</l>
<l n="2188">Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost:</l>
<l n="2189">It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;</l>
<l n="2190">Such outward things dwell not in my desires.</l>
<l n="2191">But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,</l>
<l n="2192">I am the most offending Soule aliue.</l>
<l n="2193">No 'faith, my Couze, wish not a man from
England:</l>
<l n="2194">Gods peace, I would not loose so great an
Honor,</l>
<l n="2195">As one man more me thinkes would share from
me,</l>
<l n="2196">For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one
more:</l>
<l n="2197">Rather proclaime it (<hi
rend="italic">Westmerland</hi>) through my Hoast,</l>
<l n="2198">That he which hath no stomack to this fight,</l>
<l n="2199">Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,</l>
<l n="2200">And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse:</l>
<l n="2201">We would not dye in that mans companie,</l>
<l n="2202">That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.</l>
<l n="2203">This day is call'd the Feast of <hi
rend="italic">Crispian:</hi></l>
<l n="2204">He that out-liues this day, and comes safe
home,</l>
<l n="2205">Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,</l>
<l n="2206">And rowse him at the Name of <hi
rend="italic">Crispian</hi>.</l>
<l n="2207">He that shall see this day, and liue old age,</l>
<l n="2208">Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,</l>
<l n="2209">And say, to morrow is Saint <hi
rend="italic">Crispian</hi>.</l>
<l n="2210">Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his
skarres:</l>
<l n="2211">Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:</l>
<l n="2212">But hee'le remember, with aduantages,</l>
<l n="2213">What feats he did that day. Then shall our
Names,</l>
<l n="2214">Familiar in his mouth as household words,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>
</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0443-0.jpg" n="87"/>
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<fw type="rh"><hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the
Fift</hi>.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l n="2215"><hi rend="italic">Harry</hi> the King, <hi
rend="italic">Bedford</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Exeter</hi>,</l>
<l n="2216"><hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Talbot</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Salisbury</hi> and <hi
rend="italic">Gloucester</hi>,</l>
<l n="2217">Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.</l>
<l n="2218">This story shall the good man teach his sonne:</l>
<l n="2219">And <hi rend="italic">Crispine Crispian</hi> shall
ne're goe by,</l>
<l n="2220">From this day to the ending of the World,</l>
<l n="2221">But we in it shall be remembred;</l>
<l n="2222">We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:</l>
<l n="2223">For he to day that sheds his blood with me,</l>
<l n="2224">Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,</l>
<l n="2225">This day shall gentle his Condition.</l>
<l n="2226">And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,</l>
<l n="2227">Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not
here;</l>
<l n="2228">And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any
speakes,</l>
<l n="2229">That fought with vs vpon Saint <hi
rend="italic">Crispines</hi> day.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter
Salisbury.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-sal">
   <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
   <l n="2230">My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with
speed:</l>
   <l n="2231">The French are brauely in their battailes set,</l>
   <l n="2232">And will with all expedience charge on vs.</l>
</sp>
   <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l n="2233">All things are ready, if our minds be so.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-wes">
   <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
   <p n="2234">Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
   <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
   <l n="2235">Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,
        <lb/>Couze?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-wes">
   <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
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<l n="2236">Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,</l>
                                    <l n="2237">Without more helpe, could fight this Royall
battaile.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                            <l n="2238">Why now thou hast vnwisht fiue thousand men:</l>
                            <l n="2239">Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.</l>
                            <l n="2240">You know your places: God be with you all.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Tucket.</stage>
                            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter
Montioy.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-mon">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Mont.</speaker>
                            <l n="2241">Once more I come to know of thee King <hi
rend="italic">Harry</hi>,</l>
                            <l n="2242">If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,</l>
                            <l n="2243">Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:</l>
                            <l n="2244">For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,</l>
                            <l n="2245">Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in
mercy</l>
                            <l n="2246">The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind</l>
                            <l n="2247">Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules</l>
                            <l n="2248">May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre</l>
                            <l n="2249">From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore
                                bodies</l>
                            <l n="2250">Must lye and fester.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                            <l n="2251">Who hath sent thee now?</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-mon">
                            <speaker rend="italic">Mont.</speaker>
                            <l n="2252">The Constable of France.</l>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                            <l n="2253">I pray thee beare my former Answer back:</l>
                            <l n="2254">Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.</l>
                            <l n="2255">Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes
thus?</l>
                            <l n="2256">The man that once did sell the Lyons skin</l>
                            <l n="2257">While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting
him.</l>
                            <l n="2258">A many of our bodyes shall no doubt</l>
                            <l n="2259">Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I trust</l>
                            <l n="2260">Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes
worke.</l>

<l n="2261">And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,</l>
<l n="2262">Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,</l>
<l n="2263">They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,</l>
<l n="2264">And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,</l>
<l n="2265">Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,</l>
<l n="2266">The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.</l>
<l n="2267">Marke then abounding valour in our English:</l>
<l n="2268">That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,</l>
<l n="2269">Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,</l>
<l n="2270">Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.</l>
<l n="2271">Let me speake prowdly: Tell the Constable,</l>
<l n="2272">We are but Warriors for the working day:</l>
<l n="2273">Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht</l>
<l n="2274">With raynie Marching in the painefull field.</l>
<l n="2275">There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:</l>
<l n="2276">Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l n="2277">And time hath worne vs into slouenrie.</l>
<l n="2278">But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:</l>
<l n="2279">And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,</l>
<l n="2280">They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck</l>
<l n="2281">The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,</l>
<l n="2282">And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,</l>
<l n="2283">As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then</l>
<l n="2284">Will soone be leuyed.</l>
<l n="2285">Herauld, saue thou thy labour:</l>
<l n="2286">Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,</l>
<l n="2287">They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts:</l>
<l n="2288">Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,</l>
<l n="2289">Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-mon">
<speaker rend="italic">Mont.</speaker>
<l n="2290">I shall, King <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>. And so fare thee well:</l>
<l n="2291">Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<p n="2292">I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ransome.</p>

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        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Yorke.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-h5-yor">
           <speaker rend="italic">Yorke.</speaker>
           <l n="2293">My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge</l>
           <l n="2294">The leading of the Vaward.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
           <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
           <l n="2295">Take it, braue <hi rend="italic">Yorke</hi>.
        </l>
           <l n="2296">Now Souldiers march away,</l>
           <l n="2297">And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day.</l>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
      </div>
       <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
          <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
        <stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Alarum.
Excursions.</stage>
           <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Pistoll, French
Souldier, Boy.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
           <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
           <p n="2298">Yeeld Curre.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-fre">
           <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>
           <p rend="italic" n="2299">Ie pense que vous estes le Gentilhome
de bon qua-
              <lb n="2300"/>litee.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
           <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
           <p n="2301">Qualtitie calmie custure me. Art thou a Gentle-
              <lb n="2302"/>man? What is thy Name? discusse.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-fre">
           <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>
           <p rend="italic" n="2303">O Seigneur Dieu.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
           <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
           <p n="2304">O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: per-
              <lb n="2305"/>pend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke:
O Signieur
              <lb n="2306"/>Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O
Signieur
              <lb n="2307"/>thou doe giue to me egregious Ransome.</p>
        </sp>
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<sp who="#F-h5-fre">
  <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>
  <p rend="italic" n="2308">O prennes miserecordie aye pitez de
moy.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p n="2309">Moy shall not serue, I will haue fortie Moyes: for
    <lb n="2310"/>I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in
droppes of
    <lb n="2311"/>Crimson blood.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-fre">
  <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>
  <p rend="italic" n="2312">Est il impossible d'eschapper le force
de ton bras.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p n="2313">Brasse, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Moun-
    <lb n="2314"/>taine Goat, offer'st me Brasse?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-fre">
  <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>
  <p rend="italic" n="2315">O perdonne moy.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p n="2316">Say'st thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?
  <lb n="2317"/>Come hither boy, aske me this slaue in French
what is his
    <lb n="2318"/>Name.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p rend="italic" n="2319">Escoute comment estes vous
appelle?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-fre">
  <speaker rend="italic">French.</speaker>
  <p rend="italic" n="2320">Mounsieur le Fer.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p n="2321">He sayes his Name is M. <hi
rend="italic">Fer</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p n="2322">M. <hi rend="italic">Fer</hi>: Ile fer him, and
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firke him, and ferret him:
                       `<lb n="2323"/>`discusse the same in French vnto him.`</p>`
                   `</sp>`
                   `<sp who="#F-h5-boy">`
                      `<speaker rend="italic">`Boy.`</speaker>`
                      `<p n="2324">`I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and
firke.`</p>`
                   `</sp>`
                   `<sp who="#F-h5-pis">`
                      `<speaker rend="italic">`Pist.`</speaker>`
                      `<p n="2325">`Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.`</p>`
                   `</sp>`
                   `<sp who="#F-h5-fre">`
                      `<speaker rend="italic">`French.`</speaker>`
                      `<p rend="italic" n="2326">`Que dit il Mounsieur?`</p>`
                   `</sp>`
                   `<sp who="#F-h5-boy">`
                      `<speaker rend="italic">`Boy.`</speaker>`
                      `<p rend="italic" n="2327">`Il me commande a vous dire que vous
faite vous
                       `<lb n="2328"/>`prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture
de couppes vostre
                       `<lb n="2329"/>`gorge.`</p>`
                   `</sp>`
                   `<sp who="#F-h5-pis">`
                      `<speaker rend="italic">`Pist.`</speaker>`
                      `<p n="2330">`Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy pesant, vnlesse
                       `<lb n="2331"/>`thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or
mangled shalt
                       `<lb n="2332"/>`thou be by this my Sword.`</p>`
                   `</sp>`
                   `<sp who="#F-h5-fre">`
                      `<speaker rend="italic">`French.`</speaker>`
                      `<p rend="italic" n="2333">`O Ie vous supplie pour l'amour de
Dieu: ma par-
                       `<lb n="2334"/>`donner, Ie suis le Gentilhome de bon maison,
garde ma vie, & Ie
                       `<lb n="2335"/>`vous donneray deux cent escus.`</p>`
                   `</sp>`
                   `<sp who="#F-h5-pis">`
                      `<speaker rend="italic">`Pist.`</speaker>`
                      `<p n="2336">`What are his words?`</p>`
                   `</sp>`
                   `<fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi`
rend="italic">`Boy</hi>`. He`</fw>`
                   `<pb facs="FFimg:axc0444-0.jpg" n="88"/>`
                   `<fw type="rh">`
                   `<hi rend="italic">`The Life of Henry the Fift`</hi>`.
                `</fw>`
                   `<cb n="1"/>`

