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**THE LAKE ENGLISH CLASSICS**

General Editor **LINDSAY TODD DAMON, A.B.**
Professor of Rhetoric in Brown University

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Educational Publishers

378 WABASH AVENUE CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
The Lake English Classics

EDITED BY

LINDSAY TODD DAMON, A.B.

Professor of Rhetoric in Brown University
SHAKSPERE'S

HENRY THE FIFTH

EDITED BY
WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON, PH. D.
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

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The text of *Henry V* used in the present volume is based upon that in the first folio, the spelling and punctuation being modernized, with a few emendations drawn from the early quartos and from the suggestions of modern editors. It has not been thought wise, except in rare cases, to burden the notes with the materials or the controversies of textual criticism, since the bearing of these is not easily made evident to students at that stage of Shaksperean study for which this edition is prepared. The introduction is meant to give an idea of the place of the play in the history of English Literature; to sketch the life of the author and outline his literary activity; to supply information as to the date and sources of the play; to describe the main characteristics of the meter; and to draw attention to the more important differences between Elizabethan English and that of our own day. In addition to pointing out the derivation of the plot from the *Chronicles* of Holinshed, the main changes and additions made by Shakspere have been noted; and much may be done towards leading students to an appreciation of the art of the dramatist by ex-
panding the hints here given at the appropriate points in the reading of the text. All the passages from the old historian which there is any trace of Shakspere's having used are collected and arranged by Mr. W. G. Boswell-Stone in his *Shakspere's Holinshed*, a volume which should be in every school library, and to which the present editor acknowledges his obligation.

The aim of the notes has been in the first place to supply the information necessary to make the language and allusions of the text thoroughly intelligible. This must surely be regarded as the first step in the teaching of any literary masterpiece. At the beginning of the scenes short notes of a different kind have, as a rule, been inserted, suggesting to the student the significance in the development of plot or character of the scene that follows. The purpose of these is not so much a full statement of such significance, as the cultivation of the habit of testing all the elements in a work of art in order to find the justification of their presence.

Apart from this, the task of aesthetic interpretation has been usually left to the teacher. The present play stands in contrast to, say, *Julius Caesar* or *Macbeth* in this respect, that little of typical dramatic structure is to be learned from it. It has here the characteristic defects of the Chronicle History, the main principle of its con-
struction being merely the chronological order of events, and the unity depending on the dominant interest in the hero. In the characterization of Henry himself, in the enthusiastic and patriotic tone of the whole, in the rousing eloquence of the speeches, and in the humor of the scenes of comedy, must be found the main themes for kindling the student's interest; and here the material is surely abundant.

It is an obvious pedagogical temptation to use such a play as this for the teaching of English history. To do this thoroughly, it would be necessary to supply a considerable background in order to make intelligible such matters as the causes of the Hundred Years' War between England and France, and the methods by which the House of Lancaster reached the throne of England. But it must be realized that in so doing there is considerable risk of killing the interest in the action of the play by an overdose of genealogical detail, and of blurring the portrait which Shakspere has painted. As a rule, it will be well to reserve correction of historical detail until the mind of the pupil has been well impressed with the dramatist's creation, so that the claims of the piece as literature may not be injured by a zeal to make it a medium for the conveying of historical information.

For further details on the life and work of Shakspere, the following may be referred to:
Dowden's *Shakspere Primer* and *Shakspere, His Mind and Art*; Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare* (revised edition, 1909); and *Shakspere and His Predecessors*, by F. S. Boas. For a general account of the English Drama of the period see A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature* (revised edition, 1899) and F. E. Schelling's *Elizabethan Drama*, both of which are rich in bibliography. For questions of language and grammar, see A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*; J. Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare*; and E. A. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*. G. R. French's *Shakspeareana Genealogica* is a convenient source of information on the dynastic and similar questions that arise in connection with the historical plays.

I wish to thank Mr. R. G. Martin for substantial assistance in the preparation of the present edition.

W. A. N.

Harvard University, July, 1909.
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INTRODUCTION.

I. SHAKSPERE AND THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

The wonderful rapidity of the development of the English drama in the last quarter of the sixteenth century stands in striking contrast to the slowness of its growth before that period. The religious drama, out of which the modern dramatic forms were to spring, had dragged through centuries with comparatively little change, and was still alive when, in 1576, the first theatre was built in London. By 1600 Shakspere had written more than half his plays and stood completely master of the art which he brought to a pitch unsurpassed in any age. Much of this extraordinary later progress was due to contemporary causes; but there entered into it also certain other elements which can be understood only in the light of the attempts that had been made in the three or four preceding centuries.

In England, as in Greece, the drama sprang from religious ceremonial. The Mass, the centre of the public worship of the Roman church, contained dramatic material in the gestures of the officiating priests, in the narratives contained in the Lessons, and in the responsive singing and
chanting. Latin, the language in which the services were conducted, was unintelligible to the mass of the people, and as early as the fifth century the clergy had begun to use such devices as *tableaux vivants* of scenes like the marriage in Cana and the Adoration of the Magi to make comprehensible important events in Bible history. Later, the Easter services were illuminated by representations of the scene at the sepulchre on the morning of the Resurrection, in which a wooden, and afterwards a stone, structure was used for the tomb itself, and the dialogue was chanted by different speakers representing respectively the angel, the disciples, and the women. From such beginnings as this there gradually evolved the earliest forms of the Miracle Play.

As the presentations became more elaborate, the place of performance was moved first to the churchyard, then to the fields, and finally to the streets and open spaces of the towns. With this change of locality went a change in the language and in the actors, and an extension of the field from which the subjects were chosen. Latin gave way to the vernacular, and the priests to laymen; and miracle plays representing the lives of patron saints were given by schools, trade guilds, and other lay institutions. A further development appeared when, instead of single plays, whole series such as the extant York, Chester, and
Coventry cycles were given, dealing in chronological order with the most important events in Bible history from the Creation to the Day of Judgment.

The stage used for the miracle play as thus developed was a platform mounted on wheels, which was moved from space to space through the streets. Each trade undertook one or more plays, and, when possible, these were allotted with reference to the nature of the particular trade. Thus the play representing the visit of the Magi bearing gifts to the infant Christ was given to the goldsmiths, and the Building of the Ark to the carpenters. The costumes were conventional and frequently grotesque. Judas always wore red hair and a red beard; Herod appeared as a fierce Saracen; the devil had a terrifying mask and a tail; and divine personages wore gilt hair.

Meanwhile the attitude of the church towards these performances had changed. Priests were forbidden to take part in them, and as early as the fourteenth century we find sermons directed against them. The secular management had a more important result in the introduction of comic elements. Figures such as Noah’s wife and Herod became frankly farcical, and whole episodes drawn from contemporary life and full of local color were invented, in which the original aim of edification was displaced by an explicit attempt
at pure entertainment. Most of these features were characteristic of the religious drama in general throughout Western Europe. But the local and contemporary elements naturally tended to become national; and in England we find in these humorous episodes the beginnings of native comedy.

Long before the miracle plays had reached their height, the next stage in the development of the drama had begun. Even in very early performances there had appeared, among the *dramatis personae* drawn from the Scriptures, personifications of abstract qualities such as Righteousness, Peace, Mercy, and Truth. In the fifteenth century this allegorical tendency, which was prevalent also in the non-dramatic literature of the age, resulted in the rise of another kind of play, the Morality, in which all the characters were personifications, and in which the aim, at first the teaching of moral lessons, later became frequently satirical. Thus the most powerful of all the Moralities, Sir David Lindesay's *Satire of the Three Estates*, is a direct attack upon the corruption in the church just before the Reformation.

The advance implied in the Morality consisted not so much in any increase in the vitality of the characters or in the interest of the plot (in both of which, indeed, there was usually a falling off), as in the fact that in it the drama had freed
itself from the bondage of having to choose its subject matter from one set of sources—the Bible, the Apocrypha, and the Lives of the Saints. This freedom was shared by the Interlude, a form not always to be distinguished from the Morality, but one in which the tendency was to substitute for personified abstractions actual social types such as the Priest, the Pardoner, or the Palmer. A feature of both forms was the Vice, a humorous character who appeared under the various disguises of Hypocrisy, Fraud, and the like, and whose function it was to make fun, chiefly at the expense of the Devil. The Vice is historically important as having bequeathed some of his characteristics to the Fool of the later drama.

John Heywood, the most important writer of Interludes, lived well into the reign of Elizabeth, and even the miracle play persisted into the reign of her successor in the seventeenth century. But long before it finally disappeared it had become a mere medieval survival. A new England had meantime come into being and new forces were at work, manifesting themselves in a dramatic literature infinitely beyond anything even suggested by the crude forms which have been described.

The great European intellectual movement known as the Renaissance had at last reached England, and it brought with it materials for an unparalleled advance in all the living forms of
literature. Italy and the classics, especially, supplied literary models and material. Not only were translations from these sources abundant, but Italian players visited England, and performed before Queen Elizabeth. France and Spain, as well as Italy, flooded the literary market with collections of tales, from which, both in the original languages and in such translations as are found in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure* (published 1566-67), the dramatists drew materials for their plots.

These literary conditions, however, did not do much beyond offering a means of expression. For a movement so magnificent in scale as that which produced the Elizabethan Drama, something is needed besides models and material. In the present instance this something is to be found in the state of exaltation which characterized the spirit of the English people in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Politically, the nation was at last one after the protracted divisions of the Reformation, and its pride was stimulated by its success in the fight with Spain. Intellectually, it was sharing with the rest of Europe the exhilaration of the Renaissance. New lines of action in all parts of the world, new lines of thought in all departments of scholarship and speculation, were opening up; and the whole land was throbbing with life.

In its very beginnings the new movement in
England showed signs of that combination of native tradition and foreign influence which was to characterize it throughout. The first regular English comedy, Udall’s *Ralph Roister Doister* was an adaptation of the plot of the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus to contemporary life. After a short period of experiment by amateurs working chiefly under the influence of Seneca, we come on a band of professional playwrights who not only prepared the way for Shakspere, but in some instances produced works of great intrinsic worth. The mythological dramas of Lyly with the bright repartee of their prose dialogue and the music of their occasional lyrics, the interesting experiments of Greene and Peele, and the horrors of the tragedy of Kyd, are all full of suggestions of what was to come. But by far the greatest of Shakspere’s forerunners was Christopher Marlowe, who not only has the credit of fixing blank verse as the future poetic medium for English tragedy, but who in his plays from *Tamburlaine* to *Edward II.* contributed to the list of the great permanent masterpieces of the English drama.

It was in the professional society of these men that Shakspere found himself when he came to London. Born in the provincial town of Stratford-on-Avon in the heart of England, he was baptized on April 26, 1564 (May 6th, according to
our reckoning). The exact day of his birth is unknown. His father was John Shakspere, a fairly prosperous tradesman, who may be supposed to have followed the custom of his class in educating his son. If this were so, William would be sent to the Grammar School, already able to read, when he was seven, and there he would be set to work on Latin Grammar, followed by reading, up to the fourth year, in Cato's *Maxims*, Æsop's *Fables*, and parts of Ovid, Cicero, and the medieval poet Mantuanus. If he continued through the fifth and sixth years, he would read parts of Vergil, Horace, Terence, Plautus, and the Satirists. Greek was not usually taught in the Grammar Schools. Whether he went through this course or not we have no means of knowing, except the evidence afforded by the use of the classics in his works, and the famous dictum of his friend, Ben Jonson, that he had "small Latin and less Greek." What we are sure of is that he was a boy with remarkable acuteness of observation, who used his chances for picking up facts of all kinds; for only thus could he have accumulated the fund of information which he put to such a variety of uses in his writings.

Throughout the poet's boyhood the fortunes of John Shakspere kept improving until he reached the position of High Bailiff or Mayor of Stratford. When William was about thirteen, however, his
father began to meet with reverses, and these are conjectured to have led to the boy's being taken from school early and set to work. What business he was taught we do not know, and indeed we have little more information about him till the date of his marriage in November, 1582, to Anne Hathaway, a woman from a neighboring village, who was seven years his senior. Concerning his occupations in the years immediately preceding and succeeding his marriage several traditions have come down,—of his having been apprenticed as a butcher, of his having taken part in poaching expeditions, and the like—but none of these is based upon sufficient evidence. About 1585 he left Stratford, and probably by the next year he had found his way to London.

How soon and in what capacity he first became attached to the theatres we are again unable to say, but in 1592 he had certainly been engaged in theatrical affairs long enough to give some occasion for the jealous outburst of a rival playwright, Robert Greene, who, in a pamphlet posthumously published in that year, accused him of plagiarism. Henry Chettle, the editor of Greene's pamphlet, shortly after apologized for his connection with the charge, and bore witness to Shakspere's honorable reputation as a man and to his skill both as an actor and a dramatist.

Robert Greene, who thus supplies us with the
earliest extant indications of his rival's presence in London, was in many ways a typical figure among the playwrights with whom Shakspere worked during this early period. A member of both universities, Greene came to the metropolis while yet a young man, and there led a life of the most diversified literary activity, varied with bouts of the wildest debauchery. He was a writer of satirical and controversial pamphlets, of romantic tales, of elegiac, pastoral, and lyric poetry, a translator, a dramatist,—in fact, a literary jack-of-all-trades. The society in which he lived consisted in part of "University Wits" like himself, in part of the low men and women who haunted the vile taverns of the slums to prey upon such as he. "A world of blackguardism dashed with genius," it has been called, and the phrase is fit enough. Among such surroundings Greene lived, and among them he died, bankrupt in body and estate, the victim of his own ill-governed passions.

