The

Life of Henry the Fifth.

Reprinted from the First Folio, 1623.
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The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

[COL. 1] O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend
The brightest Heaven of Invention:
A Kingdom for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene.
Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe,
Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heels
(Leaft in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employement. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat unrayfed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Object. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The wastie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Wooden O, the very Casks
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: since a crooked Figure may
16 Attest in little place a Million,
And let us, Ciphers to this great Accompst,
On your imaginarie Forces worke,
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
20 Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whose high, up-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puffance.
Think when we talke of Horses, that you see them,
Printing their proud Hooves i'th' receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Jumping o're Times;
Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Hour-glaffe: for the which supple,
Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play.

[COL. 2] Admit me Chorus to this Historie;
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play.

Exit.
[The Life of Henry the Fift.]

**Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.**

*Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.*

**Bis/h. Cant.**

Y Lord, He tell you, that felfe Bill is vrg'd, Which in th'eleuenth yere of § laft Kings reign Was like, and had indeed against vs past, But that the fcambling and vnquiet time Did push it out of farther question.  

**Bis/h. Ely.** But how my Lord shall we reftit it now?  

**Bis/h. Cant.** It must be thought on: if it passe against vs, We loafe the better halfe of our Possieffion:  
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout  
By Testament haue given to the Church, Would they ftrip from vs; being valu'd thus, As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor, Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights, Six thoufand and two hundred good Efquires:
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[I. 1] And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age

16 Of indigent faint Soules, paft corporall toyle,

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

And to the Coffers of the King befeide,

A thoufand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

20 Bj/h. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

Bj/h. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Bj/h. Ely. But what preuention?

[col. 2] Bj/h. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

24 Bj/h. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.

Bj/h. Cant. The course of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no fooner left his Fathers body,

But that his wildneffe, mortify'd in him,

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

Consideration like an Angell came,

And whipt th'offending Adam out of him;

Leauing his body as a Paradife,

32 Tinuelop and containe Celeftiall Spirits.

Neuer was fuch a fodaine Scholler made:

Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,

With fuch a heady currance fcowring faults:

36 Nor neuer Hیدra-headed Wilfulneffe

So foone did loofe his Seat; and all at once;

As in this King.

Bj/h. Ely. We are bleffed in the Change.

40 Bj/h. Cant. Heare him but reafon in Diuinitie;

And all-admiring, with an inward with

You would defire the King were made a Prelate:

Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;

44 You would fay, it hath been all in all his study:

Lift his difcourfe of Warre; and you shall heare

A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Mufique.

h Turne
The Life of Henry the Fift. [COL. I.]

Turne him to any Caufe of Pollicy, [I. 1]
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloofe, 48
Familiar as his Garter: that when he fpakes, 48
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is fill, 48
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares, 52
To ftcale his sweet and honied Sentences: 52
So that the Art and Practique part of Life, 52
Muft be the Miftrefle to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace fhould gleane it, 56
Since his addiction was to COURSES vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Hours fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any ftudie,
Any retyrement, any fequeftration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B. Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holofome Berryes thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of bafer qualitie: 64
And fo the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildneffe, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graffe, fafteft by Night,
Vnfeene, yet crefine in his facultie.

B. Cant. It muft be fo; for Miracles are ceaft:
And therefore we muft needes admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.

B. Ely. But my good Lord: 72
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maieftie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He feemeth indifferent:
Or rather fwaying more vpon our part,
Then cherifhing th'exhibitters againft vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maieftie,
[I. 1] Vpon our Spirituall Convocation,
   And in regard of Caufes now in hand,
   Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
   As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,

84 Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.

   B. Ely. How did this offer feeme receiu'd, my Lord?
   B. Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie:

88 Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The feueralls and vnhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,

92 And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
   Deriu'd from Edward, his great Grandfather.

   B. Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?
   B. Cant. The French Embaffador vpon that instant

96 Crau'd audience; and the howre I think is come,
   To giue him hearing: I it foure a Clock?

   B. Ely. It is.
   B. Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embaffie:

100 Which I could with a ready gueffe declare,
   Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.

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

Exeunt.

[I. 2] Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence,
   Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?
   Exeter. Not here in preſence.

King. Send for him, good Vnkle.

Weffm. Shall we call in th'Ambaffador, my Liege?
   King. Not yet, my Couſin: we would be resolu'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
   That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.
Enter two Bishops.

B. Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne,

And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thank ye.

My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,

And truly and religiously unfold,

Why the Law Salique, that they have in France,

Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme:

And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,

That you should fashion, write, or bow your reading,

Or nicely charge your understanding Soule,

With opening Titles misconstrue, whose right

Sutes not in natie colours with the truth:

For God doth know, how many now in health,

Shall drop their blood, in approbation

Of what your reverence shall incite vs to.

Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person,

How you awake our sleeping Sword of Warre;

We charge you in the Name of God take heed:

For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend,

Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops

Are euery one, a Woe, a fore Complaint,

'Gainst him, whose wrongs gies edge vnto the Swords,

That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.

Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord:

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

That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt,

As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B. Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers,

That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices,

To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre

To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
[I. 2] But this which they produce from Pharamond,

40 In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedaul,
No Woman shall succeed in Salike Land:
Which Salike Land, the French vainly gloze
To be the Realme of France, and Pharamond

44 The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirm,
That the Land Salike is in Germanie,
Betweene the Floods of Sala and of Elue:

48 Where Charles the Great having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certaine French:
Who holding in disdain the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,

52 Etablifiht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in Salike Land:
Which Salike (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meifen.

56 Then doth it well appeare, the Salike Law
Was not devised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the Salike Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres

60 After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie fix: and Charles the Great

64 Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French
Beyond the Riner Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred fine. Besides, their Writers say,
King Pepin, which depofed Childerike,

68 Did as Heire Generall, being descended
Of Blithild, which was Daughter to King Clothair,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet alfo, who vfurpt the Crowne

Of
Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great:
To find his Title with some shewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey’d himselfe as th’Heire to th’ Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne
To Leues the Emperour, and Leues the Sonne
Of Charles the Great: also King Leues the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Vfurper Capet,
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, ’till satisfied,
That faire Queene Ifabel, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the forefaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King Pepius Title, and Hugh Capets Clayme,
King Leues his satisfa&ion, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highneffe clayming from the Female,
And rather chufe to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vfurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?
Bifh. Cant. The finne vpon my head, dread Soneraigne:
For in the Booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Anceftors:
[I. 2] Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandfires Tombe,
From whom you clayme; invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his moft mightie Father on a Hill
Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe stand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

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

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

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

Bish. Can. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will rayse your Highnesse such a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Anceftors.
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King. We must not only arme t’innade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all advantages.

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

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

B. Can. She hath bin the more fear’d the harm’d, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl’d by her felfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her felfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom shee did fend to France,
To fill King Edwards fame with prifoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with praye,
As is the Owſe and bottome of the Sea
With funken Wrack, and fun-leffe Treasures.

Bifh. Ely. But there’s a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first legia.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
[I. 2] To her unguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)

172 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Eggs,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
To tame and hanocke more then she can eate.

Exct. It followes then, the Cat must stay at home,

176 Yet that 's but a cruft'd necessity,
Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theuces,
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,

180 Th'aduiled head defends it selfe at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one content,
Congreeding in a full and natural close,

184 Like Musicke,

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion:

188 To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.

192 They haue a King, and Officers of forts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their shings,

196 Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who busied in his Maiefties surueyes

200 The singing Mafons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:
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The sad-ey’d Justice with his furry humme,
Delivering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things having full reference
To one consent, may worke contrariouly,
As many Arrows loosed feueral ways
Come to one mark: as many ways meet in one towne,
As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea;
As many Lynes clofe in the Dials center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
And in one purpofe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Diuide your happy England into four,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice fuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation lofe
The name of hardinesse and policie.

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

Enter Ambaffadors of France.
[1. 2] Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleafure
   Of our faire Cofin Dolphin: for we heare,
   Your greeting is from him, not from the King.
   Amb. May't pлеаsе your Maiestie to gине vs leаue
240 Freely to render what we have in charge:
   Or shall we fparilyngly thew you farre off
   The Dolphins meaning, and our Embafsie.
   King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
244 Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
   As is our wretches fettered in our prifons,
   Therefore with franke and with uncurbed plainneffe,
   Tell vs the Dolphins minde.
   Amb. Thus than in few:
248 Your Highnesse lately fending into France,
   Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right
   Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
252 In anfwer of which claime, the Prince our Mafter
   Sayes, that you fauour too much of your youth,
   And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
   That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
256 You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
   He therefore fends you meeter for your spirit
   This Tun of Treasure; and in lieu of this,
   Deifies you let the dukedomes that you claime
260 Heare no more of you. This the Dolphin fpeakes.
   King. What Treasure Vncle?
   Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.
   Kin, We are glad the Dolphin is fo pleasant with vs,
264 His Prefent, and your paines we thanke you for:
   When we have matcht our Rackets to thefe Balles,
   We will in France (by Gods grace) play a fet,
   Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
268 Tell him, he hath made a match with fuch a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what we made of them.
We neuer valued this poore state of England,
And therefore living hence, did gine our selfe
To barbarous license: As 'tis ever common,
That men are merrieft, when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my fayle of Greatneffe,
When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.
For that I haue layd by my Maiestie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will rife there with fo full a glorie,
That I will daze all the eyes of France,
Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleafant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and his foule
Shall stand fore charged, for the waftefull vengeance
That shall flye with them: for many a thoufand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands;
Mocke mothers from their fonues, mock Caftles downe:
And fome are yet ungotten and vnborne,
That shall have caufe to curse the Dolphins scorne.
But this lies all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whose name
Tel you the Dolphin, I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd caufe.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin,
His left will favour but of shallow wit,
When thoufands wepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambaffadors.
[I. 2]  

*Exe.* This was a merry Message.

*King.* We hope to make the Sender blush at it:

304 Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth’rance to our Expedition:
For we have now no thought in vs but France,
Saue tho’se to God, that runne before our businesse.