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<sp who="#F-h5-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p n="2337">He prayes you to saue his life, he is a Gentleman
    <lb n="2338"/>of a good house, and for his ransom he will giue you two
    <lb n="2339"/>hundred Crownes.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p n="2340">Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the Crownes
    <lb n="2341"/>will take.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-fre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fren.</speaker>
  <p rend="italic" n="2342">Petit Monsieur que dit il?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p rend="italic" n="2343">Encore qu'il et contra son Iurement, de pardonner au-
    <lb n="2344"/>cune prisonner: neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a pro-
    <lb n="2345"/>mets il est content a vous donnes le liberte le franchisement.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-fre">
  <speaker rend="italic">Fre.</speaker>
  <p rend="italic" n="2346">Sur mes genoux se vous donnes milles remercious, et
    <lb n="2347"/>Ie me estime heurex que Ie intombe, entre les main d'vn Che-
    <lb n="2348"/>ualier Ie peuse le plus braue valiant et tres distinie signieur
    <lb n="2349"/>d'Angleterre.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
  <p n="2350">Expound vnto me boy.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-boy">
  <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
  <p n="2351">He giues you vpon his knees a thousand thanks,
    <lb n="2352"/>and he esteemes himselfe happy, that he hath falne into
    <lb n="2353"/>the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most braue, valorous
    <lb n="2354"/>and thrice-worthy signeur of England.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
  <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
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            <p n="2355">As I sucke blood, I will some mercy shew. Fol-
               <lb n="2356"/>low mee.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-boy">
            <speaker rend="italic">Boy.</speaker>
            <p rend="italic" n="2357">Saaue vous le grand Capitaine?</p>
            <p n="2358">I did neuer know so full a voyce issue from so
emptie a
               <lb n="2359"/>heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel
makes the
               <lb n="2360"/>greatest sound, <hi rend="italic">Bardolfe</hi>
and <hi rend="italic">Nym</hi> had tenne times more
               <lb n="2361"/>valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play,
that euerie
               <lb n="2362"/>one may payre his nayles with a woodden
dagger, and
               <lb n="2363"/>they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if
hee durst
               <lb n="2364"/>steale any thing aduenturously. I must stay with
the
               <lb n="2365"/>Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the
French might
               <lb n="2366"/>haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for
there is none
               <lb n="2367"/>to guard it but boyes.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
      </div>
         <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
         <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>
         <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Constable,
Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin,
               <lb/>and Ramburs.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-h5-con">
            <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
            <l rend="italic" n="2368">O Diable.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
            <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
            <l rend="italic" n="2369">O signeur le iour et perdia, toute et
perdie.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
            <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
            <l n="2370"><hi rend="italic">Mor Dieu ma vie</hi>, all is
confounded all,</l>
               <l n="2371">Reproach, and euerlasting shame</l>
               <l n="2372">Sits mocking in our Plumes.</l> <stage rend="italic
rightJustified">A short Alarum.</stage>
               <l n="2373"><hi rend="italic">O meschante Fortune</hi>, do
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not runne away.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-con">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
                       <l rend="italic" n="2374">Why all our rankes are broke.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-lew">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Dol,thr</speaker>
                       <l n="2375">O perdurable shame, let's stab our selues:</l>
                       <l n="2376">Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                       <l n="2377">Is this the King we sent too, for his ransome?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-bou">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Bur.</speaker>
                       <l n="2378">Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,</l>
                       <l n="2379">Let vs dye in once more backe againe,</l>
                       <l n="2380">And he that will not follow <hi
rend="italic">Burbon</hi> now,</l>
                       <l n="2381">Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand</l>
                       <l n="2382">Like a base Pander hold the Chamber doore,</l>
                       <l n="2383">Whilst a base slaue, no gentler then my dogge,</l>
                       <l n="2384">His fairest daughter is contaminated.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-con">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
                       <l n="2385">Disorder that hath spoyl'd vs, friend vs now,</l>
                       <l n="2386">Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-orl">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Orl.</speaker>
                       <l n="2387">We are enow yet liuing in the Field,</l>
                       <l n="2388">To smother vp the English in our throngs,</l>
                       <l n="2389">If any order might be thought vpon.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-bur">
                       <speaker rend="italic">Bur.</speaker>
                       <l n="2390">The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;</l>
                       <l n="2391">Let life be short, else shame will be too long.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                    </div>
                    <div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
                       <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 6]</head>
                       <stage rend="italic rightJustified"
type="business">Alarum.</stage>
                       <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter the
King and his trayne,

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            <lb/>with Prisoners.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l n="2392">Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,</l>
          <l n="2393">But all's not done, yet keepe the French the
field.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
          <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
          <l n="2394">The D. of York commends him to your Maiesty</l>
        </sp>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l n="2395">Liues he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre</l>
          <l n="2396">I saw him downe; thrice vp againe, and
fighting,</l>

          <l n="2397">From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
          <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
          <l n="2398">In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,</l>
          <l n="2399">Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side,</l>
          <l n="2400">(Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds)</l>
          <l n="2401">The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.</l>
          <l n="2402">Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer</l>
          <l n="2403">Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,</l>
          <l n="2404">And takes him by the Beard, kisses the gashes</l>
          <l n="2405">That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.</l>
          <l n="2406">He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cosin Suffolke,</l>
          <l n="2407">My soule shall thine keepe company to heauen:</l>
          <l n="2408">Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-brest:</l>
          <l n="2409">As in this glorious and well-foughten field</l>
          <l n="2410">We kept together in our Chiualrie.</l>
          <l n="2411">Vpon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp,</l>
          <l n="2412">He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,</l>
          <l n="2413">And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,</l>
          <l n="2414">Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,</l>
          <l n="2415">So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke</l>
          <l n="2416">He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,</l>
          <l n="2417">And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd</l>
          <l n="2418">A Testament of Noble-ending-loue:</l>
          <l n="2419">The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd</l>
          <l n="2420">Those waters from me, which I would haue
stop'd,</l>