In conjunction with such men as this Shakspere began his life-work. His first dramatic efforts were made in revising the plays of his predecessors with a view to their revival on the stage; and in Titus Andronicus and the first part of Henry VI. we have examples of this kind of work. The next step was probably the production of plays in collaboration with other writers, and to this practice, which he almost abandoned in the
middle of his career, he seems to have returned in his later years in such plays as *Pericles*, *Henry VIII.*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. How far Shakspere was of this dissolute set to which his fellow-workers belonged it is impossible to tell; but we know that by and by, as he gained mastery over his art and became more and more independent in work and in fortune, he left this sordid life behind him, and aimed at the establishment of a family. In half a dozen years from the time of Greene's attack, he had reached the top of his profession, was a sharer in the profits of his theatre, and had invested his savings in land and houses in his native town. The youth who ten years before had left Stratford poor and burdened with a wife and three children, had now become “William Shakspere, Gentleman.”

During these years Shakspere's literary work was not confined to the drama, which, indeed, was then hardly regarded as a form of literature. In 1593 he published *Venus and Adonis*, and in 1594, *Lucrece*, two poems belonging to a class of highly wrought versions of classical legends which was then fashionable, and of which Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* is the other most famous example. For several years, too, in the last decade of the sixteenth century and the first few years of the seventeenth, he was composing a series of sonnets on love and friendship, in this, too,
following a literary fashion of the time. Yet these give us more in the way of self-revelation than anything else he has left. From them we seem to be able to catch glimpses of his attitude towards his profession, and one of them makes us realize so vividly his perception of the tragic risks of his surroundings that it is set down here:

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renewed;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

It does not seem possible to avoid the inferences lying on the surface in this poem; but whatever confessions it may imply, it serves, too, to give us the assurance that Shakspere did not easily and blindly yield to the temptations that surrounded the life of the theatre of his time.

For the theatre of Shakspere's day was no very reputable affair. Externally it appears to us now a very meagre apparatus—almost absurdly so, when we reflect on the grandeur of the compositions

The Elizabethan Theatre.
for which it gave occasion. A roughly circular wooden building, with a roof over the stage and over the galleries, but with the pit often open to the wind and weather, having very little scenery and practically no attempt at the achievement of stage illusion,—such was the scene of the production of some of the greatest imaginative works the world has seen. Nor was the audience very choice. The more respectable citizens of Puritan tendencies frowned on the theatre to such an extent that it was found advisable to place the buildings outside the city limits, and beyond the jurisdiction of the city fathers. The pit was thronged with a motley crowd of petty tradesfolk and the dregs of the town; the gallants of the time sat on stools on the stage, "drinking" tobacco and chaffing the actors, their efforts divided between displaying their wit and their clothes. The actors were all male, the women's parts being taken by boys whose voices were not yet broken. The costumes, frequently the cast-off clothing of the gallants, were often gorgeous, but seldom appropriate. Thus the success of the performance had to depend upon the excellence of the piece, the merit of the acting, and the readiness of appreciation of the audience.

This last point, however, was more to be relied upon than a modern student might imagine. Despite their dubious respectability, the Eliza-
bethan play-goers must have been of wonderfully keen intellectual susceptibilities. For clever feats in the manipulation of language, for puns, happy alliterations, delicate melody such as we find in the lyrics of the times, for the thunder of the pentameter as it rolls through the tragedies of Marlowe, they had a practiced taste. Qualities which we now expect to appeal chiefly to the closet student were keenly relished by men who could neither read nor write, and who at the same time enjoyed jokes which would be too broad, and stage massacres which would be too bloody, for a modern audience of sensibilities much less acute in these other directions. In it all we see how far-reaching was the wonderful vitality of the time.

This audience Shakspere knew thoroughly, and in his writing he showed himself always, with whatever growth in permanent artistic qualities, the clever man of business with his eye on the market. Thus we can trace throughout the course of his production two main lines; one indicative of the changes of theatrical fashions; one, more subtle and more liable to misinterpretation, showing the progress of his own spiritual growth.

The chronology of Shakspere's plays will probably never be made out with complete assurance, but already much has been ascertained (1) from
external evidence such as dates of acting or publication, and allusions in other works, and (2) from internal evidence such as references to books or events of known date, and considerations of meter and language. The arrangement on the following page represents what is probably an approximately correct view of the chronological sequence of his works, though scholars are far from being agreed upon many of the details.

The first of these groups contains three comedies of a distinctly experimental character, and a number of chronicle-histories, some of which, like the three parts of *Henry VI.*, were almost certainly written in collaboration with other playwrights. The comedies are light, full of ingenious plays on words, and the verse is often rhymed. The first of them, at least, shows the influence of Lyly. The histories also betray a considerable delight in language for its own sake, and the Marlowesque blank verse, at its best eloquent and highly poetical, not infrequently becomes ranting, while the pause at the end of each line tends to become monotonous. No copy of *Romeo and Juliet* in its earliest form is known to be in existence, and the extent of Shakspere’s share in *Titus Andronicus* is still debated.

The second period contains a group of comedies marked by brilliance in the dialogue; wholesomeness, capacity, and high spirits in the main char-
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## TRAGEDIES

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<tr>
<td>1596</td>
<td>Romeo and Juliet (revised about 1596, 97)</td>
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<td>1601</td>
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<td>1607</td>
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<td>1612, 13</td>
<td>Two Noble Kinsmen</td>
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<td>Henry VIII</td>
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acters, and a pervading feeling of good-humor. The histories contain a larger comic element than in the first period, and are no longer suggestive of Marlowe. Rhymes have become less frequent, and the blank verse has freed itself from the bondage of the end-stopped line.

The plays of the third period are tragedies, or comedies with a prevailing tragic tone. Shakspeare here turned his attention to those elements in life which produce perplexity and disaster, and in this series of masterpieces we have his most magnificent achievement. His power of perfect adaptation of language to thought and feeling had now reached its height, and his verse had become thoroughly flexible without having lost strength.

In the fourth period Shakspeare returned to comedy. These plays, written during his last years in London, are again romantic in subject and treatment, and technically seem to show the influence of the earlier successes of Beaumont and Fletcher. But in place of the high spirits which characterized the comedies of the earlier periods we have a placid optimism, and a recurrence of situations which are more ingenious than plausible, and which are marked externally by reunions and reconciliations and internally by repentance and forgiveness. The verse is singularly sweet and highly poetical; and the departure from the
end-stopped line has now gone so far that we see clearly the beginnings of that tendency which went to such an extreme in some of Shakspere's successors that it at times became hard to distinguish the meter at all.

In *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII.*, Shakspere again worked in partnership, the collaborator being, in all probability, John Fletcher.

Nothing that we know of Shakspere's life from external sources justifies us in saying, as has frequently been said, that the changes of mood in his work from period to period corresponded to changes in the man Shakspere. As an artist he certainly seems to have viewed life now in this light, now in that; but it is worth noting that the period of his gloomiest plays coincides with the period of his greatest worldly prosperity. It has already been hinted, too, that much of his change of manner and subject was dictated by the variations of theatrical fashion and the example of successful contemporaries.

Throughout nearly the whole of these marvelously fertile years Shakspere seems to have stayed in London; but from 1610 to 1612 he was making Stratford more and more his place of abode, and at the same time he was beginning to write less. After 1611 he wrote only in collaboration; and having spent about five years in peace-
ful retirement in the town from which he had set out a penniless youth, and to which he returned a man of reputation and fortune, he died on April 23, 1616. His only son, Hamnet, having died in boyhood, of his immediate family there survived him his wife and his two daughters, Susanna and Judith, both of whom were well married. He lies buried in the parish church of Stratford.
II. HENRY THE FIFTH.

It is seldom that the date of one of Shakspere's plays can be fixed with such exactitude as is possible in the case of Henry V. In this Prologue to the fifth act occur the following lines:

As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit!
To welcome him!

The general here referred to was the Earl of Essex, who left for Ireland on April 15, 1599, and returned on September 28 of the same year. Since, then, there is no reason to suspect that this prologue was not written at the same time as the rest of the play, it is practically certain that the work was composed in the summer of 1599.

The form of drama to which Henry V belongs, the so-called Chronicle History, was popular when Shakspere began writing, and it is probable that his first attempts were made in revising plays of this class, such as the three parts of Henry VI. The Chronicle History had been at first little more than the translation of the narrative prose of the
English Chronicles into dialogue and action. The dialogue took the form of a series of speeches in sonorous blank verse with little attempt at dramatic appropriateness; and the action consisted of a succession of scenes at court or in the field, the sequence of events being determined chiefly by their chronological order in history, and showing but slight relation of cause and effect. In Shakspere's hands the type underwent considerable modifications, the chief being the introduction of a large element of comedy. The two parts of *Henry IV*, which probably immediately preceded the present play, are almost exactly half comedy and half history; and the success of these plays was due more to the humor of Falstaff than to the scenes at the council table and at the wars. The same tendency appears here, the characters of Pistol and his group being carried over from 1 and 2 Henry IV. But the political action is by no means overshadowed in the present instance by the comic by-play. The patriotic enthusiasm which was one of the main causes of the existence of this dramatic type, finds here its most eloquent expression, and in Henry himself Shakspere displays the ideal figure of the triumphant English king.

With this drama Shakspere abandoned the writing of Chronicle History. *Henry VIII*, it is true, belongs to a later period in his career, but
it is only in part his work, and it is almost as much pageant as history. *Henry V*, then, in its strong national feeling, its splendid eloquence, and the brilliance of the central royal figure who sums up and embodies the aspirations of his people, may be regarded as the work in which the dramatist carried this kind of play to a climax and bade it farewell.

The play first appeared in print in 1600, and was reprinted in 1602 and 1608. But in this form the text is barely half the length of that here printed, which is taken from the version in the "First Folio," the collected edition issued by two of Shakspere's fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, in 1623. Not only is the 1600 version shorter, but it is so mangled and corrupted that it is generally thought to have been published by a piratical bookseller who obtained his copy from a reporter sent to take it down from the lips of the actors in the theater.

The exploits of Henry V had been set forth upon the London stage before Shakspere wrote his play. More than ten years earlier there had been acted a crude mixture of history and comedy called *The Famous Victories of Henry V*, and from this Shakspere took a number of hints for both the comic and the serious episodes in *Henry*
IV. In Henry V he used it less; but one may find in it foreshadowings of the elaboration of the presentation of the tennis-balls, a group of characters speaking dialect, and the wooing of the Princess.

The main source of the political plot is the Chronicles of Holinshed, the chief mine from which Shakspere dug his historical material. The general order of the events in Holinshed is preserved, but in the Chronicles the happenings presented in the play extend over six years. The longer speeches are little indebted to Holinshed, with the exception of that by the Archbishop of Canterbury giving the genealogical argument for Henry's claim to the French crown, and the enumeration of the dead at Agincourt; in these instances Shakspere follows his original slavishly. The parallel passages here given illustrate his method in these cases. In the Chronicles we find, "The verie words of that supposed law are these: 'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant; that is to saie, 'Into the Salike land let not women succeed.' Which the French glossers expound to be the realm of France, and that this law was made by King Pharamond; whereas yet their owne authors affirme, that the land Salike is in Germanie, between the rivers of Elbe and Sala; and that when Charles the great had overcome the Saxons, he placed there certeine Frenchmen, which having:
in disdeine the dishonest manners of the Germane women, made a law, that the females should not succeed to any inheritance within that land, which at this daie is called Meisen."

Compare this with the speech in I. ii. 38 ff,

"'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,'
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land;'
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France and Pharamond,
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd there this law, to-wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.'"

In some cases a detail is added to the fact given by Holinshed in order to increase the effectiveness of the situation. Thus the historical episode of the conspiracy in II. ii. is made much more telling by the invented incident of the freeing of the man who had railed against the king, in connection with which the traitors are led to pass judgment on themselves. A number of changes are made to increase the sympathy of
the audience for the English side. Such are the elaboration of the relations between Henry and old Erpingham, of the death scene of York and Suffolk, of the picture of good-fellowship between the king and the common soldiers, of the contrast between the behaviors of the two armies on the eve of battle. The main lines of Henry's character are laid down in the *Chronicles*, but by such inventions as the soliloquy and prayer before Agincourt, the martial eloquence of the speeches before Harfleur and on St. Crispin's Day, and the lofty moralizing upon "ceremony," the impression of his piety, leadership, and wisdom is greatly heightened. Pistol and his friends are, of course, entirely the creations of the dramatist, as are the characters of Fluellen, Captain Jamy, Macmorris, Williams, and Bates. When one considers to what extent the interest of the play depends on such elements as those just enumerated, it is possible to realize how small a part of the literary value of the play is, after all, due to the source.

