
The Life of King
HENRY V
By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

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Epilogue

From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exist to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By **Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine**

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for

example, from *Henry V*: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

Henry V begins at the English court, where the young king is persuaded that he has a claim to the throne of France. When the French dauphin, or heir apparent, insults him by sending him tennis balls, Henry launches his military expedition to France.

Before departing, Henry learns that three of his nobles have betrayed him, and he orders their execution. Meanwhile, his old tavern companions grieve over Sir John Falstaff's death, and then leave for France.

Henry and his army lay siege to the French town of Harfleur, which surrenders. The Princess of France, Katherine, starts to learn English, but the French nobles are sure of success against Henry. Instead, Henry's forces win a great victory at Agincourt.

After a brief return to England, Henry comes back to France to claim his rights and to set up his marriage to Princess Katherine. The play's epilogue points out that Henry will die young and that England will as a result lose most of his French territories.

Characters in the Play

CHORUS

HENRY V, KING OF ENGLAND

THOMAS, DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King

HUMPHREY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER
JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD
THOMAS, DUKE OF CLARENCE

} *brothers to the King*

DUKE OF YORK
EARL OF WESTMORELAND
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE

} *cousins to the King*

EARL OF WARWICK
EARL OF SALISBURY
EARL OF HUNTINGTON
LORD SCROOP OF MASHAM
SIR THOMAS GREY

} *English nobles*

HOSTESS QUICKLY

PISTOL
NYM
BARDOLPH

} *former companions of Henry, now in his army*

BOY, their servant

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM
CAPTAIN FLUELLEN
CAPTAIN GOWER
CAPTAIN MACMORRIS
CAPTAIN JAMY

} *officers in Henry's army*

English heralds

JOHN BATES
ALEXANDER COURT
MICHAEL WILLIAMS

} *soldiers in Henry's army*

BISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BISHOP OF ELY

KING OF FRANCE

QUEEN ISABEL OF FRANCE

KATHERINE, Princess of France

ALICE, a gentlewoman attending on Katherine

DAUPHIN (i.e., Prince) of France

DUKE OF BERRI

DUKE OF BRITTANY	}	<i>French nobles</i>
DUKE OF ORÉANS		
DUKE OF BOURBON		
DUKE OF BURGUNDY		
CONSTABLE OF FRANCE		
LORD GRANDPRÉ		
LORD RAMBURES		
LORD BEAUMONT		

MONTJOY, French herald
French ambassadors to England

MONSIEUR LE FER, a French soldier

Governor of Harfleur

Lords, Attendants, Soldiers, French Prisoners, Messengers

PROLOGUE

Enter 「Chorus as」 Prologue.

「CHORUS」

FTLN 0001	O, for a muse of fire that would ascend	
FTLN 0002	The brightest heaven of invention!	
FTLN 0003	A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,	
FTLN 0004	And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!	
FTLN 0005	Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,	5
FTLN 0006	Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,	
FTLN 0007	Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and	
FTLN 0008	fire	
FTLN 0009	Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,	
FTLN 0010	The flat unraisèd spirits that hath dared	10
FTLN 0011	On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth	
FTLN 0012	So great an object. Can this cockpit hold	
FTLN 0013	The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram	
FTLN 0014	Within this wooden O the very casques	
FTLN 0015	That did affright the air at Agincourt?	15
FTLN 0016	O pardon, since a crookèd figure may	
FTLN 0017	Attest in little place a million,	
FTLN 0018	And let us, ciphers to this great account,	
FTLN 0019	On your imaginary forces work.	
FTLN 0020	Suppose within the girdle of these walls	20
FTLN 0021	Are now confined two mighty monarchies,	
FTLN 0022	Whose high uprearèd and abutting fronts	

FTLN 0023	The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.	
FTLN 0024	Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.	
FTLN 0025	Into a thousand parts divide one man,	25
FTLN 0026	And make imaginary puissance.	
FTLN 0027	Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them	
FTLN 0028	Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth,	
FTLN 0029	For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our	
FTLN 0030	kings,	30
FTLN 0031	Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,	
FTLN 0032	Turning th' accomplishment of many years	
FTLN 0033	Into an hourglass; for the which supply,	
FTLN 0034	Admit me chorus to this history,	
FTLN 0035	Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray	35
FTLN 0036	Gently to hear, kindly to judge our play.	

He exits.

ACT 1

Scene 1

Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely.

BISHOP OF CANTERBURY

FTLN 0037 My lord, I'll tell you that self bill is urged
FTLN 0038 Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
FTLN 0039 Was like, and had indeed against us passed
FTLN 0040 But that the scrambling and unquiet time
FTLN 0041 Did push it out of farther question. 5

BISHOP OF ELY

FTLN 0042 But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

BISHOP OF CANTERBURY

FTLN 0043 It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
FTLN 0044 We lose the better half of our possession,
FTLN 0045 For all the temporal lands which men devout
FTLN 0046 By testament have given to the Church 10
FTLN 0047 Would they strip from us, being valued thus:
FTLN 0048 "As much as would maintain, to the King's honor,
FTLN 0049 Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
FTLN 0050 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
FTLN 0051 And, to relief of lazars and weak age 15
FTLN 0052 Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
FTLN 0053 A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
FTLN 0054 And to the coffers of the King besides,
FTLN 0055 A thousand pounds by th' year." Thus runs the bill.

	BISHOP OF ELY	
FTLN 0056	This would drink deep.	20
FTLN 0057	BISHOP OF CANTERBURY 'Twould drink the cup and	
FTLN 0058	all.	
FTLN 0059	BISHOP OF ELY But what prevention?	
	BISHOP OF CANTERBURY	
FTLN 0060	The King is full of grace and fair regard.	
	BISHOP OF ELY	
FTLN 0061	And a true lover of the holy Church.	25
	BISHOP OF CANTERBURY	
FTLN 0062	The courses of his youth promised it not.	
FTLN 0063	The breath no sooner left his father's body	
FTLN 0064	But that his wildness, mortified in him,	
FTLN 0065	Seemed to die too. Yea, at that very moment	
FTLN 0066	Consideration like an angel came	30
FTLN 0067	And whipped th' offending Adam out of him,	
FTLN 0068	Leaving his body as a paradise	
FTLN 0069	T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.	
FTLN 0070	Never was such a sudden scholar made,	
FTLN 0071	Never came reformation in a flood	35
FTLN 0072	With such a heady currance scouring faults,	
FTLN 0073	Nor never Hydra-headed willfulness	
FTLN 0074	So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,	
FTLN 0075	As in this king.	
FTLN 0076	BISHOP OF ELY We are blessèd in the change.	40
	BISHOP OF CANTERBURY	
FTLN 0077	Hear him but reason in divinity	
FTLN 0078	And, all-admiring, with an inward wish	
FTLN 0079	You would desire the King were made a prelate;	
FTLN 0080	Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,	
FTLN 0081	You would say it hath been all in all his study;	45
FTLN 0082	List his discourse of war, and you shall hear	
FTLN 0083	A fearful battle rendered you in music;	
FTLN 0084	Turn him to any cause of policy,	
FTLN 0085	The Gordian knot of it he will unloose	
FTLN 0086	Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,	50

FTLN 0087	The air, a chartered libertine, is still,	
FTLN 0088	And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears	
FTLN 0089	To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;	
FTLN 0090	So that the art and practic part of life	
FTLN 0091	Must be the mistress to this theoric;	55
FTLN 0092	Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,	
FTLN 0093	Since his addiction was to courses vain,	
FTLN 0094	His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow,	
FTLN 0095	His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports,	
FTLN 0096	And never noted in him any study,	60
FTLN 0097	Any retirement, any sequestration	
FTLN 0098	From open haunts and popularity.	
	BISHOP OF ELY	
FTLN 0099	The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,	
FTLN 0100	And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best	
FTLN 0101	Neighbored by fruit of baser quality;	65
FTLN 0102	And so the Prince obscured his contemplation	
FTLN 0103	Under the veil of wildness, which, no doubt,	
FTLN 0104	Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,	
FTLN 0105	Unseen yet crescive in his faculty.	
	BISHOP OF CANTERBURY	
FTLN 0106	It must be so, for miracles are ceased,	70
FTLN 0107	And therefore we must needs admit the means	
FTLN 0108	How things are perfected.	
FTLN 0109	BISHOP OF ELY But, my good lord,	
FTLN 0110	How now for mitigation of this bill	
FTLN 0111	Urged by the Commons? Doth his Majesty	75
FTLN 0112	Incline to it or no?	
FTLN 0113	BISHOP OF CANTERBURY He seems indifferent,	
FTLN 0114	Or rather swaying more upon our part	
FTLN 0115	Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us;	
FTLN 0116	For I have made an offer to his Majesty—	80
FTLN 0117	Upon our spiritual convocation	
FTLN 0118	And in regard of causes now in hand,	
FTLN 0119	Which I have opened to his Grace at large,	
FTLN 0120	As touching France—to give a greater sum	

FTLN 0121 Than ever at one time the clergy yet 85
 FTLN 0122 Did to his predecessors part withal.
 BISHOP OF ELY
 FTLN 0123 How did this offer seem received, my lord?
 BISHOP OF CANTERBURY
 FTLN 0124 With good acceptance of his Majesty—
 FTLN 0125 Save that there was not time enough to hear,
 FTLN 0126 As I perceived his Grace would fain have done, 90
 FTLN 0127 The severals and unhidden passages
 FTLN 0128 Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
 FTLN 0129 And generally to the crown and seat of France,
 FTLN 0130 Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.
 BISHOP OF ELY
 FTLN 0131 What was th' impediment that broke this off? 95
 BISHOP OF CANTERBURY
 FTLN 0132 The French ambassador upon that instant
 FTLN 0133 Craved audience. And the hour, I think, is come
 FTLN 0134 To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?
 FTLN 0135 BISHOP OF ELY It is.
 BISHOP OF CANTERBURY
 FTLN 0136 Then go we in to know his embassy, 100
 FTLN 0137 Which I could with a ready guess declare
 FTLN 0138 Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
 BISHOP OF ELY
 FTLN 0139 I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

They exit.

「Scene 2」

*Enter the King 「of England,」 Humphrey 「Duke of
 Gloucester,」 Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Westmoreland,
 and Exeter, 「with other Attendants.」*

KING HENRY

FTLN 0140 Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

EXETER

FTLN 0141 Not here in presence.

FTLN 0142 KING HENRY Send for him, good uncle.

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 0143 Shall we call in th' Ambassador, my liege?

KING HENRY

FTLN 0144 Not yet, my cousin. We would be resolved, 5

FTLN 0145 Before we hear him, of some things of weight

FTLN 0146 That task our thoughts concerning us and France.

Enter 'the' two Bishops 'of Canterbury and Ely.'

BISHOP OF CANTERBURY

FTLN 0147 God and his angels guard your sacred throne

FTLN 0148 And make you long become it.

FTLN 0149 KING HENRY Sure we thank you. 10

FTLN 0150 My learned lord, we pray you to proceed

FTLN 0151 And justly and religiously unfold

FTLN 0152 Why the law Salic that they have in France

FTLN 0153 Or should or should not bar us in our claim.

FTLN 0154 And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord, 15

FTLN 0155 That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your

FTLN 0156 reading,

FTLN 0157 Or nicely charge your understanding soul

FTLN 0158 With opening titles miscreate, whose right

FTLN 0159 Suits not in native colors with the truth; 20

FTLN 0160 For God doth know how many now in health

FTLN 0161 Shall drop their blood in approbation

FTLN 0162 Of what your reverence shall incite us to.

FTLN 0163 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,

FTLN 0164 How you awake our sleeping sword of war. 25

FTLN 0165 We charge you in the name of God, take heed,

FTLN 0166 For never two such kingdoms did contend

FTLN 0167 Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops

FTLN 0168 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint

FTLN 0169 'Gainst him whose wrongs gives edge unto the 30

FTLN 0170 swords

FTLN 0171	That makes such waste in brief mortality.	
FTLN 0172	Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,	
FTLN 0173	For we will hear, note, and believe in heart	
FTLN 0174	That what you speak is in your conscience washed	35
FTLN 0175	As pure as sin with baptism.	
BISHOP OF CANTERBURY		
FTLN 0176	Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers	
FTLN 0177	That owe yourselves, your lives, and services	
FTLN 0178	To this imperial throne. There is no bar	
FTLN 0179	To make against your Highness' claim to France	40
FTLN 0180	But this, which they produce from Pharamond:	
FTLN 0181	<i>"In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant"</i>	
FTLN 0182	(No woman shall succeed in Salic land),	
FTLN 0183	Which Salic land the French unjustly gloze	
FTLN 0184	To be the realm of France, and Pharamond	45
FTLN 0185	The founder of this law and female bar.	
FTLN 0186	Yet their own authors faithfully affirm	
FTLN 0187	That the land Salic is in Germany,	
FTLN 0188	Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe,	
FTLN 0189	Where Charles the Great, having subdued the	50
FTLN 0190	Saxons,	
FTLN 0191	There left behind and settled certain French,	
FTLN 0192	Who, holding in disdain the German women	
FTLN 0193	For some dishonest manners of their life,	
FTLN 0194	Established then this law: to wit, no female	55
FTLN 0195	Should be inheritrix in Salic land,	
FTLN 0196	Which "Salic," as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala	
FTLN 0197	Is at this day in Germany called Meissen.	
FTLN 0198	Then doth it well appear the Salic law	
FTLN 0199	Was not devised for the realm of France,	60
FTLN 0200	Nor did the French possess the Salic land	
FTLN 0201	Until four hundred one and twenty years	
FTLN 0202	After defunction of King Pharamond,	
FTLN 0203	Idly supposed the founder of this law,	
FTLN 0204	Who died within the year of our redemption	65
FTLN 0205	Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great	

FTLN 0206	Subdued the Saxons and did seat the French	
FTLN 0207	Beyond the river Sala in the year	
FTLN 0208	Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,	
FTLN 0209	King Pepin, which deposèd Childeric,	70
FTLN 0210	Did, as heir general, being descended	
FTLN 0211	Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,	
FTLN 0212	Make claim and title to the crown of France.	
FTLN 0213	Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crown	
FTLN 0214	Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male	75
FTLN 0215	Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,	
FTLN 0216	To find his title with some shows of truth,	
FTLN 0217	Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,	
FTLN 0218	Conveyed himself as th' heir to th' Lady Lingare,	
FTLN 0219	Daughter to Charlemagne, who was the son	80
FTLN 0220	To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son	
FTLN 0221	Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,	
FTLN 0222	Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,	
FTLN 0223	Could not keep quiet in his conscience,	
FTLN 0224	Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied	85
FTLN 0225	That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,	
FTLN 0226	Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,	
FTLN 0227	Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine:	
FTLN 0228	By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great	
FTLN 0229	Was reunited to the crown of France.	90
FTLN 0230	So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,	
FTLN 0231	King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,	
FTLN 0232	King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear	
FTLN 0233	To hold in right and title of the female.	
FTLN 0234	So do the kings of France unto this day,	95
FTLN 0235	Howbeit they would hold up this Salic law	
FTLN 0236	To bar your Highness claiming from the female,	
FTLN 0237	And rather choose to hide them in a net	
FTLN 0238	Than amply to imbar their crooked titles	
FTLN 0239	Usurped from you and your progenitors.	100

KING HENRY

FTLN 0240	May I with right and conscience make this claim?
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BISHOP OF CANTERBURY

FTLN 0241 The sin upon my head, dread sovereign,
 FTLN 0242 For in the Book of Numbers is it writ:
 FTLN 0243 “When the man dies, let the inheritance
 FTLN 0244 Descend unto the daughter.” Gracious lord, 105
 FTLN 0245 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
 FTLN 0246 Look back into your mighty ancestors.
 FTLN 0247 Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire’s tomb,
 FTLN 0248 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit
 FTLN 0249 And your great-uncle’s, Edward the Black Prince, 110
 FTLN 0250 Who on the French ground played a tragedy,
 FTLN 0251 Making defeat on the full power of France
 FTLN 0252 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 FTLN 0253 Stood smiling to behold his lion’s whelp
 FTLN 0254 Forage in blood of French nobility. 115
 FTLN 0255 O noble English, that could entertain
 FTLN 0256 With half their forces the full pride of France
 FTLN 0257 And let another half stand laughing by,
 FTLN 0258 All out of work and cold for action!

BISHOP OF ELY

FTLN 0259 Awake remembrance of these valiant dead 120
 FTLN 0260 And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
 FTLN 0261 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
 FTLN 0262 The blood and courage that renownèd them
 FTLN 0263 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
 FTLN 0264 Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 125
 FTLN 0265 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

EXETER

FTLN 0266 Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 FTLN 0267 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself
 FTLN 0268 As did the former lions of your blood.

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 0269 They know your Grace hath cause and means and 130
 FTLN 0270 might;
 FTLN 0271 So hath your Highness. Never king of England
 FTLN 0272 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,

FTLN 0273	Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England	
FTLN 0274	And lie pavilioned in the fields of France.	135
	BISHOP OF CANTERBURY	
FTLN 0275	O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,	
FTLN 0276	With 'blood' and sword and fire to win your right,	
FTLN 0277	In aid whereof we of the spirituality	
FTLN 0278	Will raise your Highness such a mighty sum	
FTLN 0279	As never did the clergy at one time	140
FTLN 0280	Bring in to any of your ancestors.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 0281	We must not only arm t' invade the French,	
FTLN 0282	But lay down our proportions to defend	
FTLN 0283	Against the Scot, who will make road upon us	
FTLN 0284	With all advantages.	145
	BISHOP OF CANTERBURY	
FTLN 0285	They of those marches, gracious sovereign,	
FTLN 0286	Shall be a wall sufficient to defend	
FTLN 0287	Our inland from the pilfering borderers.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 0288	We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,	
FTLN 0289	But fear the main intendment of the Scot,	150
FTLN 0290	Who hath been still a giddy neighbor to us.	
FTLN 0291	For you shall read that my great-grandfather	
FTLN 0292	Never went with his forces into France	
FTLN 0293	But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom	
FTLN 0294	Came pouring like the tide into a breach	155
FTLN 0295	With ample and brim fullness of his force,	
FTLN 0296	Galling the gleanèd land with hot assays,	
FTLN 0297	Girding with grievous siege castles and towns,	
FTLN 0298	That England, being empty of defense,	
FTLN 0299	Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighborhood.	160
	BISHOP OF CANTERBURY	
FTLN 0300	She hath been then more feared than harmed, my	
FTLN 0301	liege,	
FTLN 0302	For hear her but exemplèd by herself:	
FTLN 0303	When all her chivalry hath been in France	

FTLN 0304 And she a mourning widow of her nobles, 165
 FTLN 0305 She hath herself not only well defended
 FTLN 0306 But taken and impounded as a stray
 FTLN 0307 The King of Scots, whom she did send to France
 FTLN 0308 To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
 FTLN 0309 And make ^{her} chronicle as rich with praise 170
 FTLN 0310 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
 FTLN 0311 With sunken wrack and sumless treasuries.

BISHOP OF ELY

FTLN 0312 But there's a saying very old and true:
 FTLN 0313 "If that you will France win,
 FTLN 0314 Then with Scotland first begin." 175
 FTLN 0315 For once the eagle England being in prey,
 FTLN 0316 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
 FTLN 0317 Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
 FTLN 0318 Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
 FTLN 0319 To 'tame and havoc more than she can eat. 180

EXETER

FTLN 0320 It follows, then, the cat must stay at home.
 FTLN 0321 Yet that is but a crushed necessity,
 FTLN 0322 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities
 FTLN 0323 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 FTLN 0324 While that the armèd hand doth fight abroad, 185
 FTLN 0325 Th' advisèd head defends itself at home.
 FTLN 0326 For government, though high and low and lower,
 FTLN 0327 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
 FTLN 0328 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 FTLN 0329 Like music. 190

BISHOP OF CANTERBURY Therefore doth heaven divide

FTLN 0331 The state of man in divers functions,
 FTLN 0332 Setting endeavor in continual motion,
 FTLN 0333 To which is fixèd as an aim or butt
 FTLN 0334 Obedience; for so work the honeybees, 195
 FTLN 0335 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 FTLN 0336 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.

FTLN 0337	They have a king and officers of sorts,	
FTLN 0338	Where some like magistrates correct at home,	
FTLN 0339	Others like merchants venture trade abroad,	200
FTLN 0340	Others like soldiers armèd in their stings	
FTLN 0341	Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,	
FTLN 0342	Which pillage they with merry march bring home	
FTLN 0343	To the tent royal of their emperor,	
FTLN 0344	Who, busied in his 'majesty,' surveys	205
FTLN 0345	The singing masons building roofs of gold,	
FTLN 0346	The civil citizens kneading up the honey,	
FTLN 0347	The poor mechanic porters crowding in	
FTLN 0348	Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,	
FTLN 0349	The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum	210
FTLN 0350	Delivering o'er to executors pale	
FTLN 0351	The lazy yawning drone. I this infer:	
FTLN 0352	That many things, having full reference	
FTLN 0353	To one consent, may work contrariously,	
FTLN 0354	As many arrows loosèd several ways	215
FTLN 0355	Come to one mark, as many ways meet in one town,	
FTLN 0356	As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea,	
FTLN 0357	As many lines close in the dial's center,	
FTLN 0358	So may a thousand actions, once afoot,	
FTLN 0359	'End' in one purpose and be all well borne	220
FTLN 0360	Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege!	
FTLN 0361	Divide your happy England into four,	
FTLN 0362	Whereof take you one quarter into France,	
FTLN 0363	And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.	
FTLN 0364	If we, with thrice such powers left at home,	225
FTLN 0365	Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,	
FTLN 0366	Let us be worried, and our nation lose	
FTLN 0367	The name of hardiness and policy.	
KING HENRY		
FTLN 0368	Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.	
	<i>'Attendants exit.'</i>	
FTLN 0369	Now are we well resolved, and by God's help	230
FTLN 0370	And yours, the noble sinews of our power,	

FTLN 0371 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe
 FTLN 0372 Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
 FTLN 0373 Ruling in large and ample empery
 FTLN 0374 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms, 235
 FTLN 0375 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 FTLN 0376 Tombless, with no remembrance over them.
 FTLN 0377 Either our history shall with full mouth
 FTLN 0378 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
 FTLN 0379 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth, 240
 FTLN 0380 Not worshiped with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France, [with Attendants.]

