The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

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

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter the two Bishops ofCanturbury and Ely.

Bish. Cant.
MY Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is urg'd,
Which in th'elevēth yere of [ye] last Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed against us past,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.
Bish.Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now?
Bish.Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against us,
We loose the better halfe of our Possession:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men devout
By Testament have given to the Church,
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill
Bish.Ely. This would drinke deepe.
Bish.Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.
Bish.Ely. But what prevention?

On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls
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 Puissance.
Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them,
Printing their prowd Hoofes i'th''receiving Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Jumping o're Times;
Turning th'accomplishment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glasse: for the which supplie,
Admit me Chorus *to this Historie;*
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to judge our Play. *Exit.*

Bish.Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.
Bish Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.
Bish Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him;
Leaving his body as a Paradise,
T'invelop and containe Celestiall Spirits.
Never was such a sodaine Scholler made:
Never came Reformation in a Flood,
With such a heady currance scowring faults:
Nor never *Hidra*-headed Wilfulnesse
So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.
Bish.Ely. We are blessed in the Change.
Bish Cant. Heare him but reason in Divinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires;
You would say, it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique.

Turn him to any Cause of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he speakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences;
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courses vaine,
His Companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His Houres fill'd up with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And never noted in him any studie,
Any retyrement, any sequestration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.
B.Ely. The Strawberry growes underneath the Nettle,
And holesome Berryes thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie:
And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation
Under the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night,
Unseen, yet cressive in his facultie.
B.Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast:
And therefore we must needes admit the meanes,
How things are perfected.
B.Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Urg'd by the Commons? doth his Majestie
Incline to it, or no?
B.Cant. He seemes indifferent:
Or rather swaying more upon our part.
Then cherishing th'exhibiters against us:
For I have made an offer to his Majestie,
Upon our Spirituall Convocation,
And in regard of Causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater Summe,
Then ever at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predecessors part withall.
B.Ely How did this offer seeme receiv'd, my Lord?
B.Cant. With good acceptance of his Majestie:
Save that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would faine have done,
The severalls and unhidden passages
Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriv'd from *Edward,* his great Grandfather.
B.Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?
B.Cant. The French Embassador upon that instnt
Crav'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To give him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?
B.Ely. It is.
B.Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie:
Which I would with a ready guesse declare,
Before the Frenchman speake a word of it.
B.Ely. Ile wait upon you and I long to heare it.
Exeunt.

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwicke, Westmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canturbury:
Exeter. Not here in presence.
*King.*Send for him, good Unckle.
Westm. Shall we call in th'Ambassador, my Liege?
King. Not yet, my Cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we heare him, of some things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter two Bishops.

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

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they have in France,
Or should or should not barre us in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding Soule,
With opening Titles miscreate, whose right
Sutes not in native colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
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 never two such Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops
Are every on a Woe, a sore Complaint,
'Gainst him, whose wrongs gives edge unto the Swords,
That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie.
Under this Conjuration, speake my Lord:
For we will heare,note, and beleeve in heart,
That what you speake is in your Conscience washt,
As pure as sinne with Baptisme.

B.Cant. Then heare me gracious Soveraign, & you Peers,
That owe your selves, your lives, and services,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond,*
In terram Salicum Mulieres ne succedaul.
No Woman shall succeed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the French unjustly gloze
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of his Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faitlfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elve:
Where *Charles* the Great having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certaine Franch:
Who, holding in disdaine the German Women,
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* (as I said) twext Elve and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meisen.*
Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
Was not devised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salike* Land,
Untill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
After defunction of King *Pharamond,*
Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie six: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the River Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred five. Besides, their Writers say,
King *Pepin,* which deposed *Childerike,*
Did as Heire Generall, being descended
Of *Blithild,* which was Daughter to King *Clothair,*
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurpt 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,
Convey'd homselfe as th'Heire to th'Lady *Lingare,*
Daughter to *Charlemaine,* who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: also King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was sole Heire to the Usurper *Capet,*
Could not keepe quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied,
That faire Queene *Isabel,* his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare,*
Daughter to *Charles* the foresaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
Was re-united to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France unto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold up this Salique Law,
To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female,
And rather chuse to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Usurpt from you and your Progenitors.
King. May I with right and conscience make this claim?
*Bish.Cant.*The sinne upon my head, dread Soveraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Descend unto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, unwind yur bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Ancestors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandsires Tombe,
From whom you clayme; invoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Unckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whils his most 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 puissant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you sit upon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprises.
Exe. Your brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;
West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and
So hath your Highnesse: never King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subjects,
Whose hearts have 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 never did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Ancestors.

King. We must not onely arme t'invade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Against the Scot, who will make roade upon us,
With all advantages.
Bish.Can. They of those Marches, gracious Soveraign,
Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.
King. We do not meane the coursing snatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:
For you shall reade, that my great Grandfather
Never wen with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his unfurnisht 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 shooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.
B.Can. She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe,
When all her Chevalrie hath been in France,
And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with prisoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse,
As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea
With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries.
Bish.Ely. But there's a saying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her unguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,
to tame and havocke more then she can eate.
Exet. It followes then, the Cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have lockes to safegard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeves.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'advised head defends it selfe at home:
For Government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like Musicke.
Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endevour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome.
They have a King, and Officers of sorts,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings,
Make boote upon the Summers Velvet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor :
Who busied in his Majesties surveyes
The singing Masons building roofes of Gold,
The civil Citizens kneading up the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heavy burthens at his narrow gate:

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

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

Enter Ambassadors of France.

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

Amb. May't please your Majistie to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off
The Dolphins meaning, and our Embassie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fettred in our prisons,
Therefore with franke and with uncurbed plainnesse,
Tell us the *Dolphins* minde.