These changes are all made, however, for artistic reasons; with the accuracy of facts or reasoning in the *Chronicles* Shakspere does not seem to have concerned himself. For example, the elaborate argument of Canterbury in I. ii is entirely directed against the attempt to disprove Henry's claim to the French crown on the ground
of the Salique Law. It is true that the Salique Law was not intended to refer to the royal succession at all, but only to private property in land; but it is also true that this might have been granted by the French without weakening their case, since, granting the validity of succession through the female, Henry's claim still had fatal flaws. But for dramatic purposes these intricacies of genealogy could not be too nicely traced; for Shakspere, like Holinshied, it was sufficient to bring in a show of expert advice in order that the popular king might be represented as going to war with a clear conscience as to the rightness of his cause.

The verse of the play is the blank verse which, since Marlowe, had been the standard meter of the English drama. The normal type has five iambic feet, that is, ten syllables with the stress falling on the even syllables. From this regular form, however, Shakspere deviates with great freedom, the commonest variations being the following:

1. The addition of an eleventh syllable, e. g.:

The breath | no soon | er left | his fath | er's bo | dy, I. i. 25.
Had nob | les rich | er and | more loy | al sub | jects, I. ii. 127.
Whom he | hath dull'd | and cloy'd | with gra | cious fa | yours, II. ii. 9.
Occasionally this extra syllable occurs in the middle of the line, at the main pause known as the caesura, which is most frequent after the third foot, e. g.:

Crouch for | employ | ment.| | But par | don, gen | -

tles all |, I. Prol. 8.

Shall not | be wink'd | at, | | how shall | we stretch | our eye |, II. ii. 55.

2. Frequently what seems an extra syllable is to be slurred in reading; thus, "We are" is to be pronounced "We're," in

_Were are_ glad | the Dau | phin is so | pleasant | with us |, I. ii. 259.

So the middle syllable of "temporal" is slurred in

For all | the tem | _poral_ lands | which men | devout |,

I. i. 9.

In some lines it is doubtful whether a syllable is to be slurred or sounded as a light extra syllable; as, e. g., the second syllable of "governor" in

How yet | resolves | the gov | _ernor_ of | the town? |,

III. iii. 1.

3. Short lines, lacking one or more feet, occur; e. g.:

As pure as sin with baptism, I. ii. 32.

Or else what follows? II. iv. 96.

That goddess blind, III. vi. 30.
4. Long lines of twelve or thirteen syllables occur; *e. g.*:

And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them, IV. ii. 23.

An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate, II. i. 73.

Than is your majesty. There’s not, I think, a subject, II. ii. 26.

Usually in such lines some words bearing the metrical accent are quite unemphatic in reading, as in the last foot of the first example; and frequently it is a matter of opinion whether examples belong to this class or those noted under 2.

5. Frequently, especially in the first foot, a trochee is substituted for an iambus, *i. e.*, the accent falls on the odd instead of on the even syllable, *e. g.*:

Ó for | a Muse of fire that would ascend, I. Prol. 1.
Néver | was such a sudden scholar made, I. i. 32.
Géntly | to hear, | kindly | to judge our play. I. Prol. 34.

In the following line the first foot is an ana-paest, *i. e.*, has two unstressed syllables before the accent:

By the which | marriage the line of Charles the Great, I. ii. 84.

6. It must be remembered, however, that some words have changed their pronunciation since
Shakspere's time. Thus the noun "aspect" had
the accent on the second syllable, as in

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect; III. i. 9.
So précepts in III. iii. 26; and conversely, relapse in IV. iii. 107, antique in V. Prol. 26, etc.
The pronunciation was sometimes varied to suit the exigencies of the meter; thus, executors in I. ii.
203, but exécutors in IV. ii. 51.
Again, terminations like "-tion" were often dissyllabic, as in invent-i-on, I. Prol. 2, act-i-on, I.
ii. 114, desolat-i-on, II. ii. 174, consci-ence, I. ii. 79, val-i-ant, IV. i. 46, etc.
7. Occasional rhymes occur. These are found chiefly, though not always, at the end of scenes or of speeches of some length; e. g.: I. Prol. 33-4, I. ii. 309-10, II. ii. 193-4, III. iii. 42-3; III. v.
67-8.
Although differences between the language of Shakspere and that of our own day are obvious
to the most casual reader, there is a risk that the student may underestimathe extent of these differences, and, assuming that similarity of form implies identity of sense, miss the true interpretation. The most important instances of change of meaning are explained in the notes; but a clearer view of the nature and extent of the contrast between the idiom of Henry V and that of modern English
will be gained by a classification of the most frequent features of this contrast. Some of the Shaksperean usages are merely results of the carelessness and freedom which the more elastic standards of the Elizabethan time permitted; others are forms of expression at that time quite accurate, but now become obsolete.

1. Nouns. Abstract nouns are often used in the plural; e. g.: "manhoods," IV. iii. 66, "wisdoms," V. ii. 87. This is a common usage with Fluellen, e. g.: "disciplines," III. ii. 65; "con- cavities," III. ii. 66; "directions," III. ii. 71, etc., where it is, of course, used for humorous effect.

2. Pronouns. (a) The nominative is sometimes used for the objective, especially after prepositions; e. g.: "who to disobey," IV. i. 155; "who serv'st thou under?" IV. vii. 159.

(b) The possessive "its" did not come into common use until after the middle of the seventeenth century, and in Shakspere, as in other early writers, we find "his" for the neuter as well as for the masculine; e. g.: "summer grass . . . crescive in his faculty." I. i. 66; "rock o'erhang and jutty his confounded base," III. i. 13; "bend up every spirit to his full height," III. i. 17; "for it (the sun) shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly." V. ii. 175.

(c) "His" is sometimes used instead of the
sign of the possessive case; e. g.: "King Lewis his satisfaction," I. ii. 88.

(d) Confusion between the personal and the reflexive forms is common; e. g.: "And do submit me to your highness' mercy." II. ii. 77; "That we should dress us fairly for our end." IV. i. 10; "And rouse him at the name of Crispian. IV. iii. 43; "myself have play'd," V. Prol. 42.

(e) The ethical dative is commoner in Shakspeare than in modern speech; e. g.: "Ask me this slave in French," IV. iv. 25; "He smil'd me in the face," IV. vi. 21.

(f) The modern distinction among the relative pronouns who, which, that, as, is not observed by Shakspere; e. g.: "night who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp," IV. Prol. 21; he which hath no stomach to this fight," IV. iii. 35; "had you been as I took you for," IV. viii. 60.

(g) The relative is sometimes omitted; e. g.: "play a set shall strike," I. ii. 262.

(h) The objective case of the personal pronouns is at times used reflexively where modern English requires no object; e. g.: "Turn thee back," III. vi. 161; "Gets him to rest," IV. i. 291.

3. Adjectives. (a) Double comparatives occur: e. g.: "more sharper," III. v. 39.

(b) Adjectives are sometimes used as nouns;
e. g.: "gentles all," I. Prol. 8, II. Prol. 35; "Speak, my fair, and fairly," V. ii. 179.

4. Verbs. (a) A Singular verb is often found with a plural subject; e. g.: "The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd," I. Prol. 9; "As is our wretches," I. ii. 243; "Thus comes the English," II. iv. 1; "The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory Doth root upon," V. ii. 46. This is a frequent usage of Fluellen's; e. g.: "the mines is not," III. ii. 65, etc.

(b) Conversely, plural verbs appear with singular subjects, through the attraction of an intervening plural; e. g.: "The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their quality," V. ii. 19.

(c) The "n" is frequently dropped from the ending in the past participle of strong verbs; e. g.: "writ" for "written," I. ii. 98; "spoke" for "spoken," II. i. 134, "broke" for "broken," IV. v. 6. When the word thus produced might be mistaken for the infinitive, the form of the past tense is found; e. g.: "mistook" for "mistaken," III. vi. 90; "shook" for "shaken," V. ii. 194. On the other hand the old -en ending is preserved in "well-foughten," IV. vi. 18.

(d) Verbs of motion are at times omitted; e. g.: "and would to bed," II. i. 90; "We will aboard," II. ii. 12; "They bid us to the English dancing schools," III. v. 32.
(e) "Be" is sometimes used for "are" in the plural of the present indicative; e. g.: "Minding true things by what their mockeries be," IV. Prol. 53; "his fears . . . be of the same relish," IV. i. 115.

(f) "To" is sometimes omitted with the infinitive where it is used in modern English; e. g.: "Desires you let the dukedoms," I. ii. 256; "Willing you overlook this pedigree," II. iv. 90.

(g) The infinitive with "to" is sometimes used for the gerund with another preposition; e. g.: "That fears his fellowship to die (=in dying) with us," IV. iii. 39.

5. Adverbs. (a) Double negatives are used with a merely intensive force; e. g.: "Nor never," I. i. 35; "Though war nor no known quarrel," II. iv. 17; "nor I have no cunning," V. ii. 150. Cf. also II. iv. 85; IV. i. 314; V. ii. 380.

(b) The form of the adjective is often used for the adverb, e. g.: "The Gordian knot of it he will unloose Familiar as his garter," I. i. 47; "sore charged," I. ii. 283; "till it were full ripe," III. vi. 141; "We may as bootless spend," III. iii. 24.

(c) An adverb is sometimes used where good modern usage requires an adjective; e. g.: "But freshly looks," IV. Prol. 39. For "look greenly," see note on V. ii. 149.
6. **Prepositions.** (a) These are sometimes omitted; *e. g.*: “List his discourse,” I. i. 43.

(b) Occasionally prepositions were used where in modern English the verb takes a direct object; *e. g.*: “consider of his ransom,” III. vi. 145.

(c) The usage in prepositions was less definite than it is today. Thus “of”=“on” in “Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,” I. i. 41, and “Take pity of your town and of your people,” III. iii. 28; “of”=“by” in “With good acceptance of his majesty,” I. i. 83; “upon”=“at” in “upon that instant,” I. i. 91.

7. **Conjunctions.** These are sometimes omitted.
THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFTH
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry V.
Duke of Gloucester, brothers to the King.
Duke of Bedford, brothers to the King.
Duke of Exeter, uncle to the King.
Duke of York, cousin to the King.
Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop of Ely.
Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scoop.
Sir Thomas Grey.
Sir Thomas Erpingham, officers in King Henry’s army.
Gower,
Fluellen,
Macmorris,
Jamy,
Bates,
Court,
soldiers in the same.
Williams,
Pistol.
Nym.
Bardolph.
Boy.
A Herald.
Charles VI, king of France.
Lewis, the Dauphin.
Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.
The Constable of France.
Rambures, French Lords.
Grandpré,
Governor of Harfleur.
Montjoy, a French Herald.
Ambassadors to the King of England.
Isabel, queen of France.
Katharine, daughter to Charles and Isabel.
Alice, a lady attending on her.
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Qu’ékly, and now married to Pistol.
Chorus.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

Scene: England; afterwards France.
HENRY THE FIFTH.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentle all,
The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder;
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth.
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

[Exit.
ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you: that self bill is urg'd,
    Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign
    Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
    But that the scambling and unquiet time
    Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
    We lose the better half of our possession;
    For all the temporal lands, which men devout
    By testament have given to the Church,
    Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus:
    As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
    Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
    Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
    And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well suppli'd;
And to the coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs
the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair re-
gard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy Church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortifi'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never such Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

Ely. We are blessed in the change.

Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a
prelate;
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study;
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rend'red you in music;
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practice part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoretic:
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.
Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,
    And therefore we must needs admit the means
    How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
    How now for mitigation of this bill
    Urg'd by the commons? Doth his Majesty
    Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
    Or rather swaying more upon our part
    Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
    For I have made an offer to his Majesty,
    Upon our spiritual convocation
    And in regard of causes now in hand,
    Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
    As touching France, to give a greater sum
    Than ever at one time the clergy yet
    Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his Majesty;
    Save that there was not time enough to hear,
    As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
    The severals and unhidden passages
    Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
    And generally to the crown and seat of France
    Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?
Act I, Sc. ii] HENRY THE FIFTH

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Cray'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The same. The presence chamber.

Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter,
Warwick, Westmoreland and Attendents.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin. We would be resolv'd,

Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.
Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne
And make you long become it!

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim;
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war.
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
That makes such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

_Cant._ Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your Higness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond:

"In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant,"
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land;"
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law, to wit, no female should be inheritrix in Salique land; Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala, is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen. Then doth it well appear the Salique law was not devised for the realm of France; nor did the French possess the Salique land until four hundred one and twenty years after defunction of King Pharamond, idly suppos'd the founder of this law, who died within the year of our redemption four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French beyond the river Sala, in the year eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say, King Pepin, which deposed Childeric, did, as heir general, being descended of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair, make claim and title to the crown of France. Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male of the true line and stock of Charles the Great, to find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as the heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also, King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke of Lorraine;
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the kings of France unto this day,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your Highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.
K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign! For in the book of Numbers is it writ, When the man dies, let the inheritance Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord, Stand for your own! Unwind your bloody flag!

Look back into your mighty ancestors! Go, my dread lord, to your great-grand sire's tomb,

From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,

And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,

Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy, Making defeat on the full power of France, While his most mighty father on a hill Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp

Forage in blood of French nobility.

O noble English, that could entertain With half their forces the full pride of France

And let another half stand laughing by, All out of work and cold for action!

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead, And with your puissant arm renew their feats. You are their heir; you sit upon their throne; The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your Grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your Highness. Never King of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your Higness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbor to us; 145
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fullness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampl'd by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
165 With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.  
West. But there's a saying very old and true,  
"If that you will France win,  
Then with Scotland first begin."  
For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely  
eggs,  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.  

Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home;  
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,  
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,  
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
The advised head defends itself at home;  
For government, though high and low and  
lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,  
Congreeing in a full and natural close,  
Like music.  

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions,  
Setting endeavour in continual motion,  
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
Obedience; for so work the honey-bees,  
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king and officers of sorts,
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously.
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege!
Divide your happy England into four,
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [Exeunt some Attendants.

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms.
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure

Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

1. Amb. May 't please your Majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge,
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fret'tred in our prisons;
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

1. Amb. Thus, then, in few.

Your Highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.

In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd there 's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won.
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.

He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.
K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.

His present and your pains we thank you for.
When we have match’d our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God’s grace, play a set
Shall strike his father’s crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb’d
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o’er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu’d this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous license; as ’t is ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.

But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France.
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, and his soul
Shall stand sore charg'd for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them; for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.
[Exeunt Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry message.
K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[Exeunt.]
ACT SECOND.

Prologue.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we 'll digest
The abuse of distance, force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The King is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentle, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit;
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We 'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,  
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.  

[Exit.

SCENE I.

London. A street.

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not. I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? It will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there 's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we 'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let it be so, Good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that 's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may. That is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.
It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell. Things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may. Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Hostess.

Here come Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [Nym and Pistol draw.] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! We shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!
Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

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

The "solus" in thy most mervailous face;
The "solus" in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse; within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the "solus" in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near,
Therefore exhale.

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say. He that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilt, as I am a soldier. [Draws.]
Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
    Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

Pist. "Couple a gorge!"
    That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think 'st thou my spouse to get?

No! to the spital go,

And from the powdering tub of infamy
    Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
    Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse.

I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
    For the only she; and—pauca, there 's enough.

Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess. He is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he 'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

[Exeunt Hostess and Boy.]
Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another’s throats?

Pist. Let floods o’erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

Nym. You ’ll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that’s the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home. [They draw.

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I ’ll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won from you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood. I’ll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me. Is not this just? For I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?
125 Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right.

His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King; but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

[Exeunt.

Scene II.

Southampton. A council-chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

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

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

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

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bed-fellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

*Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop,
Cambridge, and Grey.*

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

*Scroop.* No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

25 Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your Majesty. There's not, I think,
a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True; those that were your father's ene-

30 Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve
you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thank-
fulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your Grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,

40 Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person. We consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security.

45 Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,

You show great mercy if you give him life

After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me

Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,

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

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

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,

Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care

And tender preservation of our person,

Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes.

Who are the late commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord.

Your Highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.

Read them, and know I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion?—Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That have so cowarded and chas’d your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your Highness’ mercy.

Scroop. To which we all appeal.
Grey.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress’d and kill’d.
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy,
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir’d

And sworn unto the practices of France
To kill us here in Hampton; to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.
But, O
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin’d me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis’d on me for thy use,——
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil?
That might annoy my finger? ’Tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either’s purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not whoop at them;
But thou, ’gainst all proportion, didst bring in Wonder to wait on treason and on murder;
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
And other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glist'ring semblances of piety.
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions, "I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's."
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
To mark the full-fraught man and best in-
dued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open.
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of 145
Richard Earl of Cambridge.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.
I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of
Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumber-
land.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death,
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it. 155

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

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sov-
eraign.
K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence. 
You have conspir’d against our royal person, 
Join’d with an enemy proclaim’d, and from his coffers 
Received the golden earnest of our death; 
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter, 
His princes and his peers to servitude, 
His subjects to oppression and contempt, 
And his whole kingdom into desolation. 

175 Touching our person seek we no revenge; 
But we our kingdom’s safety must so tender, 
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws 
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence, 
Poor miserable wretches, to your death, 
The taste whereof God of his mercy give 
You patience to endure, and true repentance 
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence. 

[Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded. 
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof 
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious. 

185 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war, 
Since God so graciously hath brought to light 
This dangerous treason lurking in our way 
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now 
But every rub is smoothed on our way. 

190 Then forth, dear countrymen! Let us deliver 
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea! The signs of war advance!
No king of England, if not king of France!

[Flourish.

Scene III.

London. Before a tavern.

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

Host. Prithee honey, sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
    Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
    Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
    And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome’er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he’s not in hell. He’s in Arthur’s bosom, if ever man went to Arthur’s bosom. ’A made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child. ’A parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o’ the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers’ ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp
as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.

"How now, Sir John!" quoth I; "what, man! be o' good cheer." So 'a cried out, "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone; and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.
Host. Ay, that 'a did.
Bard. And of women.
Host. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. 'A could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

Host. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?
Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire. That's all the riches I got in his service. 

Nym. Shall we shog? The King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels and my movables. Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and Pay." Trust none; For oaths are straws; men's faiths are wafer-cakes, And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck; Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor. Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms, Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys, To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck! 

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

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march. 

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her. 

Nym. I cannot kiss; that is the humour of it; but, adieu. 


Host. Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.
Scene IV.

France. The King's palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Dukes of Berri and Bretagne, the Constable, and others.

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
It fits us then to be as provident
As fears may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 't is meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France.
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance;
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your Grace the late ambassadors
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 't is not so, my Lord High Constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter. In cases of defence 't is best to weigh The enemy more mighty than he seems, So the proportions of defence are fill'd; Which, of a weak and niggardly projection, Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scant-
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong; And, Princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us; And he is bred out of that bloody strain That haunted us in our familiar paths. Witness our too much memorable shame When Cressy battle fatally was struck, And all our princes captiv'd by the hand Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales; Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing, Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun, Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him, Mangle the work of nature and deface The patterns that by God and by French fathers Had twenty years been made. This is a stem Of that victorious stock; and let us fear The native mightiness and fate of him.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England Do crave admittance to your Majesty.
Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.]
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign, Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head. Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin As self-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

Fr. King. From our brother of England? Exe. From him; and thus he greets your Maj- esty:
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty, That you divest yourself, and lay apart The borrowed glories that by gift of heaven, By law of nature and of nations, longs To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown And all wide-stretched honours that pertain By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know

'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce tempest he is coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further.
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.

Dau. For the Dauphin, I stand here for him. What to him from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance. Slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: an if your father's Highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large.
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his Majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England. To that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.
**Exe.** He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,  
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe;  
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,  
As we his subjects have in wonder found,  
Between the promise of his greener days  
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time  
Even to the utmost grain. That you shall read  
In your own losses, if he stay in France.  

**Fr. King.** To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.  

[Flourish.  

**Exe.** Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
Come heré himself to question our delay;  
For he is footed in this land already.  

**Fr. King.** You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions.  

A night is but small breath and little pause  
To answer matters of this consequence.  

[Exeunt.
ACT THIRD.

Prologue.

Flourish. Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embank his royalty, and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning.
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy, And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puis-
sance.
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd With one appearing hair, that will not follow These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages, With fatal mouths gaping on girded Har-
fleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back,
Tells Harry that the King doth offer him Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms. The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

[Alarum, and chambers go off. And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

[Exit.]
Scene I.

France. Before Harfleur.

Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more, Or close the wall up with our English dead. In peace there's nothing so becomes a man As modest stillness and humility; But when the blast of war blows in our ears, Then imitate the action of the tiger; Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood, Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage; Then lend the eye a terrible aspect; Let it pry through the portage of the head Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'er-whelm it As fearfully as does a galled rock O'erhang and jutty his confounded base, Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean. Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide, Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot!
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry, "God for Harry! England and Saint George!"

[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.]
Scene II.

The same.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

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

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay. The knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives. The humour of it is too hot; that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for humours do abound.

"Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame."

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I.

"If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie."

Boy. "As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough."
Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions! [Driving them forward.]

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great Duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! Your honour wins bad humours. [Exeunt all but Boy.]

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three; but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof 'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward. But his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it
for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel. I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service. Their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines. The Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! Tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war. The concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, the adversary, you may discuss unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.
Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?
Gow. I think it be.
Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.*
Gow. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in the aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.
Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.
Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? Have the pioners given o'er?
Mac. By Chrish, la! 'tish ill done. The work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over. I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour. O, 'tish ill done, 'tish ill done; by my hand, 'tish ill done!
**Flu.** Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you; as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

**Jamy.** It sall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

**Mac.** It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the King, and the Dukes. It is no time to discourse. The town is beseech’d, and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing. ’T is shame for us all. So God sa’ me, ’t is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there is nothing done, so Chrish sa’ me, la!

**Jamy.** By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, I ’ll de gud service, or I ’ll lig i’ the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and I ’ll pay ’t as valourously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question ’tween you tway.

**Flu.** Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under
your correction, there is not many of your nation—

_Mac._ Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

_Flu._ Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

_Mac._ I do not know you so good a man as myself.

_So Chrish save me, I will cut off your head._

_Gow._ Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

_Jamy._ Ah! that's a foul fault.

[A parley sounded.]

_Gow._ The town sounds a parley.

_Flu._ Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

_[Exeunt._
SCENE III.

The same. Before the gates.

The Governor and some Citizens on the Walls; the
English forces below. Enter King
Henry and his train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit;
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lies buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh’d soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins and your flow’ring infants.
What is it then to me, if impious War,
Array’d in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do with his smirch'd complexion all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command

Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town and of your people,
While yet my soldiers are in my command,

While yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand

Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod’s bloody-hunting slaugthermen.
What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy’d?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly ’gainst the French.
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.]
Scene IV.

The French King's palace.

Enter Katharine and Alice, an old Gentlewoman.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? Elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vitément. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?


Kath. De nails. Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.
Kath. Dites-moi l’Anglois pour le bras.
Alice. De arm, madame.
Kath. Et le coude?
Alice. D’elbow.
Kath. D’elbow. Je m’en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m’avez appris dès à présent.
Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.
Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: D’hand, de fingres, de nails, d’arma, de bilbow.
Alice. D’elbow, madame.
Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m’en oublie! D’elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col?
Alice. De nick, madame.
Kath. De nick. Et le menton?
Alice. De chin.
Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.
Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d’Angleterre.
Kath. Je ne doute point d’apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.
Alice. N’avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?
Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: d’hand, de fingres, de mails,—
Alice. De nails, madame.
Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.
Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.
Henry the Fifth

Act III, Sc. v

Katli. Ainsi dis-je; d'elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Katli. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: d'hand, de fingres, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Katli. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner. [Exeunt.]

Scene V.

The same.

Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, the Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'T is certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. An if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
*Mort de ma vie!* if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobberly and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

*Con.* *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!

Poor we may call them in their native lords.

*Dau.* By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

_Bour._ They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavolotas high, and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

_Fr. King._ Where is Montjoy the herald? Speed
him hence.
Let him greet England with our sharp de-
fiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the
field!

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faucon-
berg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and
knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great
shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our
land
With pennons painted in the blood of Har-
fleur.

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon. Go down upon him, you have power enough, And in a captive chariot into Rouen Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great. 55
Sorry am I his numbers are so few, His soldiers sick and famish’d in their march; For I am sure, when he shall see our army, He ’ll drop his heart into the sink of fear And for achievement offer us his ransom. 60

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy, And let him say to England that we send To know what willing ransom he will give. Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your Majesty. 65

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us. Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all, And quickly bring us word of England’s fall.

[Exeunt.

Scene VI.

The English camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen meeting.

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?
Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

5 Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honor with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my live, and my living, and my uttermost power. He is not—God be praised and blessed!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world, but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

20 Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours. The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

25 Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart, And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate, And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel, That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

*Flu.* By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore his eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must 'a be,—
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak; the Duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach.
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flu.* Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

*Pist.* Why then, rejoice therefore.
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Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain. [Exit.

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal. I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names; and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the
camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash’d wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

*Flu.* I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is. If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [Drum heard.] Hark you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

*Drum and colours. Enter King Henry, Gloucester and his poor Soldiers.*

God bless your Majesty!

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen! cam’st thou from the bridge?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your Majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain’d the pridge. The French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th’ athversary was have pos-105 session of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your Majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen?

*Flu.* The perdition of the athversary hath been very great, reasonable great. Marry, for my
part, I think the Duke hath lost never a
man, but one that is like to be executed for
robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your
 Majesty know the man. His face is all bu-
bukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames
o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and
it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and
sometimes red; but his nose is executed and
his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut
off; and we give express charge, that in our
marches through the country, there be noth-
ing compell'd from the villages, nothing
taken but paid for, none of the French up-
braided or abused in disdainful language;
for when lenity and cruelty play for a king-
dom, the gentler gamester is the soonest
winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee. What shall I
know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my King: Say thou to Harry of
England: Though we seem'd dead, we did
but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than
rashness. Tell him we could have rebuk'd
him at Harfleur, but that we thought not
good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer; his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my King and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.
Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,
Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour,
Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself.
If we may pass, we will; if we be hind'red,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour; and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it.
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness.

[Exit.]

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[Exeunt.

**Scene VII.**

*The French camp, near Agincourt.*

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

**Con.** Tut! I have the best armour of the world.
Would it were day!

**Orl.** You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

**Con.** It is the best horse of Europe.

**Orl.** Will it never be morning?

**Dau.** My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour?

**Orl.** You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

**Dau.** What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* he bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it;
the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

20 Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus. He is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

30 Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: "Wonder of nature,"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.
Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

* * * * *

Ram. My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?
Con. Stars, my lord.
Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.
Con. And yet my sky shall not want.
Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away.
Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.
Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.
Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way. But I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.
Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?
Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.
Dau. 'T is midnight; I'll go arm myself. [Exit. 75
Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.
Ram. He longs to eat the English.
Con. I think he will eat all he kills.
Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.
Con. Swear by her foot that she may tread out the oath.
Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.
Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.
Con. Nor will do none to-morrow. He will keep that good name still.
Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.
Orl. What's he?
Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.
Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but his lackey. 'T is a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. "I'll will never said well."