FTLN 0381 Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
 FTLN 0382 Of our fair cousin Dauphin, for we hear
 FTLN 0383 Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

AMBASSADOR

FTLN 0384 May 't please your Majesty to give us leave 245
 FTLN 0385 Freely to render what we have in charge,
 FTLN 0386 Or shall we sparingly show you far off
 FTLN 0387 The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

KING HENRY

FTLN 0388 We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
 FTLN 0389 Unto whose grace our passion is as subject 250
 FTLN 0390 As is our wretches fettered in our prisons.
 FTLN 0391 Therefore with frank and with uncurbèd plainness
 FTLN 0392 Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

AMBASSADOR Thus, then, in few:

FTLN 0394 Your Highness, lately sending into France, 255
 FTLN 0395 Did claim some certain dukedoms in the right
 FTLN 0396 Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third;
 FTLN 0397 In answer of which claim, the Prince our master
 FTLN 0398 Says that you savor too much of your youth
 FTLN 0399 And bids you be advised there's naught in France 260
 FTLN 0400 That can be with a nimble galliard won;
 FTLN 0401 You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
 FTLN 0402 He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,

FTLN 0403	This tun of treasure and, in lieu of this,	
FTLN 0404	Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim	265
FTLN 0405	Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 0406	What treasure, uncle?	
FTLN 0407	EXETER Tennis balls,	
FTLN 0408	my liege.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 0409	We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.	270
FTLN 0410	His present and your pains we thank you for.	
FTLN 0411	When we have matched our rackets to these balls,	
FTLN 0412	We will in France, by God's grace, play a set	
FTLN 0413	Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.	
FTLN 0414	Tell him he hath made a match with such a	275
FTLN 0415	wrangler	
FTLN 0416	That all the courts of France will be disturbed	
FTLN 0417	With chases. And we understand him well,	
FTLN 0418	How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,	
FTLN 0419	Not measuring what use we made of them.	280
FTLN 0420	We never valued this poor seat of England,	
FTLN 0421	And therefore, living hence, did give ourself	
FTLN 0422	To barbarous license, as 'tis ever common	
FTLN 0423	That men are merriest when they are from home.	
FTLN 0424	But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,	285
FTLN 0425	Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness	
FTLN 0426	When I do rouse me in my throne of France,	
FTLN 0427	For that I have laid by my majesty	
FTLN 0428	And plodded like a man for working days;	
FTLN 0429	But I will rise there with so full a glory	290
FTLN 0430	That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,	
FTLN 0431	Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.	
FTLN 0432	And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his	
FTLN 0433	Hath turned his balls to gun-stones, and his soul	
FTLN 0434	Shall stand sore chargèd for the wasteful vengeance	295
FTLN 0435	That shall fly with them; for many a thousand	
FTLN 0436	widows	
FTLN 0437	Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,	

FTLN 0438 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
 FTLN 0439 And some are yet ungotten and unborn 300
 FTLN 0440 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 FTLN 0441 But this lies all within the will of God,
 FTLN 0442 To whom I do appeal, and in whose name
 FTLN 0443 Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
 FTLN 0444 To venge me as I may and to put forth 305
 FTLN 0445 My rightful hand in a well-hallowed cause.
 FTLN 0446 So get you hence in peace. And tell the Dauphin
 FTLN 0447 His jest will savor but of shallow wit
 FTLN 0448 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.—
 FTLN 0449 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well. 310

Ambassadors exit, 「with Attendants.」

FTLN 0450 EXETER This was a merry message.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0451 We hope to make the sender blush at it.
 FTLN 0452 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
 FTLN 0453 That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
 FTLN 0454 For we have now no thought in us but France, 315
 FTLN 0455 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 FTLN 0456 Therefore let our proportions for these wars
 FTLN 0457 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
 FTLN 0458 That may with reasonable swiftness add
 FTLN 0459 More feathers to our wings. For, God before, 320
 FTLN 0460 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
 FTLN 0461 Therefore let every man now task his thought,
 FTLN 0462 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

Flourish. They exit.

Enter Chorus.

「CHORUS」

FTLN 0463	Now all the youth of England are on fire,	
FTLN 0464	And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;	
FTLN 0465	Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought	
FTLN 0466	Reigns solely in the breast of every man.	
FTLN 0467	They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,	5
FTLN 0468	Following the mirror of all Christian kings	
FTLN 0469	With wingèd heels, as English Mercurys.	
FTLN 0470	For now sits Expectation in the air	
FTLN 0471	And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,	
FTLN 0472	With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets	10
FTLN 0473	Promised to Harry and his followers.	
FTLN 0474	The French, advised by good intelligence	
FTLN 0475	Of this most dreadful preparation,	
FTLN 0476	Shake in their fear, and with pale policy	
FTLN 0477	Seek to divert the English purposes.	15
FTLN 0478	O England, model to thy inward greatness,	
FTLN 0479	Like little body with a mighty heart,	
FTLN 0480	What might'st thou do, that honor would thee do,	
FTLN 0481	Were all thy children kind and natural!	
FTLN 0482	But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,	20
FTLN 0483	A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills	
FTLN 0484	With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men—	
FTLN 0485	One, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, and the second,	

FTLN 0486	Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,	
FTLN 0487	Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland—	25
FTLN 0488	Have, for the guilt of France (O guilt indeed!),	
FTLN 0489	Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France,	
FTLN 0490	And by their hands this grace of kings must die,	
FTLN 0491	If hell and treason hold their promises,	
FTLN 0492	Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.	30
FTLN 0493	Linger your patience on, and we'll digest	
FTLN 0494	Th' abuse of distance, force a play.	
FTLN 0495	The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,	
FTLN 0496	The King is set from London, and the scene	
FTLN 0497	Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.	35
FTLN 0498	There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,	
FTLN 0499	And thence to France shall we convey you safe	
FTLN 0500	And bring you back, charming the narrow seas	
FTLN 0501	To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,	
FTLN 0502	We'll not offend one stomach with our play.	40
FTLN 0503	But, till the King come forth, and not till then,	
FTLN 0504	Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.	

He exits.

「Scene 1」

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

FTLN 0505	BARDOLPH	Well met, Corporal Nym.	
FTLN 0506	NYM	Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.	
FTLN 0507	BARDOLPH	What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends	
FTLN 0508		yet?	
FTLN 0509	NYM	For my part, I care not. I say little, but when time	5
FTLN 0510		shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as	
FTLN 0511		it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out	
FTLN 0512		mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? It	
FTLN 0513		will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another	
FTLN 0514		man's sword will, and there's an end.	10
FTLN 0515	BARDOLPH	I will bestow a breakfast to make you	

FTLN 0516 friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to
 FTLN 0517 France. Let 't be so, good Corporal Nym.
 FTLN 0518 NYM Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the
 FTLN 0519 certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I 15
 FTLN 0520 will do as I may. That is my rest, that is the
 FTLN 0521 rendezvous of it.
 FTLN 0522 BARDOLPH It is certain, corporal, that he is married to
 FTLN 0523 Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for
 FTLN 0524 you were troth-plight to her. 20
 FTLN 0525 NYM I cannot tell. Things must be as they may. Men
 FTLN 0526 may sleep, and they may have their throats about
 FTLN 0527 them at that time, and some say knives have edges.
 FTLN 0528 It must be as it may. Though patience be a tired
 FTLN 0529 'mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. 25
 FTLN 0530 Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and 'Hostess' Quickly.

FTLN 0531 BARDOLPH Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife.
 FTLN 0532 Good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine
 FTLN 0533 host Pistol?
 FTLN 0534 PISTOL Base tyke, call'st thou me host? Now, by this 30
 FTLN 0535 hand, I swear I scorn the term, nor shall my Nell
 FTLN 0536 keep lodgers.
 FTLN 0537 HOSTESS No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot
 FTLN 0538 lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen
 FTLN 0539 that live honestly by the prick of their needles but it 35
 FTLN 0540 will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight.
'Nym and Pistol draw their swords.'
 FTLN 0541 O well-a-day, Lady! If he be not hewn now, we shall
 FTLN 0542 see willful adultery and murder committed.
 FTLN 0543 BARDOLPH Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing
 FTLN 0544 here. 40
 FTLN 0545 NYM Pish!
 FTLN 0546 PISTOL Pish for thee, Iceland dog, thou prick-eared
 FTLN 0547 cur of Iceland!

FTLN 0548	HOSTESS	Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor, and put	
FTLN 0549		up your sword.	45
FTLN 0550	NYM	Will you shog off? 「 <i>To Pistol.</i> 」 I would have you	
FTLN 0551		<i>solus.</i>	
FTLN 0552	PISTOL	“ <i>Solus,</i> ” egregious dog? O viper vile, the <i>solus</i>	
FTLN 0553		in thy most marvelous face, the <i>solus</i> in thy teeth	
FTLN 0554		and in thy throat and in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy	50
FTLN 0555		maw, perdy, and, which is worse, within thy nasty	
FTLN 0556		mouth! I do retort the <i>solus</i> in thy bowels, for I can	
FTLN 0557		take, and Pistol’s cock is up, and flashing fire will	
FTLN 0558		follow.	
FTLN 0559	NYM	I am not Barbason, you cannot conjure me. I	55
FTLN 0560		have an humor to knock you indifferently well. If	
FTLN 0561		you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with	
FTLN 0562		my rapier, as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk	
FTLN 0563		off, I would prick your guts a little in good terms, as	
FTLN 0564		I may, and that’s the humor of it.	60
	PISTOL		
FTLN 0565		O braggart vile and damnèd furious wight,	
FTLN 0566		The grave doth gape, and doting death is near.	
FTLN 0567		Therefore exhale.	
FTLN 0568	BARDOLPH	Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes	
FTLN 0569		the first stroke, I’ll run him up to the hilts, as I am a	65
FTLN 0570		soldier. 「 <i>He draws.</i> 」	
FTLN 0571	PISTOL	An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.	
		「 <i>Pistol and Nym and then Bardolph</i>	
		<i>sheathe their swords.</i> 」	
FTLN 0572		Give me thy fist, thy forefoot to me give. Thy spirits	
FTLN 0573		are most tall.	
FTLN 0574	NYM, 「 <i>to Pistol</i> 」	I will cut thy throat one time or other	70
FTLN 0575		in fair terms, that is the humor of it.	
FTLN 0576	PISTOL	<i>Couple à gorge</i> , that is the word. I defy thee	
FTLN 0577		again. O hound of Crete, think’st thou my spouse to	
FTLN 0578		get? No, to the spital go, and from the powd’ring tub	
FTLN 0579		of infamy fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid’s kind,	75
FTLN 0580		Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse. I	

FTLN 0581 have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly for the
FTLN 0582 only she: and *pauca*, there's enough too! Go to.

Enter the Boy.

FTLN 0583 BOY Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,
FTLN 0584 and your hostess. He is very sick and would to 80
FTLN 0585 bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his
FTLN 0586 sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith,
FTLN 0587 he's very ill.

FTLN 0588 BARDOLPH Away, you rogue!
FTLN 0589 HOSTESS By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding 85
FTLN 0590 one of these days. The King has killed his heart.
FTLN 0591 Good husband, come home presently.

She exits 「with the Boy.」

FTLN 0592 BARDOLPH Come, shall I make you two friends? We
FTLN 0593 must to France together. Why the devil should we
FTLN 0594 keep knives to cut one another's throats? 90

PISTOL

FTLN 0595 Let floods o'erswell and fiends for food howl on!

FTLN 0596 NYM You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at
FTLN 0597 betting?

FTLN 0598 PISTOL Base is the slave that pays.

FTLN 0599 NYM That now I will have, that's the humor of it. 95

FTLN 0600 PISTOL As manhood shall compound. Push home.

「They」 draw.

FTLN 0601 BARDOLPH, *「drawing his sword」* By this sword, he that
FTLN 0602 makes the first thrust, I'll kill him. By this sword, I
FTLN 0603 will.

FTLN 0604 PISTOL, *「sheathing his sword」* “Sword” is an oath, and 100
FTLN 0605 oaths must have their course.

FTLN 0606 BARDOLPH Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be
FTLN 0607 friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with
FTLN 0608 me too. Prithee, put up.

FTLN 0609 PISTOL, *「to Nym」* A noble shalt thou have, and present 105
FTLN 0610 pay, and liquor likewise will I give to thee, and

FTLN 0611 friendship shall combine, and brotherhood. I'll live
 FTLN 0612 by Nym, and Nym shall live by me. Is not this just?
 FTLN 0613 For I shall sutler be unto the camp, and profits will
 FTLN 0614 accrue. Give me thy hand. 110
 FTLN 0615 NYM I shall have my noble?
 FTLN 0616 PISTOL In cash, most justly paid.
 FTLN 0617 NYM Well, then, 「that's」 the humor of 't.
 「Nym and Bardolph sheathe their swords.」

Enter Hostess.

FTLN 0618 HOSTESS As ever you come of women, come in quickly
 FTLN 0619 to Sir John. Ah, poor heart, he is so shaken of a 115
 FTLN 0620 burning quotidian-tertian that it is most lamentable
 FTLN 0621 to behold. Sweet men, come to him.
 FTLN 0622 NYM The King hath run bad humors on the knight,
 FTLN 0623 that's the even of it.
 FTLN 0624 PISTOL Nym, thou hast spoke the right. His heart is 120
 FTLN 0625 fractured and corroborate.
 FTLN 0626 NYM The King is a good king, but it must be as it may;
 FTLN 0627 he passes some humors and careers.
 FTLN 0628 PISTOL Let us condole the knight, for, lambkins, we
 FTLN 0629 will live. 125

They exit.

「Scene 2」

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

BEDFORD
 FTLN 0630 'Fore God, his Grace is bold to trust these traitors.
 EXETER
 FTLN 0631 They shall be apprehended by and by.
 WESTMORELAND
 FTLN 0632 How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
 FTLN 0633 As if allegiance in their bosoms sat
 FTLN 0634 Crownèd with faith and constant loyalty. 5

BEDFORD

FTLN 0635 The King hath note of all that they intend,
 FTLN 0636 By interception which they dream not of.

EXETER

FTLN 0637 Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
 FTLN 0638 Whom he hath dulled and cloyed with gracious
 FTLN 0639 favors— 10
 FTLN 0640 That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
 FTLN 0641 His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Sound Trumpets. Enter the King 「of England,」
 Scroop, Cambridge, and Grey, 「with Attendants.」*

KING HENRY

FTLN 0642 Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.—
 FTLN 0643 My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of
 FTLN 0644 Masham, 15
 FTLN 0645 And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.
 FTLN 0646 Think you not that the powers we bear with us
 FTLN 0647 Will cut their passage through the force of France,
 FTLN 0648 Doing the execution and the act
 FTLN 0649 For which we have in head assembled them? 20

SCROOP

FTLN 0650 No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0651 I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded
 FTLN 0652 We carry not a heart with us from hence
 FTLN 0653 That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
 FTLN 0654 Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish 25
 FTLN 0655 Success and conquest to attend on us.

CAMBRIDGE

FTLN 0656 Never was monarch better feared and loved
 FTLN 0657 Than is your Majesty. There's not, I think, a subject
 FTLN 0658 That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
 FTLN 0659 Under the sweet shade of your government. 30

「GREY」

FTLN 0660 True. Those that were your father's enemies

FTLN 0661	Have steeped their galls in honey, and do serve you	
FTLN 0662	With hearts create of duty and of zeal.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 0663	We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,	
FTLN 0664	And shall forget the office of our hand	35
FTLN 0665	Sooner than quittance of desert and merit	
FTLN 0666	According to the weight and worthiness.	
	SCROOP	
FTLN 0667	So service shall with steelèd sinews toil,	
FTLN 0668	And labor shall refresh itself with hope	
FTLN 0669	To do your Grace incessant services.	40
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 0670	We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,	
FTLN 0671	Enlarge the man committed yesterday	
FTLN 0672	That railed against our person. We consider	
FTLN 0673	It was excess of wine that set him on,	
FTLN 0674	And on his more advice we pardon him.	45
	SCROOP	
FTLN 0675	That's mercy, but too much security.	
FTLN 0676	Let him be punished, sovereign, lest example	
FTLN 0677	Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.	
FTLN 0678	KING HENRY O, let us yet be merciful.	
	CAMBRIDGE	
FTLN 0679	So may your Highness, and yet punish too.	50
	GREY	
FTLN 0680	Sir, you show great mercy if you give him life	
FTLN 0681	After the taste of much correction.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 0682	Alas, your too much love and care of me	
FTLN 0683	Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.	
FTLN 0684	If little faults proceeding on distemper	55
FTLN 0685	Shall not be winked at, how shall we stretch our eye	
FTLN 0686	When capital crimes, chewed, swallowed, and	
FTLN 0687	digested,	
FTLN 0688	Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,	

FTLN 0689	Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear	60
FTLN 0690	care	
FTLN 0691	And tender preservation of our person,	
FTLN 0692	Would have him punished. And now to our French	
FTLN 0693	causes.	
FTLN 0694	Who are the late commissioners?	65
FTLN 0695	CAMBRIDGE I one, my lord.	
FTLN 0696	Your Highness bade me ask for it today.	
FTLN 0697	SCROOP So did you me, my liege.	
FTLN 0698	GREY And I, my royal sovereign.	
	KING HENRY, <i>giving them papers</i>	
FTLN 0699	Then Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours—	70
FTLN 0700	There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham.—And, sir	
FTLN 0701	knight,	
FTLN 0702	Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.—	
FTLN 0703	Read them, and know I know your worthiness.—	
FTLN 0704	My Lord of Westmoreland and uncle Exeter,	75
FTLN 0705	We will aboard tonight.—Why how now, gentlemen?	
FTLN 0706	What see you in those papers, that you lose	
FTLN 0707	So much complexion?—Look you, how they change.	
FTLN 0708	Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there	
FTLN 0709	That have so cowarded and chased your blood	80
FTLN 0710	Out of appearance?	
FTLN 0711	CAMBRIDGE I do confess my fault,	
FTLN 0712	And do submit me to your Highness' mercy.	
FTLN 0713	GREY/SCROOP To which we all appeal.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 0714	The mercy that was quick in us but late	85
FTLN 0715	By your own counsel is suppressed and killed.	
FTLN 0716	You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy,	
FTLN 0717	For your own reasons turn into your bosoms	
FTLN 0718	As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.—	
FTLN 0719	See you, my princes and my noble peers,	90
FTLN 0720	These English monsters. My Lord of Cambridge	
FTLN 0721	here,	
FTLN 0722	You know how apt our love was to accord	

FTLN 0723	To furnish <i>him</i> with all appurtenants	
FTLN 0724	Belonging to his honor, and this man	95
FTLN 0725	Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired	
FTLN 0726	And sworn unto the practices of France	
FTLN 0727	To kill us here in Hampton; to the which	
FTLN 0728	This knight, no less for bounty bound to us	
FTLN 0729	Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But O,	100
FTLN 0730	What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,	
FTLN 0731	Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature?	
FTLN 0732	Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,	
FTLN 0733	That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,	
FTLN 0734	That almost mightst have coined me into gold,	105
FTLN 0735	Wouldst thou have practiced on me for thy use—	
FTLN 0736	May it be possible that foreign hire	
FTLN 0737	Could out of thee extract one spark of evil	
FTLN 0738	That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange	
FTLN 0739	That, though the truth of it stands off as gross	110
FTLN 0740	As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.	
FTLN 0741	Treason and murder ever kept together,	
FTLN 0742	As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,	
FTLN 0743	Working so grossly in <i>a</i> natural cause	
FTLN 0744	That admiration did not whoop at them.	115
FTLN 0745	But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in	
FTLN 0746	Wonder to wait on treason and on murder,	
FTLN 0747	And whatsoever cunning fiend it was	
FTLN 0748	That wrought upon thee so preposterously	
FTLN 0749	Hath got the voice in hell for excellence.	120
FTLN 0750	<i>All</i> other devils that suggest by treasons	
FTLN 0751	Do botch and bungle up damnation	
FTLN 0752	With patches, colors, and with forms being fetched	
FTLN 0753	From glist'ring semblances of piety;	
FTLN 0754	But he that tempered thee bade thee stand up,	125
FTLN 0755	Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,	
FTLN 0756	Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.	
FTLN 0757	If that same demon that hath gulled thee thus	
FTLN 0758	Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,	

FTLN 0759	He might return to vasty Tartar back	130
FTLN 0760	And tell the legions "I can never win	
FTLN 0761	A soul so easy as that Englishman's."	
FTLN 0762	O, how hast thou with jealousy infected	
FTLN 0763	The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?	
FTLN 0764	Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?	135
FTLN 0765	Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?	
FTLN 0766	Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?	
FTLN 0767	Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,	
FTLN 0768	Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,	
FTLN 0769	Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,	140
FTLN 0770	Garnished and decked in modest complement,	
FTLN 0771	Not working with the eye without the ear,	
FTLN 0772	And but in purgèd judgment trusting neither?	
FTLN 0773	Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.	
FTLN 0774	And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot	145
FTLN 0775	To "mark the" full-fraught man and best endued	
FTLN 0776	With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,	
FTLN 0777	For this revolt of thine methinks is like	
FTLN 0778	Another fall of man.—Their faults are open.	
FTLN 0779	Arrest them to the answer of the law,	150
FTLN 0780	And God acquit them of their practices.	
FTLN 0781	EXETER I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of	
FTLN 0782	Richard, Earl of Cambridge.—	
FTLN 0783	I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of	
FTLN 0784	"Henry," Lord Scroop of Masham.—	155
FTLN 0785	I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of	
FTLN 0786	Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.	
	SCROOP	
FTLN 0787	Our purposes God justly hath discovered,	
FTLN 0788	And I repent my fault more than my death,	
FTLN 0789	Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,	160
FTLN 0790	Although my body pay the price of it.	
	CAMBRIDGE	
FTLN 0791	For me, the gold of France did not seduce,	
FTLN 0792	Although I did admit it as a motive	
FTLN 0793	The sooner to effect what I intended;	

FTLN 0794 But God be thankèd for prevention, 165
 FTLN 0795 Which *['I]* in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
 FTLN 0796 Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

GREY

FTLN 0797 Never did faithful subject more rejoice
 FTLN 0798 At the discovery of most dangerous treason
 FTLN 0799 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself, 170
 FTLN 0800 Prevented from a damnèd enterprise.
 FTLN 0801 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

KING HENRY

FTLN 0802 God quit you in His mercy. Hear your sentence:
 FTLN 0803 You have conspired against our royal person,
 FTLN 0804 Joined with an enemy proclaimed, and from his 175
 FTLN 0805 coffers
 FTLN 0806 Received the golden earnest of our death,
 FTLN 0807 Wherein you would have sold your king to
 FTLN 0808 slaughter,
 FTLN 0809 His princes and his peers to servitude, 180
 FTLN 0810 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 FTLN 0811 And his whole kingdom into desolation.
 FTLN 0812 Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
 FTLN 0813 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 FTLN 0814 Whose ruin you *['have']* sought, that to her laws 185
 FTLN 0815 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 FTLN 0816 Poor miserable wretches, to your death,
 FTLN 0817 The taste whereof God of His mercy give
 FTLN 0818 You patience to endure, and true repentance
 FTLN 0819 Of all your dear offenses.—Bear them hence. 190

['They'] exit ['under guard.']