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

King. What Treasure Uncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

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

That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd
With Chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o're us with our wilder dayes,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valew'd this poore seate of Englind,
And therefore living hence, did give our selfe
To barbarous license: As 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dolphin,* I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse,
When I do rowse me in my Throne of France.
For that I have layd by my Majestie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will rise there with so full a glorie,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
Yea strike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on us,
And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles into Gun-stones, and his soule
Shall stand sore charged, for the wastefull vengeance
That shall flye with them: for many a thousand widows
Shal this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands,
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe.
And some are yet ungotten and unborne,
That shal have cause to curse the *Dolphins* scorne.
But this lyes all within the wil of God,
To whome I do appeale, and in whose name
Tel you the *Dolphin,* I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the *Dolphin,*
His Jest will favour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry Message.

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

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

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

What

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

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall *Nym.*

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe.*

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

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

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

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my rest, that is the rendevous of it.

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

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

Enter Pistoll, & Quickly.

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

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

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

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing heere. *Nym.* Pish.

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

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

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

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile, The solus in thy most mervailous face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth. I do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Pistels* cocke is up, and flashing fire will follow.

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

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

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I say: Hee that strikes the first stroake, Ile run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate. Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give: Thy spirites are most tall.

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

Pistoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee again. O hound of Creet, think'st thou my spouse to get? No, to the spittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Cressids* kind, *Doll Teare-sheete,* she by name, and her espouse. I have, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickly* for the only shee: and *Pauca,* there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

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

Bard. Away you Rogue.

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

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

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

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

Pist. Base is the Slave that payes.

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

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

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

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

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

Pist. An Noble shalt thou have, and present pay, and Liquor likewise will I give to thee, and friendshippe shall combyne, and brotherood. Ile live by *Nymme, & Nymme* shall live by me, is not this just? For I shal Sutler be unto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Give mee thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my Noble?
Pist. In cash, most justly payd.
Nym, Well, then that the humor of't.
Enter Hostesse.
Host. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to sir *John:* A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.
Nym. The King hath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the even of it.
Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted and corroborate.
Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carreeres.
Pist. Let us condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will live.
Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland.
Bed. For God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegeance in their bosomes fate
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreeme not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he should for a forraigne purse, so sell
His Soveraignes life to death and treachery.
Sound Trumpets.
Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.
King. Now sits the winde faire, and we will aboord.
My Lord of *Cambridge,* and my kinde Lord of *Masham,*
And you my gentle Knight, give my your thoughts:
Thinke you not that the powres we beare with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we have in head assembled them.
Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.
King. I doubt not that, since we are all well perswaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
that growes not in a faire consent with ours:
Nor leave not one behinde, that doth not wish
Successe and Conquest to attend on us.
Cam. Never was Monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Then is your Majesty; there's not I thinke a subject
That sits in heart-greefe and uneasinesse
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Kni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies,
Have steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty, and of zeale.
King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulnes,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthinesse.
Scro. So service shall with steeled sinewes toyle
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant services.
King. We judge no lesse. Unkle of *Exeter,*
Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rayl'd against our person: We consider
It was excesse of Wine that set him on,
And on his more advice, We pardon him,
Scro. That's mercy, but too much security:
Lit him be punish'd Soveraigne, least example
Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind.
King. O let us yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir, you shew great mercy if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
King. Alas, your too much love and care of me,
Are heavy Orisons ‘gainst this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink’d at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew’d swallow’d, and digested,
Appeare before us? Wee’l yet inlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge, Scroope,* and *Gray,* in their deere care
And tender preservation of our person
Wold have him punish’d. And now to our French causes,
Who are the late Commissioners?
Cam. I one my Lord,
Your highnesse bad me aske for it to day.
Scro. So did you me my Liege.
Gray. And I my Royall Soveraigne.
King. Then *Richard* Earle od *Cambridge,* there is yours:
There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Masham,* and Sir Knight:
Gray of *Northumberland,* this same is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthinesse.
My Lord of *Westmerland,* and Unkle *Exeter,*
We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What see you in those papeers, that you loose
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That have so cowarded and chac’d your blood
Out of apparance.
Cam. I do confesse my fault,
And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy.
Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy that was quicke in us but late,
By your owne counsaile is supprest and kill’d:
You must not dare (for shame) to talke of mercy,
For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes,
As dogs upon their maisters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
These English monsters: My Lord of *Cambridge* here,
You know how apt our love was, to accord
To furnish with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conspir’d
And sworne unto the practises of France
To kill us heere in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no lesse for bounty bound to Us
Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O,
What shall I say to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
Ingratefull, savage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes,
That knew’st the very bottome of my soule,
That (almost) might’st have coyn’d me into Golde,
Would’st thou have practis’d on me, for thy use?
May it be possible, that forraigne hyer
Could out of thee extract one sparke of evill
That might annoy my finger? ‘Tis so strange,
That though the truth of it stands off as grosse
As blacke and white, my eye will scarsely see it.
Treason, and murther, ever kept together,
As two yoake divels sworne to eythers purpose,
Working so grossely in an naturall cause,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in
Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And

And other divels that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From glist'ring semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that same Daemon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vastie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can never win
A soule so easie as that Englishmans.
Oh, how hast thou with jealousie infected
The sweetnesse of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
Why so didst thou: seeme they grave and learned?
Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why so didst thou. Seeme they religious?
Why so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged judgement trusting neither,
Such and so finely boulted didst thou seeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and best indued
With some suspition, I will weepe for thee.
Gor this revolt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practises.

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

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

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

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

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

Gray. Never did faithful subject more rejoyce
At the discovery of most dangerous Treason,
Then I do at this houre joy ore my selfe,
Prevented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soveraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy. Heare your sentence
You have conspir'd against our Royall person,
Joyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyv'd the Golden Earnest of Our death:
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to servitude,
His Subject to oppression, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into desolation:
Touching our person, seeke we no revenge,
But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,
Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes
We do deliver you, Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miserable wretches) to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give

You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exit.*
Now Lords for France: the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But every Rubbe is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreymen: let us deliver
Our Puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre advance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Flourish.*

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

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

Pistoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. *Bardolph,* be blythe: *Nim,* rowse thy vauntin Veines: Boy, brissle thy Courage up: for *Falstaffe* hee is dead, and wee must erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresomeere hee is, eyther in Heaven, or in Hell.