          <l n="2421">But I had not so much of man in mee,</l>
          <l n="2422">And all my mother came into mine eyes,</l>
          <l n="2423">And gaue me vp to teares.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
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<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l n="2424">I blame you not,</l>
<l n="2425">For hearing this, I must perforce compound</l>
<l n="2426">With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to.</l>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Alarum.</stage>
<l n="2427">But hearke, what new alarum is this same?</l>
<l n="2428">The French haue re-enforc'd their scatter'd men:</l>
<l n="2429">Then euery souldiour kill his Prisoners,</l>
<l n="2430">Giue the word through.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
<head rend="italic centre" type="differentlyLabelled">Actus Quartus.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 7]</head>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Fluellen and Gower.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
<speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
<p n="2431">Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressely
<lb n="2432"/>against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knaue-
<lb n="2433"/>ry marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience
<lb n="2434"/>now, is it not?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
<speaker rend="italic">Gow.</speaker>
<p n="2435">Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the
<lb n="2436"/>Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done
<lb n="2437"/>this slaughter: besides they haue burned and carried a-
<lb n="2438"/>way all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King
<lb n="2439"/>most worthily hath caus'd euery soldiour to cut his pri-
<lb n="2440"/>soners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
<speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
<p n="2441">I, hee was porne at <hi rend="italic">Monmouth</hi> Captaine <hi rend="italic">Gower</hi>:
<lb n="2442"/>What call you the Townes name where <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi> the
<lb n="2443"/>pig was borne?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
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                                <speaker rend="italic">Gow.</speaker>
                                <p n="2444"><hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi> the Great.</p>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                                <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                                <p n="2445">Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or
                                    <lb n="2446"/>the
<choice><orig>grear</orig><corr>great</corr></choice>, or the mighty, or the huge,
or the magnani-
                                    <lb n="2447"/>mous, are all one reckonings, saue the phrase is
a litle va-
                                    <lb n="2448"/>riations.</p>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-h5-gow">
                                <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
                                <p n="2449">I thinke <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi> the
Great was borne in
                                    <lb n="2450"/><hi rend="italic">Macedon</hi>, his Father
was called <hi rend="italic">Phillip</hi> of <hi rend="italic">Macedon</hi> as I
                                    <lb n="2451"/>take it.</p>
                            </sp>
                            <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                                <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                                <p n="2452">I thinke it is in <hi rend="italic">Macedon</hi>
where <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi> is
                                    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">porne.</fw>
                                    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0445-0.jpg" n="89"/>
                                    <fw type="rh">
                                  <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
                                </fw>
                                    <cb n="1"/>
                                    <lb n="2453"/>porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the
Maps of
                                    <lb n="2454"/>the Orld, I warrant you sall finde in the
comparisons be-
                                    <lb n="2455"/>tweene <hi rend="italic">Macedon</hi>
&amp; <hi rend="italic">Monmouth</hi>, that the situations looke
                                    <lb n="2456"/>you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in <hi
rend="italic">Macedon</hi>, &amp; there
                                    <lb n="2457"/>is also moreouer a Riuer at <hi
rend="italic">Monmouth</hi>, it is call'd Wye at
                                    <lb n="2458"/><hi rend="italic">Monmouth</hi>: but it is out
of my praines, what is the name
                                    <lb n="2459"/>of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, tis alike as
my fingers
                                    <lb n="2460"/>is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both.
If you
                                    <lb n="2461"/>marke <hi rend="italic">Alexanders</hi> life
well, <hi rend="italic">Harry of Monmouthes</hi> life is
                                    <lb n="2462"/>come after it indifferent well, for there is
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figures in all
<lb n="2463"/>things. <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi> God knowes, and you know, in his
<lb n="2464"/>rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and
<lb n="2465"/>his moodes, and his displeasures, and his indignations,
<lb n="2466"/>and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in
<lb n="2467"/>his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his best friend
<lb n="2468"/><hi rend="italic">Clytus</hi>.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
<speaker rend="italic">Gow.</speaker>
<p n="2469">Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd
<lb n="2470"/>any of his friends.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
<speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
<p n="2471">It is not well done (marke you now) to take the
<lb n="2472"/>tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak
<lb n="2473"/>but in the figures, and comparisons of it: as <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi>
<lb n="2474"/>kild his friend <hi rend="italic">Clytus</hi>, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; so
<lb n="2475"/>also <hi rend="italic">Harry Monmouth</hi> being in his right wittes, and his
<lb n="2476"/>good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the
<lb n="2477"/>great belly doublet: he was full of iests, and gypes, and
<lb n="2478"/>knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
<speaker rend="italic">Gow.</speaker>
<p n="2479">Sir <hi rend="italic">Iohn Falstaffe</hi>.
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
<speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
<p n="2480">That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne
<lb n="2481"/>at <hi rend="italic"><choice><orig>Monmonth</orig><corr>Monmouth</corr></choice></hi>.
</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-gow">

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        <speaker rend="italic">Gow.</speaker>
        <p n="2482">Heere comes his Maiesty.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Alarum.</stage>
        <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter King Harry
and Burbon
            <lb/>with prisoners. Flourish.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l n="2483">I was not angry since I came to France,</l>
        <l n="2484">Vntill this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,</l>
        <l n="2485">Ride thou vnto the Horsemen on yond hill:</l>
        <l n="2486">If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,</l>
        <l n="2487">Or voyde the field: they do offend our sight.</l>
        <l n="2488">If they'l do neither, we will come to them,</l>
        <l n="2489">And make them sker away, as swift as stones</l>
        <l n="2490">Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:</l>
        <l n="2491">Besides, wee'l cut the throats of those we haue,</l>
        <l n="2492">And not a man of them that we shall take,</l>
        <l n="2493">Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter
Montioy.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
        <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
        <l n="2494">Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-glo">
        <speaker rend="italic">Glou.</speaker>
        <p n="2495">His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l n="2496">How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowst
<lb/>thou not,</l>
        <l n="2497">That I haue fin'd these bones of mine for
ransome?</l>
        <l n="2498">Com'st thou againe for ransome?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-her">
        <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
        <l n="2499">No great King:</l>
        <l n="2500">I come to thee for charitable License,</l>
        <l n="2501">That we may wander ore this bloody field,</l>
        <l n="2502">To booke our dead, and then to bury them,</l>
        <l n="2503">To sort our Nobles from our common men.</l>
        <l n="2504">For many of our Princes (woe the while)</l>
        <l n="2505">Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:</l>
        <l n="2506">So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes</l>
        <l n="2507">In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds</l>
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        <l n="2508">Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde
rage</l>
        <l n="2509">Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead
masters,</l>
        <l n="2510">Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,</l>
        <l n="2511">To view the field in safety, and dispose</l>
        <l n="2512">Of their dead bodies.</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
        <l n="2513">I tell thee truly Herald,</l>
        <l n="2514">I know not if the day be ours or no,</l>
        <l n="2515">For yet a many of your horsemen peere,</l>
        <l n="2516">And gallop ore the field.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-her">
        <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
        <p n="2517">The day is yours.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
        <l n="2518">Praised be God, and not our strength for it:</l>
        <l n="2519">What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-her">
        <speaker rend="italic">Her.</speaker>
        <p n="2520">They call it <hi rend="italic">Agincourt</hi>.
      </p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l n="2521">Then call we this the field of <hi
rend="italic">Agincourt</hi>,</l>
        <l n="2522">Fought on the day of <hi rend="italic">Crispin
Crispianus</hi>.
      </l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
        <p n="2523">Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please
          <lb n="2524"/>your Maiesty) and your great Vncle <hi
rend="italic">Edward</hi> the Placke
          <lb n="2525"/>Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the
Chronicles, fought
          <lb n="2526"/>a most praue pattle here in France.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
        <p n="2527">They did <hi rend="italic">Fluellen</hi>.
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        </p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
        <p n="2528">Your Maiesty sayes very true: If your Maiesties
          <lb n="2529"/>is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good seruice in a
          <lb n="2530"/>Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their
          <lb n="2531"/><hi rend="italic">Monmouth</hi> caps, which your Maiesty know to this houre
          <lb n="2532"/>is an honourable badge of the seruice: And I do beleeue
          <lb n="2533"/>your Maiesty takes no scorne to weare the Leeke vppon
          <lb n="2534"/>S.Tauies day.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l n="2535">I weare it for a memorable honor:</l>
        <l n="2536">For I am Welch you know good Countriman.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
        <p n="2537">All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maie-
        <lb n="2538"/>sties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that:
        <lb n="2539"/>God plesse it, and preserue it, as long as it pleases his
        <lb n="2540"/>Grace, and his Maiesty too.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
        <l n="2541">Thankes good my Countrymen.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
        <p n="2542">By Ieshu, I am your Maiesties Countreyman, I
          <lb n="2543"/>care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I
          <lb n="2544"/>need not to be ashamed of your Maiesty, praised be God
          <lb n="2545"/>so long as your Maiesty is an honest man.</p>
      </sp>