FTLN 0820 Now, lords, for France, the enterprise whereof
 FTLN 0821 Shall be to you as us, like glorious.
 FTLN 0822 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 FTLN 0823 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 FTLN 0824 This dangerous treason lurking in our way 195
 FTLN 0825 To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now

FTLN 0826 But every rub is smoothèd on our way.
 FTLN 0827 Then forth, dear countrymen. Let us deliver
 FTLN 0828 Our puissance into the hand of God,
 FTLN 0829 Putting it straight in expedition. 200
 FTLN 0830 Cheerly to sea. The signs of war advance.
 FTLN 0831 No king of England if not king of France.
Flourish. [They exit.]

「Scene 3」

Enter Pistol, Nym, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostess.

FTLN 0832 HOSTESS Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring
 FTLN 0833 thee to Staines.
 FTLN 0834 PISTOL No; for my manly heart doth earn.—Bardolph,
 FTLN 0835 be blithe.—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins.— Boy,
 FTLN 0836 bristle thy courage up. For Falstaff, he is dead, and 5
 FTLN 0837 we must earn therefore.
 FTLN 0838 BARDOLPH Would I were with him, wheresome'er he
 FTLN 0839 is, either in heaven or in hell.
 FTLN 0840 HOSTESS Nay, sure, he's not in hell! He's in Arthur's
 FTLN 0841 bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. He 10
 FTLN 0842 made a finer end, and went away an it had been any
 FTLN 0843 christom child. He parted ev'n just between twelve
 FTLN 0844 and one, ev'n at the turning o' th' tide; for after I saw
 FTLN 0845 him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers
 FTLN 0846 and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was 15
 FTLN 0847 but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen and
 FTLN 0848 he 「talked」 of green fields. “How now, Sir John?”
 FTLN 0849 quoth I. “What, man, be o' good cheer!” So he cried
 FTLN 0850 out “God, God, God!” three or four times. Now I, to
 FTLN 0851 comfort him, bid him he should not think of God; I 20
 FTLN 0852 hoped there was no need to trouble himself with
 FTLN 0853 any such thoughts yet. So he bade me lay more
 FTLN 0854 clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and
 FTLN 0855 felt them, and they were as cold as any stone. Then I

FTLN 0856	felt to his knees, and so 「upward」 and upward, and	25
FTLN 0857	all was as cold as any stone.	
FTLN 0858	NYM They say he cried out of sack.	
FTLN 0859	HOSTESS Ay, that he did.	
FTLN 0860	BARDOLPH And of women.	
FTLN 0861	HOSTESS Nay, that he did not.	30
FTLN 0862	BOY Yes, that he did, and said they were devils	
FTLN 0863	incarnate.	
FTLN 0864	HOSTESS He could never abide carnation. 'Twas a	
FTLN 0865	color he never liked.	
FTLN 0866	BOY He said once, the devil would have him about	35
FTLN 0867	women.	
FTLN 0868	HOSTESS He did in some sort, indeed, handle women,	
FTLN 0869	but then he was rheumatic and talked of the Whore	
FTLN 0870	of Babylon.	
FTLN 0871	BOY Do you not remember he saw a flea stick upon	40
FTLN 0872	Bardolph's nose, and he said it was a black soul	
FTLN 0873	burning in hell?	
FTLN 0874	BARDOLPH Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that	
FTLN 0875	fire. That's all the riches I got in his service.	
FTLN 0876	NYM Shall we shog? The King will be gone from	45
FTLN 0877	Southampton.	
FTLN 0878	PISTOL Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.	
FTLN 0879	「 <i>They kiss.</i> 」 Look to my chattels and my movables.	
FTLN 0880	Let senses rule. The 「word」 is “Pitch and pay.” Trust	
FTLN 0881	none, for oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,	50
FTLN 0882	and Holdfast is the only dog, my duck.	
FTLN 0883	Therefore, <i>Caveto</i> be thy counselor. Go, clear thy	
FTLN 0884	crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms, let us to France,	
FTLN 0885	like horse-leeches, my boys, to suck, to suck, the	
FTLN 0886	very blood to suck.	55
FTLN 0887	BOY And that's but unwholesome food, they say.	
FTLN 0888	PISTOL Touch her soft mouth, and march.	
FTLN 0889	BARDOLPH, 「 <i>kissing the Hostess</i> 」 Farewell, hostess.	
FTLN 0890	NYM I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it. But adieu.	

FTLN 0891 PISTOL, 「*to the Hostess*」 Let huswifery appear. Keep 60
 FTLN 0892 close, I thee command.
 FTLN 0893 HOSTESS Farewell. Adieu.

They exit.

「Scene 4」

*Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes
 of Berri and Brittany, 「the Constable, and others.」*

KING OF FRANCE

FTLN 0894 Thus comes the English with full power upon us,
 FTLN 0895 And more than carefully it us concerns
 FTLN 0896 To answer royally in our defenses.
 FTLN 0897 Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Brittany,
 FTLN 0898 Of Brabant and of Orléans, shall make forth, 5
 FTLN 0899 And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
 FTLN 0900 To line and new-repair our towns of war
 FTLN 0901 With men of courage and with means defendant.
 FTLN 0902 For England his approaches makes as fierce
 FTLN 0903 As waters to the sucking of a gulf. 10
 FTLN 0904 It fits us then to be as provident
 FTLN 0905 As fear may teach us out of late examples
 FTLN 0906 Left by the fatal and neglected English
 FTLN 0907 Upon our fields.
 FTLN 0908 DAUPHIN My most redoubted father, 15
 FTLN 0909 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe,
 FTLN 0910 For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom
 FTLN 0911 Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
 FTLN 0912 But that defenses, musters, preparations
 FTLN 0913 Should be maintained, assembled, and collected 20
 FTLN 0914 As were a war in expectation.
 FTLN 0915 Therefore I say 'tis meet we all go forth
 FTLN 0916 To view the sick and feeble parts of France.
 FTLN 0917 And let us do it with no show of fear,
 FTLN 0918 No, with no more than if we heard that England 25

FTLN 0919	Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance.	
FTLN 0920	For, my good liege, she is so idly kinged,	
FTLN 0921	Her scepter so fantastically borne	
FTLN 0922	By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,	
FTLN 0923	That fear attends her not.	30
FTLN 0924	CONSTABLE O peace, Prince Dauphin!	
FTLN 0925	You are too much mistaken in this king.	
FTLN 0926	Question your Grace the late ambassadors	
FTLN 0927	With what great state he heard their embassy,	
FTLN 0928	How well supplied with noble councillors,	35
FTLN 0929	How modest in exception, and withal	
FTLN 0930	How terrible in constant resolution,	
FTLN 0931	And you shall find his vanities forespent	
FTLN 0932	Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,	
FTLN 0933	Covering discretion with a coat of folly,	40
FTLN 0934	As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots	
FTLN 0935	That shall first spring and be most delicate.	
	DAUPHIN	
FTLN 0936	Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.	
FTLN 0937	But though we think it so, it is no matter.	
FTLN 0938	In cases of defense, 'tis best to weigh	45
FTLN 0939	The enemy more mighty than he seems.	
FTLN 0940	So the proportions of defense are filled,	
FTLN 0941	Which of a weak and niggardly projection	
FTLN 0942	Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting	
FTLN 0943	A little cloth.	50
FTLN 0944	KING OF FRANCE Think we King Harry strong,	
FTLN 0945	And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.	
FTLN 0946	The kindred of him hath been fleshed upon us,	
FTLN 0947	And he is bred out of that bloody strain	
FTLN 0948	That haunted us in our familiar paths.	55
FTLN 0949	Witness our too-much-memorable shame	
FTLN 0950	When Cressy battle fatally was struck	
FTLN 0951	And all our princes captived by the hand	
FTLN 0952	Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of	
FTLN 0953	Wales,	60

FTLN 0954 Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing
 FTLN 0955 Up in the air, crowned with the golden sun,
 FTLN 0956 Saw his heroical seed and smiled to see him
 FTLN 0957 Mangle the work of nature and deface
 FTLN 0958 The patterns that by God and by French fathers 65
 FTLN 0959 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
 FTLN 0960 Of that victorious stock, and let us fear
 FTLN 0961 The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

FTLN 0962 Ambassadors from Harry King of England
 FTLN 0963 Do crave admittance to your Majesty. 70

KING OF FRANCE

FTLN 0964 We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring
 FTLN 0965 them. *「Messenger exits.」*
 FTLN 0966 You see this chase is hotly followed, friends.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 0967 Turn head and stop pursuit, for coward dogs
 FTLN 0968 Most spend their mouths when what they seem to 75
 FTLN 0969 threaten
 FTLN 0970 Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
 FTLN 0971 Take up the English short, and let them know
 FTLN 0972 Of what a monarchy you are the head.
 FTLN 0973 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin 80
 FTLN 0974 As self-neglecting.

Enter Exeter, 「with Lords and Attendants.」

FTLN 0975 KING OF FRANCE From our brother of England?

EXETER

FTLN 0976 From him, and thus he greets your Majesty:
 FTLN 0977 He wills you, in the name of God almighty,
 FTLN 0978 That you divest yourself and lay apart 85
 FTLN 0979 The borrowed glories that, by gift of heaven,
 FTLN 0980 By law of nature and of nations, 'longs
 FTLN 0981 To him and to his heirs—namely, the crown

FTLN 0982	And all wide-stretchèd honors that pertain	
FTLN 0983	By custom and the ordinance of times	90
FTLN 0984	Unto the crown of France. That you may know	
FTLN 0985	'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim	
FTLN 0986	Picked from the wormholes of long-vanished days	
FTLN 0987	Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,	
FTLN 0988	He sends you this most memorable line,	95
	<i>「He offers a paper.」</i>	
FTLN 0989	In every branch truly demonstrative,	
FTLN 0990	Willing you overlook this pedigree,	
FTLN 0991	And when you find him evenly derived	
FTLN 0992	From his most famed of famous ancestors,	
FTLN 0993	Edward the Third, he bids you then resign	100
FTLN 0994	Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held	
FTLN 0995	From him, the native and true challenger.	
FTLN 0996	KING OF FRANCE Or else what follows?	
	EXETER	
FTLN 0997	Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown	
FTLN 0998	Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.	105
FTLN 0999	Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,	
FTLN 1000	In thunder and in earthquake like a Jove,	
FTLN 1001	That, if requiring fail, he will compel,	
FTLN 1002	And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,	
FTLN 1003	Deliver up the crown and to take mercy	110
FTLN 1004	On the poor souls for whom this hungry war	
FTLN 1005	Opens his vasty jaws, and on your head	
FTLN 1006	Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,	
FTLN 1007	The dead men's blood, the <i>「privèd」</i> maidens'	
FTLN 1008	groans,	115
FTLN 1009	For husbands, fathers, and betrothèd lovers	
FTLN 1010	That shall be swallowed in this controversy.	
FTLN 1011	This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message—	
FTLN 1012	Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,	
FTLN 1013	To whom expressly I bring greeting too.	120
	KING OF FRANCE	
FTLN 1014	For us, we will consider of this further.	

FTLN 1015 Tomorrow shall you bear our full intent
 FTLN 1016 Back to our brother of England.
 FTLN 1017 DAUPHIN, 「to Exeter」 For the Dauphin,
 FTLN 1018 I stand here for him. What to him from England? 125
 EXETER
 FTLN 1019 Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
 FTLN 1020 And anything that may not misbecome
 FTLN 1021 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 FTLN 1022 Thus says my king: an if your father's Highness
 FTLN 1023 Do not, in grant of all demands at large, 130
 FTLN 1024 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,
 FTLN 1025 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it
 FTLN 1026 That caves and womby vaultages of France
 FTLN 1027 Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
 FTLN 1028 In second accent of his ordinance. 135
 DAUPHIN
 FTLN 1029 Say, if my father render fair return,
 FTLN 1030 It is against my will, for I desire
 FTLN 1031 Nothing but odds with England. To that end,
 FTLN 1032 As matching to his youth and vanity,
 FTLN 1033 I did present him with the Paris balls. 140
 EXETER
 FTLN 1034 He'll make your Paris 「Louvre」 shake for it,
 FTLN 1035 Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe.
 FTLN 1036 And be assured you'll find a difference,
 FTLN 1037 As we his subjects have in wonder found,
 FTLN 1038 Between the promise of his greener days 145
 FTLN 1039 And these he masters now. Now he weighs time
 FTLN 1040 Even to the utmost grain. That you shall read
 FTLN 1041 In your own losses, if he stay in France.
 KING OF FRANCE
 FTLN 1042 Tomorrow shall you know our mind at full.
 EXETER
 FTLN 1043 Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king 150

Flourish.

FTLN 1044 Come here himself to question our delay,
FTLN 1045 For he is footed in this land already.

KING OF FRANCE

FTLN 1046 You shall be soon dispatched with fair conditions.
FTLN 1047 A night is but small breath and little pause
FTLN 1048 To answer matters of this consequence.

155

Flourish. They exit.

Enter Chorus.

「CHORUS」

FTLN 1049	Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies	
FTLN 1050	In motion of no less celerity	
FTLN 1051	Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen	
FTLN 1052	The well-appointed king at Dover pier	
FTLN 1053	Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet	5
FTLN 1054	With silken streamers the young Phoebus	
FTLN 1055	「fanning.」	
FTLN 1056	Play with your fancies and in them behold,	
FTLN 1057	Upon the hempen tackle, shipboys climbing.	
FTLN 1058	Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give	10
FTLN 1059	To sounds confused. Behold the threaten sails,	
FTLN 1060	Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,	
FTLN 1061	Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,	
FTLN 1062	Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think	
FTLN 1063	You stand upon the rivage and behold	15
FTLN 1064	A city on th' inconstant billows dancing,	
FTLN 1065	For so appears this fleet majestic,	
FTLN 1066	Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!	
FTLN 1067	Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,	
FTLN 1068	And leave your England, as dead midnight still,	20
FTLN 1069	Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,	
FTLN 1070	Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance,	
FTLN 1071	For who is he whose chin is but enriched	
FTLN 1072	With one appearing hair that will not follow	

FTLN 1073	These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?	25
FTLN 1074	Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;	
FTLN 1075	Behold the ordnance on their carriages,	
FTLN 1076	With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.	
FTLN 1077	Suppose th' Ambassador from the French comes	
FTLN 1078	back,	30
FTLN 1079	Tells Harry that the King doth offer him	
FTLN 1080	Katherine his daughter and with her, to dowry,	
FTLN 1081	Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.	
FTLN 1082	The offer likes not, and the nimble gunner	
FTLN 1083	With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,	35
	<i>Alarum, and chambers go off.</i>	
FTLN 1084	And down goes all before them. Still be kind,	
FTLN 1085	And eke out our performance with your mind.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	

「Scene 1」

Enter the King 「of England,」 Exeter, Bedford, and Gloucester. Alarum. 「Enter Soldiers with」 scaling ladders at Harfleur.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1086	Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once	
FTLN 1087	more,	
FTLN 1088	Or close the wall up with our English dead!	
FTLN 1089	In peace there's nothing so becomes a man	
FTLN 1090	As modest stillness and humility,	5
FTLN 1091	But when the blast of war blows in our ears,	
FTLN 1092	Then imitate the action of the tiger:	
FTLN 1093	Stiffen the sinews, 「summon」 up the blood,	
FTLN 1094	Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage,	
FTLN 1095	Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,	10
FTLN 1096	Let it pry through the portage of the head	
FTLN 1097	Like the brass cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it	
FTLN 1098	As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock	

FTLN 1099	O'erhang and jutting his confounded base	
FTLN 1100	Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.	15
FTLN 1101	Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,	
FTLN 1102	Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit	
FTLN 1103	To his full height. On, on, you 'noblest' English,	
FTLN 1104	Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,	
FTLN 1105	Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,	20
FTLN 1106	Have in these parts from morn till even fought,	
FTLN 1107	And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.	
FTLN 1108	Dishonor not your mothers. Now attest	
FTLN 1109	That those whom you called fathers did beget you.	
FTLN 1110	Be copy now to 'men' of grosser blood	25
FTLN 1111	And teach them how to war. And you, good	
FTLN 1112	yeomen,	
FTLN 1113	Whose limbs were made in England, show us here	
FTLN 1114	The mettle of your pasture. Let us swear	
FTLN 1115	That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt	30
FTLN 1116	not,	
FTLN 1117	For there is none of you so mean and base	
FTLN 1118	That hath not noble luster in your eyes.	
FTLN 1119	I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,	
FTLN 1120	'Straining' upon the start. The game's afoot.	35
FTLN 1121	Follow your spirit, and upon this charge	
FTLN 1122	Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"	
	<i>Alarum, and chambers go off.</i>	
	<i>'They exit.'</i>	

'Scene 2'

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

FTLN 1123	BARDOLPH	On, on, on, on, on! To the breach, to the	
FTLN 1124		breach!	
FTLN 1125	NYM	Pray thee, corporal, stay. The knocks are too hot,	
FTLN 1126		and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives.	
FTLN 1127		The humor of it is too hot; that is the very plainsong	5
FTLN 1128		of it.	

FTLN 1129 PISTOL “The plainsong” is most just, for humors do
 FTLN 1130 abound.
 FTLN 1131 Knocks go and come. God’s vassals drop and die,
 FTLN 1132 *“Sings”* And sword and shield, 10
 FTLN 1133 In bloody field,
 FTLN 1134 Doth win immortal fame.
 FTLN 1135 BOY Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would
 FTLN 1136 give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.
 FTLN 1137 PISTOL And I. 15
 FTLN 1138 *“Sings”* If wishes would prevail with me,
 FTLN 1139 My purpose should not fail with me,
 FTLN 1140 But thither would I hie.
 FTLN 1141 BOY *“sings”* As duly,
 FTLN 1142 But not as truly, 20
 FTLN 1143 As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

FLUELLEN
 FTLN 1144 Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions!
 FTLN 1145 PISTOL Be merciful, great duke, to men of mold. Abate
 FTLN 1146 thy rage, abate thy manly rage, abate thy rage, great
 FTLN 1147 duke. Good bawcock, ’bate thy rage. Use lenity, 25
 FTLN 1148 sweet chuck.
 FTLN 1149 NYM, *“to Fluellen”* These be good humors. Your Honor
 FTLN 1150 wins bad humors.

“All but the Boy” exit.

 FTLN 1151 BOY As young as I am, I have observed these three
 FTLN 1152 swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they 30
 FTLN 1153 three, though they would serve me, could not be
 FTLN 1154 man to me. For indeed three such antics do not
 FTLN 1155 amount to a man: for Bardolph, he is white-livered
 FTLN 1156 and red-faced, by the means whereof he faces it out
 FTLN 1157 but fights not; for Pistol, he hath a killing tongue 35
 FTLN 1158 and a quiet sword, by the means whereof he breaks
 FTLN 1159 words and keeps whole weapons; for Nym, he hath
 FTLN 1160 heard that men of few words are the best men, and

FTLN 1161 therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest he should
 FTLN 1162 be thought a coward, but his few bad words are 40
 FTLN 1163 matched with as few good deeds, for he never broke
 FTLN 1164 any man's head but his own, and that was against a
 FTLN 1165 post when he was drunk. They will steal anything
 FTLN 1166 and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute case, bore
 FTLN 1167 it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. 45
 FTLN 1168 Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching,
 FTLN 1169 and in Calais they stole a fire shovel. I knew by that
 FTLN 1170 piece of service the men would carry coals. They
 FTLN 1171 would have me as familiar with men's pockets as
 FTLN 1172 their gloves or their handkerchers, which makes 50
 FTLN 1173 much against my manhood, if I should take from
 FTLN 1174 another's pocket to put into mine, for it is plain
 FTLN 1175 pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them and seek
 FTLN 1176 some better service. Their villainy goes against my
 FTLN 1177 weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. 55

He exits.

Enter 'Fluellen and' Gower.

FTLN 1178 GOWER Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to
 FTLN 1179 the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak
 FTLN 1180 with you.
 FTLN 1181 FLUELLEN To the mines? Tell you the Duke it is not so
 FTLN 1182 good to come to the mines, for, look you, the mines 60
 FTLN 1183 is not according to the disciplines of the war. The
 FTLN 1184 concavities of it is not sufficient, for, look you, th'
 FTLN 1185 athversary, you may discuss unto the Duke, look
 FTLN 1186 you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines.
 FTLN 1187 By Cheshu, I think he will plow up all if 65
 FTLN 1188 there is not better directions.
 FTLN 1189 GOWER The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of
 FTLN 1190 the siege is given, is altogether directed by an
 FTLN 1191 Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.
 FTLN 1192 FLUELLEN It is Captain Macmorris, is it not? 70
 FTLN 1193 GOWER I think it be.

FTLN 1194 FLUELLEN By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I
 FTLN 1195 will verify as much in his beard. He has no more
 FTLN 1196 directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look
 FTLN 1197 you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy dog. 75

Enter 'Captain' Macmorris, and Captain Jamy.

FTLN 1198 GOWER Here he comes, and the Scots captain, Captain
 FTLN 1199 Jamy, with him.

FTLN 1200 FLUELLEN Captain Jamy is a marvelous falorous gentleman,
 FTLN 1201 that is certain, and of great expedition and
 FTLN 1202 knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular 80
 FTLN 1203 knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu, he will
 FTLN 1204 maintain his argument as well as any military man
 FTLN 1205 in the world in the disciplines of the pristine wars
 FTLN 1206 of the Romans.

FTLN 1207 JAMY I say gudday, Captain Fluellen. 85

FTLN 1208 FLUELLEN Godden to your Worship, good Captain
 FTLN 1209 James.

FTLN 1210 GOWER How now, Captain Macmorris, have you quit
 FTLN 1211 the mines? Have the pioners given o'er?

FTLN 1212 MACMORRIS By Chrish, la, 'tish ill done. The work ish
 FTLN 1213 give over. The trompet sound the retreat. By my
 FTLN 1214 hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill
 FTLN 1215 done. It ish give over. I would have blowed up the
 FTLN 1216 town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, 'tish ill
 FTLN 1217 done, 'tish ill done, by my hand, 'tish ill done. 95

FTLN 1218 FLUELLEN Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now,
 FTLN 1219 will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations
 FTLN 1220 with you as partly touching or concerning the
 FTLN 1221 disciplines of the war, the Roman wars? In the way
 FTLN 1222 of argument, look you, and friendly communication, 100
 FTLN 1223 partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the
 FTLN 1224 satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the
 FTLN 1225 direction of the military discipline, that is the point.