Hostesse. Nay, sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs* Bosome, if ever man went to *Arthurs* Bosome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome Child: a parted ev'n just betweene Twelve and One, ev'n at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile upon his fingers end, I knwe there was but one way: for his Nose was as sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir *John* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times : now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with any such thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone: then I felt to his knees, and so up-peer'd, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim, they say he cryed out of Sack.

Hostesse. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hostesse. Nay, that a did not.

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

Woman. A could never abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he never lik'd.

Bo. A said once, the Devle would have him about Women.

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

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

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

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

Pist. Come, let's away. My Love, give me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moveables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caveto* bee thy Counsailor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let us to France, like Horse-

leeches

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

Boy. And that's but unwholsome food they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hostesse.

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

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

Hostesse. Farwell: adieu. *Exeunt*

Flourish

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

King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us,
And more then carefully it us concernes,
To answer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe.
It fits us then to be as provident,
As feare may reach us, 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 us 'gainst the Foe:
For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome,
(Though Ware nor no knowne Quarrel were in question)
But that Defences, Musters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us doe it with now shew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, shee is so idly King'd,
Her Scepter so phantastically borne,
By a vaine giddie shallow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.

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

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

King. Thinke we King *Harry* strong:
And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene flesht upon us:

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Embassadors from *Harry* King of England,
Doe crave admittance to your Majestie.

King. Weele give them present audience.
Goe, and bring them.
You see this Chase is hotly followed, friends.

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

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majestie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almightie,
That you devest your selfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heaven,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely the Crowne,
And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine
By Custome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Unto the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no sinister, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vanisht dayes,
Nor from the dust of old Oblivion rakt,
He sends you this most memorable Lyne,
In every Branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you over-looke this Pedegree:
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors,
Edward the third; he bids you then resigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the Native and true Challenger.

King. Or else what followes?

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

King. For

King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To morrow shall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.
Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Majestie;
Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it,
That Caves and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Trespas, and returene 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 Lover shake for it,
Were it the Mistresse Court of mightie Europe:
And be assur'd, you'le find a diff'rence,
As we his Subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener dayes,
And these he masters now: now he weighes Time
Even 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. Dispatch us with all speed, least that our King
Come here himselfe to question our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.
King. You shalbe soon dispatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse,
To answer matters of this consequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.
Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes,
In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppose, that you have seene
The well-appointed King at Dover Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his brave Fleet,
With silken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Upon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the shrill Whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'invisible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Bresting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You stand upon the Rivage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconstant Billowes dauncing:
For so appeares this Fleet Majesticall,
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this Navie,
And leave your England as dead Mid-night, still,
Guarded with Gandsires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther past, or not arriv'd to pyth and puissance:
For who is he, whose Chin is but inricht

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

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

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

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistoll, and Boy.

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

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

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

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

Pist. And

Pist. And I: If wishes would prevayle 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. Up to the breach, you Dogges; avaunt you Cullions.

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

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

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three Swashers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three such Antiques doe not amount to a man: for *Bardolph,* hee is white-liver'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Pistoll,* hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons: for *Nim,* hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the best men, and therefore hee scornes to say his Prayers, lest a should be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a never broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was against a Post, when he was drunke. They will steale any thing, and call it Purchase. *Bardolph* stole a Lute-case, bore it twelve Leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are sworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they stole a fire-shovell. I knew by that peece of Service, the men would carry Coales. They would have me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloves or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much against my Manhood, if I shoul take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting up of Wrongs. I must leave them, and seeke some better Service: their Villany goes against my weake stomacke, and therefore I must cast it up. *Exit.*

Ente Gower.

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

Flu. to the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is ot so good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the disciplines of the Warre; the concavities of it is not sufficient: for looke you, th'athversarie, you may discusse unto the Duke, looke you, is digt himselfe foure yard under the Countermines: by *Cheshu,* I thinke a will plowe up all, if there is not better directions.

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

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

Gower. I think it be.

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

Enter Mackmorrice, and Captaine Jamy.

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

Welch. Captine *Jamy* is a marvellous falorous Gentleman, tht is certain, and of great expedition and know-

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

Scot. I say gudday, Captaine *Fluellen.*

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

Gower. How now Captaine *Makmorrice,* have you quit the Mynes? have the Pioners given o're?

Irish. By Chrish Law tish ill done: the Worke ish give over, the Trompet sound the Retreat. By ny Hand I sweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke ish ill done: it ish give over: I would have blowed up the Towne, fo Chrish save me law, in an houre. O tish ill done, tish ill done: by my Hand tish ill done.

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

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

Irish. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to discourse, the Town is beseech'd: and the Trumpet call us to the breech, and we talke, and be Chrish do nothing, tis shame for us all: so God sa'me tis shame to stand still, it is shame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa'me law.

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

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice,* I thinke, looke you, under your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

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

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

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

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule faul. *A Parley.*

Vower. The Towne sounds a Parley.

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

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

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

There-

Therefore to our best mercy give your selves,
Or like to men prowd of destruction,
Defie us to our worst: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name tht in my thoughts becomes me best;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leave the halfe-atchieved Harflew,
Till in her ashes she lye buryed.
The Gates of Mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, shall raunge
With Conscience wide as Hell, mowing like Grasse
Your fresh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants.
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his smyrcht complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to wast and desolation?
What is't to me, when you your selves are cause,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can hold licentious Wickednesse,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootless spend our vaine Comamnd
Upon th'enraged Souldiers in their spoyle,
As send Precepts to the *Leviathan,* to come ashore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to see
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Desire the Locks of your shrill-shriking Daughters:
Your Fathers taken by the silver Beards,
And their most reverend Heads dasht to the Walls:
Your naked Infants spitted upon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles cofus'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 avoyd?
Or guiltie in defence, be thus destroy'd.

Enter Governour.

Gover. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returnes us, 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 us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Unckle *Exeter,*
Go you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
And fortifie it strongly 'gainst the Franch:
Use mercy to them all for us, deare Unckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sicknesse growing
Upon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Guest,
To morrow for the March are we addrest.

Flourish, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

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

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. Je te prie m'ensigniez, il faut que je apprent a parlen: Comient appelle vous le main en Anglais?

Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.

Kath De Hand.

Alice. E le doyts.

Kat. Le doyts, ma foy Je oublie, e doyt mais, je me [*souvenieray*] *le doyts je pense qu'ils ont applle de fingres, ou de fingres.*

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fingres, je pense que je suis le bon escholier.

Kath. J'ay gaynie diux mots d'Anglois vistement, coment appelle vous le ongles?

Alice. Le ogles, les appellons de Nayles.

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

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

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E de coudee.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Je men fay le repiticio de touts les mots que vous maves, apprins des a present.

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

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

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je men oublie d'Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton,

Alice. De Chin.

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

Alice. Oui. Sauf vostre honneur en veritie vous pronouncies les mots ausi droict, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

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

Alice. N'ave vos y defia oublie ce que ju vouse a ensignie.

Kath. Nome je recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sans vostre honeus d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainsin de je d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: coment ao pelle vous les pied & de roba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seignieur Dieu, il sont le mots de son mauvais corrutible grosse & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'user: Je ne voudray pronouncer ce mots devant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, so le Foot & le Count neant moys, Je recitera un autrefoys ma lecon ensembe, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent Madame.

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

Exit.

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

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

Const. And if he be not sought withall, my Lord,
Let us not live in France: let us quit all,
And give our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu vivant: Shall a few Sprayes of us,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and savage Stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the Clouds,
And over-looke their Grafters?
*Brit.*Normans, but bastart Normans, Norman bastards:
Mort du ma vie, if they march along
Unfought withall, but I will sell my Dukedome,

To

To buy a slobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-shotten Ile of Albion.
Const. Dieu de Battailes, where have they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can sodden Water,
A Drench for sur-reyn'd Jades, their Barly broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with Wine,
Seem frostie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let us not hang like roping Isyckles
Upon our Houses Thatch, whiles a more frostie People
Swear drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Native Lords.
Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at us, and plainely say
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will give
Their bodyes to the Lust of English Youth,
To new-store France with Bastard Warriors.
Brit. They bid us to the English Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Lavolta's* high, and swift *Carranto's,*
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are most loftie Run-awayes.
King. Where is *Montjoy* the Herald? speed him hence,
Let him greet England with our sharpe defiance.
Up Princes, and with spirit of Honor edged,
More sharper then your Swprds, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance, Burbon,* and of *Berry,*
Alanson, Brabant, Bar, and *Burgonie,*
Jaques Chattillion, Rambures, Vandemont,
Beaumont, Grand Pree, Roussi, and *Faulconbridge,*
Loys, Lestrale, Bouciquall, and *Charaloyes,*
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great shames:
Barre *Harry* England, that sweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Rush on his Hoast, as doth the melted Snow
Upon the Valleyes, whose low Vassall Seat,
The Alpes doth spit, and void his rhewme upon.
Goe downe upon him, you have Power enough,
And in a Captive Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Prisoner.
Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His Souldiers sick, and famisht in their March:
For I am sure, when he shall see our Army,
Hee'le deop his heart into the sinck of feare,
And for atchievement, offer us his ransome.
King. Therefore Lord Constable, hast on *Montjoy,*
And let him say to England, that we send,
To know what willing ransome he will give.
Prince *Dolphin*, you shall stay with us in Roan.
Dolph. Not so, I doe beseech your Majestie.
King. Be patient, for you shall remaine with us.
Now forth Lord Constable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring us word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

Ennter Captains, 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 committed 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, and my heart, and my dutie, and my live, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not, God be praysed and blessed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conscience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony,* and hee is a man of no estimation in the World, but I did see him doe as gallant service.

Gower. What doe you call him?

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

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pistoll.

Flu. Here is the man.

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

Flu. I, I prayse God, and I have merited some love at his hands.

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

Flu. By your patience, aunchent *Pistoll*: Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to signifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and shee is painted also with a Wheele, to signifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that shee is turning and inconstant, and mutabilitie, and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed 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.

Pist. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him for he hath stolne a Pax, and hanged must a be: a damned death: Let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe suffocate: but *Exeter* hath given 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 *Pistoll,* I doe partly understand your meaning.

Pist. 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 desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

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

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

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

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

Gower. Why 'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes tothe Warres, to grace himselfe at his returne into London, under the forme of a Souldier: and such fellowes are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Services were done; at such and such a Sconce, at such a Breach, at such a Convoy: who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what termes the Enemy stood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phrase of Warre; which they tricke

up

up with new-turned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower:* I doe perceive hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: 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 plesse your Majestie.

King. How now *Fluellen,* cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majestie: 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'athversarie was have possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Majestie, the Duke is a prave man.

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

Flu. The perdition of th'athversarie hath beene very great, reasonable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph,* if you Majestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lipps blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

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

Tucket. Enter Mountjoy.

Mountjoy. You know me by my habit.

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

Mountjoy. My Masters mind.

King Unfold it.

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

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.
Mount. Mountjoy.
King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much
Unto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sicknesse much infeebled,
My numbers lessen'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, upon one payer of English Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayer 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 worthlesse Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountjoy.*
Go bid thy Master well advise 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 Highnesse.
Glouc. I hope they will not come upon us now.
King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the River wee'le encampe our selves,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

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

Const. Tut, I have the best Armour of the World: would it were day.
Orleance. You have an excellent Armour: but let my Horse have his due.
Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.
Orleance. Will it never be Morning?
Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Constable, you talke of Horse and Armour?
Orleance. You are as well provided of both, as any Prince in the World.
Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treades but on foure postures: ch'ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: *Le Cheval volante*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de feu.* When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest horne of his foofe, 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 Beast for *Perseus:* hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water never appeare in him, but only in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horse, and all other Jades you may call Beasts.

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

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

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 deserved prayse on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a Soveraigne to reason on, and for a Soveraignes Soveraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to us, and unknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayse, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I have heard a Sonnet begin so to ones Mistresse.

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

Orleance. Your Mistresse beares well.

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

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

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Const. Mine was not bridled.

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

Const. You have good judgement in Horsemanship.

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

Const. I had as live have my Mistresse a Jade.