Con. I will cap that proverb with "There is flattery in friendship."
Orl. And I will take up that with "Give the devil his due."

Con. Well plac'd. There stands your friend for the devil; have at the very eye of that proverb with "A pox of the devil."
Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much
"A fool’s bolt is soon shot."
Con. You have shot over.
Orl. ’T is not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.
Con. Who hath measur’d the ground?
Mess. The Lord Grandpré.
Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.

Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England, he longs not for the dawning as as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-
brain’d followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. Their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crush’d like rotten apples! You may as well say, that’s a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.
Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then, give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is the time to arm. Come, shall we about it?

It is now two o'clock; but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[Exeunt.]
ACT FOURTH.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch;
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited Night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presented them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks, and over-bears attain't
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly,
Where—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.

Scene I.
The English camp at Agincourt.
Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 't is true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
And make a moral of the devil himself.  

Enter Erpingham.  

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

*Erp.* Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,  
Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."  

*K. Hen.* 'Tis good for men to love their present pains  
Upon example; so the spirit is eased;  
And when the mind is quick'ned, out of doubt,  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,  
With casted slough and fresh legerity.  
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,  
Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
Do my good morrow to them, and anon  
Desire them all to my pavilion.  

*Glou.* We shall, my liege.  

*Erp.* Shall I attend your Grace?  

*K. Hen.* No, my good knight;  

Go with my brothers to my lords of England.  
I and my bosom must debate a while,  
And then I would no other company.
Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[Exeunt all but King.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,

A lad of life, an imp of fame;

Of parents good, of fist most valiant.

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?


Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name. Art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee, then!
K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!
Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [Exit. 
K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower.
It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp. I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? In your own conscience, now?

Gow. I will speak lower.
Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will. 85

[Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

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

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

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

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

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?


Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wreck’d upon a sand, that look to be wash’d off the next tide.

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

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am. The violet smells to him as it does to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by,
in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

*Bates.* He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

*K. Hen.* By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

*Bates.* Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

*K. Hen.* I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our
obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopp’d off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, "We died at such a place"; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it; who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcil’d iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so. The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the
master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of Peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd for before-breach of the King's laws in now the King's quarrel. Where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained;
and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'T is certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

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

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! Come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round. I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will
wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine. 

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap. If ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it. 

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

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word; fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. [Exeunt soldiers.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper. Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, Our children, and our sins lay on the King! We must bear all. O hard condition, Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-

endcase
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony? 260
And what art thou, thou idol Ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? What are thy comings in?
O Ceremony, show me but thy worth! 265
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy Ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation? 275
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'T is not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the King,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous Ceremony,—
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.
Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence, Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight, Collect them all together at my tent. I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. [Exit.

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts. Possess them not with fear. Take from them now The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord, O, not to-day, think not upon the fault My father made in compassing the crown! I Richard's body have interred new, And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears Than from it issued forced drops of blood. Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay, Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glou.* My liege!
*K. Hen.* My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay; I know thy errand, I will go with thee.
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [Exeunt.

**Scene II.**

*The French camp.*

*Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and others.*

*Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!
*Dau.* Montez à cheval! My horse, varlet! lackey! ha!
*Orl.* O brave spirit!
*Dau.* Via! les eaux et la terre.
*Orl.* Rien puis? L'air et le feu.
*Dau.* Ciel, cousin Orleans.

*Enter Constable.*

Now, my Lord Constable!
*Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!
Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And douse them with superfluous courage, ha!

What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

The English are embattl'd, you French peers.
To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yond poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.

There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation,
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall crouch down in fear and yield.

Enter Grandpré.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field.
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps;
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, drooping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still, and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

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

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard; on to the field! I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

[Exeunt.]
Scene III.
The English camp.

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

Glou. Where is the King?
Bed. The King himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.
Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge. If we no more meet till we meet in heaven, Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford, My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee!
Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day! And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it, For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[Exit Salisbury.]
Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness. 15
Princely in both.

Enter the King.

West.  O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in Eng-
land
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen.  What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair
cousin.
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man
more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; 25
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from Eng-
land.

God's peace! I would not lose so great an
honour
As one man more, methinks, would share
from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish
one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart. His passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'red. This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered,
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. 60
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed.
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedition charge on us. 70

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places. God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,

80 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow;
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind

85 Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

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

90 K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was killed with hunting him.

95 A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,  
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;  
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
Dying like men, though buried in your dung-hills,  
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,  
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;  
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
Mark then abounding valour in our English,  
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in relapse of mortality.  
Let me speak proudly: tell the Constable  
We are but warriors for the working-day.  
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd  
With rainy marching in the painful field;  
There's not a piece of feather in our host—  
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—  
And time hath worn us into slovenry;  
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;  
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night  
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour.
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald.
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave ’em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well;
Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[Exit.

K. Hen. I fear thou ’lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter York.

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

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers,
march away;
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

[Exeunt.
Scene IV.
The Field of Battle.


Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.
Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss.
Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!
Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
   Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:
   O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
   Egregious ransom.
Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!
Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys, Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
   In drops of crimson blood.
Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?
Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, Offer'st me brass?

_Fr. Sol._ O pardonnez moi!

_Pist._ Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?

Come hither, boy; ask me this slave in French What is his name.

_Boy._ Ecoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

_Fr. Sol._ Monsieur le Fer.

_Boy._ He says his name is Master Fer.

_Pist._ Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. Discuss the same in French unto him.

_Boy._ I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

_Pist._ Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

_Fr. Sol._ Que dit-il, monsieur?

_Boy._ Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

_Pist._ Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,

Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

_Fr. Sol._ O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour le Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

_Pist._ What are his words?

_Boy._ He prays you to save his life. He is a
gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns. 50

**Pist.** Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

**Fr. Sol.** Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

**Boy.** Encore qu’il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l’avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchissement.

**Fr. Sol.** Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercimens; et je m’estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d’un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d’Angleterre.

**Pist.** Expound unto me, boy.

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

**Pist.** As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me!

**Boy.** Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [Exeunt Pistol and French Soldier.] 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 valour than this roaring devil i’ the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger;
and they are both hang'd; 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.  

[Exit.]

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.

Con.  O Diable!
Orl.  O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!
Dau.  Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!  
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes.  O méchante fortune!
Do not run away.  [A short alarum.
Con.  Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau.  O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Orl.  Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Bour.  Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let's die in honour! Once more back again!
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pandar, hold the chamber door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

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

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng.
Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

[Exeunt.

Scene VI.

Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and his train, with prisoners.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen.
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.
K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within this hour

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting.

From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face.

He cries aloud, "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!"

Upon these words I came and cheer’d him up.
He smil’d me in the face, raught me his hand.
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn and over Suffolk’s neck

He threw his wounded arm and kiss’d his lips;
And so espous’d to death, with blood he seal’d
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc’d
Those waters from me which I would have stopp’d;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

[Alarum.
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men.
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through.  

[Exeunt.

Scene VII.

Another part of the field.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'T is expressly against the law of arms. 'T is as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'T is certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter. Besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King, most
worthily, hath caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant king!

_Flu._ Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born!

_Gow._ Alexander the Great.

_Flu._ Why, I pray you, is not pig great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

_Gow._ I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon. His father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

_Flu._ I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth. It is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.

If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages and his furies and his wrathes, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures,
and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

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

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it. As Alexander kill'd his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat knight with the great belly doublet. He was full of jests, and gipes, and knaves, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, with prisoners. Flourish.

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald; Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill. If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,

And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.
Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.
K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald?
    Know'st thou not

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great King;
   I come to thee for charitable license,
   That we may wander o'er this bloody field
   To book our dead, and then to bury them;
   To sort our nobles from our common men.
   For many of our princes—woe the while!—
   Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
   So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
   In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead mas-

...
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

*K. Hen.* I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

*Mont.* The day is yours.

*K. Hen.* Praised be God, and not our strength,
for it!

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

*Mont.* They call it Agincourt.

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

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your Majesty, and your great-uncle
Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your Majesty says very true. If your Majesties is rememb'red of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your Majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.  

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases His grace, and His majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it. I will confess it to all the 'orld. I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty, praised be God, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!

Enter Williams.

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

[Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your Majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your Majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore,
as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please your Majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your Grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jack-sauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and His earth, in my conscience, la!

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [Exit.

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm. If any man chal-
leng this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an
enemy to our person. If thou encounter any
such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

*Flu.* Your Grace doo's me as great honours as
can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects. I
would fain see the man, that has but two
legs, that shall find himself aggrief'd at this
glove; that is all. But I would fain see it
once, an please God of His grace that I might
see.

*K. Hen.* Know'st thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to
my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him. 

[Exit.

*K. Hen.* My Lord of Warwick, and my brother
Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove which I have given him for a
favour
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear.
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin War-
wick.

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury.
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.  [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Before King Henry’s pavilion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God’s will and his pleasure, captain, I be-
seech you now, come apace to the King. There
is more good toward you peradventure than
is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?
Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.
Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.

Flu. ’Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the
universal world, or in France, or in England! 10
Gow. How now, sir! you villain!
Will. Do you think I ’ll be forsworn?
Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower. I will give
treason his payment into plows, I warrant
you.
Will. I am no traitor.
Flu. That ’s a lie in thy throat. I charge you in
his Majesty's name, apprehend him; he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloucester.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it!—a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your Grace, has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promis'd to wear it in his cap. I promis'd to strike him, if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is. I hope your Majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon that your Majesty is give me; in your conscience, now?
K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike; and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An it please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart. Never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your Majesty came not like yourself. You appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your Highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your Highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap

Till I do challenge it. Give him his crowns; And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve
God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so good. 'T is a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an English Herald.*

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead numb'red?

Her. Here is the number of the slaught'red French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:

Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,

Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain; of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead

One hundred twenty-six; added to these,

Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb’d knights;
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries; 95
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
Jacques of Chatillon, Admiral of France; 100
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Ram-bures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Gui-
chard Dauphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar; of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Le-
strale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead? 105
[Herald shows him another paper.]
Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suf-
folk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty.—O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without strategem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Exe.

'T is wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village;
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is His only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to
tell how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, captain, but with this acknowledge-
ment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, He did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites.

Let there be sung Non nobis and Te Deum,
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[Exeunt.
ACT FIFTH.

Prologue.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them; and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
Toward Calais; grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King
Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath,
Where that his lords desire him to have borne

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His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city. He forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in;
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! Much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home,—
The Emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them;—and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France.
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd
The interim, by rememb'ring you 't is past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

SCENE I.

France. The English camp.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.
Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you asse my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.
Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurfy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base Troyan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurfy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek. Because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. (Strikes him.)
Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Troyan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it. [Strikes him.] You call'd me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.
Gow. Enough, captain; you have astonish’d him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, 45
I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

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

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat and eat, I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray 60 you, mock at ’em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, verily and in truth you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in 70 cudgels. You shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi’
you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[Exit.

_Pist._ All hell shall stir for this.

_Gow._ Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel. You find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well.

[Exit.

_Pist._ Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?

News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital Of malady of France;

And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgel'd. Well, bawd I 'll turn, And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.

To England will I steal, and there I 'll steal; And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars, And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

[Exit.
Scene II.

France. A royal palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Alice, and other Ladies; the Duke of Burgundy, and other French.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister, Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met!
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting, 
As we are now glad to behold your eyes; 
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them 
Against the French that met them in their bent 
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks. 
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, 
Have lost their quality, and that this day 
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear. 
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you. 
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love, 
Great Kings of France and England! That 
I have labour'd, 
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours, 
To bring your most imperial Majesties 
Unto this bar and royal interview, 
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness. 
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd 
That, face to face and royal eye to eye, 
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me, 
If I demand, before this royal view, 
What rub or what impediment there is, 
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace, 
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births, 
Should not in this best garden of the world, 
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kexes, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And all our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness.
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, diffuse'd attire,
And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled; and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. Hen.* If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have enschedul’d briefly in your hands.

*Bur.* The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

*K. Hen.* Well, then, the peace,
Which you before so urg’d, lies in his answer.

*Fr. King.* I have but with a cursorary eye
O’erglanc’d the articles. Pleaseth your Grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick, and Huntingdon, go with the King; And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Anything in or out of our demands,
And we 'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine and Alice].

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your Majesty shall mock at me; I cannot
speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me
soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell wat is "like me."

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.
Kath. Que dit-il? Que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

115 K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

120 K. Hen. What says she, fair one? That the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princess.

K. Hen. The Princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, "I love you"; then if you urge me farther than to say, "Do you in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

135 Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me; for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog,
or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But; before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urg’d, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier. If thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv’st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies’ favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl’d pate will grow bald; a fair face will
wither; a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what say'st thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

_Kath._ Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

_K. Hen._ No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

_Kath._ I cannot tell wat is dat.

_K. Hen._ No, Kate? (I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off.) Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—_donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne._ It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.
Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English: canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I 'll ask them. Come, I know thou Lovest me; and at night, when you come into your closet, you 'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart. But, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shalt not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise. Do but now promise, Kate, you will
endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse*?