FTLN 1226 JAMY It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captens bath,

FTLN 1227	and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick	105
FTLN 1228	occasion, that sall I, marry.	
FTLN 1229	MACMORRIS It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save	
FTLN 1230	me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars,	
FTLN 1231	and the King, and the dukes. It is no time to	
FTLN 1232	discourse. The town is beseeched. An the trumpet	110
FTLN 1233	call us to the breach and we talk and, be Chrish, do	
FTLN 1234	nothing, 'tis shame for us all. So God sa' me, 'tis	
FTLN 1235	shame to stand still. It is shame, by my hand. And	
FTLN 1236	there is throats to be cut, and works to be done,	
FTLN 1237	and there ish nothing done, so Christ sa' me, la.	115
FTLN 1238	JAMY By the Mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves	
FTLN 1239	to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or I'll lig i'	
FTLN 1240	th' grund for it, ay, or go to death. And I'll pay 't as	
FTLN 1241	valourously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the	
FTLN 1242	breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard	120
FTLN 1243	some question 'tween you tway.	
FTLN 1244	FLUELLEN Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under	
FTLN 1245	your correction, there is not many of your	
FTLN 1246	nation—	
FTLN 1247	MACMORRIS Of my nation? What ish my nation? Ish a	125
FTLN 1248	villain and a basterd and a knave and a rascal. What	
FTLN 1249	ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?	
FTLN 1250	FLUELLEN Look you, if you take the matter otherwise	
FTLN 1251	than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I	
FTLN 1252	shall think you do not use me with that affability as,	130
FTLN 1253	in discretion, you ought to use me, look you, being	
FTLN 1254	as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of	
FTLN 1255	war and in the derivation of my birth, and in other	
FTLN 1256	particularities.	
FTLN 1257	MACMORRIS I do not know you so good a man as	135
FTLN 1258	myself. So Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.	
FTLN 1259	GOWER Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.	
FTLN 1260	JAMY Ah, that's a foul fault.	
	<i>A parley 'sounds.'</i>	
FTLN 1261	GOWER The town sounds a parley.	

FTLN 1262 FLUELLEN Captain Macmorris, when there is more 140
 FTLN 1263 better opportunity to be required, look you, I will
 FTLN 1264 be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of
 FTLN 1265 war, and there is an end.
「They」 exit.

「Scene 3」
Enter the King 「of England」 and all his train
before the gates.

KING HENRY, *「to the men of Harfleur」*

FTLN 1266 How yet resolves the Governor of the town?
 FTLN 1267 This is the latest parole we will admit.
 FTLN 1268 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves
 FTLN 1269 Or, like to men proud of destruction,
 FTLN 1270 Defy us to our worst. For, as I am a soldier, 5
 FTLN 1271 A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
 FTLN 1272 If I begin the batt'ry once again,
 FTLN 1273 I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
 FTLN 1274 Till in her ashes she lie buried.
 FTLN 1275 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, 10
 FTLN 1276 And the fleshed soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 FTLN 1277 In liberty of bloody hand, shall range
 FTLN 1278 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 FTLN 1279 Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.
 FTLN 1280 What is it then to me if impious war, 15
 FTLN 1281 Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,
 FTLN 1282 Do with his smirched complexion all fell feats
 FTLN 1283 Enlinked to waste and desolation?
 FTLN 1284 What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 FTLN 1285 If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20
 FTLN 1286 Of hot and forcing violation?
 FTLN 1287 What rein can hold licentious wickedness
 FTLN 1288 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 FTLN 1289 We may as bootless spend our vain command

FTLN 1290	Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil	25
FTLN 1291	As send precepts to the Leviathan	
FTLN 1292	To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,	
FTLN 1293	Take pity of your town and of your people	
FTLN 1294	Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,	
FTLN 1295	Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace	30
FTLN 1296	O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds	
FTLN 1297	Of 'heady' murder, spoil, and villainy.	
FTLN 1298	If not, why, in a moment look to see	
FTLN 1299	The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand	
FTLN 1300	Desire the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters,	35
FTLN 1301	Your fathers taken by the silver beards	
FTLN 1302	And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls,	
FTLN 1303	Your naked infants spitted upon pikes	
FTLN 1304	Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused	
FTLN 1305	Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry	40
FTLN 1306	At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.	
FTLN 1307	What say you? Will you yield and this avoid	
FTLN 1308	Or, guilty in defense, be thus destroyed?	

Enter Governor.

GOVERNOR

FTLN 1309	Our expectation hath this day an end.	
FTLN 1310	The Dauphin, whom of succors we entreated,	45
FTLN 1311	Returns us that his powers are yet not ready	
FTLN 1312	To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,	
FTLN 1313	We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.	
FTLN 1314	Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,	
FTLN 1315	For we no longer are defensible.	50

KING HENRY

FTLN 1316	Open your gates.	<i>['Governor exits.]</i>
FTLN 1317	Come, uncle Exeter,	
FTLN 1318	Go you and enter Harfleur. There remain,	
FTLN 1319	And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.	
FTLN 1320	Use mercy to them all for us, dear uncle.	55

FTLN 1321 The winter coming on and sickness growing
 FTLN 1322 Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
 FTLN 1323 Tonight in Harfleur will we be your guest.
 FTLN 1324 Tomorrow for the march are we addressed.
Flourish, and enter the town.

「Scene 4」

Enter Katherine and 「Alice,」 an old Gentlewoman.

FTLN 1325 KATHERINE *Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles*
 FTLN 1326 *bien le langage.*
 FTLN 1327 ALICE *Un peu, madame.*
 FTLN 1328 KATHERINE *Je te prie, m'enseignes. Il faut que j'apprenne*
 FTLN 1329 *à parler. Comment appelez-vous "la main" en* 5
 FTLN 1330 *anglais?*
 FTLN 1331 ALICE *La main? Elle est appelée "de hand."*
 FTLN 1332 KATHERINE *De hand. Et "les doigts"?*
 FTLN 1333 「ALICE」 *Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je*
 FTLN 1334 *me souviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont* 10
 FTLN 1335 *appelés "de fingres"; oui, de fingres.*
 FTLN 1336 「KATHERINE」 *La main, de hand. Les doigts, le fingres.*
 FTLN 1337 *Je pense que je suis le bon écolier. J'ai gagné deux*
 FTLN 1338 *mots d'anglais vitelement. Comment appelez-vous "les*
 FTLN 1339 *ongles"?* 15
 FTLN 1340 ALICE *Les ongles? Nous les appelons "de nailes."*
 FTLN 1341 KATHERINE *De nailes. Écoutez. Dites-moi si je parle*
 FTLN 1342 *bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nailes.*
 FTLN 1343 ALICE *C'est bien dit, madame. Il est fort bon anglais.*
 FTLN 1344 KATHERINE *Dites-moi l'anglais pour "le bras."* 20
 FTLN 1345 ALICE *"De arme," madame.*
 FTLN 1346 KATHERINE *Et "le coude"?*
 FTLN 1347 ALICE *"D' elbow."*
 FTLN 1348 KATHERINE *D' elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous*
 FTLN 1349 *les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.* 25
 FTLN 1350 ALICE *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

FTLN 1351 KATHERINE *Excusez-moi, Alice. Écoutez: d' hand, de*
 FTLN 1352 *finger, de nailes, d' arma, de bilbow.*
 FTLN 1353 ALICE *D' elbow, madame.*
 FTLN 1354 KATHERINE *Ô Seigneur Dieu! Je m'en oublie; d' elbow.* 30
 FTLN 1355 *Comment appelez-vous "le col"?*
 FTLN 1356 ALICE *"De nick," madame.*
 FTLN 1357 KATHERINE *De nick. Et "le menton"?*
 FTLN 1358 ALICE *"De chin."*
 FTLN 1359 KATHERINE *De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.* 35
 FTLN 1360 ALICE *Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité vous prononcez*
 FTLN 1361 *les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.*
 FTLN 1362 KATHERINE *Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par le grâce*
 FTLN 1363 *de Dieu, et en peu de temps.*
 FTLN 1364 ALICE *N'avez-vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai* 40
 FTLN 1365 *enseigné?*
 FTLN 1366 KATHERINE *Non. Je réciterai à vous promptement: d'*
 FTLN 1367 *hand, de finger, de mailles—*
 FTLN 1368 ALICE *De nailes, madame.*
 FTLN 1369 KATHERINE *De nailes, de arme, de ilbow—* 45
 FTLN 1370 ALICE *Sauf votre honneur, d' elbow.*
 FTLN 1371 KATHERINE *Ainsi dis-je: d' elbow, de nick, et de sin.*
 FTLN 1372 *Comment appelez-vous "le pied" et "la robe"?*
 FTLN 1373 ALICE *"Le foot," madame, et "le count."*
 FTLN 1374 KATHERINE *Le foot, et le count. Ô Seigneur Dieu! Ils* 50
 FTLN 1375 *sont les mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et*
 FTLN 1376 *impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user.*
 FTLN 1377 *Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs*
 FTLN 1378 *de France, pour tout le monde. Foh! Le foot et le*
 FTLN 1379 *count! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma* 55
 FTLN 1380 *leçon ensemble: d' hand, de finger, de nailes, d'*
 FTLN 1381 *arme, d' elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, le count.*
 FTLN 1382 ALICE *Excellent, madame.*
 FTLN 1383 KATHERINE *C'est assez pour une fois. Allons-nous à*
 FTLN 1384 *dîner.* 60

「They」 exit.

「Scene 5」

*Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, 「the Duke of
Brittany,」 the Constable of France, and others.*

KING OF FRANCE

FTLN 1385 'Tis certain he hath passed the river Somme.

CONSTABLE

FTLN 1386 An if he be not fought withal, my lord,
FTLN 1387 Let us not live in France. Let us quit all,
FTLN 1388 And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 1389 *Ô Dieu vivant*, shall a few sprays of us, 5
FTLN 1390 The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
FTLN 1391 Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
FTLN 1392 Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds
FTLN 1393 And overlook their grafters?

BRITTANY

FTLN 1394 Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards! 10
FTLN 1395 *Mort de ma vie*, if they march along
FTLN 1396 Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom
FTLN 1397 To buy a slobb'ry and a dirty farm
FTLN 1398 In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

CONSTABLE

FTLN 1399 *Dieu de batailles*, where have they this mettle? 15
FTLN 1400 Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
FTLN 1401 On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
FTLN 1402 Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
FTLN 1403 A drench for sur-reined jades, their barley broth,
FTLN 1404 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat? 20
FTLN 1405 And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
FTLN 1406 Seem frosty? O, for honor of our land,
FTLN 1407 Let us not hang like roping icicles
FTLN 1408 Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty
FTLN 1409 people 25
FTLN 1410 Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
FTLN 1411 "Poor" we 「may」 call them in their native lords.

FTLN 1412	DAUPHIN	By faith and honor,	
FTLN 1413		Our madams mock at us and plainly say	
FTLN 1414		Our mettle is bred out, and they will give	30
FTLN 1415		Their bodies to the lust of English youth	
FTLN 1416		To new-store France with bastard warriors.	
	BRITTANY		
FTLN 1417		They bid us to the English dancing-schools,	
FTLN 1418		And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos,	
FTLN 1419		Saying our grace is only in our heels	35
FTLN 1420		And that we are most lofty runaways.	
	KING OF FRANCE		
FTLN 1421		Where is Montjoy the herald? Speed him hence.	
FTLN 1422		Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.	
FTLN 1423		Up, princes, and, with spirit of honor edged	
FTLN 1424		More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:	40
FTLN 1425		Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;	
FTLN 1426		You Dukes of Orléans, Bourbon, and of Berri,	
FTLN 1427		Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;	
FTLN 1428		Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, 'Vaudemont,'	
FTLN 1429		Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faulconbridge,	45
FTLN 1430		'Foix,' Lestrale, Bouciquault, and Charolois;	
FTLN 1431		High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and	
FTLN 1432		'knights,'	
FTLN 1433		For your great seats now quit you of great shames.	
FTLN 1434		Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land	50
FTLN 1435		With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur.	
FTLN 1436		Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow	
FTLN 1437		Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat	
FTLN 1438		The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.	
FTLN 1439		Go down upon him—you have power enough—	55
FTLN 1440		And in a captive chariot into Rouen	
FTLN 1441		Bring him our prisoner.	
FTLN 1442	CONSTABLE	This becomes the great!	
FTLN 1443		Sorry am I his numbers are so few,	
FTLN 1444		His soldiers sick and famished in their march,	60
FTLN 1445		For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,	

FTLN 1473 FLUELLEN He is called Aunchient Pistol.
 FTLN 1474 GOWER I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

FTLN 1475	FLUELLEN	Here is the man.	20
FTLN 1476	PISTOL	Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors. The	
FTLN 1477		Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.	
FTLN 1478	FLUELLEN	Ay, I praise God, and I have merited some	
FTLN 1479		love at his hands.	
FTLN 1480	PISTOL	Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart and	25
FTLN 1481		of buxom valor, hath, by cruel Fate and giddy	
FTLN 1482		Fortune's furious fickle wheel, that goddess blind,	
FTLN 1483		that stands upon the rolling restless stone—	
FTLN 1484	FLUELLEN	By your patience, Aunchient Pistol, Fortune	
FTLN 1485		is painted blind, with a muffler afore ^{her} eyes, to	30
FTLN 1486		signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is	
FTLN 1487		painted also with a wheel to signify to you, which is	
FTLN 1488		the moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant,	
FTLN 1489		and mutability and variation; and her foot, look you,	
FTLN 1490		is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls and rolls	35
FTLN 1491		and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most	
FTLN 1492		excellent description of it. Fortune is an excellent	
FTLN 1493		moral.	
FTLN 1494	PISTOL	Fortune is Bardolph's foe and frowns on him,	
FTLN 1495		for he hath stolen a pax and hangèd must he be. A	40
FTLN 1496		damnèd death! Let gallows gape for dog, let man go	
FTLN 1497		free, and let not hemp his windpipe suffocate. But	
FTLN 1498		Exeter hath given the doom of death for pax of little	
FTLN 1499		price. Therefore go speak; the Duke will hear thy	
FTLN 1500		voice, and let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut	45
FTLN 1501		with edge of penny cord and vile reproach. Speak,	
FTLN 1502		captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.	
FTLN 1503	FLUELLEN	Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand	
FTLN 1504		your meaning.	
FTLN 1505	PISTOL	Why then, rejoice therefore.	50
FTLN 1506	FLUELLEN	Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to	

FTLN 1507	rejoice at, for if, look you, he were my brother, I	
FTLN 1508	would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure and	
FTLN 1509	put him to execution, for discipline ought to be	
FTLN 1510	used.	55
FTLN 1511	PISTOL Die and be damned, and <i>figo</i> for thy friendship!	
FTLN 1512	FLUELLEN It is well.	
FTLN 1513	PISTOL The fig of Spain!	<i>He exits.</i>
FTLN 1514	FLUELLEN Very good.	
FTLN 1515	GOWER Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal. I	60
FTLN 1516	remember him now, a bawd, a cutpurse.	
FTLN 1517	FLUELLEN I'll assure you he uttered as prave words at	
FTLN 1518	the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it	
FTLN 1519	is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I	
FTLN 1520	warrant you, when time is serve.	65
FTLN 1521	GOWER Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and	
FTLN 1522	then goes to the wars to grace himself at his return	
FTLN 1523	into London under the form of a soldier; and such	
FTLN 1524	fellows are perfect in the great commanders'	
FTLN 1525	names, and they will learn you by rote where	70
FTLN 1526	services were done—at such and such a sconce, at	
FTLN 1527	such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off	
FTLN 1528	bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms	
FTLN 1529	the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in	
FTLN 1530	the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned	75
FTLN 1531	oaths; and what a beard of the general's cut	
FTLN 1532	and a horrid suit of the camp will do among	
FTLN 1533	foaming bottles and ale-washed wits is wonderful to	
FTLN 1534	be thought on. But you must learn to know such	
FTLN 1535	slanders of the age, or else you may be marvelously	80
FTLN 1536	mistook.	
FTLN 1537	FLUELLEN I tell you what, Captain Gower. I do perceive	
FTLN 1538	he is not the man that he would gladly make	
FTLN 1539	show to the world he is. If I find a hole in his coat, I	
FTLN 1540	will tell him my mind.	85

*Drum and Colors. Enter the King 'of England' and his
poor Soldiers, 'and Gloucester.'*

FTLN 1541	Hark you, the King is coming, and I must speak	
FTLN 1542	with him from the pridge.—God pless your	
FTLN 1543	Majesty.	
FTLN 1544	KING HENRY How now, Fluellen, cam'st thou from the	
FTLN 1545	bridge?	90
FTLN 1546	FLUELLEN Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of	
FTLN 1547	Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge.	
FTLN 1548	The French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant	
FTLN 1549	and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was	
FTLN 1550	have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced	95
FTLN 1551	to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the	
FTLN 1552	pridge. I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave	
FTLN 1553	man.	
FTLN 1554	KING HENRY What men have you lost, Fluellen?	
FTLN 1555	FLUELLEN The perdition of th' athversary hath been	100
FTLN 1556	very great, reasonable great. Marry, for my part, I	
FTLN 1557	think the Duke hath lost never a man but one that is	
FTLN 1558	like to be executed for robbing a church, one	
FTLN 1559	Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man. His face is	
FTLN 1560	all bubukles and whelks and knobs and flames o'	105
FTLN 1561	fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a	
FTLN 1562	coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red, but	
FTLN 1563	his nose is executed, and his fire's out.	
FTLN 1564	KING HENRY We would have all such offenders so cut	
FTLN 1565	off; and we give express charge that in our marches	110
FTLN 1566	through the country there be nothing compelled	
FTLN 1567	from the villages, nothing taken but paid for,	
FTLN 1568	none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful	
FTLN 1569	language; for when 'lenity' and cruelty play	
FTLN 1570	for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest	115
FTLN 1571	winner.	

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

FTLN 1572	MONTJOY	You know me by my habit.	
FTLN 1573	KING HENRY	Well then, I know thee. What shall I know	
FTLN 1574		of thee?	
FTLN 1575	MONTJOY	My master's mind.	120
FTLN 1576	KING HENRY	Unfold it.	
FTLN 1577	MONTJOY	Thus says my king: "Say thou to Harry of	
FTLN 1578		England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep.	
FTLN 1579		Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him	
FTLN 1580		we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we	125
FTLN 1581		thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full	
FTLN 1582		ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is	
FTLN 1583		imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his	
FTLN 1584		weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him	
FTLN 1585		therefore consider of his ransom, which must proportion	130
FTLN 1586		the losses we have borne, the subjects we	
FTLN 1587		have lost, the disgrace we have digested, which, in	
FTLN 1588		weight to reanswer, his pettiness would bow under.	
FTLN 1589		For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for th'	
FTLN 1590		effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom	135
FTLN 1591		too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own	
FTLN 1592		person kneeling at our feet but a weak and worthless	
FTLN 1593		satisfaction. To this, add defiance, and tell him,	
FTLN 1594		for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers,	
FTLN 1595		whose condemnation is pronounced." So far my	140
FTLN 1596		king and master; so much my office.	
	KING HENRY		
FTLN 1597		What is thy name? I know thy quality.	
FTLN 1598	MONTJOY	Montjoy.	
	KING HENRY		
FTLN 1599		Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,	
FTLN 1600		And tell thy king I do not seek him now	145
FTLN 1601		But could be willing to march on to Calais	
FTLN 1602		Without impeachment, for, to say the sooth,	
FTLN 1603		Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much	
FTLN 1604		Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,	
FTLN 1605		My people are with sickness much enfeebled,	150

FTLN 1606 My numbers lessened, and those few I have
 FTLN 1607 Almost no better than so many French,
 FTLN 1608 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 FTLN 1609 I thought upon one pair of English legs
 FTLN 1610 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me, God, 155
 FTLN 1611 That I do brag thus. This your air of France
 FTLN 1612 Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent.
 FTLN 1613 Go therefore, tell thy master: here I am.
 FTLN 1614 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
 FTLN 1615 My army but a weak and sickly guard, 160
 FTLN 1616 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on
 FTLN 1617 Though France himself and such another neighbor
 FTLN 1618 Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy.

「Gives money.」

FTLN 1619 Go bid thy master well advise himself:
 FTLN 1620 If we may pass, we will; if we be hindered, 165
 FTLN 1621 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 FTLN 1622 Discolor. And so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 FTLN 1623 The sum of all our answer is but this:
 FTLN 1624 We would not seek a battle as we are,
 FTLN 1625 Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it. 170
 FTLN 1626 So tell your master.

MONTJOY

FTLN 1627 I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness.

「He exits.」

GLOUCESTER

FTLN 1628 I hope they will not come upon us now.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1629 We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
 FTLN 1630 March to the bridge. It now draws toward night. 175
 FTLN 1631 Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
 FTLN 1632 And on tomorrow bid them march away.

They exit.