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

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

Dolph. Le chien est retourne a son propre vemissememt est la levye lance au bourbier: thou mak'st use of any thing.

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

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

Const. Starres my Lord.

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

Const. And yet my Sky shall not want.

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

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

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his desert. Will it never be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English Faces.

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

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

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

Dolph. 'Tis Mid-night, Ile go arme my selfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the English.

Const. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

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

Const. Sweare by her Foot, that she may rread out the Oath.

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

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

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

Canst. Nor will doe none to morrow: he will keepe that good name still.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

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

Orleance. What's hee?

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

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

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

Orleance. Ill will never sayd well.

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

Orleance. And I will take up that with, Give the Devill his due.

Const. Well plac't: there stands your friend for the Devill: have at the very eye of that Proverbe with, A Pox of the Devill.

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

Const. You have shot over.

Orleance. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord hign Constable, the English lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Const. Who hath measur'd the ground.

Mess. The Lord *Grandpree.*

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

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

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

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectual Armour, they could never weare such heavie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes veery valiant Creatures; their Mastiffes are of unmatchable courage

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

Const. Just, just: and the men doe sympathize with the Mastiffes, in robustious and rough comming on, leaving their Wits with their Wives: and then give them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolves, and fight like Devils.

Orleance. I,

Orleance. I, but these English are shrowdly out of 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 Wee shall have each a hundred English men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius

Chorus.

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

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

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

King. Gloster, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore should our Courage be.
God morrow Brother *Bedford:* God Almightie,
There is some soule of goodnesse in things evill,
Would men observingly distill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward Consciences,
And Preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dresse us fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Divell 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 love their present paines,
Upon example, so the Spirit is eased:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunct and dead before,
Breakd up their drowsie Grave and newly move
With casted slough, and fresh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas:* Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my Pavillion.
Gloster. We shall, my Liege.
Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?
King. No, my good Knight:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Bosome must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.
Erping. The Lord in Heaven blesse thee, Noble
Harry. *Exeunt.*
King: God a mercy old Heart, thou speak'st cheare-
fully. *Enter Pistoll.*
Pist. Che vous la?
King. A friend.
Pist. Discusse unto me, art thou Officer, or art thou
base, common, and popular?
King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.
Pist. Trayl'st thou the puissant Pyke?
King. Even so: what are you?
Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.
King. Then you are a better then the King.
Pist. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a
Lad of Life, and Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fift
most valiant: I kiss his durtie shooe, and from heart-
string I love the lovely Bully. What is thy Name?
King. Harry le Roy.
Pist. Le Roy? a Cornish Name: art thou of Cornish Crew?
King. No, I am a Welchman.
Pist. Know'st thou *Fluellen?*
King. Yes.
Pist. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate upon
S. *Davies* day.
King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe
that day, least he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?
King. And his Kinsman too.
Pist. The *Figo* for thee then.
King. I thanke you: God be with you.
Pist. My name is *Pistol* call'd. *Exit.*
King. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.
Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen.*
Flu. 'So, in the Name of Jesu Christ, speake fewer: it is the greatest admiration in the universall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogarives and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you shall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble ba-ble in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you shall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modestie of it, to be otherwise.
Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.
Flu. If the Enemie is an Asse and a Foole, and a pra-ting Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee should also, looke you, be an Asse and a Foole, and a prating Cox-combe, in your owne conscience now?
Gow. I will speake lower.
Flu. I pray you, and beseech you, that you will. *Exit.*
King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates,* is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?
Bates. I thinke it be: but wee have no great cause to desire the approach of day.
Williams. Wee see yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?
King. A Friend.
Williams. Under what Captaine serve you?
King. Under Sir *John Erpingham.*
Williams. A good old Commander, and a most kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our estate?
King. Even as men wrackt upon a Sand, that looke to be washt off the next Tyde.
Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?
King. No: nor it is not meet he should: for though I speake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet smells to him, as it doth to me; the Element shewes to him as it doth to me; all his Sences have but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Na-kednesse he appeares but a man; and thought his affecti-ons are higher mounted then ours, yet when they stoupe, they stoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he sees reason of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the same rellish as ours are: yet in reason, no man should possesse him with any appearance of feare; least hee, by shewing it, should dis-hearten his Army.
Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I beleeve as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wish him-selfe in Thames up to the Neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.
King. By my troth, I will speake my conscience of the

King: I thinke hee would not wish himselfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sute to be ransomed, and a many poore mens lives saved.

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

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then we 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 us.

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

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father sent about Merchandize, doe sinfully miscarry upon the Sea; the imputation of his wickednesse, by your rule, should be im posed upon his Father that sent him: or if a Servant, under his Masters command, treansporting a summe of Money, be assayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the businesse of the Master the author of the Servants damnation: but this is not so: The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Master of his Servant; for they purpose not their death, when the purpose their services. Besides, there is no King, be his Cause never so spotlesse, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all unsported Souldiers: some (peradventure) have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived Murther; some, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Perjurie; some, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that have before gored the gentle Bosome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if these men have defeated the Law, and outrunne Native 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 now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would bee false, they perish. Then if they dye unprovided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of those Impieties, for the which they are now visited. Every Subjects Dutie is the Kings, but every Subjects Soule is his owne. Therefore should every Souldier in the Warres doe as every sicke man in his Bed, wash every Moth out of his Conscience: and dying so, Death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gayned: and in him that escapes, it were not sinne to thinke, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day, to see his Greatnesse, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis

Eill. ‘Tis certaine, every man that dyes ill, the ill upon his owne head, the King is not to answer it

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

King. I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom’d.

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

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

Will. You pay him then: that’s a perillous shot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a private displeasure can doe a gainst a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to ice, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks feather: You’le never trust his word after; come, ‘tis a foolish saying.

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

Will. Let it be a Quarrell betweene us, if you live.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee againe?

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

Will. Heere’s my Glove: Give mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I also weare in my Cap: if ever thou come to me, and say, after to morrow, This is my Glove, by this Hand I will take the a box on the eare.

King. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar’st as well be hang’d.

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

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you English fooles, be friends, wee have 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 us, for they beare them on their shoulders: but it is no Engliah Treason to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himselfe will be a Clipper.