*Kath.* Your Majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

*K. Hen.* Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and un-tempering effect of my visage. Now, be-shrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner
bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is as it shall please de roi mon père.

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

*Kath.* Den it sall also content me.

*K. Hen.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and call you my queen.

*Kath.* Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une indigne serviteur. Excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon trèspuissant seigneur.

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

*K. Hen.* Madam my interpreter, what says she?

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France,—I cannot tell wat is baiser en Anglish.

*K. Hen.* To kiss.
Alice. Your Majesty entendre bettre que moi.

K. Hen. It is not the fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion. We are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss; therefore, patiently and yielding. [Kissing her.] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French Power and the English Lords.

Bur. God save your Majesty! My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me,
I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

_Bur._ Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up _Love_ in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

_K. Hen._ Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

_Bur._ They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

_K. Hen._ Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

_Bur._ I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning; for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling which before would not abide looking on.

_K. Hen._ This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

_Bur._ As love is, my lord, before it loves.
K. Hen. It is so; and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspective-ly, the cities turn’d into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never ent’red.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her; so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is ’t so, my lords of England?

West. The King hath granted every article;

His daughter first, and then in sequel all,

According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this: where your Majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form and with this addition, in French,

Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Hériritier de France; and thus in Latin, Pra-clarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood
raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores
look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

Lords. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate; and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[Flourish.

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we 'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[Senet. Exeunt.]
EPILOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
    Our bending author hath pursu’d the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
    Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
    This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world’s best garden he achieved,
    And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown’d King
    Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
    That they lost France and made his England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

    [Exit.]
NOTES

ABBREVIATIONS.

References to other plays of Shakspere’s than Henry V.
are according to these Editions, which are numbered alike.

ACT I.

Prologue. In Shakspere's time plays were often prefaced
by a prologue explaining the subject matter of the plot.
Henry V. is notable in that each act is introduced by one
of these prologues, which bridge the gaps in time between
the acts and give the audience necessary information of
what has occurred during the intervals. They are re-
markable for their sustained heroic style, far superior to
that of the ordinary prologue or chorus.

7. Leash'd in like hounds. Cf. Julius Caesar, III. i. 273,
"let slip the dogs of war." According to Holinshed, Henry
told the people of Rouen "that the goddesse of battell,
called Bellona, had three handmaidens, ever of necessitie
attending upon hir, as blood, fire and famine . . . "
9. Flat unraised spirits. In contrast with the mounting
10. Scaffold. Stage.
11. Cockpit. Cock-fighting was a favorite Elizabethan
amusement, and was carried on in a small circular area;
hence the term is here used contemptuously. One of the
Elizabethan theaters was named the Cockpit.
13. This wooden O. The circular interior of the theater
in which the play was produced, either the Globe or the
16. Attest. Stand for. Since a cipher in small space may indicate a million.

17. Accompt. A spelling of "account."


25. Puissance. Here and in II. ii. 191 a trisyllable; in III. Prol. 21 it is a dissyllable.

31. For the which supply. For which service.

I. i. The first scene prepares the audience to hear the news of the war with France, and also informs them of the difference in character between King Henry V. and the Prince Hal whose madcap escapades they had seen in Henry IV. It also suggests the motives which later are seen to prompt the bishops to advocate war.

I. i. 1. Self. Same.

I. i. 3. Was like . . . pass’d. Ellipsis: was likely to pass and would have passed.

I. i. 4. Scrambling. Scrambling, unsettled.

I. i. 5. Question. Discussion, consideration.

I. i. 9. Cf. Introd., p. 41, 2.

I. i. 15. Lazars. Lepers, so called from Lazarus in the parable.

I. i. 29. Offending Adam. "As paradise, when sin and Adam were driven out by the angel, became the habitation of celestial spirits, so the King's heart, since consideration has driven out his follies, is now the receptacle of wisdom and of virtue." (Johnson.)

I. i. 34. Heady currance. Headlong current.


Hydra-headed. Alluding to the fable of the Lernaean Hydra, overcome by Hercules.

I. i. 36. His. Cf. Introd., p. 44, 2, b. All at once. "All the rest, everything else." (Schmidt.)

I. i. 43. List. Listen to. Cf. Introd., p. 48, 6, a.

I. i. 45. Cause of policy. Problem of statesmanship.

I. i. 46. Gordian knot. Gordius, a poor peasant who had become King of Phrygia, dedicated his wagon to the gods and tied the pole to the yoke with a knot of bark so cunningly that it could not be undone. An oracle declared that whoever should unloose the knot should reign over all Asia. Alexander the Great performed the task by cut-
ting the knot with his sword. Applied proverbially to any difficult problem.


I. i. 48. Charter'd libertine. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," John iii, 8. Cf. As You Like It, II. vii. 48:

"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please."

I. i. 49. And the mute wonder, etc. Men are silent in wonder.

I. i. 51. Practic. Practical. Opposed to theoretic, theory. Since the King was not given to study in his youth, his theoretical knowledge must have been gained from practical experience.

I. i. 54. Addiction. Inclination, tendency in conduct.

I. i. 55. Companies. Companions, with a shade of collective meaning.

I. i. 59. Popularity. Low society.

I. i. 63. Obscur'd his contemplation. Concealed under an appearance of wild behavior the observation that he was really busied in all the while.

I. i. 64. Which. I. e. his contemplation.

I. i. 66. Crescive in his faculty. Tending to grow in its strength.

I. i. 73. Swaying more upon our part. Inclining to our side.

I. i. 74. Exhibitors. The technical term for the introducers or movers of a bill in Parliament.

I. i. 76. Upon our spiritual convocation. On behalf of the assembly of the bishops and clergy.

I. i. 81. Withal. With.

I. i. 86. Several. Details. Unhidden passages. Well known facts.

I. i. 89. Edward. Edward III., who claimed the throne of France through his mother Isabella, daughter of Philip IV.

I. i. 95. Go we in. Let us go in.

I. ii. This scene, which seems tedious to us, was intensely interesting to an Elizabethan audience, because it explained fully the grounds for the English claims to the French throne, which made Henry feel justified in declaring war. Shakspere here follows Holinshed with remarkable
closeness. The plot of the churchmen to stir up war in order to distract attention from the proposal to deprive them of their temporal lands, is further developed.

I. ii. 4. Cousin. Not strictly used, but "a term given by princes to other princes and distinguished noblemen." (Schmidt). Would be resolved. Desire to be thoroughly informed.

I. ii. 15. Or nicely . . . soul. Be so foolish as to burden your soul which really knows.


I. ii. 21. Impawn our person. Pledge us to a course of action.

I. ii. 27. Wrong. Wrong-doing.
I. ii. 29. Under this conjuration. On the basis of this solemn appeal.

I. ii. 46. Charles the Great. Charlemagne.

I. ii. 66. Heir general. Heir to the whole kingdom.
I. ii. 74. Convey'd. Passed himself off.
I. ii. 75. Charlemain. Not Charles the Great, but Charles the Bald.

I. ii. 82. Lineal of. Lineally descended from.
I. ii. 88. Lewis his. Cf. Introd., p. 44, 2, c.
I. ii. 93. Hide them in a net. Take refuge behind claims that afford no better protection than a net and are as easily seen through; or, "bury themselves in a maze of contradictions" (Moore Smith).

I. ii. 94. Imbar. Either bar in, defend, make secure; or bar out, exclude. Schmidt says that the word is used in the same sense as "bar" in I. 92, and interprets thus: "they strive to exclude you, instead of excluding amply, i.e. without restriction or subterfuge, their own false
titles.” The former interpretation seems to be the better.

I. ii. 98. *In ... Numbers.* Numbers xxvii. 8: “If a man die, and have no son, then shall ye cause his inheritance to pass unto his daughter.”

I. ii. 106. *Play'd a tragedy.* The battle of Crecy, 1346. The incident alluded to is thus described by Holinshed: “The earle of Northampton and others sent to the King [Edward III.], where he stood aloft on a windmill-hill; the King demanded if his sonne were slaine, hurt, or felled to the earth. No, said the knight that brought the message, but he is sore matched. Well, (said the King) returne to him and them that sent you, and saie to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, so long as my son is alive; for I will that this journeye be his, with the honor thereof.”


I. ii. 137. *Lay down our proportions.* Estimate the numbers necessary.


I. ii. 139. *With all advantages.* Whenever opportunity offers.


I. ii. 144. *Intendment.* Intention.


Attacks.


I. ii. 155. *Fear’d.* Frightened.

I. ii. 160. *Impounded as a stray.* As straying cattle are shut up in a pound.

I. ii. 161. *King of Scots.* David Bruce, taken prisoner in 1346, while Edward III. was in France.


I. ii. 175. *Crush’d.* “Forced, strained” (Schmidt); or, already exploded.


I. ii. 180. *For government, etc.* The various offices of
government work together for one common end, even as the voices in a part song produce harmony.

I. ii. 181. Consent. There is apparently some confusion of the word as thus spelled with concet, meaning concord, harmony, and in a figurative sense, accord. See N. E. D. under both spellings. Shakspere had both meanings in mind.


(N. E. D.)

I. ii. 207. Several ways. From several directions.
I. ii. 219. Worried. As a bear is worried or harassed by dogs.

I. ii. 220. Name of hardiness and policy. Reputation for bravery and statesmanship.

I. ii. 224. Our awe. Awe of us.
I. ii. 225. Or. Either.
I. ii. 233. Not... . . . epitaph. Not honored with an epitaph even of wax, one of the least durable of materials, much less one of stone.

I. ii. 255. Tun of treasure. The stage direction of The Famous Victories reads, "He delivereth a Tunne of Tennis balles."

I. ii. 263. Hazard. The name of one part of a tennis court; a stroke into the hazard would be a winning stroke. There is also a pun on the ordinary meaning of the word, as is the case with courts and chaces below.

I. ii. 266. Chaces. Chace seems to have been used both as the name of a kind of stroke and as the point gained by such a stroke. Shakspere uses it in a loose sense as equivalent to game or match.

I. ii. 267. Comes o'er. Taunts.
I. ii. 269ff. Henry is making an ironical contrast be-
tween the value he seems to have placed on the throne of England during the wild days of his youth and that which he intends to place upon the throne of France.

I. ii. 274. *Show my sail of greatness.* Display myself in all my glory, like a ship under full sail.
I. ii. 282. *Gun-stones.* The first cannon balls were of stone.
I. ii. 300. *Happy hour.* Suitable occasion.
I. ii. 304. *Proportions.* Levies, forces.

II. Prologue. This fills the interval in time between Acts I and II by describing the preparations for the war, and the treason of the three English lords, the heinousness of which is emphasized and its punishment announced.

2. *Silken dalliance.* The silk clothing suitable for court is laid aside in favor of armor, and with it courtly dalliance.

7. *Winged heels.* Alluding to the winged sandals of Mercury.

9. *Hilts.* We use the singular, but the plural form was commonly used by Shakspere, and was suggested by the projection on either side of the blade of the single bar of steel that formed the guard. The artistic representation of victory in war by a crown-encircled sword was frequent and there was actually such a wood-cut in the first edition of Holinshed, which Shakspere may have had in mind.

19. *Kind.* Almost synonymous with natural, in its sense of being true to nature and kinship.

26. *Gilt . . . guilt.* For the pun, cf. 2 *Henry IV.*, IV. v. 129, "England shall double gild his treble guilt," and *Macbeth*, II. ii. 56, "I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt."


31. *Linger . . . on.* Prolong. *We'll digest . . . distance.* We will satisfactorily dispose of the abuse of stage conventions as to distance in the transference of the scene from London to Southampton.
32. *Force a play.* We will "force events to adjust themselves to the requirements and compass of a drama." (Evans).


40. *We'll not . . . play.* We'll guarantee that no one shall be sea-sick while we are taking him across the channel, and that there is nothing in this play to offend any one's taste.

41. *Till.* When.

II. i. The group of comic characters with whom the audience had become acquainted in 1 and 2 Henry IV. are reintroduced with the addition of Nym, but with the exception of the most popular of all, Falstaff, for the announcement of whose death the scene prepares. The characters of Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym are perfectly differentiated. The first conceals a thievish and not over valorous disposition under the exterior of a bluff, hard-swearing soldier; Pistol is a swaggering coward, whose speech is largely made up of scraps picked up at the theater, and big sounding word unintelligently used; Nym is absurdly dark and mysterious, saying little but hinting much, and given to the use of almost meaningless formulas.

The group as a whole has no effect on the main action of the play, and the scenes in which they occur are an illustration of the practice of Shakspere in his later histories of lightening the serious action with what is almost independent comedy.

II. i. 3. *Ancient.* Ensign. Sometimes spelled Aunchient.


II. i. 18. *Rest.* Determination.

II. i. 19. *Rendezvous.* That's what it all comes to.

II. i. 22. *Troth-plight.* Betrothed.

II. i. 24. *Men may sleep . . . edges.* One of Nym's dark hints, expressive of what might happen to Pistol.

II. i. 28. *Conclusions.* There must be an end to everything.

II. i. 33. *Tike.* Cur.

II. i. 41. *Lady.* An oath by the Virgin. *Be not drawn.* Has not drawn his sword.

II. i. 47. *Iceland dog.* Dogs from Iceland were common
pets in Elizabethan England, but there is no special signification in Pistol's taunt.