308 Therefore let our proportions for these Warres
Be soone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reaasonable swiftnesse adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,

312 Wee’le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought.  

Exeunt.

[II.]  

**Flourish. Enter Chorus.**

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And silken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lies:

4 Reignes solely in the breast of euery man.
They fell the Pasture now, to buy the Horfe;
Following the Mirror of all Chriftian Kings,
With winged heele, as Englifh *Mercuries.*

8 For now fis Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hiltes vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis’d to *Harry,* and his followers.

12 The French aduis’d by good intelligence
Of this moft dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their fcare, and with pale Pollicy
Seek to diuert the Englifh purposes.

16 O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneffe,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What
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What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:  
But fee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,  
A nefl of hollow bofomes, which he filleth  
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:  
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second  
Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third  
Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland,  
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)  
Confirm'd Conspiration with fearefull France,  
And by their hands, this grace of Kings muft dye.  
If Hell and Treafon hold their promis,  
Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton.  
Linger your patience on, and wee'll digest  
Th'abufe of distance ; force a play:  
The fumme is payde, the Traitors are agreed,  
The King is fet from London, and the Scene  
Is now tranfported (Gentles) to Southampton,  
There is the Play-houfe now, there muft you fit,  
And thence to France fhall we convey you safe,  
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow feas  
To giue you gentle Paffe: for if we may,  
Wee'll not offend one ftomacke with our Play.  
But till the King come forth, and not till then,  
Vnto Southampton do we shift our Scene.  
Exit.  

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe. [II. 1]  
Bar. Well met Corporall Nym.  
Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.  
Bar. What, are Ancient Piffoll and you friends yet?  
Nym. For my part, I care not: I fay little: but when 4  
time fhall ferue, there fhall be fmalles, but that fhall be as  
it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out
[II. i] mine yron: it is a simple one, but what though? It will
toffe Cheefe, and it will endure cold, as another mans
fword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will beftow a breakfast to make you friendses,
and wee'll bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't
be fo good Corporall Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will hie fo long as I may, that's the cer-
taine of it: and when I cannot hie any longer, I will doe
as I may: That is my refit, that is the rendezvous of it.

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

Nym. I cannot tell, Things muft be as they may: men
may fpeepe, and they may have their throats about them
at that time, and Rome fay, knifes have edges: It muft
be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet fhee
will ploffe, there muft be Conclufions, well, I cannot
tell.

Ent. Piffoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient Piffoll and his wife: good
Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoftte Pi-
ffoll?

Piff. Bafe Tyke, call'st thou mee Hoftte, now by this
hand I fware I fcorne the terme: nor fhall my Nell keep
Lodgers.

Hoft. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge
and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue
honestl by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee
thought we keepe a Bawdy-houfe straight. O wellilay
Lady, if he be not bowne now, we fhall fee wilful adulte-
ry and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing
heere. Nym. Piff.
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Pifl. Pith for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur [II. r]
of Island.

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

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

Pifl. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The solus in thy most meruailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy naffie mouth. I do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pifl. 48 sols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barlason, you cannot conjure mee: I have an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Pitoll, I will scour you with my 52 Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

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

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes the first stroake, He run him vp to the hilts, as I am a sol 60 dier.

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

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

Pifloll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee a-gaine. O hound of Creet, think'ft thou my spoufe to get? 68 No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of Creffids kinde, Doll Tearesheete, the by name, and her espoufe. I haue, and I
[II. 1.] will hold the Quondam Quickely for the onely shee: and Pauca, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

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

Bard. Away you Rogue.

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

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

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

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

Pijfl. Bale is the Slave that payes.

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

Pijfl. As manhood shal compound: push home. Draw

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

Pijl. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must have their course

Bar. Coporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends be trends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: pre-thee put vp.

Pijfl. A Noble shalt thou have, and present pay, and Liquor likewise will I give to thee, and friendshipe shall combye, and brotherhood. Ile live by Nymme, & Nymme shall live by me, is not this iust? For I shal Sutler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee thy hand.
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Nym. I shall have my Noble?
Piift. In cash, most iuftly payd.
Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hafelpe.

Hoft. As euuer you come of women, come in quickely to sir John: A poore heart, hee is fo shak'd of a burning quotidiam Tertian, that it is moft lamentable to behold.
Sweet men, come to him.

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

Piift. Nym, thou haft spoke the right, his heart is fra-cket and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it muft bee as it may: he paffes some humors, and careeeres.

Piift. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will live.

Enter Exeter, Bedfoerd, & Westmerland.

Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to truft these traitors
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
West. How smooth and euen they do bear themselues,
As if allegiance in their bobomes fate
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.

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

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he shoulde for a forraigne purfe, fo fell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.
King. Now fits the winde faire, and we will aboord.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Mafham,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:
[II. 2] Think you not that the powres we beare with vs
16 Will cut their pass'age through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head assembled them.

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

King. I doubt not that, since we are well perswaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire conent with ours;
Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not with

Succeffe and Conqueft to attend on vs.

Cam. Nener was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maiestye; there's not I thinke a subieft
That fits in heart-greefe and vncaufineffe

28 Vnder the sweet shade of your governement.

Kui. True: those that were your Fathers enemies,
Have deep'd their gauls in hony, and do serene you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.

32 King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnes,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of defert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineffe.

36 Scro. So serene shall with steeld fineswes toyle,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant services.

King. We Iudge no leffe. Vnkle of Exeter,

40 Inlarge the man committed yesteray,
That rayl'd againft our perfon: We confider
It was excesse of Wine that fet him on,
And on his more aduice, We pardon him.

44 Scro. That's mercy, but too much securite:
Let him be punisht Soneraigne, leaft example
Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.
Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punifh too.

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

After the taste of much correction.

King. Alas, your too much love and care of me,

Are heauy Orifons gainst this poore wretch:

If little faults proceeding on distemper,

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

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

Appeare before vs? Wee'rl yet inlarge that man,

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

And tender preferuation of our person

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

Who are the late Commissioners ?

Cam. I one my Lord,

Your Highnesse bad me ask for it to day.

Scro. So did you me my Liege.

Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne.

King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours:

There yours Lord Scroope of Malham, and Sir Knight :

Gray of Northumberland, this fame is yours:

Reade them, and know I know your worthineffe.

My Lord of Westmerland, and Vnkle Exeter,

We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen ?

What see you in those papers, that you looie

So much complexion? Looke ye how they change :

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

That hauie to cowarded and chac'd your blood

Out of apperance.

Cam. I do confeffe my fault,

And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.

Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,

By your owne conſaile is ſuppreſt and kill'd ;
[II. 2] You must not dare (for shame) to talk of mercy,
   For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
   As dogs upon their masters, worrying you:
84 See you my Princes, and my Noble Peers,
   These English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge here;
   You know how apt our lone was, to accord
   To furnish with all appertinents
88 Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
   Hath for a few light Crowns, lightly conspir'd
   And sworn unto the practices of France
   To kill vs here in Hampton. To the which,
92 This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Vs
   Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O,
   What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruel, 
   Ingrateful, savage, and inhumane Creature?
96 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsailes,
   That knewst the very bottom of my foule,
   That (almost) mightst have coyn'd me into Golde,
   Would'st thou have practis'd on me, for thy vs?
100 May it be possible, that foraigne hyer
   Could out of thee extract one spark of euill
   That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
   That though the truth of it stands off as groffly
104 As blacke and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
   Treason, and murder, euer kept together,
   As two yoake diuels sworne to eythers purpose,
   Working so groffely in an naturall cause,
108 That admiration did not hoope at them.
   But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
   Wonder to waite on treason, and on murder:
   And whatsoener cunning fiend it was
112 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
   Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:
   And
And other diuels that suggeft by treasons, 
Do botch and bungle vp damnation, 
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht 
From gliftring femblances of piety :
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand vp, 
Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldft do treason, 
Vnleffe to dub thee with the name of Traitor. 
If that fame Daemon that hath gull'd thee thus, 
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world, 
He might returne to vaffie Tartar backe, 
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win 
A foule fo easie as that Englishman.
Oh, how haft thou with jealoufie infected 
The sweetneffe of affiance? Shew men dutifull, 
Why fo didft thou: feeme they grave and learned? 
Why fo didft thou. Come they of Noble Family? 
Why fo didft thou. Seeme they religious? 
Why fo didft thou. Or are they spare in diet, 
Free from grossfe paflion, or of mirth, or anger, 
Constant in spirit, not fweruing with the blood, 
Garnifi'd and deck'd in modeft complement, 
Not working with the eye, without the care, 
And but in purged judgement trufting neither, 
Such and fo finely boulted didft thou feeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot, 
To make thee full fraught man, and beft indued 
With fome fufpition, I will weep for thee. 
For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like 
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open, 
Arreft them to the anfwer of the Law, 
And God acquit them of their practifes. 
_Eve._ I arreft thee of High Treafon, by the name of
_Richard Earle of Cambridge_.
[II. 2] I areft thee of High Treafon, by the name of Thomas
148 Lord Scroope of Marsham.
I areft thee of High Treafon, by the name of Thomas
Grey, Knight of Northumberland.
Scro. Our purpofes, God iuftly hath difcouer'd,
152 And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I befeech your Highneffe to forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.
Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not fedeuce,
156 Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which in fufferance heartily will rejoyce,
160 Befeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.
Gray. Neuer did faithfull fubieft more rejoyce
At the difcouery of moft dangerous Treafon,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my felfe,
164 Preuented from a dangerd enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.
King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your fentence
You have confpir'd againft Our Royall perfon,
168 Joyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyu'd the Golden Earneft of Our death:
Wherein you would have fold your King to flaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to feruitude,
172 His Subiefts to opprefion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into defolation:
Touching our perfon, feeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety unft fo tender,
176 Whose ruine you fought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miferable wretches) to your death:
The tafte whereof, God of his mercy giue
You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Bear them hence.

Now Lords for France: the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.