Upon the king, let us oure Lives, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wives,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We must beare all.
O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatnesse,
Subject to the breath of every foole, whose sence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
What infinite hearts-ease must Kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have Kings, that Privates have not too,
Save Ceremonie, save generall Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?
What kind of God art thou? that suffer’st more
of mortall griefes, then doe thy worshippers.
What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?
O Ceremonie, shew me but thy worth.
What? is thy Soule of Odoration?
Art thou ought else but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?
Wherein thou art lesse happy, being fear’d,
Then they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, in stead of Homage sweet,
But poison'd flatterie? O, be sick, great Greatnesse,
And bid thy Ceremonie give thee cure.
Thinks thou the fierie Fever will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou conmmand'st the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou prowd Dreame,
That play'st so subtilly with a Kings Repose.
I am a King that finde thee: and I know
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Mase, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tissued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The farsed Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he sits on: not the Tyed of Pompe,
That beates upon the high shore of this World:
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;
Not all these, lay'd in Bed Majesticall,
Can sleepe so soundly, as the wretched Slave:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressfull bread,
Never sees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Rise to Set,
Sweates in the eye of *Phebus;* and all Night
Sleepes in *Elizium:* next day after dawne,
Doth rise and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horse,
And followes so the ever-running yeere
With provitable labour to his Grave:
And but for Ceremonie, such a Wretch,
Winding up Dayes with toyle, and Nights with sleepe,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slave, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
Enjoyes it; but in grosse braine little wots,
What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
Whose howres, the Pesant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

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.

Erp. I shall doo't my Lord. *Exit.*

King. O God of Battailes, steele my Souldiers hearts,
Possesse them not with feare: Take from them now
The sence of reckning of th'oppoesd numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not upon the fault
My Father made, in compassing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body have interred new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poore I have in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Towared Heaven, to pardon blood:
And I have built two Chauntries,
Where the sad and solemne Priests sing still
For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Aince that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Gloucester.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Gloucesters* voyce? I:
I know thy errend, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.

Exeunt.

Enter the Dolphin,Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

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

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

Orleance. O brave Spirit.

Dolph. Via les ewes & terre.

Orleance. Rien puis le air & feu.

Dolph. Cien, Cousin *Orleance.* *Enter Constable.* Now my Lord Constable?

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

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

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

Enter Messenger.

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

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

Enter Graundpree.

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

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

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

And give their fasting Horses Provender,
And after fight with them?
Const. I stay but for my Guard: on
To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away,
The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*

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

Glouc. Where is the King?
Bedf. The King himselfe is rode to view their Battaile.
West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.
Exe. There's five to one, besides they are all fresh.
Salisb. Gods Arme strike with us, 'tis a fearefull oddes.
God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in Heaven;
Then joyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford,
My deare Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter.
And my kind Kinsman, Warriors all, adieu.
Bedf. Farwell good *Salisbury,* & good luck go with thee:
And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.
Exe. Farewell Kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.
Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of kindnesse,
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

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

Harry

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 accurst they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
That fought with us upon Saint *Crispines* day.

Enter Salisbury.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

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

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

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

And time hath worne us into slovenrie.
But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of service. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then
Will soone be levyed.
Herauld, save thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
They shall have none, I swere, but these my joynts:
Which if they have, as I will leave [vm] them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable.
Mont. I shall, King *Harry.* And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt heare Herauld 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 Vaward.
King. Take it, brave *Yorke.*
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day, *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excursions.
Enter Pistoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Pist. Yeeld Curre.
French. Il pense que vous estes le Gentilhome de bon qualitee.
Pist. Qualitie calmie custure me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? discusse.
French. O Seigneur Dieu.
Pist. O Signieur Dewe should be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyest on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe give to me egregious Ransome.
French. O prennes misericordie aye pitez de moy.
Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out ar thy Throat, in droppes of Crimson blood.
French. Est il impossible d'eschapper le force de ton bras.
Pist. Brasse, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'st me Brasse?
French. O perdonne moy.
Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this slave in French what is his Name.
Boy. Escoute comment estes vous appelle?
French. Mounsieur le Fer.
Boy. He sayes his Name is M. *Fer.*
Pist. M. *Fer.* Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: discusse the same in French unto him.
Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.
Pist. 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 prest, car ce soldat icy est disposee tout asture de couppes vostre gorge.
Pist. Owy, cuppele, gorge permafoy pesant, unlesse thou give me Crownes, brave Crownes; or mangled shalt thou be by this my Sword.
French. O Je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma pardonner, Je suis le Gentilhome de bon maison, garde ma vie, & Je vous donneray deux cent ecus.
Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He

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

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

Fren. Petit Monsieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contra son lurement, de pardonner aucune prisonner: neant-mons pour les escues que vous layt a promets, il est content a vous donnes le libertie de franchisement.

Fre. Sur mes genous se vous donnes milles remercious, et Je me estime heurex que Je intombe, entre les maine, d'un Chevalier Je pense le plus brave valiant et tres distinie signieur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me boy.

Boy. He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and he esteemes himself happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the most brave, valorous and thrice-worthy signeur of England.

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

Boy. Saave vous le grand Capitaine?

I did never know so full a voyce issue from so emptie a heart: but the saying is true, The empty vessel makes the greatest sound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring divell i'th olde play, that every one may payre his nayles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and so would this be, if hee durst steale any thing adventurously. I must stay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might have a good pray of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*

Enter Constable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diable.