[Scene 7]

*Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Rambures,
Orléans, Dauphin, with others.*

FTLN 1633	CONSTABLE	Tut, I have the best armor of the world.	
FTLN 1634		Would it were day!	
FTLN 1635	ORLÉANS	You have an excellent armor, but let my	
FTLN 1636		horse have his due.	
FTLN 1637	CONSTABLE	It is the best horse of Europe.	5
FTLN 1638	ORLÉANS	Will it never be morning?	
FTLN 1639	DAUPHIN	My Lord of Orléans and my Lord High Constable,	
FTLN 1640		you talk of horse and armor?	
FTLN 1641	ORLÉANS	You are as well provided of both as any	
FTLN 1642		prince in the world.	10
FTLN 1643	DAUPHIN	What a long night is this! I will not change	
FTLN 1644		my horse with any that treads but on four [pasterns.]	
FTLN 1645		Çà, ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his	
FTLN 1646		entrails were hairs, <i>le cheval volant</i> , the Pegasus, <i>qui</i>	
FTLN 1647		<i>a les narines de feu</i> . When I bestride him, I soar; I	15
FTLN 1648		am a hawk; he trots the air. The earth sings when he	
FTLN 1649		touches it. The basest horn of his hoof is more	
FTLN 1650		musical than the pipe of Hermes.	
FTLN 1651	ORLÉANS	He's of the color of the nutmeg.	
FTLN 1652	DAUPHIN	And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for	20
FTLN 1653		Perseus. He is pure air and fire, and the dull	
FTLN 1654		elements of earth and water never appear in him,	
FTLN 1655		but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts	
FTLN 1656		him. He is indeed a horse, and all other jades you	
FTLN 1657		may call beasts.	25
FTLN 1658	CONSTABLE	Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and	
FTLN 1659		excellent horse.	
FTLN 1660	DAUPHIN	It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like	
FTLN 1661		the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance	
FTLN 1662		enforces homage.	30
FTLN 1663	ORLÉANS	No more, cousin.	
FTLN 1664	DAUPHIN	Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from	

FTLN 1665	the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb,	
FTLN 1666	vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as	
FTLN 1667	fluent as the sea. Turn the sands into eloquent	35
FTLN 1668	tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis	
FTLN 1669	a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a	
FTLN 1670	sovereign's sovereign to ride on, and for the world,	
FTLN 1671	familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their	
FTLN 1672	particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ	40
FTLN 1673	a sonnet in his praise and began thus: "Wonder of	
FTLN 1674	nature—"	
FTLN 1675	ORLÉANS I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's	
FTLN 1676	mistress.	
FTLN 1677	DAUPHIN Then did they imitate that which I composed	45
FTLN 1678	to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.	
FTLN 1679	ORLÉANS Your mistress bears well.	
FTLN 1680	DAUPHIN Me well—which is the prescript praise and	
FTLN 1681	perfection of a good and particular mistress.	
FTLN 1682	CONSTABLE Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress	50
FTLN 1683	shrewdly shook your back.	
FTLN 1684	DAUPHIN So perhaps did yours.	
FTLN 1685	CONSTABLE Mine was not bridled.	
FTLN 1686	DAUPHIN O, then belike she was old and gentle, and	
FTLN 1687	you rode like a kern of Ireland, your French hose	55
FTLN 1688	off, and in your strait strossers.	
FTLN 1689	CONSTABLE You have good judgment in horsemanship.	
FTLN 1690	DAUPHIN Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and	
FTLN 1691	ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have	
FTLN 1692	my horse to my mistress.	60
FTLN 1693	CONSTABLE I had as lief have my mistress a jade.	
FTLN 1694	DAUPHIN I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his	
FTLN 1695	own hair.	
FTLN 1696	CONSTABLE I could make as true a boast as that if I had	
FTLN 1697	a sow to my mistress.	65
FTLN 1698	DAUPHIN " <i>Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement,</i>	
FTLN 1699	<i>et la truie lavée au boubier.</i> " Thou mak'st use	
FTLN 1700	of anything.	

FTLN 1701 CONSTABLE Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress,
 FTLN 1702 or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose. 70
 FTLN 1703 RAMBURES My Lord Constable, the armor that I saw in
 FTLN 1704 your tent tonight, are those stars or suns upon it?
 FTLN 1705 CONSTABLE Stars, my lord.
 FTLN 1706 DAUPHIN Some of them will fall tomorrow, I hope.
 FTLN 1707 CONSTABLE And yet my sky shall not want. 75
 FTLN 1708 DAUPHIN That may be, for you bear a many superfluously,
 FTLN 1709 and 'twere more honor some were away.
 FTLN 1710 CONSTABLE Ev'n as your horse bears your praises—
 FTLN 1711 who would trot as well were some of your brags
 FTLN 1712 dismounted. 80
 FTLN 1713 DAUPHIN Would I were able to load him with his
 FTLN 1714 desert! Will it never be day? I will trot tomorrow a
 FTLN 1715 mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.
 FTLN 1716 CONSTABLE I will not say so for fear I should be faced
 FTLN 1717 out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I 85
 FTLN 1718 would fain be about the ears of the English.
 FTLN 1719 RAMBURES Who will go to hazard with me for twenty
 FTLN 1720 prisoners?
 FTLN 1721 CONSTABLE You must first go yourself to hazard ere you
 FTLN 1722 have them. 90
 FTLN 1723 DAUPHIN 'Tis midnight. I'll go arm myself. *He exits.*
 FTLN 1724 ORLÉANS The Dauphin longs for morning.
 FTLN 1725 RAMBURES He longs to eat the English.
 FTLN 1726 CONSTABLE I think he will eat all he kills.
 FTLN 1727 ORLÉANS By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant 95
 FTLN 1728 prince.
 FTLN 1729 CONSTABLE Swear by her foot, that she may tread out
 FTLN 1730 the oath.
 FTLN 1731 ORLÉANS He is simply the most active gentleman of
 FTLN 1732 France. 100
 FTLN 1733 CONSTABLE Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.
 FTLN 1734 ORLÉANS He never did harm, that I heard of.
 FTLN 1735 CONSTABLE Nor will do none tomorrow. He will keep
 FTLN 1736 that good name still.

FTLN 1737	ORLÉANS	I know him to be valiant.	105
FTLN 1738	CONSTABLE	I was told that by one that knows him	
FTLN 1739		better than you.	
FTLN 1740	ORLÉANS	What's he?	
FTLN 1741	CONSTABLE	Marry, he told me so himself, and he said	
FTLN 1742		he cared not who knew it.	110
FTLN 1743	ORLÉANS	He needs not. It is no hidden virtue in him.	
FTLN 1744	CONSTABLE	By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody	
FTLN 1745		saw it but his lackey. 'Tis a hooded valor, and when	
FTLN 1746		it appears, it will bate.	
FTLN 1747	ORLÉANS	Ill will never said well.	115
FTLN 1748	CONSTABLE	I will cap that proverb with "There is	
FTLN 1749		flattery in friendship."	
FTLN 1750	ORLÉANS	And I will take up that with "Give the devil	
FTLN 1751		his due."	
FTLN 1752	CONSTABLE	Well placed; there stands your friend for	120
FTLN 1753		the devil. Have at the very eye of that proverb with	
FTLN 1754		"A pox of the devil."	
FTLN 1755	ORLÉANS	You are the better at proverbs, by how much	
FTLN 1756		"A fool's bolt is soon shot."	
FTLN 1757	CONSTABLE	You have shot over.	125
FTLN 1758	ORLÉANS	'Tis not the first time you were overshot.	

Enter a Messenger.

FTLN 1759	MESSENGER	My Lord High Constable, the English lie	
FTLN 1760		within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.	
FTLN 1761	CONSTABLE	Who hath measured the ground?	
FTLN 1762	MESSENGER	The Lord Grandpré.	130
FTLN 1763	CONSTABLE	A valiant and most expert gentleman.—	
FTLN 1764		Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! He	
FTLN 1765		longs not for the dawning as we do.	
FTLN 1766	ORLÉANS	What a wretched and peevish fellow is this	
FTLN 1767		King of England to mope with his fat-brained	135
FTLN 1768		followers so far out of his knowledge.	
FTLN 1769	CONSTABLE	If the English had any apprehension, they	
FTLN 1770		would run away.	

FTLN 1771 ORLÉANS That they lack; for if their heads had any
 FTLN 1772 intellectual armor, they could never wear such 140
 FTLN 1773 heavy headpieces.

FTLN 1774 RAMBURES That island of England breeds very valiant
 FTLN 1775 creatures. Their mastiffs are of unmatched
 FTLN 1776 courage.

FTLN 1777 ORLÉANS Foolish curs, that run winking into the 145
 FTLN 1778 mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads
 FTLN 1779 crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say
 FTLN 1780 that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the
 FTLN 1781 lip of a lion.

FTLN 1782 CONSTABLE Just, just; and the men do sympathize with 150
 FTLN 1783 the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on,
 FTLN 1784 leaving their wits with their wives. And then give
 FTLN 1785 them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they
 FTLN 1786 will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

FTLN 1787 ORLÉANS Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of 155
 FTLN 1788 beef.

FTLN 1789 CONSTABLE Then shall we find tomorrow they have
 FTLN 1790 only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it
 FTLN 1791 time to arm. Come, shall we about it?

FTLN 1792 ORLÉANS It is now two o'clock. But, let me see, by ten 160
 FTLN 1793 We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

They exit.

[Enter] Chorus.

[CHORUS]

FTLN 1794	Now entertain conjecture of a time	
FTLN 1795	When creeping murmur and the poring dark	
FTLN 1796	Fills the wide vessel of the universe.	
FTLN 1797	From camp to camp, through the foul womb of	
FTLN 1798	night,	5
FTLN 1799	The hum of either army stilly sounds,	
FTLN 1800	That the fixed sentinels almost receive	
FTLN 1801	The secret whispers of each other's watch.	
FTLN 1802	Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames	
FTLN 1803	Each battle sees the other's umbered face;	10
FTLN 1804	Steed threatens steed in high and boastful neighs	
FTLN 1805	Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents	
FTLN 1806	The armorers, accomplishing the knights,	
FTLN 1807	With busy hammers closing rivets up,	
FTLN 1808	Give dreadful note of preparation.	15
FTLN 1809	The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,	
FTLN 1810	And, the third hour of drowsy morning named,	
FTLN 1811	Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,	
FTLN 1812	The confident and overlusty French	
FTLN 1813	Do the low-rated English play at dice	20
FTLN 1814	And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,	
FTLN 1815	Who like a foul and ugly witch doth limp	
FTLN 1816	So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English,	

FTLN 1817	Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires	
FTLN 1818	Sit patiently and inly ruminate	25
FTLN 1819	The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,	
FTLN 1820	Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,	
FTLN 1821	「Presenteth」 them unto the gazing moon	
FTLN 1822	So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold	
FTLN 1823	The royal captain of this ruined band	30
FTLN 1824	Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,	
FTLN 1825	Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"	
FTLN 1826	For forth he goes and visits all his host,	
FTLN 1827	Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,	
FTLN 1828	And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.	35
FTLN 1829	Upon his royal face there is no note	
FTLN 1830	How dread an army hath enrounded him,	
FTLN 1831	Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color	
FTLN 1832	Unto the weary and all-watchèd night,	
FTLN 1833	But freshly looks and overbears attaint	40
FTLN 1834	With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty,	
FTLN 1835	That every wretch, pining and pale before,	
FTLN 1836	Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.	
FTLN 1837	A largesse universal, like the sun,	
FTLN 1838	His liberal eye doth give to everyone,	45
FTLN 1839	Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all	
FTLN 1840	Behold, as may unworthiness define,	
FTLN 1841	A little touch of Harry in the night.	
FTLN 1842	And so our scene must to the battle fly,	
FTLN 1843	Where, O for pity, we shall much disgrace,	50
FTLN 1844	With four or five most vile and ragged foils	
FTLN 1845	Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,	
FTLN 1846	The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,	
FTLN 1847	Minding true things by what their mock'ries be.	

He exits.

[Scene 1]

Enter the King [of England,] Bedford, and Gloucester.

KING HENRY

FTLN 1848	Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger.	
FTLN 1849	The greater therefore should our courage be.—	
FTLN 1850	Good morrow, brother Bedford. God almighty,	
FTLN 1851	There is some soul of goodness in things evil,	
FTLN 1852	Would men observingly distill it out.	5
FTLN 1853	For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,	
FTLN 1854	Which is both healthful and good husbandry.	
FTLN 1855	Besides, they are our outward consciences	
FTLN 1856	And preachers to us all, admonishing	
FTLN 1857	That we should dress us fairly for our end.	10
FTLN 1858	Thus may we gather honey from the weed	
FTLN 1859	And make a moral of the devil himself.	

Enter Erpingham.

FTLN 1860	Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.	
FTLN 1861	A good soft pillow for that good white head	
FTLN 1862	Were better than a churlish turf of France.	15

ERPINGHAM

FTLN 1863	Not so, my liege, this lodging likes me better,	
FTLN 1864	Since I may say “Now lie I like a king.”	

KING HENRY

FTLN 1865	'Tis good for men to love their present pains	
FTLN 1866	Upon example. So the spirit is eased;	
FTLN 1867	And when the mind is quickened, out of doubt,	20
FTLN 1868	The organs, though defunct and dead before,	
FTLN 1869	Break up their drowsy grave and newly move	
FTLN 1870	With casted slough and fresh legerity.	
FTLN 1871	Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.	

[He puts on Erpingham's cloak.]

FTLN 1872	Brothers both,	25
FTLN 1873	Commend me to the princes in our camp,	

FTLN 1905 KING HENRY Do not you wear your dagger in your cap
 FTLN 1906 that day, lest he knock that about yours.
 FTLN 1907 PISTOL Art thou his friend? 60
 FTLN 1908 KING HENRY And his kinsman too.
 FTLN 1909 PISTOL The *figo* for thee then!
 FTLN 1910 KING HENRY I thank you. God be with you.
 FTLN 1911 PISTOL My name is Pistol called. *He exits.*
 FTLN 1912 KING HENRY It sorts well with your fierceness. 65
He steps aside.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

FTLN 1913 GOWER Captain Fluellen.
 FTLN 1914 FLUELLEN So. In the name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer.
 FTLN 1915 It is the greatest admiration in the universal world
 FTLN 1916 when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and
 FTLN 1917 laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the 70
 FTLN 1918 pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the
 FTLN 1919 Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is
 FTLN 1920 no tiddle taddle nor pibble babble in Pompey's
 FTLN 1921 camp. I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies
 FTLN 1922 of the wars and the cares of it and the forms 75
 FTLN 1923 of it and the sobriety of it and the modesty of it to
 FTLN 1924 be otherwise.
 FTLN 1925 GOWER Why, the enemy is loud. You hear him all
 FTLN 1926 night.
 FTLN 1927 FLUELLEN If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating 80
 FTLN 1928 coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also,
 FTLN 1929 look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating
 FTLN 1930 coxcomb, in your own conscience now?
 FTLN 1931 GOWER I will speak lower.
 FTLN 1932 FLUELLEN I pray you and beseech you that you will. 85
Gower and Fluellen exit.
 KING HENRY
 FTLN 1933 Though it appear a little out of fashion,
 FTLN 1934 There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

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

FTLN 1935	COURT	Brother John Bates, is not that the morning	
FTLN 1936		which breaks yonder?	
FTLN 1937	BATES	I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire	90
FTLN 1938		the approach of day.	
FTLN 1939	WILLIAMS	We see yonder the beginning of the day, but	
FTLN 1940		I think we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes	
FTLN 1941		there?	
FTLN 1942	KING HENRY	A friend.	95
FTLN 1943	WILLIAMS	Under what captain serve you?	
FTLN 1944	KING HENRY	Under Sir 'Thomas' Erpingham.	
FTLN 1945	WILLIAMS	A good old commander and a most kind	
FTLN 1946		gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our	
FTLN 1947		estate?	100
FTLN 1948	KING HENRY	Even as men wracked upon a sand, that	
FTLN 1949		look to be washed off the next tide.	
FTLN 1950	BATES	He hath not told his thought to the King?	
FTLN 1951	KING HENRY	No. Nor it is not meet he should, for,	
FTLN 1952		though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a	105
FTLN 1953		man as I am. The violet smells to him as it doth to	
FTLN 1954		me. The element shows to him as it doth to me. All	
FTLN 1955		his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies	
FTLN 1956		laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man,	
FTLN 1957		and though his affections are higher mounted than	110
FTLN 1958		ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like	
FTLN 1959		wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears as we	
FTLN 1960		do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as	
FTLN 1961		ours are. Yet, in reason, no man should possess him	
FTLN 1962		with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it,	115
FTLN 1963		should dishearten his army.	
FTLN 1964	BATES	He may show what outward courage he will,	
FTLN 1965		but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish	
FTLN 1966		himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would	

FTLN 1967	he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were	120
FTLN 1968	quit here.	
FTLN 1969	KING HENRY By my troth, I will speak my conscience	
FTLN 1970	of the King. I think he would not wish himself	
FTLN 1971	anywhere but where he is.	
FTLN 1972	BATES Then I would he were here alone; so should he	125
FTLN 1973	be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's	
FTLN 1974	lives saved.	
FTLN 1975	KING HENRY I dare say you love him not so ill to wish	
FTLN 1976	him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel	
FTLN 1977	other men's minds. Methinks I could not die anywhere	130
FTLN 1978	so contented as in the King's company, his	
FTLN 1979	cause being just and his quarrel honorable.	
FTLN 1980	WILLIAMS That's more than we know.	
FTLN 1981	BATES Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we	
FTLN 1982	know enough if we know we are the King's subjects.	135
FTLN 1983	If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the	
FTLN 1984	King wipes the crime of it out of us.	
FTLN 1985	WILLIAMS But if the cause be not good, the King	
FTLN 1986	himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all	
FTLN 1987	those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a	140
FTLN 1988	battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry	
FTLN 1989	all "We died at such a place," some swearing, some	
FTLN 1990	crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left	
FTLN 1991	poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe,	
FTLN 1992	some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard	145
FTLN 1993	there are few die well that die in a battle, for how	
FTLN 1994	can they charitably dispose of anything when blood	
FTLN 1995	is their argument? Now, if these men do not die	
FTLN 1996	well, it will be a black matter for the king that led	
FTLN 1997	them to it, who to disobey were against all proportion	150
FTLN 1998	of subjection.	
FTLN 1999	KING HENRY So, if a son that is by his father sent about	
FTLN 2000	merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea,	
FTLN 2001	the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule,	
FTLN 2002	should be imposed upon his father that sent him.	155

FTLN 2003	Or if a servant, under his master's command transporting	
FTLN 2004	a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and	
FTLN 2005	die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the	
FTLN 2006	business of the master the author of the servant's	
FTLN 2007	damnation. But this is not so. The King is not bound	160
FTLN 2008	to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the	
FTLN 2009	father of his son, nor the master of his servant, for	
FTLN 2010	they purpose not their death when they purpose	
FTLN 2011	their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause	
FTLN 2012	never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrament of	165
FTLN 2013	swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers.	
FTLN 2014	Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of	
FTLN 2015	premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling	
FTLN 2016	virgins with the broken seals of perjury;	
FTLN 2017	some, making the wars their bulwark, that have	170
FTLN 2018	before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage	
FTLN 2019	and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the	
FTLN 2020	law and outrun native punishment, though they can	
FTLN 2021	outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God.	
FTLN 2022	War is His beadle, war is His vengeance, so that here	175
FTLN 2023	men are punished for before-breach of the King's	
FTLN 2024	laws in now the King's quarrel. Where they feared	
FTLN 2025	the death, they have borne life away; and where they	
FTLN 2026	would be safe, they perish. Then, if they die unprovided,	
FTLN 2027	no more is the King guilty of their damnation	180
FTLN 2028	than he was before guilty of those impieties for the	
FTLN 2029	which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is	
FTLN 2030	the King's, but every subject's soul is his own.	
FTLN 2031	Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as	
FTLN 2032	every sick man in his bed: wash every mote out of	185
FTLN 2033	his conscience. And, dying so, death is to him	
FTLN 2034	advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost	
FTLN 2035	wherein such preparation was gained. And in him	
FTLN 2036	that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making	
FTLN 2037	God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to	190

FTLN 2038	see His greatness and to teach others how they	
FTLN 2039	should prepare.	
FTLN 2040	WILLIAMS 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill	
FTLN 2041	upon his own head; the King is not to answer it.	
FTLN 2042	BATES I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet	195
FTLN 2043	I determine to fight lustily for him.	
FTLN 2044	KING HENRY I myself heard the King say he would not	
FTLN 2045	be ransomed.	
FTLN 2046	WILLIAMS Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully,	
FTLN 2047	but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed	200
FTLN 2048	and we ne'er the wiser.	
FTLN 2049	KING HENRY If I live to see it, I will never trust his	
FTLN 2050	word after.	
FTLN 2051	WILLIAMS You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out	
FTLN 2052	of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure	205
FTLN 2053	can do against a monarch. You may as well go	
FTLN 2054	about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face	
FTLN 2055	with a peacock's feather. You'll "never trust his	
FTLN 2056	word after." Come, 'tis a foolish saying.	
FTLN 2057	KING HENRY Your reproof is something too round. I	210
FTLN 2058	should be angry with you if the time were	
FTLN 2059	convenient.	
FTLN 2060	WILLIAMS Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.	
FTLN 2061	KING HENRY I embrace it.	
FTLN 2062	WILLIAMS How shall I know thee again?	215
FTLN 2063	KING HENRY Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear	
FTLN 2064	it in my bonnet. Then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge	
FTLN 2065	it, I will make it my quarrel.	
FTLN 2066	WILLIAMS Here's my glove. Give me another of thine.	
FTLN 2067	KING HENRY There. <i>They exchange gloves.</i>	220
FTLN 2068	WILLIAMS This will I also wear in my cap. If ever thou	
FTLN 2069	come to me and say, after tomorrow, "This is my	
FTLN 2070	glove," by this hand I will take thee a box on the	
FTLN 2071	ear.	
FTLN 2072	KING HENRY If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.	225
FTLN 2073	WILLIAMS Thou dar'st as well be hanged.	

FTLN 2074	KING HENRY	Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the	
FTLN 2075		King's company.	
FTLN 2076	WILLIAMS	Keep thy word. Fare thee well.	
FTLN 2077	BATES	Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We	230
FTLN 2078		have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how	
FTLN 2079		to reckon.	
FTLN 2080	KING HENRY	Indeed, the French may lay twenty	
FTLN 2081		French crowns to one they will beat us, for they	
FTLN 2082		bear them on their shoulders. But it is no English	235
FTLN 2083		treason to cut French crowns, and tomorrow the	
FTLN 2084		King himself will be a clipper.	
		<i>Soldiers exit.</i>	
FTLN 2085		Upon the King! Let us our lives, our souls, our	
FTLN 2086		debts, our careful wives, our children, and our sins,	
FTLN 2087		lay on the King!	240
FTLN 2088		We must bear all. O hard condition,	
FTLN 2089		Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath	
FTLN 2090		Of every fool whose sense no more can feel	
FTLN 2091		But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease	
FTLN 2092		Must kings neglect that private men enjoy?	245
FTLN 2093		And what have kings that privates have not too,	
FTLN 2094		Save ceremony, save general ceremony?	
FTLN 2095		And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?	
FTLN 2096		What kind of god art thou that suffer'st more	
FTLN 2097		Of mortal griefs than do thy worshipers?	250
FTLN 2098		What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?	
FTLN 2099		O ceremony, show me but thy worth!	
FTLN 2100		What is thy soul of adoration?	
FTLN 2101		Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,	
FTLN 2102		Creating awe and fear in other men,	255
FTLN 2103		Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,	
FTLN 2104		Than they in fearing?	
FTLN 2105		What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,	
FTLN 2106		But poisoned flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,	
FTLN 2107		And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!	260
FTLN 2108		Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out	

FTLN 2109	With titles blown from adulation?	
FTLN 2110	Will it give place to flexure and low bending?	
FTLN 2111	Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's	
FTLN 2112	knee,	265
FTLN 2113	Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,	
FTLN 2114	That play'st so subtly with a king's repose.	
FTLN 2115	I am a king that find thee, and I know	
FTLN 2116	'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,	
FTLN 2117	The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,	270
FTLN 2118	The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,	
FTLN 2119	The farcèd title running 'fore the King,	
FTLN 2120	The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp	
FTLN 2121	That beats upon the high shore of this world;	
FTLN 2122	No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,	275
FTLN 2123	Not all these, laid in bed majestical,	
FTLN 2124	Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave	
FTLN 2125	Who, with a body filled and vacant mind,	
FTLN 2126	Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread;	
FTLN 2127	Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,	280
FTLN 2128	But, like a lackey, from the rise to set	
FTLN 2129	Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night	
FTLN 2130	Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn	
FTLN 2131	Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,	
FTLN 2132	And follows so the ever-running year	285
FTLN 2133	With profitable labor to his grave.	
FTLN 2134	And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,	
FTLN 2135	Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,	
FTLN 2136	Had the forehand and vantage of a king.	
FTLN 2137	The slave, a member of the country's peace,	290
FTLN 2138	Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots	
FTLN 2139	What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,	
FTLN 2140	Whose hours the peasant best advantages.	