We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Traefon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,

But every Rubbe is smoothed on our way.

Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.

Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance,

No King of England, if not King of France. 

Enter Pifholl, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hoſſeffe.

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


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

Hoſſeffe. Nay fure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthurs Bofome, if eu'n man went to Arthurs Bofome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Chrifome Child: a parted eu'n iuft betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o' th Tyde: for after I faw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpnon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Noſe was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir John (quoθ I?) what man? be a good cheare: fo a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I,
to comfort him, bid him a shoul not thinke of God; I hop’d there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any fuch thoughts yet: fo a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and fo vp-peer’d, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack.
Hofeffe. I, that a did.
Bard. And of Women.

Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incarnate.

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

Boy. A said once, the Deule would have him about Women.
Hofeffe. A did in some fort (indeed) handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk’d of the Whore of Babylon.

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

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain’d that fire: that’s all the Riches I got in his service.
Nim. Shall wee fhogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Pifi. Come, let’s away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Senes rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: truft none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-saft is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Caueto bee thy Counfaior. Goe, cleare thy Chryftalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horse leeches

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I leeches my Boyes, to fucke, to fucke, the very blood to [II. 3] fucke.

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

Pijf. Touch her softe mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hoisteffe.

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


Flourish.

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

King. Thus comes the English with full power upon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concerns,
To answer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shal make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the fucking of a Gulfe.
It fits vs then to be as prouident,
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected English,
Upon our fields.

Dolphin. My most redoubted Father,
It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe:
For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
[II. 4] As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:

24 And let us doe it with no fliew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitfon Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, shee is so idly King'd,

28 Her Scepter so phantaftically borne,
By a vaine giddle shalow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.

Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin,

32 You are too much mistaken in this King:
Question your Grace the late Embaffadors,
With what great State he heard their Embaffie,
How well supply'd with Noble Councellors,

36 How modest in exception; and withall,
How terrible in constant resolution:
And you fhall find, his Vanities fore-spent,
Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus,

40 Covering Difcretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide thofe Roots
That fhall firft fpring, and be moft delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not fo, my Lord High Conftable.

44 But though we thinke it fo, it is no matter:
In cafes of defence, 'tis beft to weigh
The Enemie more mightie then he feemes,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd:

48 Which of a weake and niggardly projection,
Doth like a Mifer foyle his Coat, with scanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King Harry firong:

52 And Princes, looke you stronly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene flefht vpon vs:
And he is bred out of that bloodie straine,
That haunted us in our familiar Pathes:
Witnefe our too much memorable flame,
When Creffy Battell fatally was strucke,
And all our Princes captin’d,by the hand
Of that black Name, Edward, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing
Vp in the Ayre, crown’d with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and faint’d to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare
The Natine mightineffe and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

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

King. Weele give them present audience.

Goe, and bring them.

You see this Chafe is hotly followed, friends.

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

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almightie,
That you demean your selfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven,
To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne,
And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine

88 By Cuftome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vnto the Crowne of France : that you may know
'Tis no finifter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanifht dayes,

92 Nor from the dust of old Obluion rakt,
He fends you this moft memorable Lyne,
In euer Branch truly demonstratitue ;
Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree :

96 And when you find him euenly derin'd
From his moft fam'd, of famous Anceftors,
Edward the third; he bids you then refigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held

100 From him, the Native and true Challenger.
King. Or else what followes ?

Exe. Bloody contraint : for if you hide the Crowne
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.

104 Therefore in fierce Tempeft is he comming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a Jone :
That if requiring faile, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,

108 Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vaffie Iawes: and on your head
Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,

112 The dead-mens Blood, the privity Maidens Groanes,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
That shall be swallowed in this Controverfie.
This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Meffage :

116 Vnleffe the Dolphin be in prefence here ;
To whom expressely I bring greeting to.

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

To morrow shall you beare our full intent

Back to our Brother of England.

Dolph. For the Dolphin,

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

Exe. Scorne and defiance, slight regard, contempt,

And any thing that may not mis-become

The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.

Thus says my King: and if your Fathers Highneffe

Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,

Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Majestie;

Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,

That Causes and Wombie Vaultages of France

Shall chide your Treipas, and returne your Mock

In second Accent of his Ordinance.

Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,

It is against my will: for I desire

Nothing but Oddes with England.

To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,

I did present him with the Paris-Balls.

Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Louer shake for it,

Were it the Mistrefse Court of mightie Europe:

And be affur'd, you'll find a difference,

As we his Subiects have in wonder found,

Betwee'ne the promise of his greener dayes,

And these he matters now: now he weighs Time

Euen to the utmost Graine: that you shall reade

In your owne Losses, if he stay in France.

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

Flourish.

Exe. Dispatc'h vs with all speed, leaft that our King

Come here himselfe to question our delay;

For he is footed in this Land already.
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A Night is but small breathe, and little pawfe,

152  To anfwer matters of this confequence.    Exeunt.


Flourifh.  Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin’d wing our swift Scene flyes,
In motion of no leffe celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you haue scene

4  The well-appointed King at Doner Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
With filken Streamers, the young Phelus faying;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,

8  Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whiffe, which doth order glue
To founds confus’d: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th’inuifible and creeping Wind,

12  Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Brefting the loftie Surge.  O, doe but thinke
You f tand upon the Riuage, and behold
A Citie on th’inconftant Billowes dauncing:

16  For fo appeares this Fleet Maiestical,  
Holding due courfe to Harflew.  Follow, follow
Grapple your minds to ftermage of this Nauie,
And leave your England as dead Mid-night, ftill,

20  Guarded with Grandfires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther paft, or not arriu’d to pyth and puiffance.
For who is he, whose Chin is but enricht

α—FOL. 3 33
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
These cull'd and choyle-drawne Cavaliers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein see a Siege:
Behold the Orducance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppose th'Emboaffador from the French comes back:
Tells Harry, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and unprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynstock now the duellish Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off:
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind. Exit

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucefter.
Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or clofe the Wall vp with our English dead:
In Peace, there's nothing fo becomes a man,
As modest stillneffe, and humilitie:
But when the blast of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then inmitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the finewes, commune vp the blood,
Disguife faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible apect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braffe Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and jutty his confounded Bafe,
Swill'd with the wild and waftfull Ocean.
Now fet the Teeth, and fretch the Nothfthrill wide,
[III. 1] Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Noblike English,
Whose blood is set from Fathers of Warre-proofe:

Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Haue in these parts from Morne till Euen fought,
And sheath’d their Swords, for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your Mothers: now attet,

That those whom you call’d Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to me of groffer blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whole Lyms were made in England; shew vs here

The mettell of your Paffure: let vs sweare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you fo meane and bafe,
That hath not Noble lufter in your eyes.

I see you stand like Grey-hounds in the slips,
Straying upon the Star. The Game’s afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and upon this Charge,
Cry, God for Harry, England, and S. George.

Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

[III. 2] Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pifflott, and Boy.

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

Nim. ‘Pray thee Corporall stay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Cafe of Liues:

the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.

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

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

Piffl. And
The Life of Henry the First.

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

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

Enter Fluellen.

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


Nim. Thefe be good humors: your Honour wins bad humors.

Exit.

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obferu'd thefe three Swafliers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would ferve me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for Bardolph, hee is white-luer'd, and red-fac'd; by the means whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for Piftoll, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breaks Words, and keeps whole Weapons: for Nim, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the beft men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, left a fhould be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was againft a Post, when he was drunke. They willfteale any thing, and call it Purchase. Bardolph ftole a Lute-cafe, bore it twelue Leagues, and fold it for three halfepence. Nim and Bardolph are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they ftole a fire-fhouell. I knew by that peece of Scruce, the men would carry Coales. They would
haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I shou'd take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. I must leave them, and seeke some better Service: their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must call it vp.  

Enter Gower.

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

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concatures of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athnner-farie, you may discusse vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by Chefhu, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better direction.

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

Welch. It is Captaine Makmorrice, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

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

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

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

Welch. Captaine Iamy is a maruellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and know-
ledge in th’auchant Warres, vpon my particular know-
ledge of his directions: by Chejhu he will maintaine his 76
Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in
the disciplines of the Pristine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine Fluellen.

Welch. Godden to your Worpip, good Captaine 80
James.

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

Irish. By Chrisli Law tith ill done: the Worke tith 84
giue ouer, the Trompet found the Retreat. By my Hand
I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke tith ill done:
it tith giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne,
of Chrisli saue me law, in an houre. O tith ill done, tith ill 88
done: by my Hand tith ill done.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrice, I befeeck you now,
will you voutfafe me, looke you, a few diputations with
you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of 92
the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument,
looke you, and friendly communication: partly to satsfie
my Opinion, and partly for the satsfaction, looke you, of
my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie dif-
cipline, that is the Point.

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

Irish. It is no time to discoursfe, fo Chrisli saue me:
the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the
King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discoursfe, the Town
is befeeched: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and 104
we talke, and be Chrisli do nothing, tis shame for vs all:
fo God sa’me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my
hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be
The Life of Henry the Fift.

[III. 2] done, and there is nothing done, so Christ sa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to flomber, ayle de gud feruice, or He ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and He pay't as valo-

rously as I may, that fal I fuerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard some question tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrice, I think, looke you, vouder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Irish. Of my Nation? What is my Nation? Ifh a Villaine, and a Basterd, and a Knaue, and a Rascall. What

ifh my Nation? Who talks of my nation?

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

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

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.


Gower. The Towne founds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine Mackmorrice, when there is more better opportunite to be required, looke you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the discipines of Warre:

and there is an end.

Exit.

[III. 3] Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet resolves the Gouernour of the Towne?