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

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,
Reproach, and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our Plumes. *A short Alarum.*
O meschante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

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

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

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

Con. Disorder that hath spoyl'd us, friend us now,
Let us on heapes go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enow yet living in the Field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

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

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

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

Exe. The D. of York commends hom to your Majesty

King. Lives he good Unckle: thrice within this houre
I saw him downe; thrice up againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the spurre, all blood he was.
Exe. In which array (brave Soleier) 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, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawne upon his face.
He cryes aloud; Tarry my Cosin Suffolke,
My soule shall thine keepe company to heaven:
Tarry (sweet soule) for mine, then flye a-brest:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chivalrie.
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up,
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, sayes: Deere my Lord,
Commend my service to my Soveraigne.
So did he turne, and over Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and kist his lippes,
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A Testament of Noble-ending-love:
The prettie and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stop'd,
But I had not so much of man in mee,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to teares.
King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mixtfull eyes, or they will issue to. *Alarum.*
But hearke, what new alarum is this same?
The French have re-enforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then every souldiour kill his Prisoners,
Give the word through. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expressely against the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knavery marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conscience now, is it not?
Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alive, and the Cowardly Rascalls that ranne from the battaile ha'done this slaughter: besides they have burned and carried a-was all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King most worthily hath caus'd every soldiour to cut his prisoners throat. O'tis a gallant King.
Flu. I, hee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower:* What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig was borne?
Gow. Alexander the Great.
Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the [grear], or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, all are one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.
Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon,* his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon,* as I take it.
Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porne.

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

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he never kill'd any of his friends.

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

Gow. Sir *John Falstaffe.*

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

Gow. Heere comes his Majesty.

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

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

Enter Montjoy.

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

Glou. His eyes are humbler then they us'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowst thou not,
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransome?
Com'st thou againe for ransome?

Her. No greaat King:
I come to thee for charitable License,
That we may wander ore this bloody field
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To sort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded steeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

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

Her. The day is yours.

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

Her. They call it *Agincourt.*

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

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

Kin. They did *Fluellen.*

Flu. Your Majesty sayes very true: If your Majesties is remembred of it the Welchmen did good service in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Majesty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the service: And I do beleeve your Majesty takes no scorne to weare the Leeke uppon S. Tavies 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 Majesties Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God plesse it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his Grace, and his Majesty too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

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

King. Good keepe me so.

Enter Williams.

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

Exe. Souldier, you must come to the King.

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

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

Kin. An Englishman?

Wil. And't please your Majesty, a Rascall that swagger'd with me last night: who if alive, and ever dare to challenge this Glove, I have sworne to take him a boxe a'th ere: of if I can see my Glove in his cappe, which he swore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if alive) I wil strike it out soundly.

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

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

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

Flu. Though he be as good a Jentleman as the divel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himselfe, it is necessary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee be perjur'd (see you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a Jacke sawce, as ever his blacke shoo trodd upon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conscience law

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

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

King. Who serv'st thou under?

Wil.

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.*

King. Here *Fluellen,* weare thou this favour for me, and sticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanson* and my selfe were downe together, I pluckt this Glove from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanson,* and an enemy to our Person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, and thou do'st me love.

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

King. Know'st thou *Gower?*

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

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

Flu. I will fetch him. *Exit.*

King. My Lord of *Warwick,* and my Brother *Gloster,*
Follow *Fluellen* closely at the heeles.
The Glove which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box a'th'eare.
It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine should
Weare it my selfe. Follow good Cousin *Warwick:*
If that the Souldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearin, he will keepe his word;
Some sodaine mischiefe may arise of it:
For I do know *Fluellen* valiant,
And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will returne an injurie.
Follow, and see there be no harme betweene them.
Goe you with me, Unckle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

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

Will. Sir, know you this Glove?

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

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

Strikes him.

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

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forsworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower,* I will give Treason his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

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

Enter Warwicke and Gloucester.

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

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, praysed be God for it, a most contagious Treason come to light, looke you, as you shall desire in a Summers day. Heere is his Majestie. *Enter King and Exeter.*

King. How now, what's the matter?

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

your Majistie is take out of the Helmet of *Alan-*
son.

Will. My Liege, this was my Glove, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gave 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 Glove in his Cappe, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majestie heare now, saving your Majesties Manhood, what an arrant rascally, beggerly, lowsie Knave it is: I hope your Majestie is peare me testimonie and withesse, and will avouchment, that this is the Glove of *Alanson,* that your Majestie is give me, in your Conscience now.

King. Give me thy Glove Souldier;
Looke, heere is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,
And thou hast given me most bitter termes.

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

King. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

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

King. It was our selfe thou didst abuse.

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

King. Here Unckle *Exeter,* fill this Glove with Crownes,
And give it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
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 mettell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

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

Enter Herauld.

King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

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

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

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

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

And

And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
The Names of those their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France,
Jacques of Chatilion, Admirall of France,
The Master of the Crosse-bowes, Lord *Rambures,*
Great Master of France, the brave Sir *Guichard Dolphin,*
John Duke of Alanson, *Anthonie* Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
and *Edward* Duke of Barr: of lustie Earles,
Grandpree and *Roussie, Fauconbridge* and *Foyes,*
Beaumont and *Marle, Vandemont* and *Lestrale.*
Here was a Royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly, Davy Gam* Esquite;
None else of name: and of all other men,
But five and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to us, but to thy Arme alone,
Ascribe we all: when, without strategem,
But in plaine shock, and even play of Battaile,
Was ever knowne so great and little losse?
On one part and oth th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.
Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.
King. Come, goe me in procession to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoast,
To boast of this, or take that prayse from God,
Which is his onely.
Flu. Is it not lawfull and please your Majestie, to tell how many is kill'd?
King, Yes, Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.
Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.
King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be sung *Non nobis,* and *Te Deum,*
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriv'd more happy men.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit 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 seene,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wives, and Boyes,
Whose shouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath Thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,

Being free from vain-nesse, and selfe-glorious pride;
Giving full Trophee, Signall, and Ostent,
Quite from himselfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-house of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in best sort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians swarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Caesar* in:
As by a lower, but by loving likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empresse,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this *Harry.* Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
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 againe to France:
There must we bring him; and my selfe have play'd
The *interim,* by remembring you 'tis past.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight backe againe to France.
Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

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

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

Enter Pistoll.

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

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God plesse you aunchient *Pistoll:* you scurvie low-sie Knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlam? doest thou trhift, base Trojan, to have me fold up *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvie lowsie Knave, at my desires, and my requests, 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 desire you to eate it.

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

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

Pist. Base, Trojan, thou shalt dye.

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

you

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

Gour. Enough Captaine, you have astonish't him.

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

Pist. Must I bite.