Enter Erpingham.

ERPINGHAM

FTLN 2141 My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,

FTLN 2142	Seek through your camp to find you.	295
FTLN 2143	KING HENRY Good old knight,	
FTLN 2144	Collect them all together at my tent.	
FTLN 2145	I'll be before thee.	
FTLN 2146	ERPINGHAM I shall do 't, my lord. <i>He exits.</i>	
FTLN 2147	KING HENRY O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts.	300
FTLN 2148	Possess them not with fear. Take from them now	
FTLN 2149	The sense of reck'ning 'or' th' opposèd numbers	
FTLN 2150	Pluck their hearts from them. Not today, O Lord,	
FTLN 2151	O, not today, think not upon the fault	
FTLN 2152	My father made in compassing the crown.	305
FTLN 2153	I Richard's body have interrèd new	
FTLN 2154	And on it have bestowed more contrite tears	
FTLN 2155	Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.	
FTLN 2156	Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay	
FTLN 2157	Who twice a day their withered hands hold up	310
FTLN 2158	Toward heaven to pardon blood. And I have built	
FTLN 2159	Two chantries where the sad and solemn priests	
FTLN 2160	Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do—	
FTLN 2161	Though all that I can do is nothing worth,	
FTLN 2162	Since that my penitence comes after all,	315
FTLN 2163	Imploring pardon.	

Enter Gloucester.

FTLN 2164	GLOUCESTER	My liege.	
FTLN 2165	KING HENRY	My brother Gloucester's voice.—Ay,	
FTLN 2166		I know thy errand. I will go with thee.	
FTLN 2167		The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.	320
		<i>They exit.</i>	

「Scene 2」

Enter the Dauphin, Orléans, Rambures, and Beaumont.

ORLÉANS

FTLN 2168 The sun doth gild our armor. Up, my lords.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 2169 *Montez à cheval!* My horse, varlet! Lackey! Ha!

FTLN 2170 ORLÉANS O brave spirit!

FTLN 2171 DAUPHIN *Via les eaux et terre.*

FTLN 2172 ORLÉANS *Rien puis? L'air et feu?*

5

FTLN 2173 DAUPHIN *Cieux, cousin Orléans.*

Enter Constable.

FTLN 2174 Now, my Lord Constable?

CONSTABLE

FTLN 2175 Hark how our steeds for present service neigh.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 2176 Mount them, and make incision in their hides,

FTLN 2177 That their hot blood may spin in English eyes

10

FTLN 2178 And dout them with superfluous courage. Ha!

RAMBURES

FTLN 2179 What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

FTLN 2180 How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

MESSENGER

FTLN 2181 The English are embattled, you French peers.

CONSTABLE

FTLN 2182 To horse, you gallant princes, straight to horse.

15

FTLN 2183 Do but behold yond poor and starvèd band,

FTLN 2184 And your fair show shall suck away their souls,

FTLN 2185 Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.

FTLN 2186 There is not work enough for all our hands,

FTLN 2187 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins

20

FTLN 2188 To give each naked curtal ax a stain,

FTLN 2189 That our French gallants shall today draw out

FTLN 2190	And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on	
FTLN 2191	them,	
FTLN 2192	The vapor of our valor will o’erturn them.	25
FTLN 2193	’Tis positive against all exceptions, lords,	
FTLN 2194	That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,	
FTLN 2195	Who in unnecessary action swarm	
FTLN 2196	About our squares of battle, were enough	
FTLN 2197	To purge this field of such a hilding foe,	30
FTLN 2198	Though we upon this mountain’s basis by	
FTLN 2199	Took stand for idle speculation,	
FTLN 2200	But that our honors must not. What’s to say?	
FTLN 2201	A very little little let us do,	
FTLN 2202	And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound	35
FTLN 2203	The tucket sonance and the note to mount,	
FTLN 2204	For our approach shall so much dare the field	
FTLN 2205	That England shall couch down in fear and yield.	

Enter Grandpré.

GRANDPRÉ

FTLN 2206	Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?	
FTLN 2207	Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,	40
FTLN 2208	Ill-favoredly become the morning field.	
FTLN 2209	Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,	
FTLN 2210	And our air shakes them passing scornfully.	
FTLN 2211	Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggared host	
FTLN 2212	And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.	45
FTLN 2213	The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks	
FTLN 2214	With torch staves in their hand, and their poor jades	
FTLN 2215	Lob down their heads, ‘drooping’ the hides and hips,	
FTLN 2216	The gum down-roping from their pale dead eyes,	
FTLN 2217	And in their pale dull mouths the gemeled bit	50
FTLN 2218	Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless.	
FTLN 2219	And their executors, the knavish crows,	
FTLN 2220	Fly o’er them all, impatient for their hour.	
FTLN 2221	Description cannot suit itself in words	
FTLN 2222	To demonstrate the life of such a battle	55
FTLN 2223	In life so lifeless, as it shows itself.	

CONSTABLE

FTLN 2224 They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 2225 Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,

FTLN 2226 And give their fasting horses provender,

FTLN 2227 And after fight with them? 60

CONSTABLE

FTLN 2228 I stay but for my guard. On, to the field!

FTLN 2229 I will the banner from a trumpet take

FTLN 2230 And use it for my haste. Come, come away.

FTLN 2231 The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

They exit.

「Scene 3」

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all
his host, Salisbury, and Westmoreland.*

FTLN 2232 GLOUCESTER Where is the King?

BEDFORD

FTLN 2233 The King himself is rode to view their battle.

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 2234 Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

EXETER

FTLN 2235 There's five to one. Besides, they all are fresh.

SALISBURY

FTLN 2236 God's arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds. 5

FTLN 2237 God be wi' you, princes all. I'll to my charge.

FTLN 2238 If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

FTLN 2239 Then joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,

FTLN 2240 My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

FTLN 2241 And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu. 10

BEDFORD

FTLN 2242 Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with

FTLN 2243 thee.

FTLN 2244	And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,	
FTLN 2245	For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.	
	EXETER	
FTLN 2246	Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly today.	15
	<i>Salisbury exits.</i>	
	BEDFORD	
FTLN 2247	He is as full of valor as of kindness,	
FTLN 2248	Princely in both.	
	<i>Enter the King of England.</i>	
FTLN 2249	WESTMORELAND O, that we now had here	
FTLN 2250	But one ten thousand of those men in England	
FTLN 2251	That do no work today.	20
FTLN 2252	KING HENRY What's he that wishes so?	
FTLN 2253	My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin.	
FTLN 2254	If we are marked to die, we are enough	
FTLN 2255	To do our country loss; and if to live,	
FTLN 2256	The fewer men, the greater share of honor.	25
FTLN 2257	God's will, I pray thee wish not one man more.	
FTLN 2258	By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,	
FTLN 2259	Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;	
FTLN 2260	It yearns me not if men my garments wear;	
FTLN 2261	Such outward things dwell not in my desires.	30
FTLN 2262	But if it be a sin to covet honor,	
FTLN 2263	I am the most offending soul alive.	
FTLN 2264	No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.	
FTLN 2265	God's peace, I would not lose so great an honor	
FTLN 2266	As one man more, methinks, would share from me,	35
FTLN 2267	For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!	
FTLN 2268	Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,	
FTLN 2269	That he which hath no stomach to this fight,	
FTLN 2270	Let him depart. His passport shall be made,	
FTLN 2271	And crowns for convoy put into his purse.	40
FTLN 2272	We would not die in that man's company	
FTLN 2273	That fears his fellowship to die with us.	
FTLN 2274	This day is called the feast of Crispian.	

FTLN 2275	He that outlives this day and comes safe home	
FTLN 2276	Will stand o' tiptoe when this day is named	45
FTLN 2277	And rouse him at the name of Crispian.	
FTLN 2278	He that shall see this day, and live old age,	
FTLN 2279	Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors	
FTLN 2280	And say "Tomorrow is Saint Crispian."	
FTLN 2281	Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.	50
FTLN 2282	Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,	
FTLN 2283	But he'll remember with advantages	
FTLN 2284	What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,	
FTLN 2285	Familiar in his mouth as household words,	
FTLN 2286	Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,	55
FTLN 2287	Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,	
FTLN 2288	Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.	
FTLN 2289	This story shall the good man teach his son,	
FTLN 2290	And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,	
FTLN 2291	From this day to the ending of the world,	60
FTLN 2292	But we in it shall be rememberèd—	
FTLN 2293	We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;	
FTLN 2294	For he today that sheds his blood with me	
FTLN 2295	Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,	
FTLN 2296	This day shall gentle his condition;	65
FTLN 2297	And gentlemen in England now abed	
FTLN 2298	Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,	
FTLN 2299	And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks	
FTLN 2300	That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.	

Enter Salisbury.

SALISBURY

FTLN 2301	My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed.	70
FTLN 2302	The French are bravely in their battles set,	
FTLN 2303	And will with all expedience charge on us.	

KING HENRY

FTLN 2304	All things are ready if our minds be so.	
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WESTMORELAND

FTLN 2305	Perish the man whose mind is backward now!	
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KING HENRY

FTLN 2306 Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz? 75

WESTMORELAND

FTLN 2307 God's will, my liege, would you and I alone,
FTLN 2308 Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

KING HENRY

FTLN 2309 Why, now thou hast unwished five thousand men,
FTLN 2310 Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
FTLN 2311 You know your places. God be with you all. 80

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

MONTJOY

FTLN 2312 Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
FTLN 2313 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
FTLN 2314 Before thy most assurèd overthrow.
FTLN 2315 For certainly thou art so near the gulf
FTLN 2316 Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy, 85
FTLN 2317 The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
FTLN 2318 Thy followers of repentance, that their souls
FTLN 2319 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
FTLN 2320 From off these fields where, wretches, their poor
FTLN 2321 bodies 90
FTLN 2322 Must lie and fester.

FTLN 2323 KING HENRY Who hath sent thee now?

FTLN 2324 MONTJOY The Constable of France.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2325 I pray thee bear my former answer back.
FTLN 2326 Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones. 95
FTLN 2327 Good God, why should they mock poor fellows
FTLN 2328 thus?
FTLN 2329 The man that once did sell the lion's skin
FTLN 2330 While the beast lived was killed with hunting him.
FTLN 2331 A many of our bodies shall no doubt 100
FTLN 2332 Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
FTLN 2333 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.

FTLN 2334 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
 FTLN 2335 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
 FTLN 2336 They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet 105
 FTLN 2337 them
 FTLN 2338 And draw their honors reeking up to heaven,
 FTLN 2339 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 FTLN 2340 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
 FTLN 2341 Mark, then, abounding valor in our English, 110
 FTLN 2342 That being dead, like to the bullet's crazing,
 FTLN 2343 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 FTLN 2344 Killing in relapse of mortality.
 FTLN 2345 Let me speak proudly: tell the Constable
 FTLN 2346 We are but warriors for the working day; 115
 FTLN 2347 Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirched
 FTLN 2348 With rainy marching in the painful field.
 FTLN 2349 There's not a piece of feather in our host—
 FTLN 2350 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
 FTLN 2351 And time hath worn us into slovenry. 120
 FTLN 2352 But, by the Mass, our hearts are in the trim,
 FTLN 2353 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 FTLN 2354 They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
 FTLN 2355 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
 FTLN 2356 And turn them out of service. If they do this, 125
 FTLN 2357 As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then
 FTLN 2358 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor.
 FTLN 2359 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald.
 FTLN 2360 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,
 FTLN 2361 Which, if they have, as I will leave 'em them, 130
 FTLN 2362 Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

MONTJOY

FTLN 2363 I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well.
 FTLN 2364 Thou never shalt hear herald anymore.

FTLN 2365 KING HENRY I fear thou wilt once more come again
 FTLN 2366 for a ransom. *['Montjoy'] exits.* 135

Enter York.

YORK, *「kneeling」*

FTLN 2367 My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
FTLN 2368 The leading of the vaward.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2369 Take it, brave York. *「York rises.」*

FTLN 2370 Now, soldiers, march away,

FTLN 2371 And how Thou pleasest, God, dispose the day. 140

They exit.

「Scene 4」

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier,
「and」 Boy.*

FTLN 2372 PISTOL Yield, cur.

FTLN 2373 FRENCH *「SOLDIER」 Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme*
FTLN 2374 *de bonne qualité.*

FTLN 2375 PISTOL *Qualtitie calmie custure me.* Art thou a gentleman?
FTLN 2376 What is thy name? Discuss. 5

FTLN 2377 FRENCH *「SOLDIER」 Ô Seigneur Dieu!*

FTLN 2378 PISTOL O, Seigneur Dew should be a gentleman. Perpend
FTLN 2379 my words, O Seigneur Dew, and mark: O

FTLN 2380 Seigneur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, except, O

FTLN 2381 Seigneur, thou do give to me egregious ransom. 10

FTLN 2382 FRENCH *「SOLDIER」 Ô, prenez miséricorde! Ayez pitié de*
FTLN 2383 *moi!*

FTLN 2384 PISTOL *Moy* shall not serve. I will have forty *moys*, *「or」*

FTLN 2385 I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat in drops of

FTLN 2386 crimson blood. 15

FTLN 2387 FRENCH *「SOLDIER」 Est-il impossible d'échapper la force*
FTLN 2388 *de ton bras?*

FTLN 2389 PISTOL Brass, cur? Thou damned and luxurious
FTLN 2390 mountain goat, offer'st me brass?

FTLN 2391 FRENCH *「SOLDIER」 Ô, pardonnez-moi! 20*

FTLN 2392 PISTOL Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of *moys*?—

FTLN 2393	Come hither, boy. Ask me this slave in French what	
FTLN 2394	is his name.	
FTLN 2395	BOY <i>Écoutez. Comment êtes-vous appelé?</i>	
FTLN 2396	FRENCH [SOLDIER] <i>Monsieur le Fer.</i>	25
FTLN 2397	BOY He says his name is Master Fer.	
FTLN 2398	PISTOL Master Fer. I'll fer him, and fir̄k him, and ferret	
FTLN 2399	him. Discuss the same in French unto him.	
FTLN 2400	BOY I do not know the French for "fer," and "ferret,"	
FTLN 2401	and "fir̄k."	30
FTLN 2402	PISTOL Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.	
FTLN 2403	FRENCH [SOLDIER, to the Boy] <i>Que dit-il, monsieur?</i>	
FTLN 2404	BOY <i>Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous</i>	
FTLN 2405	<i>prêt, car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de</i>	
FTLN 2406	<i>couper votre gorge.</i>	35
FTLN 2407	PISTOL <i>Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy, peasant, unless</i>	
FTLN 2408	thou give me crowns, brave crowns, or mangled	
FTLN 2409	shalt thou be by this my sword.	
FTLN 2410	FRENCH [SOLDIER] <i>Ô, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de</i>	
FTLN 2411	<i>Dieu, me pardonner. Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne</i>	40
FTLN 2412	<i>maison. Gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux</i>	
FTLN 2413	<i>cents écus.</i>	
FTLN 2414	PISTOL What are his words?	
FTLN 2415	BOY He prays you to save his life. He is a gentleman of a	
FTLN 2416	good house, and for his ransom he will give you two	45
FTLN 2417	hundred crowns.	
FTLN 2418	PISTOL Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the crowns	
FTLN 2419	will take.	
FTLN 2420	FRENCH [SOLDIER, to the Boy] <i>Petit monsieur, que dit-il?</i>	
FTLN 2421	BOY <i>Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner</i>	50
FTLN 2422	<i>aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus que vous</i>	
FTLN 2423	<i>lui avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté,</i>	
FTLN 2424	<i>le franchisement.</i>	
	<i>[French soldier kneels.]</i>	
FTLN 2425	FRENCH [SOLDIER] <i>Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille</i>	
FTLN 2426	<i>remercîments, et je m'estime heureux que j'ai tombé</i>	55

entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

PISTOL Expound unto me, boy.

BOY He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks,
and he esteems himself happy that he hath fall'n
into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most
brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of
England.

PISTOL As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Follow me.

BOY *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.*

‘The French Soldier stands up. He and Pistol exit.’

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart. But the saying is true: "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil i' th' old play, that everyone may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged, and so would this be if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys with the luggage of our camp. The French might have a good prey of us if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boys.

He exits.

「Scene 5」

*Enter Constable, Orléans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and
Rambures.*

CONSTABLE *Ô diable!*

ORLÉANS

Ô Seigneur! Le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

DAUPHIN

Mort de ma vie, all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.

A short Alarum.

60

65

70

75

5

Ô méchante Fortune!

FTLN 2453

Do not run away.

FTLN 2454

FTLN 2455

CONSTABLE Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 2456

O perdurable shame! Let's stab ourselves.

FTLN 2457

Be these the wretches that we played at dice for?

10

ORLÉANS

FTLN 2458

Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOURBON

FTLN 2459

Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

FTLN 2460

Let us die. In once more! Back again!

FTLN 2461

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

FTLN 2462

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

15

FTLN 2463

Like a base pander hold the chamber door,

FTLN 2464

Whilst 'by a' slave, no gentler than my dog,

FTLN 2465

His fairest daughter is 'contaminate.'

CONSTABLE

FTLN 2466

Disorder, that hath spoiled us, friend us now.

FTLN 2467

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

20

ORLÉANS

FTLN 2468

We are enough yet living in the field

FTLN 2469

To smother up the English in our throngs,

FTLN 2470

If any order might be thought upon.

BOURBON

FTLN 2471

The devil take order now! I'll to the throng.

FTLN 2472

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

25

'They' exit.

'Scene 6'

*Alarum. Enter the King 'of England' and his train,
with prisoners.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 2473

Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen,

FTLN 2474

But all's not done. Yet keep the French the field.

Enter Exeter.

EXETER

FTLN 2475 The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2476 Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within this hour

FTLN 2477 I saw him down, thrice up again and fighting. 5

FTLN 2478 From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

EXETER

FTLN 2479 In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,

FTLN 2480 Larding the plain, and by his bloody side,

FTLN 2481 Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds,

FTLN 2482 The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. 10

FTLN 2483 Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over,

FTLN 2484 Comes to him where in gore he lay insteeped,

FTLN 2485 And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes

FTLN 2486 That bloodily did yawn upon his face.

FTLN 2487 He cries aloud "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk. 15

FTLN 2488 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven.

FTLN 2489 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly abreast,

FTLN 2490 As in this glorious and well-foughten field

FTLN 2491 We kept together in our chivalry."

FTLN 2492 Upon these words I came and cheered him up. 20

FTLN 2493 He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,

FTLN 2494 And with a feeble grip, says "Dear my lord,

FTLN 2495 Commend my service to my sovereign."

FTLN 2496 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

FTLN 2497 He threw his wounded arm and kissed his lips, 25

FTLN 2498 And so, espoused to death, with blood he sealed

FTLN 2499 A testament of noble-ending love.

FTLN 2500 The pretty and sweet manner of it forced

FTLN 2501 Those waters from me which I would have stopped,

FTLN 2502 But I had not so much of man in me, 30

FTLN 2503 And all my mother came into mine eyes

FTLN 2504 And gave me up to tears.

FTLN 2505 KING HENRY I blame you not,

FTLN 2506 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 FTLN 2507 With 'my full' eyes, or they will issue too. *Alarum.* 35
 FTLN 2508 But hark, what new alarum is this same?
 FTLN 2509 The French have reinforced their scattered men.
 FTLN 2510 Then every soldier kill his prisoners.
 FTLN 2511 Give the word through.

'They' exit.

'Scene 7'

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

FTLN 2512 FLUELLEN Kill the poys and the luggage! 'Tis expressly
 FTLN 2513 against the law of arms. 'Tis as arrant a piece of
 FTLN 2514 knavery, mark you now, as can be offert, in your
 FTLN 2515 conscience now, is it not?
 FTLN 2516 GOWER 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive, and 5
 FTLN 2517 the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha'
 FTLN 2518 done this slaughter. Besides, they have burned
 FTLN 2519 and carried away all that was in the King's tent,
 FTLN 2520 wherefore the King, most worthily, hath caused
 FTLN 2521 every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 'tis a 10
 FTLN 2522 gallant king!
 FTLN 2523 FLUELLEN Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain
 FTLN 2524 Gower. What call you the town's name where
 FTLN 2525 Alexander the Pig was born?
 FTLN 2526 GOWER Alexander the Great. 15
 FTLN 2527 FLUELLEN Why, I pray you, is not "pig" great? The pig,
 FTLN 2528 or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the
 FTLN 2529 magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the
 FTLN 2530 phrase is a little variations.
 FTLN 2531 GOWER I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon. 20
 FTLN 2532 His father was called Philip of Macedon, as I
 FTLN 2533 take it.
 FTLN 2534 FLUELLEN I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is
 FTLN 2535 porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of

FTLN 2536	the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons	25
FTLN 2537	between Macedon and Monmouth, that the	
FTLN 2538	situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in	
FTLN 2539	Macedon, and there is also, moreover, a river at	
FTLN 2540	Monmouth. It is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is	
FTLN 2541	out of my prains what is the name of the other river.	30
FTLN 2542	But 'tis all one; 'tis alike as my fingers is to my	
FTLN 2543	fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark	
FTLN 2544	Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is	
FTLN 2545	come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in	
FTLN 2546	all things. Alexander, God knows and you know, in	35
FTLN 2547	his rages and his furies and his wraths and his	
FTLN 2548	cholers and his moods and his displeasures and his	
FTLN 2549	indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in	
FTLN 2550	his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you,	
FTLN 2551	kill his best friend, Cleitus.	40
FTLN 2552	GOWER Our king is not like him in that. He never	
FTLN 2553	killed any of his friends.	
FTLN 2554	FLUELLEN It is not well done, mark you now, to take	
FTLN 2555	the tales out of my mouth ere it is made and	
FTLN 2556	finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons	45
FTLN 2557	of it. As Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in	
FTLN 2558	his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth,	
FTLN 2559	being in his right wits and his good judgments,	
FTLN 2560	turned away the fat knight with the great-belly	
FTLN 2561	doublet; he was full of jests and gipes and knaveries	50
FTLN 2562	and mocks—I have forgot his name.	
FTLN 2563	GOWER Sir John Falstaff.	
FTLN 2564	FLUELLEN That is he. I'll tell you, there is good men	
FTLN 2565	porn at Monmouth.	
FTLN 2566	GOWER Here comes his Majesty.	55

*Alarum. Enter King Harry, 'Exeter, Warwick, Gloucester,
Heralds' and Bourbon with 'other' prisoners. Flourish.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 2567 I was not angry since I came to France

FTLN 2568	Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald.	
FTLN 2569	Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill.	
FTLN 2570	If they will fight with us, bid them come down,	
FTLN 2571	Or void the field. They do offend our sight.	60
FTLN 2572	If they'll do neither, we will come to them	
FTLN 2573	And make them skirr away as swift as stones	
FTLN 2574	Enforcèd from the old Assyrian slings.	
FTLN 2575	Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,	
FTLN 2576	And not a man of them that we shall take	65
FTLN 2577	Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.	