This is the lateste Parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give your feluces,
Or like to men proud of destruction,
Defie vs to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me best;
If I begin the batt'rie once again,
I will not leave the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
Till in her ashes the lye buryed.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut vp,
And the siefh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, shall range
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grazfe
Your freh faire Virgins, and your flouring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his inyrrht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynekt to wafft and defolation?
What is't to me, when you your felues are caufe,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickedneile,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootlelle spend our vaine Command
Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,
As fend Precepts to the Leviathan, to come aghore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,
Whilest yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whilest yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Deire the Locks of your shrill-shriking Daughters:

The Life of Henry the Fift.
[III. 3] Your Fathers taken by the filuer Beards,
And their moft reuerend Heads dash to the Walls:
Your naked Infants spitted upon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wives of Jewry,
At Herods bloody-hunting slaughter-men.
What say you? Will you yeeld, and this anoyd
Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Gouv'nour.

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

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle Exeter,

Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the French:
Vie mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sickness growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
To morrow for the March are we address'd.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

[III. 4] Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. Alice, tu as esfe en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas le Language.
Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. Le main il & appelle de Hand.
The Life of Henry the Fift. [COL. 2.]

Kath. De Hand. [III. 4]
Alice. E le doyts.
Kat. Le doyts, ma fay le oublie, e doyt mays, ie me fouemery le doyts ie pense qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.
Alice. Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fingres, ie pense que ie fuis le bon escholier.
Kath. Tay gaynie diux mots d'Anglois visiement, coment appelle vous le ongles?
Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.
Kath. De Nayles escoyte: dites moy, si ie parle bien: de 16
Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.
Alice. C'est bien dieu Madame, il est fort bon Anglois.
Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.
Alice. De Arme, Madame.
Kath. E de coudee.
Alice. D'Elbow,
Kath. D'Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de toute les mots que vous maves, apprins des a present.
Alice. Il est trop difficile Madame, comme Ie pense.
Kath. Excuse moy Alice escoyte, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.
Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.
Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.
Alice. De Nick, Madame.
Kath. De Nick, e le menton.
Alice. De Chin.
Alice. Ouy. Sauf voyster honneur en verite vous pronuncies les mots auafi droict, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.
Kath. Il ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, est en peu de temps.
Alice. N'aue vos y defia oublie ce que ie vous a enjignie.
Kath. Name ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de
Fingre, de Mayles.
   Alice. De Nayles, Madame.
Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.
44 Alice. Sans vofre hones d'Ellow.
Kath. Ainsi de ie d'Ellow, de Nick, & de Sin : coment ap-
pelle vous les pied & de roba.
   Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.
48 Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seigneur Dieu, il sont le
mots de son mauvais corruptible graffe & impudique, & non
pour le Dames de Honer d'oier: Je ne voudray prononcer ce
mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, fo le
52 Foot & le Count, neant moys, le recitera vn autrefois ma lecon
enfeme, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Ellow, de
Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.
   Alice. Excellent, Madame.
56 Kath. C'esi affes pour vne foies, alons nous a diner.
   Exit.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the
Constable of France, and others.
King. 'Tis certaine he hath past the River Some.
Confl. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let vs not liue in France : let vs quit all,
4 And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.
   Dolph. O Dieu vivant: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
   Our Syens, put in wilde and fauage Stock,
8 Spirt vp so suddnely into the Clouds,
And ouer-looke their Grafter?
   Brit. Normans, but baftard Normans, Norman baftards :
Mort du ma vie, if they march along
12 Vnfought withall, but I will fell my Dukedome,
To buy a slobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-flotten Ile of Albion.

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

Dolphins. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely fay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will gine
Their bodies to the Luft of English Youth,
To new-store France with Baftard Warriors.

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

King. Where is Montjoy the Herald? fpeed him hence,
Let him grec England with our sharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swords, high to the field:
*Charles Delabreth*, High Confable of France,
You Dukes of Orleance, Burbon, and of Berry,
Alanfon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgonie,
Iaques Chattillion, Ramblures, Vandemont,
Beumont, Grand Pree, Rouff, and Faulconbridge,
Loys, Leftrale, Bouciquall, and Charaloyes,
[III. 5] High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great names:
48 Barre Harry England, that sweeps through our Land
With Pennons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Rush on his Hoof, as doth the melted Snow
Upon the Valleys, whose low Vaffall Seat,
52 The Alpes doth spit, and void his rheume upon.
Goe downe vpon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.
56 Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famifie in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
60 Hee'le drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement, offer vs his Ransome.
King. Therefore Lord Constable, haft on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send,
64 To know what willing Ransome he will give.
Prince Dolphin, you shall stay with vs in Roan.
Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Maiestie.
King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with vs.
68 Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. Exeunt.

[III. 6] Enter Captaines, English and Welch, Gower
and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine Fluellen, come you from the Bridge?
Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent Services com-
mited at the Bridge.
Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?
Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Aga-
memnon, and a man that I love and honour with my soule, [III. 6] and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, 8 and my utmost power. He is not, God be praised and blessed, any hurt in the World, but keeps the Bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient Lieutenant there at the Bridge, I think in my very confidence he is as valiant a man as Marke Anthony, and he is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gower. What do you call him?  
Flu. He is called ancient Piltoll.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piltoll.

Flu. Here is the man.
Pilt. Captaine, I thee beseech to doe me favours: the Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I pray God, and I have merited some love at his hands.
Pist. Bardolph, a Souldier firm and sound of heart, and of buxom valour, hath by cruel Fate, and giddy Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddess blind, that stands upon the rolling restless Stone.

Flu. By your patience, ancient Piltoll: Fortune is painted blind, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signify to you, that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a Wheele, to signify to you, which is the Morall of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed upon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.
Pilt. Fortune is Bardolphs foe, and frowns on him: for he hath stolen a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned
[III. 6] death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let man goe free,
and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but Exeter
hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price.
Therefore goe speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce;
and let not Bardolphs vitall thred bee cut with edge of
Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for
his Life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Piffoll, I doe partly vnderstand your
meaning.

Flu. Why then rejoyce therefore.

Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoyce
at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would defire
the Duke to vfe his good plesure, and put him to execu-
tion; for discipline ought to be vfed.

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

Flu. It is well.

Piff. The Figge of Spaine Exit.

Flu. Very good.

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

Flu. Ile afferre you, a vtt'red as præue words at the
Pridge, as you fhall fee in a Summers day: but it is very
well: what he ha's fpoke to me, that is well I warrant you,
when time is ferue.

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and
then goes to the Warres, to grace himfelfe at his returne
into London, vnder the forme of a Soulídier: and fuch
fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and
they will leare you by rote where Services were done;
at fuch and fuch a Sconce, at fuch a Breach, at fuch a Con-
voy: who came off bruely, who was shot, who dif-
grac'd, what termes the Enemy flood on: and this they
conne perfittly in the phrafe of Warre; which they tricke
v?
vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horrible Suit of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-wafht Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know such flanders of the age, or elfe you may be marmellonfly mi-75 ftooke.

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

_Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers._

Flu. God pleffe your Maiestie.

King. How now Fluellen, cam'ft thou from the Bridge? 84

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

King. What men haue you loft, Fluellen? 92

Flu. The perdition of th'athuersarie hath beene very great, reaonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath loft neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one Bardolph, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nofe, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nofe is executed, and his fire's 100 out.
[III. 6]  

**King.** Wee would haue all such offenders so cut off: and we giue exprefle charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vprayed or abuified in disdaineful Language; for when Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamefter is the foonest winne.

**Tucket.**  
Enter Mountjoy.  

**Mountjoy.** You know me by my habit.  

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

**Mountjoy.** My Mufters mind.

**King.** Unfold it.  

**Mountjoy.** Thus fayes my King: Say thou to Harry of England, Though we feem'd dead, we did but fleepe: Advantage is a better Souldier then raunfele. Tell him, wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harlwe, but that wee thought not good to bruife an injurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is impe- 

**Mountjoy.** England shall repent his folly, fee his weake-neffe, and admire our fufferance. Bid him therefore con- 

fider of his ranftome, which muft proportion the loffes we haue borne, the subiects we haue loft, the difgrace we haue digefted; which in weight to re-anfwer, his petti- 

**Mountjoy.** To this add defeance: and tell him for conclufion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose con-


demnation is pronouuc t: So farre my King and Mufter; fo much my Office.
King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. Mountjoy.

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

Mount. I shall deliver so: Thankes to your High-

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
III. 6] King. We are in God's hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Riuer we'll encampe our felues,
And on to morrow bid them march away Exeunt.

III. 7] Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs,
Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Const. Tut, I haue the beft Armour of the World:
would it were day.
Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my
Horfe haue his due.

Const. It is the beft Horfe of Europe.
Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord Con-
stable, you talke of Horfe and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any
Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change
my Horfe with any that treads but on fourse postures:
ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were
hayres: le Cheual volante, the Pegasus, ches les narines de
feu. When I beftryde him, I foare, I am a Hawke: he trots
the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the bauest
borne of his hoofe, is more Musicall then the Pipe of
Hermes.

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

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beait
for Perseus: hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Ele-
ments of Earth and Water never appeare in him, but on-
ly in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee
is indeede a Horfe, and all other lades you may call
Beaits.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

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

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

Orleance. No more Cousin.

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

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so to ones MistrefTe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courier, for my Horfe is my MistrefTe.

Orleance. Your MistrefTe beares well.

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

Confl. Nay, for me thought yesterday your MistrefTe thrwdly shooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Confl. Mine was not bridled.

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

Confl. You have good judgement in Horseman ship.

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

Confl. I had as liue have my Miftrelle a lade.

Dolph. I tell thee Conftable, my Miftrelle weares his
owne hayre.

64 Confl. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a
Sow to my Miftrelle.

Dolph. Le chien est retourne a fon propre vemiflement est
la leuee lauee au bourbier: thou mak'ft vie of any thing.

68 Confl. Yet doe I not vie my Horfe for my Miftrelle,
or any fuch Proverbe, fo little kin to the purpoze.

Ramb. My Lord Conftable, the Armour that I faw in
your Tent to night, are thofe Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

72 Confl. Starres my Lord.

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

Confl. And yet my Sky shall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many superflu-
ously, and 'twere more honor fome were away.

Confl. Eu'n as your Horfe beares your prayfes, who
would trot as well, were fome of your bragges dismoun-
ted.