      <!-- H5 proofed to here -->

      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <p n="2546">Good keepe me so.</p>
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                    <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter
Williams.</stage>
                    <l n="2547">Our Heralds go with him,</l>
                    <l n="2548">Bring me iust notice of the numbers dead</l>
                    <l n="2549">On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
                    <l n="2550">Souldier, you must come to the King.</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
                    <l n="2551">Souldier, why wear'st thou that Gloue in thy
                    <lb/>Cappe?</l>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
                    <p n="2552">And't please your Maiesty, tis the gage of one
                        <lb n="2553"/>that I should fight withall, if he be aliue.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
                    <p n="2554">An Englishman?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Wil.</speaker>
                    <p n="2555">And't please your Maiesty, a Rascall that swag-
                        <lb n="2556"/>ger'd with me last night: who if aliue, and euer
dare to
                        <lb n="2557"/>challenge this Gloue, I haue sworne to take him
a boxe
                        <lb n="2558"/>a'th ere: or if I can see my Gloue in his cappe,
which he
                        <lb n="2559"/>swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if
aliue) I wil
                        <lb n="2560"/>strike it out soundly.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
                    <p n="2561">What thinke you Captaine <hi
rend="italic">Fluellen</hi>, is it
                        fit this <lb n="2562"/>souldier keepe his oath.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                    <p n="2563">Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine else, and't please
                        <lb n="2564"/>your Maiesty in my conscience.</p>
                </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
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        <p n="2565">It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great
            <lb n="2566"/>sort quite from the answer of his degree.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
        <p n="2567">Though he be as good a Ientleman as the diuel is,
            <lb n="2568"/>as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is
necessary (looke
            <lb n="2569"/>your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath:
If hee
            <lb n="2570"/>bee periur'd (see you now) his reputation is as
arrant a
            <lb n="2571"/>villaine and a Iacke sawce, as euer his blacke
shoo trodd
            <lb n="2572"/>vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my
conscience law</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <p n="2573">Then keepe thy vow sirrah, when thou meet'st
            <lb n="2574"/>the fellow.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
        <speaker rend="italic">Wil.</speaker>
        <p n="2575">So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l n="2576">Who seru'st thou vnder?</l>
    </sp>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
rend="italic">Wil.</hi></fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0446-0.jpg" n="90"/>
    <fw type="rh">
    <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
</fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
        <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
        <p n="2577">Vnder Captaine <hi rend="italic">Gower</hi>, my
Liege.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
        <p n="2578"><hi rend="italic">Gower</hi> is a good Captaine,
and is good know-
            <lb n="2579"/>ledge and literatured in the Warres.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
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                    <p n="2580">Call him hither to me, Souldier.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
                    <p n="2581">I will my Liege.</p>
                </sp>
                <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="2582">Here <hi rend="italic">Fluellen</hi>, weare thou
this fauour for me, and
                    <lb n="2583"/>sticke it in thy Cappe: when <hi
rend="italic">Alanson</hi> and my selfe were
                    <lb n="2584"/>downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his
Helme: If
                    <lb n="2585"/>any man challenge this, hee is a friend to <hi
rend="italic">Alanson</hi>, and an
                    <lb n="2586"/>enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any
such, appre-
                    <lb n="2587"/>hend him, and thou do'st me loue.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                    <p n="2588">Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be
                    <lb n="2589"/>desir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would
faine see
                    <lb n="2590"/>the man, that ha's but two legges, that shall find
himselfe
                    <lb n="2591"/>agreefd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would
faine see
                    <lb n="2592"/>it once, and please God of his grace that I might
see.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="2593">Know'st thou <hi rend="italic">Gower</hi>?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                    <p n="2594">He is my deare friend, and please you.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="2595">Pray thee goe seeke him, and bring him to my
                    <lb n="2596"/>Tent.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                    <p n="2597">I will fetch him.</p>
                </sp>
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            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
               <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
               <l n="2598">My Lord of <hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi>, and
my Brother <hi rend="italic">Gloster</hi>,</l>
               <l n="2599">Follow <hi rend="italic">Fluellen</hi> closely at
the heeles.</l>
               <l n="2600">The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,</l>
               <l n="2601">May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare.</l>
               <l n="2602">It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should</l>
               <l n="2603">Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin <hi
rend="italic">Warwick</hi>:</l>
               <l n="2604">If that the Souldier strike him, as I iudge</l>
               <l n="2605">By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;</l>
               <l n="2606">Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it:</l>
               <l n="2607">For I doe know <hi rend="italic">Fluellen</hi>
valiant,</l>
               <l n="2608">And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,</l>
               <l n="2609">And quickly will returne an iniurie.</l>
               <l n="2610">Follow, and see there be no harme betweene
them.</l>
               <l n="2611">Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter.</l>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
         </div>
         <div type="scene" n="8" rend="notPresent">
            <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 8]</head>
            <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Gower and
Williams.</stage>
            <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
               <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
               <p n="2612">I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.</p>
            </sp>
            <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Fluellen</stage>
            <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
               <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
               <p n="2613">Gods will, and his pleasure, Captaine, I beseech
                  <lb n="2614"/>you now, come apace to the King: there is more
good
                  <lb n="2615"/>toward you peraduenture, then is in your
knowledge to
                  <lb n="2616"/>dreame of.</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
               <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
               <p n="2617">Sir, know you this Gloue?</p>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
               <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
               <p n="2618">Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.</p>
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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
       <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
       <p n="2619">I know this, and thus I challenge it.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Strikes
him.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
       <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
       <p n="2620">'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuer-
          <lb n="2621"/>sall World, or in France, or in England.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-gow">
       <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
       <p n="2622">How now Sir? you Villaine.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
       <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
       <p n="2623">Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
       <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
       <p n="2624">Stand away Captaine <hi
rend="italic">Gower</hi>, I will giue Treason
          <lb n="2625"/>his payment into plowes, I warrant you.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
       <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
       <p n="2626">I am no Traytor.</p>
    </sp>
     <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
      <p n="2627">That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his
       <lb n="2628"/>Maiesties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of
the Duke
          <lb n="2629"/><hi rend="italic">Alansons</hi>.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Warwick and
Gloucester.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-h5-war">
       <speaker rend="italic">Warw.</speaker>
       <p n="2630">How now, how now, what's the matter?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
       <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
       <p n="2631">My Lord of Warwick, heere is, praysed be God
          <lb n="2632"/>for it, a most contagious Treason come to light,
looke
          <lb n="2633"/>you, as you shall desire in a Summers day.
Heere is his
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            <lb n="2634"/>Maiestie.</p>
         </sp>
         <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter King and
Exeter.</stage>
         <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <p n="2635">How now, what's the matter?</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
            <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
            <p n="2636">My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor,
               <lb n="2637"/>that looke your Grace, ha's strooke the Gloue
which
               <cb n="2"/>
               <lb n="2638"/>your Maiestie is take out of the Helmet of <hi
rend="italic">Alan-
               <lb n="2639"/>son</hi>.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
            <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
            <p n="2640">My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow
               <lb n="2641"/>of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd
to weare
               <lb n="2642"/>it in his Cappe: I promis'd to strike him, if he
did: I met
               <lb n="2643"/>this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I
haue been as
               <lb n="2644"/>good as my word.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
            <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
            <p n="2645">Your Maiestie heare now, sauing your Maiesties
               <lb n="2646"/>Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly,
lowsie
               <lb n="2647"/>Knaue it is: I hope your Maiestie is peare me
testimonie
               <lb n="2648"/>and witnesse, and will auouchment, that this is
the Gloue
               <lb n="2649"/>of <hi rend="italic">Alanson</hi>, that your
Maiestie is giue me, in your Con-
               <lb n="2650"/>science now.</p>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
            <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
            <l n="2651">Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;</l>
            <l n="2652">Looke, heere is the fellow of it:</l>
            <l n="2653">'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,</l>
            <l n="2654">And thou hast giuen me most bitter termes.</l>
         </sp>
         <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
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          <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
          <p n="2655">And please your Maiestie, let his Neck answere
            <lb n="2656"/>for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the
World.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p n="2657">How canst thou make me satisfaction?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
          <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
          <p n="2658">All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: ne-
            <lb n="2659"/>uer came any from mine, that might offend
your Ma-

            <lb n="2660"/>iestie.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p n="2661">It was our selfe thou didst abuse.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
          <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
          <p n="2662">Your Maiestie came not like your selfe: you
            <lb n="2663"/>appear'd to me but as a common man; witnesse
the

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

            <lb n="2665"/>your Highnesse suffer'd vnder that shape, I
beseech you

            <lb n="2666"/>take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for
had you