II. i. 50. Shog. A form of jog.

II. i. 51. Solus. Nym uses the word comprehendingly, but Pistol, in his ignorance of Latin, takes it as some strange insult.


II. i. 58. Pistol is here, of course, punning on his name. Barbason. The name of a devil. Conjure. You cannot scare me with your unintelligible lingo.

II. i. 61. Humour. Inclination.

II. i. 63. Scour. More punning on Pistol's name. Nym will run Pistol through as one would scour a pistol-barrel, grown foul from shooting.

II. i. 69. Exhale. Breathe your last; or perhaps, draw your sword.

II. i. 73. Mickle. Great.

II. i. 75. Tall. Brave.

II. i. 78. Couple a gorge. Pistolese French for couper la gorge.

II. i. 80. Hound of Crete. Rather indefinite in meaning like Iceland dog above.

II. i. 81. Spital. Hospital.

II. i. 82. Powdering tub. A tub used for powdering or salting meat; the treatment for certain diseases was sweating in a heated tub.

II. i. 83. Lazar kite of Cressid's kind. Shakspere later dramatized the story of the Trojan Troilus and the Greek maiden Cressida, who was false to her lover. According to Henryson's sequel to Chaucer's version of the story Cressida was punished with leprosy for her faithlessness. Kite was used as a term of reproach for a loose woman.

II. i. 85. Quondam. Former.

II. i. 86. She. For similar use of "she" for "woman," cf. Twelfth Night, I. v. 259, "Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive," and As You Like It, III. ii. 10, "The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she." Pauca. I. e. "pauca verba," few words.

II. i. 87. Go to. A contemptuous expression, as we would say "Get out."

II. i. 92. Warming-pan. The fiery color of Bardolph's face furnishes the point of many a jest in this play and in
Henry IV. Ill. A stronger word in Shakspere's time than now, implying actual bodily suffering.

II. i. 95. The King has kill'd his heart. Broken his heart by casting him off. See the close of 2 Henry IV.

II. i. 96. Presently. At once.

II. i. 108. Compound. Settle the bill.

II. i. 113. An. If.


II. i. 121. Sutler. A camp follower who sells provisions.


II. i. 129. Quotidian tertian. One of Mrs. Quickly's frequent blunders. In a quotidian fever the fits occur daily, in a tertian every third day.

II. i. 135. Fracted. Broken. Corroborate. Pistol did not know the meaning of the word but used it because it sounded well.

II. i. 137. Some humours and careers. Some queer courses of action.

II. ii. This scene continues the glorification of the King's character by depicting the cleverness with which he forces the traitors to open confession and to pronouncing judgment on themselves (an idea which is Shakspere's own), and his disavowal of personal malice against them.

II. ii. 2. By and by. Presently.

II. ii. 8. Bedfellow. For a nobleman to be invited to share the King's bed was naturally a sign of high favor.


II. ii. 22. Grows not in a fair consent. Is not in perfect agreement.

II. ii. 23. Nor . . . not. For double negative, cf. Introd., p. 47, 5, a.

II. ii. 31. Create. A past participle. Cf. miscreate, I. ii. 16.

II. ii. 34. Quittance. Requital.


II. ii. 43. On his more advice. On his thinking the matter over further.

II. ii. 44. Security. Confidence, carelessness.

II. ii. 46. By his sufferance. By suffering him to go unpunished.

II. ii. 53. Orisons. Petitions.
II. ii. 54. *On distemper.* From physical disturbance. Distemper was used of any disorder of mind or body.

II. ii. 61. *Late.* Lately appointed.

II. ii. 79. *Quick.* Living.

II. ii. 86. *Apt ... to accord.* Ready to consent.

II. ii. 87. *All appertinents.* Everything that appertained.


II. ii. 103. *Gross.* Apparent, easily perceived.

II. ii. 107-8. *Working ... at them.* Working together in a common cause with such obvious, natural propriety that their companionship never excited a cry of wonder.

II. ii. 109. *'Gainst all proportion.* Contrary to all fitness.

II. ii. 113. *Voice.* Verdict, vote.

II. ii. 114. *Suggest.* Tempt. The general sense of ii. 114-120 is this: Other devils, when they tempt a man to commit treason, clumsily try to conceal the damnable nature of the act (*botch and bungle up damnation*) by giving it an appearance of piety; but the devil that moulded (*temper'd*) thee to his purpose, simply ordered thee to stand up to do his service, and gave thee no better reason why thou shouldst do treason than that thou mightst be called a traitor.

II. ii. 121. *Gull'd.* Deceived.

II. ii. 122. *Lion gait. 1 Peter, v. 8:* "your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

II. ii. 123. *Tartar.* Tartarus, the hell of classical mythology.


II. ii. 126. *Jealousy.* Suspicion.


II. ii. 133. *Swerving with the blood.* Swayed by passion.

II. ii. 134. *Modest complement.* Outward appearance of modesty; or, a complete set of all those qualities that make for moderation.

II. ii. 135. *Not ... neither.* Not trusting the evidence of the eye unless it was supported by that of the ear, and trusting neither of these until the evidence had been subjected to scrutiny by the reason.
II. ii. 137. *Bolted.* Sifted, *i.e.*, purged of all undesirable qualities.

II. ii. 139. *Full-fraught.* Fully equipped. *Best endowed.*

Endowed with all virtues.

II. ii. 151. *Discover'd.* Revealed.


II. ii. 158. Cambridge's real reason for joining in the conspiracy was that he hoped, when Henry was out of the way, the throne would fall to his wife's brother, the Earl of March.

II. ii. 167. *Quit.* Acquit, pardon.

II. ii. 170. *Earnest.* A part paid beforehand as a pledge.

II. ii. 176. *Tender.* Regard, hold dear.

II. ii. 182. *Dear.* Grievous. The adjective was used of anything that concerned one nearly.

II. ii. 189. *Rub.* Obstacle; in the game of bowls a rub was any obstacle that turned the ball from its course.


II. ii. 193. *The signs of war advance.* Raise the standards.

II. iii. Certainly one of the most daring and most perfect scenes in all drama in its combination of humor and pathos. The most striking thing about it is its simplicity and naturalness: each character speaks in his or her own peculiar fashion; Mrs. Quickly makes her customary errors, Bardolph is twitted about his red nose, Pistol rants as usual. Yet there is the most poignant appeal to our sympathies as we thus bid Falstaff a last farewell. Like II. i., it has no influence upon the main plot.

II. iii. 1. *Bring.* Accompany.

II. iii. 3. *Yearn.* Grieve.

II. iii. 10. *Arthur's bosom.* 'Mrs. Quickly's rendering of "Abraham's bosom."' *Cf.* the parable of Lazarus.

II. iii. 12. *Christom.* Chrisom, or christening robe. A chrisom child was one in its first month, still wearing the white garment in which it was baptized; hence, an innocent child.

II. iii. 13. *At the turning o' the tide.* It was an old superstition that death came when the tide was at its lowest ebb.

II. iii. 18. *'A babbled of green fields.* The most famous of all Shaksperean emendations, made by Theobald. *F₁* reads: "and a Table of greene fields." Various other readings have
been proposed, but this is supported by "play with flowers," and is in the most perfect accord with the rest of the description. 'A. He; a dialect form.

II. iii. 31. Of sack. Against sack, Falstaff's favorite drink.

II. iii. 49. Shog. Cf. II. i. 50, note.


Lay down your money, no credit given; proverbial.

II. iii. 55. Faiths are wafer-cakes. Oaths are as easily broken as thin cakes.

II. iii. 56. Hold-fast is the only dog. The proverb runs, "Brag is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better."

II. iii. 57. Caveto. Be cautious.

II. iii. 58. Clear thy crystals. Wipe your eyes.

II. iii. 66. Keep close. Don't go gadding round.

II. iv. The King is here exalted by putting his praise into the mouths of the French themselves. The preliminaries to the war are here concluded, and we are ready for the main action. The elaborateness of Shakspere's preliminary exposition of the King's virtues is an indication of the extent to which his personality is to be the main theme of the play.


II. iv. 5. Make. Go, as often.

II. iv. 7. Line. Strengthen.


II. iv. 17. Nor no. Double negative.

II. iv. 19. The three verbs correspond respectively to the three nouns in the preceding line.

II. iv. 20. As were. As if a war were.

II. iv. 25. Whitsun morris dance. The morris was a dance in which the performers were variously and fantastically attired in ribbon, bells and other trinkets, and which came to be associated with the festivities of May-day and Whitsunday, the seventh Sunday after Easter. The word morris is supposed to be connected with "Moorish," as indicating a somewhat doubtful origin of the dance.

II. iv. 28. Humourous. Iuled by whims, capricious.

II. iv. 34. Modest in exception. Moderate in taking exception.
II. iv. 37. *Brutus.* When perfecting his plans to drive the Tarquins from Rome, Brutus, the better to conceal his purpose, feigned madness.

II. iv. 45ff. In this way the forces necessary for defence are made up, which, if planned on a niggardly scale, would be inadequate, even as a coat is spoiled by a stingy tailor who does not allow cloth enough.

II. iv. 50. *Flesh’d.* Made fierce by feeding on flesh, as dogs are encouraged by being fed with flesh of the game they are hunting.

II. iv. 51. *Strain.* Breed, race.


II. iv. 64. *Fate.* What he is destined to do.


II. iv. 70. *Spend their mouths.* Bay.

II. iv. 71. *Good my.* My good; the possessive has become so closely associated with the noun that the adjective has been forced out of its regular position.

II. iv. 80. *Longs.* Belongs; note singular form.

II. iv. 85. *Sinister . . . awkward.* Left-handed . . . back-handed; hence both are practically equivalent to illegitimate.

II. iv. 88. *Memorable line.* Pedigree which calls to memory his claims to the throne of France.

II. iv. 90. *Willing you.* Desiring you to. For omission of to see Introd., p. 47, 4, f.

II. iv. 91. *Evenly.* Directly.

II. iv. 94. *Indirectly.* Unjustly; contrasted with evenly.

II. iv. 95. *Challenger.* Claimant.

II. iv. 101. *Requiring.* Asking; not so forcible a word as now.

II. iv. 102. *Bowels of the Lord.* A Biblical phrase; the compassion of the Lord.


II. iv. 132. *Louvre.* The royal palace.

II. iv. 133. *Mistress court.* The chief court, whether for tennis or of a king.

II. iv. 136. *Greener.* Younger, cruder.

II. iv. 137. *Masters.* Possesses, with an idea of making the best use of, as opposed to the frivolity of his "greener days."

II. iv. 143. *Footed.* Landed.
III. Prologue 1. Imagin'd wing. Wing of imagination.
Cf. I. Prol. 18.
20. With. By. This is a common usage in Shakspere.
Cf. Introd., p. 48, 6, c.
32. Likes. Please.
33. Linstock. Stick to hold the gunner's match.
S. D. Chambers. Small cannon. It was such a discharge that caused the burning of the Globe theater in 1613.
III. i. This is the first of several splendid pictures of Henry as a soldier, a name that in his thoughts became him best, as he says in III. i. 6. Beyond this displaying of the hero, the scene merely indicates the progress of the campaign.
III. i. 4. Modest. Moderate.
III. i. 9. Aspect. For accent see Introd., p. 42, 6.
III. i. 11. O'erwhelm. Project over.
III. i. 17. Noblest. Noblest in blood, as distinguished from yeomen below.
III. i. 21. Argument. Matter for a fight, i. e. opposition.
III. i. 27. Mettle of your pasture. Quality of your feeding.
III. i. 31. Slips. Leashes, from which the hounds were let slip when game was started.
III. i. 32. Upon the start. To bring about the start.
III. i. 34. There are two battle-cries in this line.
III. ii. This scene, with its introduction of English, Welsh, Scotch and Irish soldiers, illustrates the enthusiastic union of soldiers from all parts of the British Isles under Henry's leadership. The dialect peculiarities are introduced for comic effect, and are not carried through with any great consistency.
III. ii. 5. *Case of lives.* Set of lives. A case of pistols or rapiers is a pair.

III. ii. 6. *Plain-song.* The simple melody without variations. That's the plain truth about the matter.

III. ii. 8, etc. These may be snatches of popular songs of the day.

III. ii. 22. *Cullions.* Base wretches.


III. ii. 33. *Antics.* Buffoons.

III. ii. 34. *White-liver'd.* Cowardly.

III. ii. 35. *'A.* Dialect pronunciation of he.

III. ii. 46. *Purchase.* Thieves' slang for booty of any sort.

III. ii. 51. *Carry coals.* Submit to any degrading service or affront.

III. ii. 56. *Pocketing up of wrongs.* Cf. our expression "to pocket an insult."

III. ii. 68. *Discuss.* Tell.

III. ii. 69. *Under the countermines.* What Fluellen really means is that the French had dug countermines four yards under the English mines.