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

Confl. I will not faie fo, for feare I fhould be fact out
84 of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would
faime be about the cares of the English.

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

88 Confl. You muft firft goe your felfe to hazard, ere you
haue them.

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my felfe. Exit.

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Confl. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gal-lant Prince.

Confl. Sweare by her Foot, that she may tread out the 96 Oath.

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

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

Orleance. He never did harme, that I heard of.

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

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

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

Orleance. What's hee?

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

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

Confl. By my faith Sir, but it is: never any body saw it, but his Lạcquéy: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will never sayd well.

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

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

Confl. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Deuill: have at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Fox of the Deuill.

Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is soone shot.
Enter a Mess'ng'r.

Mess'ng'r. My Lord high Constable, the English lye within
128 fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath mea ur'd the ground?

Mess'ng'r. The Lord Grandpree.

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

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

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

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any in-
140 tellectual Armour, they could never weare such heauie
Head-pieces.

Rambl. That Iland of England breedes very valiant
Creatures: their Maftiffes are of unmatchable coa-
144 rage.

Orleance. Foolish Curres, that runne winking into
the mouth of a Russian Beare, and hane their heads cruft
like rotten Apples: you may as well fay, that’s a valiant
148 Flea, that dare eate his breakfaft on the Lippe of a
Lyon.

Const. Iuft, iuft: and the men doe sympathize with
the Maftiffes, in robustions and rough comming on,
152 leaung their Wits with their Wives: and then giue
them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele: they
will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I,
Orleance. I, but these English are shrewdly out of [III. 7] Beefe.

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

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me see, by ten 160 Wee shall have each a hundred English men. Exitent.

Actus Tertius. [IV.]

Chorus.
Now entertaine conjecture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Veil of the Univerfe.
From Camp to Camp, through the foule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army stifly sounds;
That the fixt Centinels almost receive
The secret Whispers of each others Watch.
Fire anfwers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile fees the others vumber’d face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boaftfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accomplishing the Knights,
With bufie Hammers clofing Riuets vp,
Gieue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Country Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowifie Morning nam’d,
Prowd of their Numbers, and fecure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-luttie French,
[IV.] Doe the low-rated English play at Dice;
20 And chide the creepie-tardy-gated Night,
   Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
   So tedionfly away. The poore condemned English,
   Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
24 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
   The Mornings danger: and their gesture sad,
   Inuesting lanke-leane Checkes, and Warre-worne Coats,
   Prefented them vnto the gazing Moone
28 So many horride Ghosts. O now, who will behold
   The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
   Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
   Let him cry, Prayfe and Glory on his head:
32 For forth he goes, and visitts all his Hoast,
   Bids them good morrow with a modeft Smyle,
   And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
   Upon his Royall Face there is no note,
36 How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
   Nor doth he dedicate one lot of Colour
   Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:
   But freshly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
40 With chearefull semblance, and sweet Maieftie:
   That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
   Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
   A Largeffe vninerfall, like the Sunne,
44 His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
   Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
   Behold, as may vnworthincffe define.
   A little touch of Harry in the Night,
48 And fo our Scene muft to the Battaile flye:
   Where, O for pity, we shall much diugrace,
   With foure or fiue moft vile and ragged foyles,
   (Right ill dispos'd, in brawle ridiculous)
The Life of Henry the Fift. [COL. 2.

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

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester. [IV. 1]

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

Enter Erpingham.

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

King. 'Tis good for men to luse their present paines,
Vpon example, so the Spirit is eased:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breake vp their drowifie Graue, and newly moue
With casted flough, and freshe legeritie.

Lend me thy Cloake Sir Thomas: Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them and anon.
[IV. i] Defire them all to my Pauillion.

28 Gloster. We shall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:

Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:

32 I and my Bosome must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord in Heauen bleffe thee, Noble Harry.

Exeunt.

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou foeak'ft chearefully.

Enter Pijoll.

36 Pijl. Che vous la?

King. A friend.

Pijl. Difcuffe vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou bafe, common, and popular?

40 King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pijl. Trayl'ft thou the puiffant Pyke?

King. Euen fo: what are you?

Pijl. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

44 King. Then you are a better then the King.

Pijl. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift moft valiant: I kilTe his durtie fhooe, and from heart-

48 string I lone the lonely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pijl. Le Roy? a Cornifh Name: art thou of Cornifh Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

52 Pijl. Know'ft thou Fluellen?

King. Yes.

Pijl. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon S. Dauiues day.

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

Pist. Art
The Life of Henry the Fifth. [COL. I.

Piff. Art thou his friend? [IV. 1]  
King. And his Kinisman too.  
Piff. The Figo for thee then.  
King. I thanke you: God be with you.  
Piff. My name is Pifloll call'd.  
King. It forts well with your fierceness.  

Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine Fluellen.  

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Iesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the vniverfall World, when the true and unamnient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to 68 examine the Warres of Pompey the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble bable in Pompeyes Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and 72 the Formes of it, and the Sobrietic of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwife.

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

Flu. If the Enemie is an Aife and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee shoule alfo, looke you, be an Aife and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conscience now?  

Gow. I will speake lower.  

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

King. Though it appeare a little out of fafhion,  
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.  

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.
[IV. 1] Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the Morning which breaks yonder?

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

Williams. Wee fee yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

92 King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine serve you?

King. Vnder Sir John Erpingham.

Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kind Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be waft off the next Tyde.

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

100 King. No: nor it is not meet he shoulde: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element sheues to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences have but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakedniffe he appeares but a man; and though his affectious are higher mounted then ours, yet when they fioupe, they fioupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, he of the fame reliih as ours are: yet in reason, no man shoulde poiifiie him with any appearance of fære; leaff hee, by fheuing it, should dis-hearten his Army.

112 Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could with himselfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

116 King. By my troth, I will speake my confciense of the
King: I thinke hee would not with him selfe any where, [IV. i] but where hee is.  

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

King. I dare fay, you love him not so ill, to with him here alone: howsoever you speake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where so contented, as in the Kings company; his Cause being iuit, and his Quarrell honorable.  

Williams. That's more then we know.  

Bates. I, or more then wee should seeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subjects: if his Cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.  

Williams. But if the Cause be not good, the King him selfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all those Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile, shall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at such a place, some swearing, some crying for a Surgeon; some vpon their Wines, left poore behind them; some vpon the Debts they owe, some vpon their Children rawly left: I am afeard, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaile: for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if these men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to disobey, were against all proportion of subiection.  

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, doe finfully miscarry vpon the Sea; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be impos'd vpon his Father that sent him: or if a Servant, under his Matters command, transporting a summe of Money, be affayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd
[IV. i] Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Servants damnation: but this is not so:
152 The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their fertuces. Befides, there is no King, be 156 his Cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vsipotted Souldiers: some (peraduenture) have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murther; some, of begui-160 ling Virgins with the broken Scales of Periurie; some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that have before gorred the gentle Body of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men have defeated the Law, and outrunne Natuine punishment; though they can out-strip men, they have no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: so that here men are punisht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in 168 now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would bee safe, they perih. Then if they dye vnproviced, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was be-172 fore guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Euery Subject's Dutie is the Kings, but euery Subject's Soule is his owne. Therefore should euery Souldier in the Warres doe as every sickle man in 176 his Bed, wash euery Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blissfully loft, wherein such preparation was gayued: and in him that escapes, it were not fine to 180 thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-like that day, to fee his Greatneffe, and to teach others how they should prepare.

>Wil. 'Tis
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon [IV. 1] his owne head, the King is not to anfwer it.

Bates. I doe not defire hee should anfwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luftily for him.

King. I my felfe heard the King fay he would not be ranfom'd.

Will. I, hee faid fo, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranfom'd, and wee ne're the wifer.

King. If I live to fee it, I will neuer trull his word af-ter.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillons shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a private difpleasure can doe againft a Monarch: you may as well goe about 196 to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather : You leuer trull his word after; come, 'tis a foolish faying.

King. Your reproofe is fomething too round, I fould 200 be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell between vs, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How fhall I know thee againe?

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

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

King. There.

Will. This will I alfo weare in my Cap: if euer thou 212 come to me, and fay, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

King. If euer I live to fee it, I will challenge it.
Will. Thou dar’st as well be hang’d.

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

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

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

Exit Souldiers.

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their shouldeus: but it is no English Treafon to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himfelfe will be a Clipper.

Upon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,

Our Debts, our carefull Wives,

Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:

We muft beare all.

O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatneffe,

Subieft to the breath of every foole, whose fence

No more can feele, but his owne wringing.

What infinite hearts-eafe muft Kings neglect,

That priuare men enioy?

And what haue Kings, that Priuates haue not too,

Saue Ceremonie, saue generall Ceremonie?

And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?

What kind of God art thou?

Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.

What are thy Rents?

What art thou ought elfe but Place, Degree, and Forme,

Creating awe and feare in other men?

Wherein thou art leffe happy, being fear’d,

Then they in fearing.
What drink’st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poyson’d flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie give thee cure.
Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command’st the beggers knee,
Command the health of it?
No, thou proud Dreame,
That play’st so subtlely with a Kings Repose.
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
’Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mace, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-titued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The farfed Title running ’fore the King,
The Throne he fits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
That beats upon the high shore of this World:
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;
Not all these, lay’d in Bed Maiestical,
Can sleepe so foundly, as the wretched Slave:
Who with a body fill’d, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cram’d with distressefull bread,
Neuer sees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquoy, from the Rife to Set,
Sweates in the eye of Phlebus; and all Night
Sleepes in Elixium: next day after dawne,
Doth rise and helpe Hiperio to his Horfe,
And followes fo the euer-running yeere
With profitable labour to his Graue:
And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
Winding vp Days with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slave, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
Enioyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,
[IV. i] What watch the King keepes, to mainaine the peace;
Whole howres, the Pelant best advantageous.

Enter Erpingham.