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

            <lb n="2668"/>beseech your Highnesse pardon me.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l n="2669">Here Vnckle <hi rend="italic">Exeter</hi>, fill this
Gloue with Crownes,</l>
          <l n="2670">And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,</l>
          <l n="2671">And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,</l>
          <l n="2672">Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:</l>
          <l n="2673">And Captaine, you must needs be friends with
him.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
          <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
          <p n="2674">By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's met-
            <lb n="2675"/>tell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-
pence for
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            <lb n="2676"/>you, and I pray you to serue God, and keepe
you out of
            <lb n="2677"/>prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and
dissentions, and I
            <lb n="2678"/>warrant you it is the better for you.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-wil">
          <speaker rend="italic">Will.</speaker>
          <p n="2679">I will none of your Money.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
          <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
          <p n="2680">It is with a good will: I can tell you it will serue
            <lb n="2681"/>you to mend your shooes; come, wherefore
should you
            <lb n="2682"/>be so pashfull, your shooes is not so good: 'tis a
good
            <lb n="2683"/>silling I warrant you, or I will change it.</p>
        </sp>
        <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Herauld.</stage>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p n="2684">Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-her">
          <speaker rend="italic">Herald.</speaker>
          <p n="2685">Heere is the number of the slaught'red
          <lb n="2686"/>French.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p n="2687">What Prisoners of good sort are taken,
          <lb n="2688"/>Vnckle?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
          <speaker rend="italic">Exe.</speaker>
          <l n="2689"><hi rend="italic">Charles</hi> Duke of Orleance,
Nephew to the King,</l>
          <l n="2690"><hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> Duke of Burbon, and
Lord <hi rend="italic">Bouchiquald</hi>:</l>
          <l n="2691">Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and
Squires,</l>
          <l n="2692">Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.</l>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <l n="2693">This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French</l>
          <l n="2694">That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this
number,</l>
          <l n="2695">And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead</l>
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<l n="2696">One hundred twentie six: added to these,</l>
<l n="2697">Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant Gentlemen,</l>
<l n="2698">Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,</l>
<l n="2699">Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.</l>
<l n="2700">So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,</l>
<l n="2701">There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries:</l>
<l n="2702">The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0447-0.jpg" n="91"/>
<fw type="rh"><hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l n="2703">And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.</l>
<l n="2704">The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:</l>
<l n="2705"><hi rend="italic">Charles Delabreth</hi>, High Constable of France,</l>
<l n="2706"><hi rend="italic">Iaques</hi> of Chatilion, Admirall of France,</l>
<l n="2707">The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord <hi rend="italic">Rambures</hi>,</l>
<l n="2708">Great Master of France, the braue Sir <hi rend="italic">Guichard Dolphin</hi>,</l>
<l n="2709"><hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> Duke of Alanson, <hi rend="italic">Anthonie</hi> Duke of Brabant,</l>
<l n="2710">The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,</l>
<l n="2711">And <hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> Duke of Barr: of lustie Earles,</l>
<l n="2712"><hi rend="italic">Grandpree</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Roussie</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Fauconbridge</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Foyes</hi>,</l>
<l n="2713"><hi rend="italic">Beaumont</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Marle</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Vandemont</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Lestrale</hi>.</l>
<l n="2714">Here was a Royall fellowship of death.</l>
<l n="2715">Where is the number of our English dead?</l>
<l n="2716"><hi rend="italic">Edward</hi> the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,</l>
<l n="2717">Sir <hi rend="italic">Richard Ketly</hi>, <hi rend="italic">Dauy Gam</hi> Esquire;</l>
<l n="2718">None else of name: and of all other men,</l>
<l n="2719">But fiue and twentie.</l>
<l n="2720">O God, thy Arme was heere:</l>
<l n="2721">And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,</l>
<l n="2722">Ascribe we all: when, without stratagem,</l>
<l n="2723">But in plaine shock, and euen play of Battaile,</l>
<l n="2724">Was euer knowne so great and little losse?</l>
<l n="2725">On one part and on th'other, take it God,</l>
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                        <l n="2726">For it is none but thine.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-exe">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
                        <l n="2727">'Tis wonderfull.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                        <l n="2728">Come, goe
<choice><orig>me</orig><corr>we</corr></choice> in procession to the
Village:</l>
                        <l n="2729">And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,</l>
                        <l n="2730">To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,</l>
                        <l n="2731">Which is his onely.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                        <p n="2732">Is it not lawfull and please your Maiestie, to tell
                            <lb n="2733"/>how many is kill'd?</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                        <l n="2734">Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,</l>
                        <l n="2735">That God fought for vs.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                        <p n="2736">Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                        <l n="2737">Doe we all holy Rights:</l>
                        <l n="2738">Let there be sung <hi rend="italic">Non
nobis</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Te Deum</hi>,</l>
                        <l n="2739">The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:</l>
                        <l n="2740">And then to Callice, and to England then,</l>
                        <l n="2741">Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy
men.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
                </div>
                </div>
                <div type="act" n="5">
                    <head rend="italic centre">Actus Quintus.</head>
                    <div type="prologue" rend="notPresent">
                        <head type="supplied">[Prologue]</head>
                        <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter
Chorus.</stage>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-cho">
                        <l n="2742">Vouchsafe to those that haue not read the Story,</l>
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<l n="2743">That I may prompt them: and of such as haue,</l>
<l n="2744">I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse</l>
<l n="2745">Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,</l>
<l n="2746">Which cannot in their huge and proper life,</l>
<l n="2747">Be here presented. Now we beare the King</l>
<l n="2748">Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there seene,</l>
<l n="2749">Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,</l>
<l n="2750">Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach</l>
<l n="2751">Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,</l>
<l n="2752">Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,</l>
<l n="2753">Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,</l>
<l n="2754">Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,</l>
<l n="2755">And solemnly see him set on to London.</l>
<l n="2756">So swift a pace hath Thought, that euen now</l>
<l n="2757">You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:</l>
<l n="2758">Where, that his Lords desire him, to haue borne</l>
<l n="2759">His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword</l>
<l n="2760">Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l n="2761">Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride;</l>
<l n="2762">Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,</l>
<l n="2763">Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,</l>
<l n="2764">In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,</l>
<l n="2765">How London doth powre out her Citizens,</l>
<l n="2766">The Maior and all his Brethren in best sort,</l>
<l n="2767">Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,</l>
<l n="2768">With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,</l>
<l n="2769">Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi> in:</l>
<l n="2770">As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,</l>
<l n="2771">Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,</l>
<l n="2772">As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,</l>
<l n="2773">Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;</l>
<l n="2774">How many would the peacefull Citie quit,</l>
<l n="2775">To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,</l>
<l n="2776">Did they this <hi rend="italic">Harry</hi>. Now in London place him.</l>
<l n="2777">As yet the lamentation of the French</l>
<l n="2778">Inuites the King of Englands stay at home:</l>
<l n="2779">The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,</l>
<l n="2780">To order peace betweene them: and omit</l>
<l n="2781">All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,</l>
<l n="2782">Till <hi rend="italic">Harryes</hi> backe returne againe to France:</l>
<l n="2783">There must we bring him; and my selfe haue play'd</l>
<l n="2784">The <hi rend="italic">interim</hi>, by remembring</l>

you 'tis past.</l>
                    <l n="2785">Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,</l>
                    <l n="2786">After your thoughts, straight backe againe to
France.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                </div>
                    <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
                    <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Fluellen and
Gower.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-gow">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
                    <p n="2787">Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
                    <lb n="2788"/>Leeke to day? S. <hi rend="italic">Dauies</hi>
day is

                        past.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                    <p n="2789">There is occasions and causes why and wherefore
                        <lb n="2790"/>in all things: I will tell you asse my friend,
Captaine

                        <lb n="2791"/><hi rend="italic">Gower</hi>; the rascally,
scauld, beggerly, lowsie, pragging
                        <lb n="2792"/>Knaue <hi rend="italic">Pistoll</hi>, which
you and your selfe, and all the World,
                        <lb n="2793"/>know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you
now, of no

                        <lb n="2794"/>merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread
and

                        <lb n="2795"/>sault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my
Leeke:

                        <lb n="2796"/>it was in a place where I could not breed no
contention

                        <lb n="2797"/>with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in
my Cap

                        <lb n="2798"/>till I see him once againe, and then I will tell
him a little

                        <lb n="2799"/>piece of my desires.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Pistoll.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-gow">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Gower.</speaker>
                    <p n="2800">Why heere hee comes, swelling like a Turky-
                        <lb n="2801"/>cock.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                    <p n="2802">'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-