Enter Montjoy.

EXETER

FTLN 2578	Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.	
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GLOUCESTER

FTLN 2579	His eyes are humbler than they used to be.	
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KING HENRY

FTLN 2580	How now, what means this, herald? Know'st thou	
FTLN 2581	not	70
FTLN 2582	That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?	
FTLN 2583	Com'st thou again for ransom?	

FTLN 2584	MONTJOY	No, great king.
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FTLN 2585	I come to thee for charitable license,	
FTLN 2586	That we may wander o'er this bloody field	75
FTLN 2587	To book our dead and then to bury them,	
FTLN 2588	To sort our nobles from our common men,	
FTLN 2589	For many of our princes—woe the while!—	
FTLN 2590	Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood.	
FTLN 2591	So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs	80
FTLN 2592	In blood of princes, and 'the' wounded steeds	
FTLN 2593	Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage	
FTLN 2594	Yerk out their armèd heels at their dead masters,	
FTLN 2595	Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,	
FTLN 2596	To view the field in safety and dispose	85
FTLN 2597	Of their dead bodies.	

FTLN 2598	KING HENRY	I tell thee truly, herald,
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FTLN 2599	I know not if the day be ours or no,	
FTLN 2600	For yet a many of your horsemen peer	
FTLN 2601	And gallop o'er the field.	90
FTLN 2602	MONTJOY The day is yours.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2603	Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!	
FTLN 2604	What is this castle called that stands hard by?	
FTLN 2605	MONTJOY They call it Agincourt.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2606	Then call we this the field of Agincourt,	95
FTLN 2607	Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.	
FTLN 2608	FLUELLEN Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't	
FTLN 2609	please your Majesty, and your great-uncle Edward	
FTLN 2610	the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the	
FTLN 2611	chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in	100
FTLN 2612	France.	
FTLN 2613	KING HENRY They did, Fluellen.	
FTLN 2614	FLUELLEN Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesties	
FTLN 2615	is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good	
FTLN 2616	service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing	105
FTLN 2617	leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your Majesty	
FTLN 2618	know, to this hour is an honorable badge of the	
FTLN 2619	service. And I do believe your Majesty takes no	
FTLN 2620	scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.	
	KING HENRY	
FTLN 2621	I wear it for a memorable honor,	110
FTLN 2622	For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.	
FTLN 2623	FLUELLEN All the water in Wye cannot wash your	
FTLN 2624	Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell	
FTLN 2625	you that. God pless it and preserve it as long as it	
FTLN 2626	pleases his Grace and his Majesty too.	115
FTLN 2627	KING HENRY Thanks, good my 'countryman.'	
FTLN 2628	FLUELLEN By Jeshu, I am your Majesty's countryman,	
FTLN 2629	I care not who know it. I will confess it to all the	
FTLN 2630	'orld. I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty,	

FTLN 2631 praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an 120
FTLN 2632 honest man.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2633 "God" keep me so.—Our heralds, go with him.
FTLN 2634 Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
FTLN 2635 On both our parts.
 "Montjoy, English Heralds, and Gower exit."

Enter Williams.

FTLN 2636 Call yonder fellow hither. 125

FTLN 2637 EXETER Soldier, you must come to the King.

FTLN 2638 KING HENRY Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy
FTLN 2639 cap?

FTLN 2640 WILLIAMS An 't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of
FTLN 2641 one that I should fight withal, if he be alive. 130

FTLN 2642 KING HENRY An Englishman?

FTLN 2643 WILLIAMS An 't please your Majesty, a rascal that
FTLN 2644 swaggered with me last night, who, if alive and ever
FTLN 2645 dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take
FTLN 2646 him a box o' th' ear, or if I can see my glove in his 135
FTLN 2647 cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would
FTLN 2648 wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

FTLN 2649 KING HENRY What think you, Captain Fluellen, is it fit
FTLN 2650 this soldier keep his oath?

FTLN 2651 FLUELLEN He is a craven and a villain else, an 't 140
FTLN 2652 please your Majesty, in my conscience.

FTLN 2653 KING HENRY It may be his enemy is a gentleman of
FTLN 2654 great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

FTLN 2655 FLUELLEN Though he be as good a gentleman as the
FTLN 2656 devil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is 145
FTLN 2657 necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow
FTLN 2658 and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his
FTLN 2659 reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack Sauce as
FTLN 2660 ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and His
FTLN 2661 earth, in my conscience, la. 150

FTLN 2662	KING HENRY	Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou	
FTLN 2663		meet'st the fellow.	
FTLN 2664	WILLIAMS	So I will, my liege, as I live.	
FTLN 2665	KING HENRY	Who serv'st thou under?	
FTLN 2666	WILLIAMS	Under Captain Gower, my liege.	155
FTLN 2667	FLUELLEN	Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge	
FTLN 2668		and literated in the wars.	
FTLN 2669	KING HENRY	Call him hither to me, soldier.	
FTLN 2670	WILLIAMS	I will, my liege.	<i>He exits.</i>
FTLN 2671	KING HENRY,	['giving Fluellen Williams's glove'] Here,	160
FTLN 2672		Fluellen, wear thou this favor for me, and stick it in	
FTLN 2673		thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down	
FTLN 2674		together, I plucked this glove from his helm. If any	
FTLN 2675		man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an	
FTLN 2676		enemy to our person. If thou encounter any such,	165
FTLN 2677		apprehend him, an thou dost me love.	
FTLN 2678	FLUELLEN,	['putting the glove in his cap'] Your Grace	
FTLN 2679		does me as great honors as can be desired in the	
FTLN 2680		hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man that	
FTLN 2681		has but two legs that shall find himself aggrieved at	170
FTLN 2682		this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, an	
FTLN 2683		please God of His grace that I might see.	
FTLN 2684	KING HENRY	Know'st thou Gower?	
FTLN 2685	FLUELLEN	He is my dear friend, an please you.	
FTLN 2686	KING HENRY	Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to	175
FTLN 2687		my tent.	
FTLN 2688	FLUELLEN	I will fetch him.	<i>He exits.</i>
FTLN 2689	KING HENRY		
FTLN 2690		My Lord of Warwick and my brother Gloucester,	
FTLN 2691		Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.	
FTLN 2692		The glove which I have given him for a favor	180
FTLN 2693		May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear.	
FTLN 2694		It is the soldier's. I by bargain should	
FTLN 2695		Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick.	
FTLN 2696		If that the soldier strike him, as I judge	
FTLN 2697		By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,	185

FTLN 2697 Some sudden mischief may arise of it,
 FTLN 2698 For I do know Fluellen valiant
 FTLN 2699 And, touched with choler, hot as gunpowder,
 FTLN 2700 And quickly will return an injury.
 FTLN 2701 Follow, and see there be no harm between them.— 190
 FTLN 2702 Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

They exit.

「Scene 8」

Enter Gower and Williams.

FTLN 2703 WILLIAMS I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen, 「wearing Williams's glove.」

FTLN 2704 FLUELLEN, 「to Gower」 God's will and His pleasure,
 FTLN 2705 captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the
 FTLN 2706 King. There is more good toward you peradventure
 FTLN 2707 than is in your knowledge to dream of. 5

FTLN 2708 WILLIAMS, 「to Fluellen, pointing to the glove in his own
hat」 Sir, know you this glove?

FTLN 2709 FLUELLEN Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

FTLN 2710 WILLIAMS I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

FTLN 2711 FLUELLEN 'Sblood, an arrant traitor as any 's in the
 FTLN 2712 universal world, or in France, or in England! 10

FTLN 2713 GOWER, 「to Williams」 How now, sir? You villain!

FTLN 2714 WILLIAMS Do you think I'll be forsworn?

FTLN 2715 FLUELLEN Stand away, Captain Gower. I will give treason
 FTLN 2716 his payment into plows, I warrant you.

FTLN 2717 WILLIAMS I am no traitor. 15

FTLN 2718 FLUELLEN That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in
 FTLN 2719 his Majesty's name, apprehend him. He's a friend
 FTLN 2720 of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

FTLN 2721 WARWICK How now, how now, what's the matter?
 FTLN 2722 FLUELLEN My Lord of Warwick, here is, praised be 20
 FTLN 2723 God for it, a most contagious treason come to
 FTLN 2724 light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's
 FTLN 2725 day.

Enter King 'of England' and Exeter.

FTLN 2726 Here is his Majesty.
 FTLN 2727 KING HENRY How now, what's the matter? 25
 FTLN 2728 FLUELLEN My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that,
 FTLN 2729 look your Grace, has struck the glove which your
 FTLN 2730 Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.
 FTLN 2731 WILLIAMS My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow
 FTLN 2732 of it. And he that I gave it to in change promised to 30
 FTLN 2733 wear it in his cap. I promised to strike him if he did.
 FTLN 2734 I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have
 FTLN 2735 been as good as my word.
 FTLN 2736 FLUELLEN Your Majesty, hear now, saving your Majesty's
 FTLN 2737 manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, 35
 FTLN 2738 lousy knave it is. I hope your Majesty is pear me
 FTLN 2739 testimony and witness and will avouchment that
 FTLN 2740 this is the glove of Alençon that your Majesty is give
 FTLN 2741 me, in your conscience now.
 FTLN 2742 KING HENRY, 'to Williams' Give me thy glove, soldier. 40
 FTLN 2743 Look, here is the fellow of it.
 FTLN 2744 'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,
 FTLN 2745 And thou hast given me most bitter terms.
 FTLN 2746 FLUELLEN An please your Majesty, let his neck answer
 FTLN 2747 for it, if there is any martial law in the world. 45
 FTLN 2748 KING HENRY, 'to Williams' How canst thou make me
 FTLN 2749 satisfaction?
 FTLN 2750 WILLIAMS All offenses, my lord, come from the heart.
 FTLN 2751 Never came any from mine that might offend your
 FTLN 2752 Majesty. 50
 FTLN 2753 KING HENRY It was ourself thou didst abuse.
 FTLN 2754 WILLIAMS Your Majesty came not like yourself. You

FTLN 2755 appeared to me but as a common man; witness the
 FTLN 2756 night, your garments, your lowliness. And what
 FTLN 2757 your Highness suffered under that shape, I beseech 55
 FTLN 2758 you take it for your own fault and not mine, for, had
 FTLN 2759 you been as I took you for, I made no offense.
 FTLN 2760 Therefore, I beseech your Highness pardon me.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2761 Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns
 FTLN 2762 And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow, 60
 FTLN 2763 And wear it for an honor in thy cap
 FTLN 2764 Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.—
 FTLN 2765 And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

FTLN 2766 FLUELLEN By this day and this light, the fellow has
 FTLN 2767 mettle enough in his belly.—Hold, there is twelvecence 65
 FTLN 2768 for you, and I pray you to serve God and keep
 FTLN 2769 you out of prawls and prabbles and quarrels and
 FTLN 2770 dissensions, and I warrant you it is the better for
 FTLN 2771 you.

FTLN 2772 WILLIAMS I will none of your money. 70

FTLN 2773 FLUELLEN It is with a good will. I can tell you it will
 FTLN 2774 serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore
 FTLN 2775 should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so
 FTLN 2776 good. 'Tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will
 FTLN 2777 change it. 75

Enter 「an English」 Herald.

FTLN 2778 KING HENRY Now, herald, are the dead numbered?

FTLN 2779 HERALD, 「giving the King a paper」

FTLN 2779 Here is the number of the slaughtered French.

FTLN 2780 KING HENRY, 「to Exeter」

FTLN 2780 What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

FTLN 2781 EXETER

FTLN 2781 Charles, Duke of Orléans, nephew to the King;
 FTLN 2782 John, Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt. 80
 FTLN 2783 Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
 FTLN 2784 Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

KING HENRY

FTLN 2785	This note doth tell me of ten thousand French	
FTLN 2786	That in the field lie slain. Of princes in this number	
FTLN 2787	And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead	85
FTLN 2788	One hundred twenty-six. Added to these,	
FTLN 2789	Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,	
FTLN 2790	Eight thousand and four hundred, of the which	
FTLN 2791	Five hundred were but yesterday dubbed knights.	
FTLN 2792	So that in these ten thousand they have lost,	90
FTLN 2793	There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries.	
FTLN 2794	The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,	
FTLN 2795	And gentlemen of blood and quality.	
FTLN 2796	The names of those their nobles that lie dead:	
FTLN 2797	Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;	95
FTLN 2798	Jacques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;	
FTLN 2799	The Master of the Crossbows, Lord Rambures;	
FTLN 2800	Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard	
FTLN 2801	Dauphin;	
FTLN 2802	John, Duke of Alençon; Anthony, Duke of Brabant,	100
FTLN 2803	The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;	
FTLN 2804	And Edward, Duke of Bar. Of lusty earls:	
FTLN 2805	Grandpré and Roussi, Faulconbridge and Foix,	
FTLN 2806	Beaumont and Marle, 'Vaudemont' and Lestrale.	
FTLN 2807	Here was a royal fellowship of death.	105
FTLN 2808	Where is the number of our English dead?	
	<i>'Herald gives him another paper.'</i>	
FTLN 2809	Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,	
FTLN 2810	Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;	
FTLN 2811	None else of name, and of all other men	
FTLN 2812	But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,	110
FTLN 2813	And not to us, but to thy arm alone	
FTLN 2814	Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,	
FTLN 2815	But in plain shock and even play of battle,	
FTLN 2816	Was ever known so great and little loss	
FTLN 2817	On one part and on th' other? Take it, God,	115
FTLN 2818	For it is none but thine.	

FTLN 2819 EXETER 'Tis wonderful.
KING HENRY

FTLN 2820 Come, go 'we' in procession to the village,
FTLN 2821 And be it death proclaimed through our host
FTLN 2822 To boast of this or take that praise from God 120
FTLN 2823 Which is His only.

FTLN 2824 FLUELLEN Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to
FTLN 2825 tell how many is killed?

KING HENRY

FTLN 2826 Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgment:
FTLN 2827 That God fought for us. 125

FTLN 2828 FLUELLEN Yes, my conscience, He did us great good.

FTLN 2829 KING HENRY Do we all holy rites.

FTLN 2830 Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
FTLN 2831 The dead with charity enclosed in clay,
FTLN 2832 And then to Calais, and to England then, 130
FTLN 2833 Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

They exit.

ACT 5

Enter Chorus.

「CHORUS」

FTLN 2834	Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story	
FTLN 2835	That I may prompt them; and of such as have,	
FTLN 2836	I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse	
FTLN 2837	Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,	
FTLN 2838	Which cannot in their huge and proper life	5
FTLN 2839	Be here presented. Now we bear the King	
FTLN 2840	Toward Calais. Grant him there. There seen,	
FTLN 2841	Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts	
FTLN 2842	Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach	
FTLN 2843	Pales in the flood with men, wives, and boys,	10
FTLN 2844	Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouthed	
FTLN 2845	sea,	
FTLN 2846	Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King	
FTLN 2847	Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,	
FTLN 2848	And solemnly see him set on to London.	15
FTLN 2849	So swift a pace hath thought that even now	
FTLN 2850	You may imagine him upon Blackheath,	
FTLN 2851	Where that his lords desire him to have borne	
FTLN 2852	His bruised helmet and his bended sword	
FTLN 2853	Before him through the city. He forbids it,	20
FTLN 2854	Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,	
FTLN 2855	Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent	
FTLN 2856	Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,	

FTLN 2857	In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,	
FTLN 2858	How London doth pour out her citizens.	25
FTLN 2859	The Mayor and all his brethren in best sort,	
FTLN 2860	Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,	
FTLN 2861	With the plebeians swarming at their heels,	
FTLN 2862	Go forth and fetch their conqu'ring Caesar in—	
FTLN 2863	As, by a lower but by loving likelihood	30
FTLN 2864	Were now the general of our gracious empress,	
FTLN 2865	As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,	
FTLN 2866	Bringing rebellion broachèd on his sword,	
FTLN 2867	How many would the peaceful city quit	
FTLN 2868	To welcome him! Much more, and much more	35
FTLN 2869	cause,	
FTLN 2870	Did they this Harry. Now in London place him	
FTLN 2871	(As yet the lamentation of the French	
FTLN 2872	Invites the King of England's stay at home;	
FTLN 2873	The Emperor's coming in behalf of France	40
FTLN 2874	To order peace between them) and omit	
FTLN 2875	All the occurrences, whatever chanced,	
FTLN 2876	Till Harry's back return again to France.	
FTLN 2877	There must we bring him, and myself have played	
FTLN 2878	The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.	45
FTLN 2879	Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance	
FTLN 2880	After your thoughts, straight back again to France.	

He exits.

「Scene 1」

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

FTLN 2881	GOWER	Nay, that's right. But why wear you your leek	
FTLN 2882		today? Saint Davy's day is past.	
FTLN 2883	FLUELLEN	There is occasions and causes why and	
FTLN 2884		wherefore in all things. I will tell you ass my	
FTLN 2885		friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly,	5
FTLN 2886		lousy, praggng knave Pistol, which you and	

FTLN 2887 yourself and all the world know to be no petter than
 FTLN 2888 a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to
 FTLN 2889 me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look
 FTLN 2890 you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where 10
 FTLN 2891 I could not breed no contention with him, but I will
 FTLN 2892 be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once
 FTLN 2893 again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my
 FTLN 2894 desires.

Enter Pistol.

FTLN 2895 GOWER Why here he comes, swelling like a 15
 FTLN 2896 turkey-cock.
 FTLN 2897 FLUELLEN 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his
 FTLN 2898 turkey-cocks.—God pless you, Aunchient Pistol,
 FTLN 2899 you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you.
 FTLN 2900 PISTOL Ha, art thou bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base 20
 FTLN 2901 Trojan, to have me fold up Parca's fatal web? Hence.
 FTLN 2902 I am qualmish at the smell of leek.
 FTLN 2903 FLUELLEN I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave,
 FTLN 2904 at my desires and my requests and my petitions, to
 FTLN 2905 eat, look you, this leek. Because, look you, you do 25
 FTLN 2906 not love it, nor your affections and your appetites
 FTLN 2907 and your disgestions does not agree with it, I would
 FTLN 2908 desire you to eat it.
 FTLN 2909 PISTOL Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.
 FTLN 2910 FLUELLEN There is one goat for you. (*Strikes him* 30
 FTLN 2911 *「with a cudgel.」*) Will you be so good, scald knave,
 FTLN 2912 as eat it?
 FTLN 2913 PISTOL Base Trojan, thou shalt die.
 FTLN 2914 FLUELLEN You say very true, scald knave, when God's
 FTLN 2915 will is. I will desire you to live in the meantime and 35
 FTLN 2916 eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it. *「Strikes*
 FTLN 2917 *him.」* You called me yesterday “mountain squire,”
 FTLN 2918 but I will make you today a squire of low degree. I
 FTLN 2919 pray you, fall to. If you can mock a leek, you can eat
 FTLN 2920 a leek. 40

FTLN 2921	GOWER	Enough, captain. You have astonished him.	
FTLN 2922	FLUELLEN	I say I will make him eat some part of my	
FTLN 2923		leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Bite, I pray	
FTLN 2924		you. It is good for your green wound and your	
FTLN 2925		bloody coxcomb.	45
FTLN 2926	PISTOL	Must I bite?	
FTLN 2927	FLUELLEN	Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of	
FTLN 2928		question, too, and ambiguities.	
FTLN 2929	PISTOL	By this leek, I will most horribly revenge.	
FTLN 2930		「 <i>Fluellen threatens him.</i> 」 I eat and eat, I swear—	50
FTLN 2931	FLUELLEN	Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more	
FTLN 2932		sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to	
FTLN 2933		swear by.	
FTLN 2934	PISTOL	Quiet thy cudgel. Thou dost see I eat.	
FTLN 2935	FLUELLEN	Much good do you, scald knave, heartily.	55
FTLN 2936		Nay, pray you throw none away. The skin is good for	
FTLN 2937		your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to	
FTLN 2938		see leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em, that is	
FTLN 2939		all.	
FTLN 2940	PISTOL	Good.	60
FTLN 2941	FLUELLEN	Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat	
FTLN 2942		to heal your pate.	
FTLN 2943	PISTOL	Me, a groat?	
FTLN 2944	FLUELLEN	Yes, verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I	
FTLN 2945		have another leek in my pocket, which you shall	65
FTLN 2946		eat.	
FTLN 2947	PISTOL	I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.	
FTLN 2948	FLUELLEN	If I owe you anything, I will pay you in	
FTLN 2949		cudgels. You shall be a woodmonger and buy	
FTLN 2950		nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you and	70
FTLN 2951		keep you and heal your pate.	<i>He exits.</i>
FTLN 2952	PISTOL	All hell shall stir for this.	
FTLN 2953	GOWER	Go, go. You are a counterfeit cowardly knave.	
FTLN 2954		Will you mock at an ancient tradition begun upon	
FTLN 2955		an honorable respect and worn as a memorable	75
FTLN 2956		trophy of predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in	

FTLN 2957	your deeds any of your words? I have seen you	
FTLN 2958	gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or	
FTLN 2959	thrice. You thought because he could not speak	
FTLN 2960	English in the native garb, he could not therefore	80
FTLN 2961	handle an English cudgel. You find it otherwise, and	
FTLN 2962	henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good	
FTLN 2963	English condition. Fare you well. <i>He exits.</i>	
FTLN 2964	PISTOL Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?	
FTLN 2965	News have I that my Doll is dead i' th' spital of a	85
FTLN 2966	malady of France, and there my rendezvous is quite	
FTLN 2967	cut off. Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs	
FTLN 2968	honor is cudgeled. Well, bawd I'll turn, and something	
FTLN 2969	lean to cutpurse of quick hand. To England	
FTLN 2970	will I steal, and there I'll steal.	90
FTLN 2971	And patches will I get unto these cudgeled scars,	
FTLN 2972	And 'swear' I got them in the Gallia wars.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	

「Scene 2」

*Enter at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford,
Warwick, 'Westmoreland,' and other Lords. At another,
Queen Isabel 'of France,' the King 'of France, the
Princess Katherine and Alice,' the Duke of Burgundy,
and other French.*

KING HENRY

FTLN 2973	Peace to this meeting wherefor we are met.	
FTLN 2974	Unto our brother France and to our sister,	
FTLN 2975	Health and fair time of day.—Joy and good wishes	
FTLN 2976	To our most fair and princely cousin Katherine.—	
FTLN 2977	And, as a branch and member of this royalty,	5
FTLN 2978	By whom this great assembly is contrived,	
FTLN 2979	We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy.—	
FTLN 2980	And princes French, and peers, health to you all.	