284  Erp. My Lord, your Nobles jealous of your absence,
    Seeke through your Campe to find you.
    King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
    At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

288  Erp. I shall doo't, my Lord.  
      Exit.
    King. O God of Battailes, fteele my Souldiers hearts,
    Poffeffe them not with feare: Take from them now
    The fenc of reckning of th'opposed numbers:

292  Pluck their hearts from them.  Not to day, O Lord,
    O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
    My Father made, in compaiffing the Crowne.
    I Richards body haue interred new,

296  And on it haue bestowed more contrite teares,
    Then from it ifued forced drops of blood.
    Five hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
    Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp

300  Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:
    And I haue built two Chauntries,
    Where the sad and iolemne Priets fing still
    For Richards Soule.  More will I doe:
    Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;

304  Since that my Penitence comes after all,
    Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucefler.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother Glouceflers voyce? I:

308  I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
    The day, my friend, and all things ftay for me.

Exeunt

1, 3

Enter
Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramlurs, and Beaumont.

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

Dolph. Monte Cheval: My Horfe, Verlot Lacquay:

Ha.

Orleance. Oh brane Spirit.

Dolph. Via les eues & terre.

Orleance. Rien puis le air & feu.

Dolph. Cein, Confin Orleance. Enter Conftable.

Now my Lord Conftable?

Conft. Hearke how our Steedes, for prefent Service neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make incifion in their Hides, That their hot blood may fpin in English eyes, And doubt them with superfluous coutage: ha.

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horfes blood? How fhall we then behold their naturall tears?

Enter Meffenger.

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

Conft. To Horfe you gallant Princes, straight to Horfe. Doe but behold yond poore andftarued Band, And your faire fliew fhall fuck away their Soules, Leauing them but the foales and huskes of men. There is not worke enough for all our hands, Scarce blood enough in all their fickly Veines, To giue each naked Curtleax a ftyane, That our French Gallants fhall to day draw out, And fheth for lack of fport. Let vs but blow on them, The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them. 'Tis positive againft all exceptions, Lords, That our superfluous Lacquies, and our Pefants,

68
[IV. 2] Who in unnecessary action swarm
28 About our Squares of Battaile, were now
   To purge this field of such ailding Foe;
   Though we upon this Mountains Banks by,
   Tooke stand for idle speculation:
32 But that our Honours must not. What's to say?
   A very little little let vs doe,
   And all is done: then let the Trumpets sound
   The Tucket Sonnance, and the Note to mount:
36 For our approach shall so much dare the field,
   That England shall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Grandpree.

Grandpree. Why do you stay so long, my Lords of France?
Yond Iland Carrions, desperate of their bones,
40 Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field:
   Their ragged Curtaines poorly are let loose,
   And our Ayre shakes them passing scornefully.
   Bigge Mars feemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoast,
44 And faintly through a ruffie Bener peepes.
   The Horfemen fit like fixed Candlesticks,
   With Torch-staves in their hand: and their poore Iades
   Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips:
48 The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes,
   And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt
   Lyes foule with chaw'd-grasse, still and motionlesse.
   And their executors, the knauith Crowes,
52 Fly o're them all, impatient for their howre.
   Description cannot sute it selse in words,
   To demonstrate the Life of such a Battaile,
   In life so linelesse, as it shews it selse.
56 Confi. They haue said their prayers,
   And they stay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe send them Dinners, and fresh Sutes,
And give their faffing Horfes Prouender, And after fight with them? 60

Conf. I stay but for my Guard: on To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, And vse it for my hafte. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-wear the day. Exeunt. 64

Enter Gloucefter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoaft: Salisbury, and Wefimerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?
Bedf. The King himfelfe is rode to view their Bat-taille.
Wefl. Of fighting men they haue full threefcore thou-sand.

Exe. There’s fiiue to one, besides they all are freh.
Salisl. Gods Arme strike with vs, ’tis a fearefull oddes.
God buy you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen;
Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
My deare Lord Gloucefter, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind Kinfman, Warriors all, adieu.

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

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.
Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindneffe,
Princely in both.

Enter the King.
Wefl. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of thofe men in England,
That doe no worke to day.

King. What’s he that wishes so? 20
[IV. 3] My Cousin Westminster. No, my faire Cousin:
   If we are markt to dye, we are enow
   To doe our Countrey losse: and if to live,
24 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
   Gods will, I pray thee with not one man more.
   By 
4\, I am not courteous for Gold,
   Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost:
28 It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;
   Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
   But if it be a finne to conet Honor,
   I am the most offending Soule aliue.
32 No faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England:
   Gods peace, I would not loofe so great an Honor,
   As one man more me thinkes would share from me,
   For the best hope I haue. O, doe not with one more:
36 Rather proclaime it (Westminster) through my Hoaft,
   That he which hath no stomack to this fight,
   Let him depart, his Paiport shall be made,
   And Crownes for Convoj put into his Purfe:
40 We would not dye in that mans companie,
   That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.
   This day is call’d the Feast of Crispian:
   He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
44 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
   And rowfe him at the Name of Crispian.
   He that shall fee this day, and liue old age,
   Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
48 And say, to morrow is Saint Crispian.
   Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres:
   Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:
   But hee’le remember, with aduantages,
52 What feats he did that day. Then shall our Names,
   Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing Cups freshly remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And Crispine Crispian shall ne’re goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne’re so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themselves accurft they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
That fought with vs upon Saint Crispines day.

Enter Salisbury.

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

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
Woff. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou do’st not wish more helpe from England,
Couse?

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

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

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:
[IV. 3] For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,

84 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

88 From off these fields: where(wretches)their poore bodies
 Muft lye and feeter.

King. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.

92 King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
Bid them attchieue me, and then fell my bones.
Good God, why shou'd they mock poore fellowes thus?
The man that once did fell the Lyons skin

96 While the beaft liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodyes shall no doubt
Find Native Graues: vpon the which, I tru't
Shall witnefe line in Braffe of this dayes worke.

100 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though bury'd in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,

104 Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets crafit,

108 Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speake proudly: Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:

112 Our Gayneffe and our Gilt are all befmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoaft:
Good argument(I hope)we will not flye:
And time hath worn us into flowerie. [IV. 3]
But by the Mass, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poor Soldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'll be in frether Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Soldiers heads,
And turne them out of servise. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
Will soone be leuyed.
Herald, save thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herald,
They shall have none, I sware, but these my joynts:
Which if they haue, as I will leave them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.
Mont. I shal, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou neuer shalt heare Herald any more. Exit.
King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
Ransome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Ward.
King. Take it, braue Yorke.
Now Soldiers march away,
And how thou pleases God, dispose the day. Exeunt.

Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Pijloll, French Soldier, Boy.
Pijl. Yeeld Cure.
French. Je pense que vous estes le Gentilhomme de bon qua-

Pijl. Qualitie calmie cuftrue me. Art thou a Gentle-
man? What is thy Name? discusse.
French. O Seigneur Dieu.
Pijl. O Signieur Dewe shoule be a Gentleman: per-
The Life of Henry the Fift.

[IV. 4] pend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe gine to me egregious Ranfome.

French. O prennes misericordie aye pitez de moy.

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

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

16 Pift. Braffe, Curre? thon damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'ft me Braffe?

French. O perdone moy.

Pift. Say'ft thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes?

20 Come hither boy, aske me this flaine in French what is his Name.

Boy. Ecoute comment es tes vous appelle?

French. Mounfieur le Fer.

24 Boy. He fayes his Name is M.Fer.


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

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

French. Que dit il Mounſieur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous preſl, car ce foldat icy est diſpoſee tout aflure de couppe vſotre gorge.

Pift. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy peſant, vnleffe thou gine me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled shalt

36 thou be by this my Sword.

French. O le vous supſpie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma par- donner, le fuis le Gentilhome de bon maſfon, garde ma vie, & le vous donneray deux cent eſcus.

40 Pift. What are his words?

Boy. He
Boy. He prays you to save his life, he is a Gentleman [IV. 4] of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred Crownes.

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

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il? Boy. Encore qu'il et contra fon larement, de pardonner aucune prisonner: neant-moins pour les esfues que vous layt a pro- mets, il est content a vous donnes le liberte le franchifement.

Fre. Sur mes genoux se vous donnez milles remercious, et le me estime heureux que Je intombe, entre les main. d'un Chevalier Je peus le plus braue vaulant et tres distinie Signieur d'Angleterre.

Pijl. Expound vnto me boy.

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

Pijl. As I sweeke blood, I will some mercy shew. Follow mee.

Boy. Saue vous le grand Capitaine? I did neuer know fo full a voyce issue from fo emptie a heart: but the saying is true, The empty vefiel makes the greatest sound, Bardolfe and Nym had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that everie one may payre his nayles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and fo would this be, if hee durft steale any thing adventurously. I must stay with the 68 Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes.

Exit.

Enter Conflable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs. [IV. 3]
[IV. 5]  

Con. O Diable.

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

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,

4 Reproach, and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our Plumes.

O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

8 Dol. O perdurable shame, let's flab our selves:

Be these the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

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

Bur. Shame, and eternall shame, nothing but shame,

12 Let vs dye in once more backe againe,

And he that will not follow Burbon now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a bafe Pander hold the Chamber doore,

16 Whilfe a bafe flawe, no gentler then my dogge,

His fairest daughter is contaminat'd.

Con. Disorder that hath spoil'd vs, friend vs now,

Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

20 Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field,

To smother vp the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;

24 Let life be short, else shame will be too long.  Exit.

[IV. 6]  

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne,

with Prisoners

King. Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,

But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maiestie
The Life of Henry the Fift.

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

Exe. In which array (brave Soldier) doth he lye, Larding the plaine: and by his bloody side, (Yoake-fellow to his honour-owing-wounds) The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes. Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all hagled over Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped, And takes him by the Beard, kifles the gaffes That bloodily did yawn vpon his face.

He cries aloud; Tarry my Colin Suffolke, My foule shal thine keepe company to heauen: Tarry (sweet foule) for mine, then flye a-brefte: As in this glorious and well-foughten field We kept together in our Chivialrie.

Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him vp, He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand, And with a feeble gripe, fayes: Deere my Lord, Commend my service to my Soueraigne,

So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke He threw his wounded arme, and kift his lippes, And so efpous'd to death, with blood he feal'd A Testament of Noble-ending-love:

The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd Thofe waters from me, which I would haue stop'd, But I had not so much of man in mee, And all my mother came into mine eyes, And gane me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not, For hearing this, I must perforce compound With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to. But heare, what new alarum is this fame?
The French have re-enforced their scattered men:
Then every foulARRIER kill his Prisoners,
Give the word through.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

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

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

Flu. I, hee was porne at Monmouth Captaine Gowert:

What call you the Townes name where Alexander the pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or 16 the grear, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnani-
mous, are all one reckonings, faue the phrafe is a little va-
riations.

Gower. I thinke Alexander the Great was borne in 20 Macedon, his Father was called Phillip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in Macedon where Alexander is porne.
The Life of Henry the Fift.  

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of [IV. 7] the Orld, I warrant you fall finde in the comparisons be-
tweene Macedon & Monmouth, that the situations looke
you, is both alike. There is a Riuier in Macedon, & there
is also moreover a Riuier at Monmouth, it is call'd Wye at
Monmouth: but it is out of my praines, what is the name of
the other Riuier: but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers
is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you
marke Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouthes life is
come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander God knowes, and you know, in his
rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and
his moodes, and his difieasures, and his indignations,
and also being a little intoxicates in his praines, did in his Ales and his anger (looke you) kill his best friend
Clytus.

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

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

Gow. Sir John Faljieffe.

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

Gow. Heere comes his Majestie.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon
with prisoners. Flourish.
King. I was not angry since I came to France, 
Vtruth this instant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou unto the Horfemen on yond hill:

If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field: they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as swift as ftones

Enforced from the old Affyrian flings:
Besides, wee'll cut the throats of thofe we haue,
And not a man of them that we fhall take,
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them fo.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

Glu. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowft thou not,
That I haue fin'd thofe bones of mine for ransome?

Com'st thou againe for ransome?

Her. No great King:
I come to thee for charitable License,
That we may wander oer this bloody field,

To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To fort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and foak'd in mercenary blood:

So do our vulgar drench their peafant limbs
In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heelees at their dead masters

Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.
The Life of Henry the First.

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

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God, and not our strength for it:

What is this Castle call'd that stands hard by.

Her. They call it Agincourt.

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

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't please your Maiestie) and your great Uncle Edward the Placke Prince of Wales, as I have read in the Chronicles, fought a most proue pattle here in France.

Kin. They did Fluellen.

Flu. Your Maiestie fayes very true: If your Maiesties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good service in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their Monmouth caps, which your Maiestie know to this houre is an honourable badge of the service: And I do beleue your Maiestie takes no scorne to weare the Lecke vpon S. Tauies day.

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

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot wash your Maiesties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleafe it, and preferue it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Maiestie too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Iethu, I am your Maiesties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will confesse it to all the Orld, I need not to be afhamed of your Maiesty, praified be God so long as your Maiesty is an honest man.
[IV. 7] King. Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

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

120 Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King.

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

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

Kin. An Englishman?

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

132 Kin. What thinke you Captaine Fluellen, is it fit this fouldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine elfe, and'nt please your Maiesty in my confcience.

136 King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great fort quite from the anfwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Temente as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himfelfe, it is neceffary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee be periu'rd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacke fawce, as euer his blacke shoo trodd vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my confcience law.

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

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

King. Who feru'ft thou vnder?

Wil.
The Life of Henry the Fift. [col. 1.

Will. Under Captaine Gower, my Liege.

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

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. Exit. 152

King. Here Fluellen, weare thou this fauour for me, and flieke it in thy Cappe: when Alanfon and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to Alanfon, and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do't me loue.

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

King. Know'st thou Gower?

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

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

Flu. I will fetch him. Exit. 168

King. My Lord of Warwick, and my Brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heeles.

The Gloue which I have given him for a fauour,

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

It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should

Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin Warwick:

If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;

Some sodaine mischief may arise of it:

For I doe know Fluellen valiant,

And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,

And quickly will returne an iniurie. 180

84
[IV. 7] Follow, and see there be no harme betwixt them.
Goe you with me, Vnkle of Exeter. 

Exeunt.

[IV. 8]

Enter Gower and Williams.
Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

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

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

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

Strikes him.

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


12 Will. Doe you thinke Ie be forfowrne?
Flu. Stand away Captaine Gower, I will gie Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.


Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

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

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

Enter King and Exeter.

24 King. How now, what's the matter?

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

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

Flu. Your Majesty heare now, fauing your Majesties Manhood, what an arrant rafcally, beggerly, lowlie Knave it is: I hope your Majesty is peare me testimonie and witneffe, and will aunouchment, that this is the Gloue of Alanfon, that your Majestie is giue me, in your Con-science now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier; Looke, heere is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promis'd it to strike, And thou haft giuen me most bitter termes.

Flu. And pleaie your Majesty, let his Neck anfwer for it, if there is any Marshall Law in the World.

King. How canft thou make me satisfaction?

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

King. It was our felfe thou diddf abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like your felfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witneffe the Night, your Garments, your Lowlineffe: and what your Highneffe fuffer'd vnder that shape, I befeech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you bee as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I befeech your Highneffe pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle Exeter, fill this Gloue with Crownes, And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
[IV. 8] And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,  
Till I doe challenge it. Give him the Crownes:  
And Captaine, you must needs be friends with him.  

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

68 Will. I will none of your Money.  

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

Enter Herald.  

King. Now Herald, are the dead numbered?  

Herald. Here is the number of the slauhtred French.  

76 King. What Prisoners of good sort are taken,  

Vnckle?  

Ere. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,  
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchiquald:  

80 Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,  

Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.  

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thousand French  
That in the field lye slaine: of Princes in this number,  

84 And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead  

One hundred twenty fix: added to these,  

Of Knights, Equeires, and gallant Gentlemen,  

Eight thousand and foure hundred: of the which,  

88 Fiue hundred were but yesterday dubb'd Knights.  

So that in these ten thousand they haue lost,  

There are but sixteene hundred Mercenaries:  

The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,  

And  

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And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.

The Names of thofe their Nobles that lye dead:

*Charles Delabreth*, High Constable of France,

*Jahues of Chatilion*, Admirall of France,

The Mater of the Croffe-bowes, *Lord Rambures,*

Great Mater of France, the braue *Sir Guichard Dolphin,*

*John Duke of Alansfon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,*

The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,

And *Edward Duke of Barr:* of luftie Earles,

*Grandpree and Rouffie, Fauconbridge and Foyes,*

*Beaumont and Marle, Vandemont and Leffrale.*

Here was a Royall fellowship of death.

Where is the number of our English dead?

*Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,*

Sir *Richard Kelly, Dany Gam Elquire;*

None else of name: and of all other men,

But fiue and twentie.

O God, thy Arme was heere:

And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,

Acribe we all: when, without stratagem,

But in plaine shock, and euern play of Battale,

Was euer knowne so great and little loffe?

On one part and on th'other, take it God,

For it is none but thine.

*Exet.* 'Tis wonderfull.

*King.* Come, goe me in proceffion to the Village:

And be it death proclaimed through our Hoaft,

To boast of this, or take that prayfe from God,

Which is his onely.

*Flu.* Is it not lawfull and pleaue your Maieftie, to tell

how many is kill'd?

*King.* Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for vs.
Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights:

Let there be fung Non nobis, and Te Deum,

The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:

And then to Callice, and to England then,

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

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to thofe that haue not read the Story,

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

I humbly pray them to admit th'excuse

Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,

Which cannot in their huge and proper life,

Be here presented. Now we beare the King

Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there feene,

Heauie him away vpon your winged thoughts,

Athwart the Sea: Behold the Engliſh beach

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

Whofe Shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,

Which like a mightie Whißler 'fore the King,

Scemes to prepare his way: So let him land,

And solemnly fee him fet on to London.

So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now

You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:

Where, that his Lords defire him, to haue borne

His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword

Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
The Life of Henry the Fift.

Being free from vain-nefle, and felfe-glorious pride;
Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Ofient,
Quite from himfelfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houfe of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in beft fort,
Like to the Senatorus of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians fwarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring Cæfar in:
As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Emprefle,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more caufe,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of Englands stay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what ever chanc't,
Till Harryes backe returne again to France:
There muft we bring him; and my felfe haue play'd
The interim, by remembリング you 'tis paft.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, fraight backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your
Leeke to day? S. Dauies day is paft.
Flu. There is occaions and caufes why and wherefore
[V. i] in all things: I will tell you affe my friend, Captaine Gower; the rascallly, scould, beggerly, lowifie, pragging Knaue Pifjoll, which you and your selfe, and all the World, know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no 8 merits: hee is come to me, and prings me pread and fault yesterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to weare it in my Cap till I see him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my defires.

Enter Pifjoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, dwelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his dwellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleffe you aunchient Pistoll:you scruuiie lowifie Knaue, God pleffe you.

Pifj. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou thirt, base Troian, to haue me fold vp Parcas fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmifh at the fmell of Leeke.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scruuiie lowifie Knaue, at my defires, and my requets, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; because, looke you, you doe not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would deire you to eate it.

Pifj. Not for Cadwallader and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. Strikes him.

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

Pifj. Bafe Troian, thou shalt dye.

Flu. You say very true, scould Knaue, when Gods will is: I will deire you to liue in the meane time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is sawce for it. You call'd me yesteray Mountaine-Squier, but I will make you
you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if [V. 1] you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gour. Enough Captaine, you haue astonisht him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eate some part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is 49 good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxcombe.

Pift. Muft I bite.

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

Pift. By this Leeke, I will moft horribly reuenge I eate and eate I fweare.

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

Pift. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou doft fee I eate.

Flu. Much good do you feald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your 52 broken Coxcombe; when you take occafions to see Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pift. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to 56 heale your pate.