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

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

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

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

Flu. Much good do you scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see Leekes hereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Pist. Good.

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

Pist. Me a groat?

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

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

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

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knave, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began uppon an honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophee of predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words. I have seene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the native garb he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Pist. Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now? Newes have I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendevous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to Cut-purse of quicke hand: To England will I steale, and there Ile steale:
And patches will I get unto these cudgeld scarres,
And swore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

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

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

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

Quee. So happy be the Issue brother [Ireland]
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto have borne
In them against the French that met them in their bent,
The fatall Balls of murthering Basiliskes:
The venome of such Lookes we fairely hope
Have lost their qualitie, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quarrels into love.
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 love.
Great Kings of France and England: that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and strong endevors,
To bring your most Imperiall Majesties
Unto this Barre, and Royall enterview;
Your Mightinesse on both parts best can withesse.
Since then my Office hath so farre prevayl'd,
That Face to Face, and Royal Eye to Eye,
You have congreeted: let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourse of Arts, Plentyes, and joyfull Births,
Should not in this best Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely Visage?
Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Unpruned, dyes: her Hedges even pleach'd,
Like Prisoners wildly over-growne with hayre,
Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
Doth root upon; while that the Culter rusts,
That should deracinate such Savagery:
The even Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clover,
Wanting the Sythe, withall uncorrected, ranke;
Conceives by idlenesse, and nothing teemes,
But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes, Burres,
Loosing both beautie and utilitie;-
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildnesse.
Even so our Houses, and our selves, and Children,
Have lost, or doe not learne, for want of time,
The Sciences that should become our Countrey;
But grow like Savages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
And every thing that seemes unaturall.
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 inconveniences,
And blesse us with her former qualities.
Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whose want gives growth to th'imperfections
Which you have cited; you must buy that Peace
With full accord to all our just demands,
Whose Tenures and particular effects
You have enschedul'd briefely in your hands.
Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet,
There is no Answer made.
Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before so urg'd,
Lyes in his Answer.

France. I

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

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

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

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

Quee. She hath good leave. *Exuent omnes.*

Manet King and Katherine.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lady. Ouy verayment (sauf vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.

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

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

King. What sayes she, faire one? tht the tongues of men are full of deceits.

Lady, Ouy, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princesse.

King. The Princesse is the better English-woman: yfaith *Kate,* my wooing is fit for thy understanding, I am glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that thou wouldst thinke, I had sold my Farme to by my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in love, but directly to say, I love you; then if you urge me farther, then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Give me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bargaine: how say you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf vostre honeur, me understand well.

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

Love, or bound my Horse for her favours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and sit like a Jack an Apes, never off. But before God *Kate,* I cannot looke greenely, nor gaspe out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I never use till urg'd, nor never breake for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, *Kate,* whose face is not worth Sunne-burning? that never lookes in his Glasse, for love of any thing he sees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I speake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me? if not? to say to thee that I shall dye, is true; but for thy love, by the L. No: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, deare *Kate,* take a fellow of plaine and uncoyned Constancie, for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for these fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themselves into Ladyes favours, they doe alwayes reason themselves out againe. What? a speaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a strait Backe will stoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, Kate, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keepes his course truly. If thou would have 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 Love? speake my faire and fairely, I pray thee.

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

King. No, it is not possible you should love the Enemie of France, *Kate;* but in loving me, you should love the Friend of France: for I love France so well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will have it all mine: and *Kate,*when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No *Kate?* I will tell thee in French which I am sure will hang upon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be shooke off; *Je quand sur le possession de Fraunce, & quand vous aves le possession de moy.* (Let me see, what then) Saint *Dennis* bee my speede) *Donc vostre est Fraunce, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easie for me, *Kate,* to conquer the Kingdome, as to speake so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unlesse it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf vostre honeur, Le Francois ques vous parleis, il & melieus que l Anglais le quel Je parle.

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

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate?* Ile aske them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your Closet, you'le question this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate,* you will to her disprayse those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but good Kate, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princesse, because I love the cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, *Kate,* as I have a saving Faith within me tells me thou shalt; I get the with skambling, and thou must therefore needes prove a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint *George,* compound a Boy, half French halfe English,

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

Kate. I doe not know dat.

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

Kath. Your Majestee ave saufe Frenche enough to deceive de most saged Damoiseil dat is in Fraunce.

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

King. Upon tht I kisse your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

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

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

Kath. Les Dames & Damoisels pour estre baises devant leur nopcese il net pas le costume de Fraunce.

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 buisse en Anglish.

King. To kisse.

Lady. Your Majestee *entendre bettre que moy.*

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

Lady. Ouy verayment.

King. O *Kate.* nice Customes [cursie] to great Kings. Deare *Kate,* you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyst of a Countreyes fashion: wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate;* and the libertie that followes our Places, stoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your

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

Enter the French Power, and the English Lords.

Burg. God save your Majestie, my Royall Cousin, teach you our Princesse English?

King. I would have her learne, my faire Cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is shee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not smooth: so that having neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot so conjure up the Spirit of Love in her, that hee will appeare in his true likenesse.

Burg. Pardon the franknesse of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a Circle: if conjure up Love in her in his true likenesse, hee must appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd over with the Virgin Crimson of Modestie, if shee deny the apparance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked seeing selfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to consigne to.

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

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

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

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

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

Burg. As Love is my Lord, before it loves.

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

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

*England.*Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So please you.

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

France. Wee have consented to all tearmes of reason.

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

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

Exet. Onely

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

France. Nor this I have not Brother so 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 rayse up
Issue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whose very shoares looke pale,
With envy of each others happinesse,
May cease their hatred; and this deare Conjunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Christian-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 witnesse all,
That here I kisse her as ny Soveraigne 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 Spousall,
That never may ill Office, of fell Jealousie,

Which troubles oft the Bed of blessed Marriage,
Thrust in betweene the Pation of these Kingdomes,
To make divorce of their incorporate League:
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speake thus Amen.
All. Amen.
King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for surety of our Leagues.
Then shall I sweare to *Kate,* and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and prosp'rous be.
Senet. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

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

F I N I S.