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<lb n="2803"/>cocks. God plesse you aunchient <hi rend="italic">Pistoll:</hi> you scuruie low-
<lb n="2804"/>sie Knaue, God plesse you.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
   <p n="2805">Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirst, base
<lb n="2806"/>Troian, to haue me fold vp Parcas fatall Web?
<lb n="2807"/>I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
   <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
   <p n="2808">I peseech you heartily, scuruie lowsie Knaue, at
      <lb n="2809"/>my desires, and my requests, and my petitions,
      <lb n="2810"/>looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you
      <lb n="2811"/>loue it, nor your affections, and your appetites
      <lb n="2812"/>disgestions doo's not agree with it, I would
      <lb n="2813"/>to eate it.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
   <p n="2814">Not for <hi rend="italic">Cadwallader</hi> and all his Goats.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
   <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
   <p n="2815">There is one Goat for you.</p>
   <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Strikes him.</stage>
   <p n="2816">Will you be so good, scauld Knaue, as eate it?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
   <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
   <p n="2817">Base Troian, thou shalt dye.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
   <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
   <p n="2818">You say very true, scauld Knaue, when Gods
      <lb n="2819"/>will is: I will desire you to liue in the meane time, and
      <lb n="2820"/>eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it. You
      <lb n="2821"/>call'd me yesterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make</p>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">you</fw>
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<pb facs="FFimg:axc0448-0.jpg" n="92"/>
<fw type="rh">
<hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<p n="2822">you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if
<lb n="2823"/>you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-gow">
<speaker rend="italic">Gour.</speaker>
<p n="2824">Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
<speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
<p n="2825">I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke,
<lb n="2826"/>or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is
<lb n="2827"/>good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxe-
<lb n="2828"/>combe.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
<p n="2829">Must I bite.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
<speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
<p n="2830">Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of que-
<lb n="2831"/>stion too, and ambiguities.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
<p n="2832">By this Leeke, I will most horribly reuenge I
<lb n="2833"/>eate and eate I sweare.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
<speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
<p n="2834">Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce
<lb n="2835"/>to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to sweare by.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-pis">
<speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
<p n="2836">Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-flu">
<speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
<p n="2837">Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay,
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                        <lb n="2838"/>pray you throw none away, the skinne is good
for your
                        <lb n="2839"/>broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to
see
                        <lb n="2840"/>Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that
is all.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                        <p n="2841">Good.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                        <p n="2842">I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to
                            <lb n="2843"/>heale your pate.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                        <l n="2844">Me a groat?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                        <p n="2845">Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue
                            <lb n="2846"/>another Leeke in my pocket, which you shall
eate.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                        <p n="2847">I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-flu">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Flu.</speaker>
                        <p n="2848">If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cud-
                            <lb n="2849"/>gels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy
nothing of
                        <lb n="2850"/>me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you,
&amp; heale
                        <lb n="2851"/>your pate.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                        <l n="2852">All hell shall stirre for this.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-gow">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Gow.</speaker>
                        <p n="2853">Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue,
                            <lb n="2854"/>will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began
vppon an
                        <lb n="2855"/>honourable respect, and worne as a memorable
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Trophee
<lb n="2856"/>of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds
<lb n="2857"/>any of your words. I haue seene you gleeking &amp; galling
<lb n="2858"/>at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because
<lb n="2859"/>he could not speake English in the natiue garb, he could
<lb n="2860"/>not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it o-
<lb n="2861"/>therwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach
<lb n="2862"/>you a good English condition, fare ye well.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-pis">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Pist.</speaker>
                        <p n="2863">Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now?
<lb n="2864"/>Newes haue I that my <hi rend="italic">Doll</hi> is dead i'th Spittle of a mala-
<lb n="2865"/>dy of France, and there my rendeuous; is quite cut off:
<lb n="2866"/>Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is
<lb n="2867"/>Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to
<lb n="2868"/>Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and
<lb n="2869"/>there Ile steale:
<lb n="2870"/>And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,
<lb n="2871"/>And swore I got them in the Gallia warres.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
                    </div>
                    <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
                        <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
                        <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke,
<lb/>and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel,
<lb/>the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and
<lb/>other French.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                        <l n="2872">Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;</l>
                        <l n="2873">Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister</l>
                        <l n="2874">Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes</l>
                        <l n="2875">To our most faire and Princely Cosine <hi
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rend="italic">Katherine</hi>:</l>
                        <l n="2876">And as a branch and member of this Royalty,</l>
                        <l n="2877">By whom this great assembly is contriu'd,</l>
                        <l n="2878">We do salute you Duke of <hi
rend="italic">Burgogne</hi>,</l>
                        <l n="2879">And Princes French and Peeres health to you
all.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-fra">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
                      <l n="2880">Right ioyous are we to behold your face,</l>
                      <l n="2881">Most worthy brother England, fairely met,</l>
                      <l n="2882">So are you Princes (English) euery one.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <cb n="2"/>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-isa">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
                      <l n="2883">So happy be the Issue brother Ireland</l>
                      <l n="2884">Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,</l>
                      <l n="2885">As we are now glad to behold your eyes,</l>
                      <l n="2886">Your eyes which hitherto haue borne</l>
                      <l n="2887">In them against the French that met them in their
bent,</l>
                      <l n="2888">The fatall Balls of murthering Basiliskes:</l>
                      <l n="2889">The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope</l>
                      <l n="2890">Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day</l>
                      <l n="2891">Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Eng.</speaker>
                      <p n="2892">To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-isa">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
                      <p n="2893">You English Princes all, I doe salute you.</p>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-bur">
                      <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
                      <l n="2894">My dutie to you both, on equall loue.</l>
                      <l n="2895">Great Kings of France and England: that I haue
labour'd</l>
                      <l n="2896">With all my wits, my paines, and strong
endeuors,</l>
                      <l n="2897">To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties</l>
                      <l n="2898">Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;</l>
                      <l n="2899">Your Mightinesse on both parts best can
witnesse.</l>
                      <l n="2900">Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd,</l>
                      <l n="2901">That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,</l>
                      <l n="2902">You haue congreeted: let it not disgrace me,</l>
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            <l n="2903">If I demand before this Royall view,</l>
            <l n="2904">What Rub, or what Impediment there is,</l>
            <l n="2905">Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,</l>
            <l n="2906">Deare Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and ioyfull
Births,</l>
            <l n="2907">Should not in this best Garden of the World,</l>
            <l n="2908">Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage?</l>
            <l n="2909">Alas, shee hath from France too long been
chas'd,</l>
            <l n="2910">And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,</l>
            <l n="2911">Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.</l>
            <l n="2912">Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,</l>
            <l n="2913">Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,</l>
            <l n="2914">Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,</l>
            <l n="2915">Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,</l>
            <l n="2916">The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,</l>
            <l n="2917">Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rusts,</l>
            <l n="2918">That should deracinate such Sauagery:</l>
            <l n="2919">The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth</l>
            <l n="2920">The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene
Clouer,</l>
            <l n="2921">Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke;</l>
            <l n="2922">Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,</l>
            <l n="2923">But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes,
Burres,</l>
            <l n="2924">Loosing both beautie and vtilitie;</l>
            <l n="2925">And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and
Hedges,</l>
            <l n="2926">Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildnesse.</l>
            <l n="2927">Euen so our Houses, and our selues, and
Children,</l>
            <l n="2928">Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time,</l>
            <l n="2929">The Sciences that should become our Countrey;</l>
            <l n="2930">But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,</l>
            <l n="2931">That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,</l>
            <l n="2932">To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,</l>
            <l n="2933">And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall.</l>
            <l n="2934">Which to reduce into our former fauour,</l>
            <l n="2935">You are assembled: and my speech entreats,</l>
            <l n="2936">That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace</l>
            <l n="2937">Should not expell these inconueniences,</l>
            <l n="2938">And blesse vs with her former qualities,</l>
          </sp>
          <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
            <speaker rend="italic">Eng.</speaker>
            <l n="2939">If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,</l>
            <l n="2940">Whose want giues growth to th'imperfections</l>
            <l n="2941">Which you haue cited; you must buy that Peace</l>
            <l n="2942">With full accord to all our iust demands,</l>
            <l n="2943">Whose Tenures and particular effects</l>
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      <l n="2944">You haue enschedul'd briefely in your hands.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-bur">
      <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
      <l n="2945">The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet</l>
      <l n="2946">There is no Answer made.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
      <speaker rend="italic">Eng.</speaker>
      <l n="2947">Well then: the Peace which you before so vrg'd,</l>
      <l n="2948">Lyes in his Answer.</l>
    </sp>
    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
    <hi rend="italic">France</hi>. I</fw>
    <pb facs="FFimg:axc0449-0.jpg" n="93"/>
    <fw type="rh">
    <hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.
  </fw>
    <cb n="1"/>
    <sp who="#F-h5-fra">
      <speaker rend="italic">France.</speaker>
      <l n="2949">I haue but with a curselarie eye</l>
      <l n="2950">O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace</l>
      <l n="2951">To appoint some of your Councell presently</l>
      <l n="2952">To sit with vs once more, with better heed</l>
      <l n="2953">To re-suruey them; we will suddenly</l>
      <l n="2954">Passe our accept and peremptorie Answer.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
      <speaker rend="italic">England.</speaker>
      <l n="2955">Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle <hi
rend="italic">Exeter</hi>,</l>
      <l n="2956">And Brother <hi rend="italic">Clarence</hi>, and
you Brother <hi rend="italic">Gloucester,</hi></l>
      <l n="2957"><hi rend="italic">Warwick</hi>, and <hi
rend="italic">Huntington</hi>, goe with the King,</l>
      <l n="2958">And take with you free power, to ratifie,</l>
      <l n="2959">Augment, or alter, as your Wisdomes best</l>
      <l n="2960">Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie,</l>
      <l n="2961">Any thing in or out of our Demands,</l>
      <l n="2962">And wee'le consigne thereto. Will you, faire
Sister,</l>
      <l n="2963">Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-isa">
      <speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
      <l n="2964">Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:</l>
      <l n="2965">Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good,</l>
      <l n="2966">When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on.</l>
    </sp>
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<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">England.</speaker>
  <l n="2967">Yet leaue our Cousin <hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi> here with vs,</l>
  <l n="2968">She is our capitall Demand, compris'd</l>
  <l n="2969">Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-isa">
  <speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
  <l n="2970">She hath good leaue.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt omnes.</stage>
<stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Manet King and Katherine.</stage>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <l n="2971">Faire <hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi>, and most faire,</l>
  <l n="2972">Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,</l>
  <l n="2973">Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,</l>
  <l n="2974">And pleade his Loue-suit to her gentle heart.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-kat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
  <p n="2975">Your Maiestie shall mock at me, I cannot speake
    <lb n="2976"/>your England.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="2977">O faire <hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi>, if you will loue me soundly
    <lb n="2978"/>with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
    <lb n="2979"/>fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you
    <lb n="2980"/>like me, <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-kat">
  <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
  <p n="2981">
  <hi rend="italic">Pardonne moy</hi>, I cannot tell wat is like me.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
  <p n="2982">An Angell is like you <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, and you are like an
    <lb n="2983"/>Angell.</p>
</sp>
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        <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="2984">Que dit il que Ie suis semblable a les
Anges?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="2985">Ouy verayment (sauf vostre Grace)
ainsi dit il.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p n="2986">I said so, deare <hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi>,
and I must not blush
          <lb n="2987"/>to affirme it.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
          <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
          <p rend="italic" n="2988">O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes
sont plein de
            <lb n="2989"/>tromperies.
          </p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p n="2990">What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of
            <lb n="2991"/>men are full of deceits?</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
          <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
          <p n="2992"><hi rend="italic">Ouy</hi>, dat de
<choice><orig>tongeus</orig><corr>tongues</corr></choice> of de mans is be full
of de-
            <lb n="2993"/>ceits: dat is de Princesse.</p>
        </sp>
        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
          <p n="2994">The Princesse is the better English-woman:
            <lb n="2995"/>yfaith <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, my wooing
is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am
            <lb n="2996"/>glad thou canst speake no better English, for if
thou
            <lb n="2997"/>could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine
King, that
            <lb n="2998"/>thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to
buy my
            <lb n="2999"/>Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue,
but di-
            <lb n="3000"/>rectly to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me
farther,
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                              <lb n="3001"/>then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my
suite: Giue
                              <lb n="3002"/>me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands,
and a bar-
                              <lb n="3003"/>gaine: how say you, Lady?</p>
               </sp>
               <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                  <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                  <p n="3004"><hi rend="italic">Sauf vostre honeur</hi>, me
vnderstand well.</p>
               </sp>
               <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                  <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                  <p n="3005">Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to
                     <lb n="3006"/>Dance for your sake, <hi
rend="italic">Kate</hi>, why you vndid me: for the one
                     <lb n="3007"/>I haue neither words nor measure; and for the
other, I
                     <lb n="3008"/>haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable
measure in
                     <lb n="3009"/>strength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-
frogge, or by
                     <lb n="3010"/>vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on
my backe;
                     <lb n="3011"/>vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken. I
should
                     <lb n="3012"/>quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet
for my
                  <cb n="2"/>
                     <lb n="3013"/>Loue, or bound my Horse for her fauours, I
could lay on
                     <lb n="3014"/>like a Butcher, and sit like a Iack an Apes,
neuer off. But
                     <lb n="3015"/>before God <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, I
cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out
                     <lb n="3016"/>my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in
protestation;
                     <lb n="3017"/>onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vse
till vrg'd,
                     <lb n="3018"/>nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a
fellow
                     <lb n="3019"/>of this temper, <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>,
whose face is not worth Sunne-bur-
                     <lb n="3020"/>ning: that neuer lookes in his Glasse, for loue of
any
                     <lb n="3021"/>thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke.
I speake
                     <lb n="3022"/>to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me
for this,
                     <lb n="3023"/>take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye,
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is true; but

<lb n="3024"/>for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too.