Pift. Me a groat?

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

Pift. I take thy groat in earneft of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu' you, and keepe you, & heale 64 your pate.

Pift. All hell shall stirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpon an 68
honourable respect, and worn as a memorable Trophee
of predeceafed valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds
any of your words. I have seen you gleeking & galling
72 at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because
he could not speake English in the native garb, he could
not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it o-
therwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach
76 you a good English condition, fare ye well. 

Pij. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now?
Newes haue I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a malad-
y of France, and there my rendezous is quite cut off:
80 Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is
Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ie turne, and something lean to
Cut-purpie of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and
there Ile steale:
84 And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres,
And sware I got them in the Gallia warres. 

[V. 2] Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke,
and other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, 
the King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and
other French.

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

Fra. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, fairly met,
So are you Princes (English) every one.
The Life of Henry the Fift. [col. 2.

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

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

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

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

Great Kings of France and England: that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and strong endenors,
To bring your moft Imperiall Maiesties
Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;
Your Mightiness on both parts best can witneffe.

Since then my Office hath so farre preuayl'd,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You haue congreed: let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourfe of Arts, Plentyes, and joyfull Births,
Should not in this best Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put vp her lonely Vifage?
Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges even pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,  
Doth root upon; while that the Culter rufts,  
That should deracinate such Sauagery:

The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled Cowflip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,  
Wanting the Sythe, withall uncorrected, ranke;  
Conceives by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,

But hateful Docks, rough Thiftles, Kekfyes, Burres,  
Loosing both beautie and utilitie;  
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges  
Defective in their natures, grow to wildneffe.

Euen so our Houses, and our selves, and Children,  
Have loft, or doe not learne, for want of time,  
The Sciences that should become our Countrey;  
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,

That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,  
To Swearing, and sterile Lookes, defus’d Attyre,  
And every thing that seemes unnaturall.  
Which to reduce into our former favour,

You are assembled: and my speech entreats,  
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace  
Should not expell these incomencements,  
And blesse vs with her former qualities.

If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,  
Whose want giues growth to th’imperfections  
Which you have cited; you must buy that Peace  
With full accord to all our iust demands,

Whose Tenures and particular effects  
You have enshedul’d briefly in your hands.

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

Well then: the Peace which you before so vrg’d,  
Lyes in his Anfwer:
France. I have but with a curielarie eye
O’re-glanc’te the Articles : Pleafeth your Grace
To appoint some of your Connecell prefently
To fit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-furney them; we will suddenly
Paffe our accept and peremptorie Answer.

England. Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle Exeter,
And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucefier,
Warwick, and Huntington, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wildomes beft
Shall fee aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee’le configne thereto. Will you, faire Sifter,
Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?

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

England. Yet leave our Cousin Katherine here with vs,
She is our capittal Demand,compris’d
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles,

Quee. She hath good leave. Exeunt omnes.

Manet King and Katherine.

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

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

King. O faire Katherine, if you will love me foundly
with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-
feffe it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you

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[V. 2] like me, Kate?

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

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

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

Lady. Ouy verayment (sauf voitre Grace) ainsì dit il.

King. I said fo, deare Katherine, and I mufet not blush to affirme it.

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

King. What fayes the, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy,dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of de ceits: dat is de Princeffe.

King. The Princeffe is the better English-woman:
yfaith Kate, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou couldst, thou wouldst finde me such a plaine King, that thou wouldst thinke, I had fold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no ways to mince it in loue, but directly to say, I loue you; then if you verge me farther, then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Give me your anfwer, yfaith doe, and fo clap hands, and a bar-gaine: how fay you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf voitre honneur, me vnderstand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verles, or to Dance for your fake, Kate,why you vndid me: for the one I haue neither words nor meafure; and for the other, I haue no strenght in meafure, yet a reaonable meafure in strenght. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; vnder the correction of bragging be it fpoken, I should quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my
Loue, or bound my Horse for her favours, I could lay on [V. 2] like a Butcher, and fit like a Jack an Apes, never off. But before God Kate, I cannot looke greenely, nor gafpe out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I never vie till vrg'd, nor never breake for vrging. If thou canst loue a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth Sunne-burning? that never lookes in his Glasse, for loue of any thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst loue me for this, take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'st, deare Kate, take a fellow of plaine and uncouyned Constancie, for he perfecly must doe thee right, because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for these fellows of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselues into Ladies favours, they doe always reaon themselues out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will stoppe, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keepes his course truly. If thou would haue such a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what say'st thou then to my Loue? speake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I could loue de ennemie of France?

King. No, it is not possible you should loue the Enemie of France, Kate; but in louing me, you should loue the Friend of France: for I loue France so well, that I
The Life of Henry the Fift.

[V. 2] will not part with a Village of it: I will have it all mine:

176 and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours
is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell what is that.

King. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am
180 sure will hang upon my tongue, like a new-married Wife
about her Husband's Neck, hardly to be shook off; Je
quand sur le paffion de Franae, & quand vous aues le paf-
feon de moy. (Let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be
my speede) Donc votre est Fraunce, & vous eftes mienne.
It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the Kingdom, as to
speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in
French, unless it be to laugh at me.

184 Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, il
& melieux que l'Anglois le quel je parle.

King. No faith is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of
my Tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must
192 needs be granted to be much at one. But Kate, do not
thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love
mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

196 King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, Kate? He
aske them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night,
when you come into your Closet, you'll question this
Gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to
200 her d'ipraye those parts in me, that you love with your
heart: but good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather
gentle Prince, because I love thee cruelly. If euer thou
beest mine, Kate, as I have a failing Faith within me tells
204 me thou shalt; I get thee with skambling, and thou
must therefore needs prove a good Souldier-breeder:
Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint
George, compound a Boy, half French half English,

k
that shall goe to Constantinople, and take the Turke by [V. 2] the Beard. Shall wee not? what say'st thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: doe but now promise Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a Boy; and for my English moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How anfwer you, La plus belle Katherine du monde mon trefcher es deui 216 deffe?

Kath. Your Majeftee auce fainc Frenche enough to deceiue de moft fage Damoifeil dat is en France.

King. Now fye upon my talle French: by mine Honor 220 in true English, I loue thee Kate; by which Honor, I dare not sweare thou loueft me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo't; notwithstanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Vilage. Now befhrew my 224 Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a ftrubborne out-fide, with an aspect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladys, I fright them: but in faith Kate, the elder I wax, the better I fhall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more spoyle vpon my Face. Thou haft me, if thou haft me, at the worft; and thou fhalt weare me, if thou weare me, 232 better and better: and therefore tell me, moft faire Katherine, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Blufhes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Emprefle, take me by the hand, and fay, Harry of 236 England, I am thine: which Word thou fhalt no sooner bleffe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantaginet is thine; who, though I speake it before his 240
[V. 2] Face, if he be not Fellow with the best King, thou shalt finde the best King of Good-fellowes. Come your Answer in broken Mufick; for thy Voyce is Mufick, and thy English broken: Therefore Queene of all, Katherine, breake thy minde to me in broken English; wilt thou haue me?

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

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

Kath. Den it fall also content me.

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

Kath. Laiffe mon Seigneur, laiffe, laiffe, moy soy: Je ne veus point que vous abbaiffe votre grandeur, en baisant le main d'une nostre Seigneur indignes feruiteur excuse moy. Je vous supprie mon tref-puiffant Seigneur.

King. Then I will kiffe your Lippes, Kate.

Kath. Les Dames & Damoifels pour ejire baisée devant leur nœpese il net pas le costume de France.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what sayes shee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de fashon pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buse de Anglii.

King. To kiffe.

Lady. Your Maietee entendre lettre que moy.

King. It is not a fashion for the Maids in Fraunce to kiffe before they are married, would she say?

Lady. Ouy verayment.

King. O Kate, nice Cuftomes curie to great Kings. Deare Kate, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyft of a Countreyes fashon: wee are the makers of Manners, Kate; and the libertie that followes our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice fashion of your
Countrey, in denying me a Kisse: therefore patiently, [V. 2] and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, Kate: there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of 276 them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they shoulde sooner perfwade Harry of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God faue your Maieftie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princeffe English?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good English. 284

Burg. Is thee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: fo that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot fo coniure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likenefse.

Burg. Pardon the frankneffe of my mirth, if I anfwer you for that. If you would coniure in her, you must 292 make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true likenefse, hee muiit appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the Virgin Crimfon of Modeftie, if thee deny the apperance 296 of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing felle? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to configne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind 300 and enforces.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

324 England. Shall Kate be my Wife?

France. So plea\e you.

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

France. Wee haue contented to all tarmes of rea-

328 103

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

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

Exet. Onely
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Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your Maiestie demands, That the King of France having any occasion to write for matter of Graunt, shall name your Highness in this forme, and with this addition, in French: Noftre trescher filz Henry Roy d’Angleterre Heretere de Fraunce: and thus in Latine; Preciofìllimus Filius nofier Henricus Rex Angliae & Heres Franciae.

France. Nor this I have not Brother fo deny’d,
But your request shall make me let it passe. England. I pray you then, in love and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the rest,
And thereupon give me your Daughter.
France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayle vp
Iffue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
With envy of each others happineffe,
May ceafe their hatred; and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Chrifian-like accord
In their sweet Bosomes; that never Warre advance
His bleeding Sword ’twixt England and faire France.

Lords. Amen.

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

Flourish.

Quee. God, the best maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two,are one in love,
So be there ’twixt your Kingdomes such a Spoufall,
That never may ill Office, or fell Jealoufie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of bleffed Marriage,
Thruft in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purfu’d the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by fits the full courfe of their glory.
Small time: but in that small, most greatly lued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds beft Garden he atchiued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperial Lord.

Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown’d King
Of France and England, did this King succed:
Whose State fo many had the managing,
That they loft France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath flowne; and for their fake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

[Triangular tail-piece as generally inserted in original whenever sufficient space is left.]