KING OF FRANCE

FTLN 2981 Right joyous are we to behold your face,
 FTLN 2982 Most worthy brother England. Fairly met.— 10
 FTLN 2983 So are you, princes English, every one.

QUEEN OF FRANCE

FTLN 2984 So happy be the issue, brother Ireland,
 FTLN 2985 Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
 FTLN 2986 As we are now glad to behold your eyes—
 FTLN 2987 Your eyes which hitherto have borne in them 15
 FTLN 2988 Against the French that met them in their bent
 FTLN 2989 The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.
 FTLN 2990 The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
 FTLN 2991 Have lost their quality, and that this day
 FTLN 2992 Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

KING HENRY

FTLN 2993 To cry “Amen” to that, thus we appear.

QUEEN OF FRANCE

FTLN 2994 You English princes all, I do salute you.

BURGUNDY

FTLN 2995 My duty to you both, on equal love,
 FTLN 2996 Great kings of France and England. That I have
 FTLN 2997 labored 25
 FTLN 2998 With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors
 FTLN 2999 To bring your most imperial Majesties
 FTLN 3000 Unto this bar and royal interview,
 FTLN 3001 Your Mightiness on both parts best can witness.
 FTLN 3002 Since, then, my office hath so far prevailed 30
 FTLN 3003 That face to face and royal eye to eye
 FTLN 3004 You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me
 FTLN 3005 If I demand before this royal view
 FTLN 3006 What rub or what impediment there is
 FTLN 3007 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace, 35
 FTLN 3008 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
 FTLN 3009 Should not in this best garden of the world,
 FTLN 3010 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
 FTLN 3011 Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,

FTLN 3012	And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,	40
FTLN 3013	Corrupting in its own fertility.	
FTLN 3014	Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,	
FTLN 3015	Unpruned, dies. Her hedges, even-pleached,	
FTLN 3016	Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,	
FTLN 3017	Put forth disordered twigs. Her fallow leas	45
FTLN 3018	The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory	
FTLN 3019	Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts	
FTLN 3020	That should deracinate such savagery.	
FTLN 3021	The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth	
FTLN 3022	The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,	50
FTLN 3023	Wanting the scythe, withal uncorrected, rank,	
FTLN 3024	Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems	
FTLN 3025	But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burrs,	
FTLN 3026	Losing both beauty and utility.	
FTLN 3027	And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,	55
FTLN 3028	Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.	
FTLN 3029	Even so our houses and ourselves and children	
FTLN 3030	Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,	
FTLN 3031	The sciences that should become our country,	
FTLN 3032	But grow like savages, as soldiers will	60
FTLN 3033	That nothing do but meditate on blood,	
FTLN 3034	To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire,	
FTLN 3035	And everything that seems unnatural.	
FTLN 3036	Which to reduce into our former favor	
FTLN 3037	You are assembled, and my speech entreats	65
FTLN 3038	That I may know the let why gentle peace	
FTLN 3039	Should not expel these inconveniences	
FTLN 3040	And bless us with her former qualities.	
KING HENRY		
FTLN 3041	If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,	
FTLN 3042	Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections	70
FTLN 3043	Which you have cited, you must buy that peace	
FTLN 3044	With full accord to all our just demands,	
FTLN 3045	Whose tenors and particular effects	
FTLN 3046	You have, enscheduled briefly, in your hands.	

BURGUNDY

FTLN 3047 The King hath heard them, to the which as yet 75
 FTLN 3048 There is no answer made.

KING HENRY

FTLN 3049 Well then, the peace which you before so urged
 FTLN 3050 Lies in his answer.

KING OF FRANCE

FTLN 3051 I have but with a 'cursitory' eye
 FTLN 3052 O'er glanced the articles. Pleaseth your Grace 80
 FTLN 3053 To appoint some of your council presently
 FTLN 3054 To sit with us once more with better heed
 FTLN 3055 To resurvey them, we will suddenly
 FTLN 3056 Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

KING HENRY

FTLN 3057 Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter, 85
 FTLN 3058 And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
 FTLN 3059 Warwick, and Huntington, go with the King,
 FTLN 3060 And take with you free power to ratify,
 FTLN 3061 Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
 FTLN 3062 Shall see advantageable for our dignity, 90
 FTLN 3063 Anything in or out of our demands,
 FTLN 3064 And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
 FTLN 3065 Go with the princes or stay here with us?

QUEEN OF FRANCE

FTLN 3066 Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
 FTLN 3067 Haply a woman's voice may do some good 95
 FTLN 3068 When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

KING HENRY

FTLN 3069 Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us.
 FTLN 3070 She is our capital demand, comprised
 FTLN 3071 Within the forerank of our articles.

QUEEN OF FRANCE

FTLN 3072 She hath good leave. 100

*All but Katherine, and the King 'of England,
 and Alice' exit.*

FTLN 3073 KING HENRY Fair Katherine, and most fair,

FTLN 3074	Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms	
FTLN 3075	Such as will enter at a lady's ear	
FTLN 3076	And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?	
FTLN 3077	KATHERINE Your Majesty shall mock at me. I cannot	105
FTLN 3078	speak your England.	
FTLN 3079	KING HENRY O fair Katherine, if you will love me	
FTLN 3080	soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to	
FTLN 3081	hear you confess it brokenly with your English	
FTLN 3082	tongue. Do you like me, Kate?	110
FTLN 3083	KATHERINE <i>Pardonnez-moi</i> , I cannot tell wat is "like	
FTLN 3084	me."	
FTLN 3085	KING HENRY An angel is like you, Kate, and you are	
FTLN 3086	like an angel.	
FTLN 3087	KATHERINE, 「to Alice」 <i>Que dit-il? Que je suis semblable à</i>	115
FTLN 3088	<i>les anges?</i>	
FTLN 3089	ALICE <i>Oui, vraiment, sauf votre Grâce, ainsi dit-il.</i>	
FTLN 3090	KING HENRY I said so, dear Katherine, and I must not	
FTLN 3091	blush to affirm it.	
FTLN 3092	KATHERINE <i>Ô bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont</i>	120
FTLN 3093	<i>pleines de tromperies.</i>	
FTLN 3094	KING HENRY, 「to Alice」 What says she, fair one? That the	
FTLN 3095	tongues of men are full of deceits?	
FTLN 3096	ALICE <i>Oui</i> , dat de tongues of de mans is be full of	
FTLN 3097	deceits; dat is de Princess.	125
FTLN 3098	KING HENRY The Princess is the better Englishwoman.—	
FTLN 3099	I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy	
FTLN 3100	understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no	
FTLN 3101	better English, for if thou couldst, thou wouldst	
FTLN 3102	find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I	130
FTLN 3103	had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways	
FTLN 3104	to mince it in love, but directly to say "I love you."	
FTLN 3105	Then if you urge me farther than to say "Do you, in	
FTLN 3106	faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer, i'	
FTLN 3107	faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say	135
FTLN 3108	you, lady?	
FTLN 3109	KATHERINE <i>Sauf votre honneur</i> , me understand well.	

FTLN 3110	KING HENRY	Marry, if you would put me to verses or	
FTLN 3111		to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me.	
FTLN 3112		For the one, I have neither words nor measure; and	140
FTLN 3113		for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a	
FTLN 3114		reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a	
FTLN 3115		lady at leapfrog or by vaulting into my saddle with	
FTLN 3116		my armor on my back, under the correction of	
FTLN 3117		bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a	145
FTLN 3118		wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my	
FTLN 3119		horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher	
FTLN 3120		and sit like a jackanapes, never off. But, before God,	
FTLN 3121		Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence,	
FTLN 3122		nor I have no cunning in protestation, only	150
FTLN 3123		downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor	
FTLN 3124		never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of	
FTLN 3125		this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning,	
FTLN 3126		that never looks in his glass for love of	
FTLN 3127		anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I	155
FTLN 3128		speak to thee plain soldier. If thou canst love me for	
FTLN 3129		this, take me. If not, to say to thee that I shall die is	
FTLN 3130		true, but for thy love, by the Lord, no. Yet I love thee	
FTLN 3131		too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of	
FTLN 3132		plain and uncoined constancy, for he perforce must	160
FTLN 3133		do thee right because he hath not the gift to woo in	
FTLN 3134		other places. For these fellows of infinite tongue,	
FTLN 3135		that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors, they	
FTLN 3136		do always reason themselves out again. What? A	
FTLN 3137		speaker is but a prater, a rhyme is but a ballad, a	165
FTLN 3138		good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black	
FTLN 3139		beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald,	
FTLN 3140		a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow, but	
FTLN 3141		a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon, or	
FTLN 3142		rather the sun and not the moon, for it shines bright	170
FTLN 3143		and never changes but keeps his course truly. If	
FTLN 3144		thou would have such a one, take me. And take me,	
FTLN 3145		take a soldier. Take a soldier, take a king. And what	

FTLN 3146	say'st thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and	
FTLN 3147	fairly, I pray thee.	175
FTLN 3148	KATHERINE Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of	
FTLN 3149	France?	
FTLN 3150	KING HENRY No, it is not possible you should love the	
FTLN 3151	enemy of France, Kate. But, in loving me, you	
FTLN 3152	should love the friend of France, for I love France	180
FTLN 3153	so well that I will not part with a village of it. I will	
FTLN 3154	have it all mine. And, Kate, when France is mine	
FTLN 3155	and I am yours, then yours is France and you are	
FTLN 3156	mine.	
FTLN 3157	KATHERINE I cannot tell wat is dat.	185
FTLN 3158	KING HENRY No, Kate? I will tell thee in French,	
FTLN 3159	which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a	
FTLN 3160	new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly	
FTLN 3161	to be shook off. <i>Je quand sur le possession de</i>	
FTLN 3162	<i>France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi</i> —let	190
FTLN 3163	me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!— <i>donc</i>	
FTLN 3164	<i>vôtre est France, et vous êtes mienne</i> . It is as easy for	
FTLN 3165	me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so	
FTLN 3166	much more French. I shall never move thee in	
FTLN 3167	French, unless it be to laugh at me.	195
FTLN 3168	KATHERINE <i>Sauf votre honneur, le français que vous</i>	
FTLN 3169	<i>parlez, il est meilleur que l'anglais lequel je parle</i> .	
FTLN 3170	KING HENRY No, faith, is 't not, Kate, but thy speaking	
FTLN 3171	of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely must	
FTLN 3172	needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost	200
FTLN 3173	thou understand thus much English? Canst thou	
FTLN 3174	love me?	
FTLN 3175	KATHERINE I cannot tell.	
FTLN 3176	KING HENRY Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll	
FTLN 3177	ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me; and at	205
FTLN 3178	night, when you come into your closet, you'll question	
FTLN 3179	this gentlewoman about me, and, I know, Kate,	
FTLN 3180	you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me that you	
FTLN 3181	love with your heart. But, good Kate, mock me	

FTLN 3182	mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I	210
FTLN 3183	love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I	
FTLN 3184	have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I	
FTLN 3185	get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore	
FTLN 3186	needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou	
FTLN 3187	and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound	215
FTLN 3188	a boy, half French, half English, that shall go	
FTLN 3189	to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard?	
FTLN 3190	Shall we not? What say'st thou, my fair flower de	
FTLN 3191	luce?	
FTLN 3192	KATHERINE I do not know dat.	220
FTLN 3193	KING HENRY No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to	
FTLN 3194	promise. Do but now promise, Kate, you will	
FTLN 3195	endeavor for your French part of such a boy; and	
FTLN 3196	for my English moiety, take the word of a king and	
FTLN 3197	a bachelor. How answer you, <i>la plus belle Katherine</i>	225
FTLN 3198	<i>du monde, mon très cher et divin déesse?</i>	
FTLN 3199	KATHERINE Your <i>Majesté</i> 'ave <i>fausse</i> French enough to	
FTLN 3200	deceive de most sage <i>demoiselle</i> dat is <i>en</i> France.	
FTLN 3201	KING HENRY Now fie upon my false French. By mine	
FTLN 3202	honor, in true English, I love thee, Kate. By which	230
FTLN 3203	honor I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood	
FTLN 3204	begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding	
FTLN 3205	the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now	
FTLN 3206	bespew my father's ambition! He was thinking of	
FTLN 3207	civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created	235
FTLN 3208	with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that	
FTLN 3209	when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in	
FTLN 3210	faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear.	
FTLN 3211	My comfort is that old age, that ill layer-up of	
FTLN 3212	beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou	240
FTLN 3213	hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst, and thou shalt	
FTLN 3214	wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And	
FTLN 3215	therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have	
FTLN 3216	me? Put off your maiden blushes, avouch the	
FTLN 3217	thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress,	245

FTLN 3218	take me by the hand, and say “Harry of England, I	
FTLN 3219	am thine,” which word thou shalt no sooner bless	
FTLN 3220	mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud “England	
FTLN 3221	is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry	
FTLN 3222	Plantagenet is thine,” who, though I speak it before	250
FTLN 3223	his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou	
FTLN 3224	shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your	
FTLN 3225	answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and	
FTLN 3226	thy English broken. Therefore, queen of all, Katherine,	
FTLN 3227	break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt	255
FTLN 3228	thou have me?	
FTLN 3229	KATHERINE Dat is as it shall please de <i>roi mon père</i> .	
FTLN 3230	KING HENRY Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall	
FTLN 3231	please him, Kate.	
FTLN 3232	KATHERINE Den it sall also content me.	260
FTLN 3233	KING HENRY Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you	
FTLN 3234	my queen.	
FTLN 3235	KATHERINE <i>Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma</i>	
FTLN 3236	<i>foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur,</i>	
FTLN 3237	<i>en baisant la main d’ une—Notre Seigneur!—</i>	265
FTLN 3238	<i>indigne serviteur. Excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon</i>	
FTLN 3239	<i>très puissant seigneur.</i>	
FTLN 3240	KING HENRY Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.	
FTLN 3241	KATHERINE <i>Les dames et demoiselles, pour être baisées</i>	
FTLN 3242	<i>devant leurs noces, il n’est pas la coutume de France.</i>	270
FTLN 3243	KING HENRY Madam my interpreter, what says she?	
FTLN 3244	ALICE Dat it is not be de fashion <i>pour les</i> ladies of	
FTLN 3245	France—I cannot tell wat is <i>baiser en</i> English.	
FTLN 3246	KING HENRY To kiss.	
FTLN 3247	ALICE Your <i>Majesté entendre</i> better <i>que moi</i> .	275
FTLN 3248	KING HENRY It is not a fashion for the maids in France	
FTLN 3249	to kiss before they are married, would she say?	
FTLN 3250	ALICE <i>Oui, vraiment.</i>	
FTLN 3251	KING HENRY O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great	
FTLN 3252	kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined	280
FTLN 3253	within the weak list of a country’s fashion. We are	

FTLN 3254 the makers of manners, Kate, and the liberty that
 FTLN 3255 follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults,
 FTLN 3256 as I will do yours for upholding the nice fashion of
 FTLN 3257 your country in denying me a kiss. Therefore, 285
 FTLN 3258 patiently and yielding. *He kisses her.* You have
 FTLN 3259 witchcraft in your lips, Kate. There is more eloquence
 FTLN 3260 in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues
 FTLN 3261 of the French council, and they should sooner
 FTLN 3262 persuade Harry of England than a general petition 290
 FTLN 3263 of monarchs.

*Enter the French power, the French King and Queen
 and Burgundy, and the English Lords Westmoreland
 and Exeter.*

FTLN 3264 Here comes your father.
 FTLN 3265 BURGUNDY God save your Majesty. My royal cousin,
 FTLN 3266 teach you our princess English?
 FTLN 3267 KING HENRY I would have her learn, my fair cousin, 295
 FTLN 3268 how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.
 FTLN 3269 BURGUNDY Is she not apt?
 FTLN 3270 KING HENRY Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition
 FTLN 3271 is not smooth, so that, having neither the voice
 FTLN 3272 nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so 300
 FTLN 3273 conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will
 FTLN 3274 appear in his true likeness.
 FTLN 3275 BURGUNDY Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I
 FTLN 3276 answer you for that. If you would conjure in her,
 FTLN 3277 you must make a circle; if conjure up Love in her in 305
 FTLN 3278 his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind.
 FTLN 3279 Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed
 FTLN 3280 over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny
 FTLN 3281 the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked
 FTLN 3282 seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a 310
 FTLN 3283 maid to consign to.
 FTLN 3284 KING HENRY Yet they do wink and yield, as love is
 FTLN 3285 blind and enforces.

FTLN 3286	BURGUNDY	They are then excused, my lord, when they	
FTLN 3287		see not what they do.	315
FTLN 3288	KING HENRY	Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to	
FTLN 3289		consent winking.	
FTLN 3290	BURGUNDY	I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if	
FTLN 3291		you will teach her to know my meaning, for maids	
FTLN 3292		well summered and warm kept are like flies at	320
FTLN 3293		Bartholomew-tide: blind, though they have their	
FTLN 3294		eyes; and then they will endure handling, which	
FTLN 3295		before would not abide looking on.	
FTLN 3296	KING HENRY	This moral ties me over to time and a hot	
FTLN 3297		summer. And so I shall catch the fly, your cousin,	325
FTLN 3298		in the latter end, and she must be blind too.	
FTLN 3299	BURGUNDY	As love is, my lord, before it loves.	
FTLN 3300	KING HENRY	It is so. And you may, some of you, thank	
FTLN 3301		love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair	
FTLN 3302		French city for one fair French maid that stands in	330
FTLN 3303		my way.	
FTLN 3304	KING OF FRANCE	Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively,	
FTLN 3305		the cities turned into a maid, for they are all	
FTLN 3306		girdled with maiden walls that war hath 'never'	
FTLN 3307		entered.	335
FTLN 3308	KING HENRY	Shall Kate be my wife?	
FTLN 3309	KING OF FRANCE	So please you.	
FTLN 3310	KING HENRY	I am content, so the maiden cities you	
FTLN 3311		talk of may wait on her. So the maid that stood in	
FTLN 3312		the way for my wish shall show me the way to my	340
FTLN 3313		will.	
FTLN 3314	KING OF FRANCE	We have consented to all terms of reason.	
FTLN 3315	KING HENRY	Is 't so, my lords of England?	
FTLN 3316	WESTMORELAND	The King hath granted every article,	
FTLN 3317		His daughter first, and, in sequel, all,	345
FTLN 3318		According to their firm proposèd natures.	

EXETER

FTLN 3319 Only he hath not yet subscribèd this:
 FTLN 3320 Where your Majesty demands that the King of
 FTLN 3321 France, having any occasion to write for matter of
 FTLN 3322 grant, shall name your Highness in this form and 350
 FTLN 3323 with this addition, in French: *Notre très cher fils*
 FTLN 3324 *Henri, roi d' Angleterre, héritier de France*; and thus
 FTLN 3325 in Latin: *Praeclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex*
 FTLN 3326 *Angliae et hæres Franciae*.

KING OF FRANCE

FTLN 3327 Nor this I have not, brother, so denied 355
 FTLN 3328 But your request shall make me let it pass.

KING HENRY

FTLN 3329 I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance,
 FTLN 3330 Let that one article rank with the rest,
 FTLN 3331 And thereupon give me your daughter.

KING OF FRANCE

FTLN 3332 Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up 360
 FTLN 3333 Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms
 FTLN 3334 Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
 FTLN 3335 With envy of each other's happiness,
 FTLN 3336 May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
 FTLN 3337 Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord 365
 FTLN 3338 In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
 FTLN 3339 His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

LORDS Amen.

KING HENRY

FTLN 3341 Now welcome, Kate, and bear me witness all
 FTLN 3342 That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. 370
 'He kisses her.' Flourish.

QUEEN OF FRANCE

FTLN 3343 God, the best maker of all marriages,
 FTLN 3344 Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one.
 FTLN 3345 As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
 FTLN 3346 So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal
 FTLN 3347 That never may ill office or fell jealousy, 375

FTLN 3348 Which troubles oft the bed of blessèd marriage,
 FTLN 3349 Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms
 FTLN 3350 To make divorce of their incorporate league,
 FTLN 3351 That English may as French, French Englishmen,
 FTLN 3352 Receive each other. God speak this Amen! 380
 FTLN 3353 ALL Amen.

KING HENRY

FTLN 3354 Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
 FTLN 3355 My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
 FTLN 3356 And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
 FTLN 3357 Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me, 385
 FTLN 3358 And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be.
Sennet. They exit.

Enter Chorus [as Epilogue.]

[CHORUS]

FTLN 3359 Thus far with rough and all-unable pen
 FTLN 3360 Our bending author hath pursued the story,
 FTLN 3361 In little room confining mighty men,
 FTLN 3362 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
 FTLN 3363 Small time, but in that small most greatly lived 5
 FTLN 3364 This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
 FTLN 3365 By which the world's best garden he achieved
 FTLN 3366 And of it left his son imperial lord.
 FTLN 3367 Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King
 FTLN 3368 Of France and England, did this king succeed, 10
 FTLN 3369 Whose state so many had the managing
 FTLN 3370 That they lost France and made his England bleed,
 FTLN 3371 Which oft our stage hath shown. And for their sake,
 FTLN 3372 In your fair minds let this acceptance take.
[He exits.]