And

<lb n="3025"/>while thou liu'st, deare <hi
rend="italic">Kate</hi>, take a fellow of plaine and

<lb n="3026"/>vncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do

thee right,

<lb n="3027"/>because he hath not the gift to wooe in other

places: for

<lb n="3028"/>these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme

themselues

<lb n="3029"/>into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reason

themselues

<lb n="3030"/>out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a

Ryme is

<lb n="3031"/>but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait

Backe will

<lb n="3032"/>stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd

Pate will

<lb n="3033"/>grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye

will wax

<lb n="3034"/>hollow: but a good Heart, <hi
rend="italic">Kate</hi>, is the Sunne and the

<lb n="3035"/>Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the

Moone; for it

<lb n="3036"/>shines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his

course

<lb n="3037"/>truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me?

and

<lb n="3038"/>take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a

King.

<lb n="3039"/>And what say'st thou then to my Loue? speake

my faire,

<lb n="3040"/>and fairely, I pray thee.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-kat">
<speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
<p n="3041">Is it possible dat I sould loue de ennemie of
<lb n="3042"/>Fraunce?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<p n="3043">No, it is not possible you should loue the Ene-
<lb n="3044"/>mie of France, <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>; but

in louing me, you should loue

<lb n="3045"/>the Friend of France: for I loue France so well,

that I

<lb n="3046"/>will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it

all mine:

<lb n="3047"/>and <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, when France

is mine, and I am yours; then yours
                    <lb n="3048"/>is France, and you are mine.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                    <p n="3049">I cannot tell wat is dat.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="3050">
                 <hi rend="italic">No, Kate?</hi> I will tell thee in French which I
am
                    <lb n="3051"/>sure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-
married Wife
                    <lb n="3052"/>about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke
off; <hi rend="italic">Ie
                    <lb n="3053"/>quand sur le possession de Fraunce, &amp;
quand vous aues le pos-
                    <lb n="3054"/>session de moy</hi>, (Let mee see, what then?
Saint <hi rend="italic">Dennis</hi> bee
                    <lb n="3055"/>my speede) <hi rend="italic">Donc vostre est
Fraunce, &amp; vous estes mienne</hi>.
                    <lb n="3056"/>It is as easie for me <hi
rend="italic">Kate</hi>, to conquer the Kingdome, as to
                    <lb n="3057"/>speake so much more French: I shall neuer
moue thee in
                    <lb n="3058"/>French, vnlesse it be to laugh at me.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                    <p rend="italic" n="3059">Sauf vostre honeur, le Francois ques
vous parleis, il
                    <lb n="3060"/>&amp; melieus que l'Anglois le quel Ie
parle.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="3061">No faith is't not, <hi rend="italic">Kate:</hi> but
thy speaking of
                    <lb n="3062"/>my Tongue, and I thine, most truely falsely,
must
                    <lb n="3063"/>needes be graunted to be much at one. But <hi
rend="italic">Kate</hi>, doo'st
                    <lb n="3064"/>thou vnderstand thus much English? Canst thou
loue
                    <lb n="3065"/>mee?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                    <p n="3066">I cannot tell.</p>

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    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <p n="3067">Can any of your Neighbours tell, <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>? Ile
            <lb n="3068"/>aske them. Come, I know thou louest me: and at night,
            <lb n="3069"/>when you come into your Closet, you'le question this
            <lb n="3070"/>Gentlewoman about me; and I know, <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, you will to
            <lb n="3071"/>her disprayse those parts in me, that you loue with your
            <lb n="3072"/>heart: but good <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, mocke me mercifully, the rather
            <lb n="3073"/>gentle Princesse, because I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou
            <lb n="3074"/>beest mine, <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, as I haue a sauing Faith within me tells
            <lb n="3075"/>me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
            <lb n="3076"/>must therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder:
            <lb n="3077"/>Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint <hi rend="italic">Dennis</hi> and Saint
            <lb n="3078"/><hi rend="italic">George</hi>, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe English,
            <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">k</fw>
        <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">that</fw>
        <pb facs="FFimg:axc0450-0.jpg" n="94"/>
        <fw type="rh"><hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry the Fift</hi>.</fw>
            <cb n="1"/>
            <lb n="3079"/>that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by
            <lb n="3080"/>the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire
            <lb n="3081"/>Flower-de-Luce.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
        <speaker rend="italic">Kate.</speaker>
        <p n="3082">I doe not know dat.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <p n="3083">No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise:
            <lb n="3084"/>doe but now promise <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, you will endeauour for your
            <lb n="3085"/>French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie,
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`<lb n="3086"/>`take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How answer
`<lb n="3087"/>`you, `<hi rend="italic">`La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trescher & deuin
`<lb n="3088"/>`deesse</hi>`.
`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-kat">`
  `<speaker rend="italic">`Kath.`</speaker>`
  `<p n="3089">`Your Maiestee aue fause Frenche enough to
    `<lb n="3090"/>`deceiue de most sage Damoiseil dat is en Fraunce.`</p>`
`</sp>`
`<sp who="#F-h5-hen">`
  `<speaker rend="italic">`King.`</speaker>`
  `<p n="3091">`Now fye vpon my false French: by mine Honor
    `<lb n="3092"/>`in true English, I loue thee `<hi rend="italic">`Kate</hi>`; by which Honor, I dare
    `<lb n="3093"/>`not sweare thou louest me, yet my blood begins to flat-
    `<lb n="3094"/>`ter me, that thou doo'st; notwithstanding the poore and
    `<lb n="3095"/>`vntempering effect of my Visage. Now beshrew my
    `<lb n="3096"/>`Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres
    `<lb n="3097"/>`when hee got me, therefore was I created with a stub-
    `<lb n="3098"/>`borne out-side, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come
    `<lb n="3099"/>`to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith `<hi rend="italic">`Kate</hi>`, the el-
    `<lb n="3100"/>`der I wax, the better I shall appeare. My comfort is, that
    `<lb n="3101"/>`Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more
    `<lb n="3102"/>`spoyle vpon my Face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at
    `<lb n="3103"/>`the worst; and thou shalt weare me, if thou weare me,
    `<lb n="3104"/>`better and better: and therefore tell me, most faire `<hi rend="italic">`Ka-
    `<lb n="3105"/>`therine</hi>`, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blushes,
    `<lb n="3106"/>`auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of
    `<lb n="3107"/>`an Empresse, take me by the Hand, and say, `<hi rend="italic">`Harry</hi>` of
    `<lb n="3108"/>`England, I am thine: which Word thou shalt no sooner

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                              <lb n="3109"/>blesse mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee
alowd, Eng-
                              <lb n="3110"/>land is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine,
and <hi rend="italic">Henry
                              <lb n="3111"/>Plantaginet</hi> is thine; who, though I speake
it before his
                              <lb n="3112"/>Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King,
thou shalt
                              <lb n="3113"/>finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come
your An-
                              <lb n="3114"/>swer in broken Musick; for thy Voyce is
Musick, and
                              <lb n="3115"/>thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all,
<hi rend="italic">Katherine</hi>,
                              <lb n="3116"/>breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt
thou
                              <lb n="3117"/>haue me?</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                         <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                         <p n="3118">Dat is as it shall please <hi rend="italic">de Roy
mon pere</hi>. </p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                         <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                         <p n="3119">Nay, it will please him well, <hi
rend="italic">Kate</hi>; it shall please
                              <lb n="3120"/>him, <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>.</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                         <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                         <p n="3121">Den it sall also content me.</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                         <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                         <p n="3122">Vpon that I kisse your Hand, and I call you my
                              <lb n="3123"/>Queene.</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                         <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                         <p rend="italic" n="3124">Laisse mon Seigneur, laisse, laisse,
may foy: Ie ne
                              <lb n="3125"/>veus point que vous abbaisse vostre grandeus,
en baisant le
                              <lb n="3126"/>main d'une nostre Seigneur indignie seruiteur
excuse may. Ie
                              <lb n="3127"/>vous supplie mon tres-puissant Seigneur.</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                         <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
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                    <p n="3128">Then I will kisse your Lippes, <hi
rend="italic">Kate</hi>.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-kat">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Kath.</speaker>
                    <p n="3129"><hi rend="italic">Les Dames &amp; Damoisels
pour estre baisee deuant
                        <lb n="3130"/>leur nopcese il net pas le costume de
Fraunce</hi>.
                </p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="3131">Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
                    <p n="3132">Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of
                        <lb n="3133"/>Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buisse en
Anglish.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="3134">To kisse.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
                    <p n="3135">Your Maiestee <hi rend="italic">entendre bettre
que moy</hi>.
                </p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="3136">It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to
                        <lb n="3137"/>kisse before they are marryed, would she
say?</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-ali">
                    <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
                    <p rend="italic" n="3138">Ouy verayment.</p>
                </sp>
                <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                    <p n="3139">O <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, nice Customes
cursie to great Kings.
                        <lb n="3140"/>Deare <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, you and I
cannot bee confin'd within the
                        <lb n="3141"/>weake Lyst of a Countreyes fashion: wee are
the ma-
                        <lb n="3142"/>kers of Manners, <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>;
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and the libertie that followes
                              <lb n="3143"/>our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-
faults, as I
                              <lb n="3144"/>will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion
of your
                              <cb n="2"/>
                              <lb n="3145"/>Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore
patiently,
                              <lb n="3146"/>and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your
Lippes,
                              <lb n="3147"/><hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>: there is more
eloquence in a Sugar touch of
                              <lb n="3148"/>them, then in the Tongues of the French
Councell; and
                              <lb n="3149"/>they should sooner perswade <hi
rend="italic">Harry</hi> of England, then a
                              <lb n="3150"/>generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes
your
                              <lb n="3151"/>Father.</p>
                      </sp>
                      <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter the French
Power, and the English
                              <lb/>Lords.</stage>
                      <sp who="#F-h5-bur">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
                        <p n="3152">God saue your Maiestie, my Royall Cousin, <lb
n="3153"/>teach you
                              our Princesse English?</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                        <p n="3154">I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how
                          <lb n="3155"/>perfectly I loue her, and that is good
English.</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-h5-bur">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
                        <p n="3156">Is shee not apt?</p>
                      </sp>
                      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                        <p n="3157">Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Conditi-
                          <lb n="3158"/>on is not smooth: so that hauing neyther the
Voyce nor
                          <lb n="3159"/>the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so
coniure vp
                          <lb n="3160"/>the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare
in his true
                          <lb n="3161"/>likenesse.</p>
                      </sp>

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                        <sp who="#F-h5-bur">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
                          <p n="3162">Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer
                            <lb n="3163"/>you for that. If you would coniure in her, you
                            <lb n="3164"/>make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his
                            <lb n="3165"/>likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde.
                            <lb n="3166"/>blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer
                            <lb n="3167"/>Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if shee deny the
                            <lb n="3168"/>of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing
                            <lb n="3169"/>(my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to
                            <lb n="3170"/>to.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                          <p n="3171">Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind
                            <lb n="3172"/>and enforces.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-bur">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
                          <p n="3173">They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they see
                            <lb n="3174"/>not what they doe.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                          <p n="3175">Then good my Lord, teach your Cousin to
                            <lb n="3176"/>consent winking.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-bur">
                          <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
                          <p n="3177">I will winke on her to consent, my Lord, if you
                            <lb n="3178"/>will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides
                            <lb n="3179"/>Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at
                            <lb n="3180"/>mew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes,
                            <lb n="3181"/>they will endure handling, which before would
                            <lb n="3182"/>looking on.</p>
                        </sp>
                        <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                          <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                          <p n="3183">This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot
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must

true

Can you

with the

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consigne

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Bartholo-

and then

not abide

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                              <lb n="3184"/>Summer; and so I shall catch the Flye, your
Cousin, in
                              <lb n="3185"/>the latter end, and shee must be blinde to.</p>
                           </sp>
                           <sp who="#F-h5-bur">
                              <speaker rend="italic">Burg.</speaker>
                              <p n="3186">As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.</p>
                           </sp>
                           <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                              <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
                              <p n="3187">It is so: and you may, some of you, thanke
                              <lb n="3188"/>Loue for my blindnesse, who cannot see many
a faire
                              <lb n="3189"/>French Citie for one faire French Maid that
stands in my
                              <lb n="3190"/>way.</p>
                           </sp>
                           <sp who="#F-h5-fra">
                              <speaker rend="italic">French King.</speaker>
                              <p n="3191">Yes my Lord, you see them perspec-
                              <lb n="3192"/>tiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are
                              <lb n="3193"/>all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath
en-
                              <lb n="3194"/>tred.</p>
                           </sp>
                           <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                              <speaker rend="italic">England.</speaker>
                              <p n="3195">Shall <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi> be my
Wife?</p>
                           </sp>
                           <sp who="#F-h5-fra">
                              <speaker rend="italic">France.</speaker>
                              <p n="3196">So please you.</p>
                           </sp>
                           <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                              <speaker rend="italic">England.</speaker>
                              <p n="3197">I am content, so the Maiden Cities you
                              <lb n="3198"/>talke of, may wait on her: so the Maid that
stood in
                              <lb n="3199"/>the way for my Wish, shall shew me the way to
my
                              <lb n="3200"/>Will.</p>
                           </sp>
                           <sp who="#F-h5-fra">
                              <speaker rend="italic">France.</speaker>
                              <p n="3201">Wee haue consented to all tearmes of rea-
                              <lb n="3202"/>son.</p>
                           </sp>
                           <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
                              <speaker rend="italic">England.</speaker>
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<l n="3203">Is't so, my Lords of England?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-wes">
  <speaker rend="italic">West.</speaker>
  <l n="3204">The King hath graunted euery Article:</l>
  <l n="3205">His Daughter first; and in sequele, all,</l>
  <l n="3206">According to their firme proposed natures.</l>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">
<hi rend="italic">Exet</hi>. Onely</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0451-0.jpg" n="95"/>
<fw type="rh"><hi rend="italic">The Life of Henry The
Fift.</hi></fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-h5-exe">
  <speaker rend="italic">Exet.</speaker>
  <p n="3207">Onely he hath not yet subscribed this:</p>
  <p n="3208">Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of
France
    <lb n="3209"/>hauing any occasion to write for matter of
Graunt, shall
    <lb n="3210"/>name your Highnesse in this forme, and with
this additi-
    <lb n="3211"/>on, in French: <hi rend="italic">Nostre trescher
filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre
    <lb n="3212"/>Heretere de Fraunce:</hi> and thus in Latine;
<hi rend="italic">Præclarissimus
    <lb n="3213"/>Filius noster Henricus Rex Angliæ &amp;
Heres Franciæ</hi>.
  </p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-fra">
  <speaker rend="italic">France.</speaker>
  <l n="3214">Nor this I haue not Brother so deny'd,</l>
  <l n="3215">But your request shall make me let it passe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">England.</speaker>
  <l n="3216">I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,</l>
  <l n="3217">Let that one Article ranke with the rest,</l>
  <l n="3218">And thereupon giue me your Daughter.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-h5-fra">
  <speaker rend="italic">France.</speaker>
  <l n="3219">Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayse
vp</l>
  <l n="3220">Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes</l>
  <l n="3221">Of France and England, whose very shoares looke
pale,</l>
  <l n="3222">With enuy of each others happinesse,</l>
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        <l n="3223">May cease their hatred; and this deare Coniunction</l>
        <l n="3224">Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-like accord</l>
        <l n="3225">In their sweet Bosomes: that neuer Warre aduance</l>
        <l n="3226">His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-lor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Lords.</speaker>
        <l n="3227">Amen.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l n="3228">Now welcome <hi rend="italic">Kate:</hi> and beare me witnesse all,</l>
        <l n="3229">That here I kisse her as my Soueraigne Queene.</l>
      </sp>
      <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Flourish.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-h5-isa">
        <speaker rend="italic">Quee.</speaker>
        <l n="3230">God, the best maker of all Marriages,</l>
        <l n="3231">Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:</l>
        <l n="3232">As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,</l>
        <l n="3233">So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes such a Spousall,</l>
        <l n="3234">That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealousie</l>
        <cb n="2"/>
        <l n="3235">Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,</l>
        <l n="3236">Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,</l>
        <l n="3237">To make diuorce of their incorporate League:</l>
        <l n="3238">That English may as French, French Englishmen,</l>
        <l n="3239">Receiue each other. God speake this Amen.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-all">
        <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
        <l n="3240">Amen.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-h5-hen">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l n="3241">Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,</l>
        <l n="3242">My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath</l>
        <l n="3243">And all the Peeres, for suretie of our Leagues.</l>
        <l n="3244">Then shall I sweare to <hi rend="italic">Kate</hi>, and you to me,</l>
        <l n="3245">And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous
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be.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <stage rend="italic centre" type="business">Senet.</stage>
                    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
                    </div>
                </div>
                <div type="epilogue" rend="notPresent">
                    <head type="supplied">[Epilogue]</head>
                    <stage rend="italic centre" type="entrance">Enter Chorus.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-h5-cho">
                    <l n="3246">Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,</l>
                    <l n="3247">Our bending Author hath pursu'd the Story,</l>
                    <l n="3248">In little roome confining mightie men,</l>
                    <l n="3249">Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.</l>
                    <l n="3250">Small time: but in that small, most greatly liued</l>
                    <l n="3251">This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;</l>
                    <l n="3252">By which, the Worlds best Garden he atchieued:</l>
                    <l n="3253">And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.</l>
                    <l n="3254"><hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> the Sixt, in Infant Bands
crown'd King</l>
                    <l n="3255">Of France and England, did this King succeed:</l>
                    <l n="3256">Whose State so many had the managing,</l>
                    <l n="3257">That they lost France, and made his England
bleed:</l>
                    <l n="3258">Which oft our Stage hath showne; and for their
sake,</l>
                    <l n="3259">In your faire minds let this acceptance take.</l>
                    </sp>
                    </div>
                    <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
                    <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">k2</fw>
                    <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">The</fw>

                </div>
            </body>
        </text>
</TEI>
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