III. ii. 77. *Be.* Subjunctive of indirect discourse.

III. ii. 94. *God-den.* Good evening.

III. ii. 97. *Pioners.* Pioneers, who made roads, dug mines, threw up fortifications, etc.

III. ii. 115. *Quit.* Requite, give you answering arguments.


III. ii. 120. *Beseech'd.* Besieged.


III. ii. 129. *Lig.* Lie.

III. ii. 131. *Breff.* Brief, short.

III. ii. 137. The hot-headed Macmorris takes the mere mention of his nation as an insult.

III. ii. 155. *More better.* Cf. Introd., p. 45. 3, a. But this may be meant for Fluellen's broken English.

III. iii. 2. *Latest parle.* Last parley.

III. iii. 11. *Flesh'd.* Cf. i. iv. 50, note.

III. iii. 16. *Like to.* In the shape of.

III. iii. 26. *Preceptis.* According to Schmidt, when the word means mandates, commands, as here, the accent is on the second syllable. Cf. Introd., p. 42, 6.

III. iii. 31. *O'erblows.* Blows away. *Contagious.* It was a common idea in Shakspere's time that contagion was carried in cloud or mist.

III. iii. 32. *Heady.* Headlong. Cf. I. i. 34.

III. iii. 41. The slaughter of the innocents, described in *Matthew,* ii. 16-18.

III. iii. 46. *Returns us that his powers.* Sends us back word that his forces.

III. iii. 50. *Defensible.* With an active meaning, able to defend ourselves.

III. iii. 58. *Address.* Prepared.

III. iv. The authenticity of this scene has been doubted by several critics, but there is no good reason for supposing that Shakspere did not write it. As Johnson says of it: "The scene is indeed mean enough when it is read; but the grimaces of the two French women, and the accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert on the stage." In other words it is a distinctly comic scene, the whole point of which would be lost if the ladies did not speak in French, the feature to which objection has chiefly been raised. Moreover, it gives a rather pleasing picture of the young French princess in her desire to be able to converse in her own language with her royal lover, for she must be aware of the offer of her hand to Henry. Finally, from the standpoint of dramatic construction, it serves to introduce a character with whom the audience ought to be acquainted before the final scene in which she plays an important part.

The translation follows:

*Kath.* Alice, you have been in England, and you speak the language well.

*Alice.* A little, madame.

*Kath.* Teach me, I beg you; I must learn to speak. What do you call *la main* in English?

*Alice.* *La main?* It is called *de hand.*

*Kath.* *De hand.* And *les doigts?*

*Alice.* *Les doigts?* My faith, I forget *les doigts*; but I shall remember. *Les doigts?* I think that they are called *de fingres;* yes, de fingres.

*Kath.* *La main, de hand; les doigts,* de fingres. I think that I am a good scholar; I have learned two words of English quickly. What do you call *les ongles?*
Alice. Les ongles? We call them de nails.
Kath. De nails. Listen; tell me if I speak well: de hand, de fingres, and de nails.
Alice. That is well said, madame; it is very good English.
Kath. Tell me the English for le bras.
Alice. De arm, madame.
Kath. And le coude?
Alice. D'elbow.
Kath. D'elbow. I will repeat all the words you have taught me up to now.
Alice. It is too difficult, madame, I think.
Kath. Excuse me, Alice; listen: D'hand, de fingres, de nails, d'arma, de bilbow.
Alice. D'elbow, madame.
Kath. O Lord, I forget! D'elbow. What do you call le col?
Alice. De nick, madame.
Kath. De nick. And le menton?
Alice. De chin.
Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.
Alice. Yes. Saving your presence, truly you pronounce the words as correctly as the natives of England.
Kath. I do not doubt that I shall learn, by God's grace, and in a short time.
Alice. Have you not already forgotten what I have taught you?
Kath. No; I will recite to you promptly: d'hand, de fingres, de mails—
Alice. De nails, madame.
Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.
Alice. Saving your presence, de elbow.
Kath. So I said; d'elbow, de nick, and de sin. What do you call le pied and la robe?
Alice. De foot, madame; and de coun.
Kath. De foot and de coun. O Lord, these are words of bad, corrupt, coarse, and immodest sound, and not to be used by honorable ladies. I will recite once more my whole lesson: d'hand, de fingres, de nails, d'arm, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.
Alice. Excellent, madame!
Kath. That is enough for one time: let us go to dinner.
III. v. The contempt here expressed for the English by the French is in strong contrast with their sufficiently hum-
ble attitude after the battle, and with the piety and mutual affection displayed in the English camp.

III. v. 5. *O Dieu vivant!* O living God!
III. v. 7. *Sceions.* Shoots, cuttings, grafts.
III. v. 11. *Mort de ma vie.* Death of my life!
III. v. 14. *Nook-shotten.* Either shooting out into many necks and capes, full of nooks; or shot off into a remote corner of the world. The latter seems preferable, as being more contemptuous.

III. v. 15. *Dieu de batailles!* God of battles! Batailles has three syllables here.

III. v. 18. *Sodden.* Boiled. *Sodden water* and *barley-broth* are scornful terms for beer.

III. v. 29. *Bred out.* Degenerated through successive breedings.

III. v. 33. *Lavoltas.* A dance which involved a good deal of high jumping. *Corantos.* Also a lively dance, but more gliding.

III. v. 47. For the sake of your high positions clear yourselves from great shame.

III. v. 60. *For achievement.* As his chief exploit.

III. vi. This scene falls into two parts. The first is merely a continuation of the comic dialogue used to lighten the heroics of the main action; the second serves to emphasize the cocksureness of the French and the quiet restraint of the English king.

III. vi. 7. *Agamemnon.* Leader of the Greeks in the war against Troy.

III. vi. 15. *Mark Antony.* Caesar’s friend and avenger; later one of the three Romans who ruled the world.

III. vi. 20. *Aunchient.* The spelling indicates the Elizabethan pronunciation of *ancient*, ensign.

III. vi. 28. *Buxom.* Brisk; the earlier meaning was bending, supple, and there is considerable unintentional humor on Pistol’s part in applying to Bardolph’s valor an
adjective which describes it so much more accurately than the sense in which Pistol takes *buxom*.

III. vi. 43. There was an old ballad entitled "Fortune, my foe!"

III. vi. 44. *Pax.* A small tablet stamped with a figure of Christ on the cross, which was offered to the congregation to be kissed at one point in the mass. *Pax* is the Folio reading, but in Holinshed the object of the theft was a *pix* (pyx), the casket in which was kept the consecrated wafer.

III. vi. 62. *Figo.* Same as *fig of Spain* below. The "*fig*" was an insulting gesture borrowed from Spain.

III. vi. 77. *Learn.* Teach, tell.

III. vi. 79. *Scone.* Small round fortification.

III. vi. 80. *Bravely.* Finely.

III. vi. 82. *Stood on.* Held out for. *Con.* Learn by heart.

III. vi. 85. *Beard of the general's cut.* There were several well recognized fashions of trimming the beard, and certain professions seem to have adopted certain shapes. *Horrid.* Rough.

III. vi. 88. *Slanders of the age.* Slanders on their time.


III. vi. 131. *Habit.* Coat; in the case of a herald this was sleeveless and richly adorned.


III. vi. 142. *Upon our cue.* The proper time has come for us to speak; a figure from Shakspere's own profession of actor.

III. vi. 144. *Admire our sufferance.* Wonder at our patience.


III. vi. 149. *Pettiness.* Small resources.

III. vi. 150. *Quality.* Profession.


III. vi. 166. *Of . . . vantage.* Having the advantage.

III. vii. 13. Pasterns. The pastern is that part of a horse's leg between the fetlock and the joint next above it.

III. vii. 14. Hairs. Tennis balls were then stuffed with hair. Le cheval volant. The flying horse, i.e. Pegasus, l. 15.

III. vii. 15. Chez les narines de feu! With nostrils of fire.


III. vii. 23. Dull elements. It was formerly believed that all things were compounded of the four elements—air, fire, earth, and water, and that the higher the form of life the more of the first two elements it contained.


III. vii. 38. Argument. Subject.

III. vii. 67. Fac'd out of my way. Outfaced, put to shame.

III. vii. 71. Go to hazard. Risk a wager. Hazard is, in the next line, used in its ordinary sense.


III. vii. 97, 98. Hooded . . . bate. A pun based on terms of the popular sport of falconry. The hawk was kept hooded until it was allowed to fly at its game; as soon as the hood was removed the bird flapped its wings, or batted. The pun is with the regular meaning of bate, to abate, to dwindle.

III. vii. 106. A pox of. Like our "Plague take."


III. vii. 120. Mope. Act without thought. Fat-brain'd.

Stupid.


III. vii. 130. Winking. With their eyes shut. Bear-baiting was a very popular sport, particularly with the lower classes.
III. vii. 144. Stomachs. With a pun on stomach in the sense of courage.

IV. In the fourth act we come at last to the battle field. First we have a picture of the English camp the night before the battle, contrasting with the last scene of Act III.; then two scenes of contrast between the two camps in the morning, immediately before the battle; then four scenes on the field, and lastly the announcement of complete victory. In this act the play reaches its climax.

IV. Prologue. This contains some of the finest description in the play, in few lines differentiating sharply the appearance and attitude of the two camps and exalting the soldier King.

1. Entertain conjecture. Picture to yourselves.
2. Poring. That makes men pore, strain their eyes, to see.
5. Stilly. Softly.
9. Battle. Battalion, army. Umber’d. Darkened, shaded in the fire-light. Umber was used by actors to stain the skin; cf. As You Like It, I. iii. 114, where Celia says, "And with a kind of umber smirch my face."
12. Accomplishing. Putting the finishing touches on.
13. Rivets. The helmet had to be riveted to the body armor after it was donned by the knight.
19. Play at dice. Holinshed says, "The soldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice."
26. Investing. "Giving an air of sadness to" (Innes).
36. Enrounded. Surrounded.
38. All-watched. Spent in watching.
45. Mean and gentle all. Those of low or of high birth.
46. As may unworthiness define. In so far as their coarser natures can appreciate it.
47. Touch. Slight description; or, better, a dash, smack.
50. Four or five most vile and ragged foils. Sir Philip
Sidney, in his *Defense of Poesy*, has the same contemptuous attitude toward the inadequacy of stage battles: "Two Armies flye in, represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?"

53. *Minding true things.* Getting the realities into your minds.

IV. i. This scene, besides giving us one of the most poetical speeches in the play, is the finest example that we have of Shakspere's prose style, strong, supple, and picturesque. The King's character is further idealized by the piety exhibited in his prayer, an idea which is Shakspere's own.

IV. i. 10. *Dress us.* Prepare ourselves.
IV. i. 16. *Likes.* Pleases.' Cf. III. Prol. 32.
IV. i. 19. *Upon example.* By comparison with the pains of others.

IV. i. 23. *Casted slough.* Cast off, as is its skin, or slough, by a snake. *Legerity.* Lightness, nimbleness.
IV. i. 27. *Desire.* Invite.
IV. i. 34. *God-a-mercy.* God have mercy; almost equivalent to gramercy, thank-you.

IV. i. 35. *Qui va là?* Who goes there?
IV. i. 38. *Common, and popular.* One of the common people.

IV. i. 40. *Traill'st . . . pike.* On the march, since the pike was long and heavy, it was held just below the head, while the foot was allowed to trail on the ground.
IV. i. 42. The head of the Holy Roman Empire was, nominally at least, the greatest secular prince of the world.
IV. i. 44. *Bawcock.* Cf. III. ii. 26, note.
IV. i. 45. *Imp.* Scion, shoot.

IV. i. 51. *Welshman.* He was born at Monmouth, on the Welsh border, in a county practically Welsh.

IV. i. 55. *St. Davy's Day.* On March first the Welsh wore the leek in memory of a battle won over the Saxons by the Welsh under the lead of St. David, who had, on that occasion, commanded his followers to wear leeks in their caps.

IV. i. 60. *Figo.* Cf. III. vi. 62, note.
IV. i. 63. *Sorts.* Fits, agrees.
IV. i. 83. *Conscience.* Inmost thought—not moral.
IV. i. 90. *Be.* Cf. III. ii. 77, note.
IV. i. 111. *His affections are higher mounted.* His feelings are of a finer grade.

IV. i. 112. *Stoop.* Become depressed. *Mount* and *stoop* are terms of falconry; the hawk was said to stoop when descending on its prey.

IV. i. 122. 3. *At all adventures.* Come what would.

IV. i. 129. *A many.* Though the use of the article with "many" has gone out, we still say "a few."

IV. i. 148. *Upon.* About.

IV. i. 153. *Argument.* What they have to do with.


IV. i. 156. *Against all proportion of subjection.* Contrary to what is becoming in subjects.

IV. i. 159. *Sinfully miscarry.* Die in a state of sin.

IV. i. 165. *Irreconcil'd.* For which he has not become reconciled with Heaven.

IV. i. 176. *Contrived.* Plotted.

IV. i. 179. *Bulwark.* Enlisted in order to escape the penalty for their crimes.

IV. i. 182. *Native.* At home.


IV. i. 187. *The death.* The article gives the force of judicial punishment.

IV. i. 190. *Unprovided.* Unprepared.


IV. i. 223. *Round.* Plain-spoken, direct.

IV. i. 236. *Take.* Give. It was used of the transfer of anything, either way.

IV. i. 247. *Crowns.* A pun on the double meaning of crown as a coin and the head. The French may lay odds of twenty to one, since they so many times outnumber the English. Since coins were not milled it was a common practice to pare or clip their edges. Such debasing of the coinage was treason, but for Englishmen to clip French coins, or to cut off French heads, is no treason against England; hence Henry proposes to do some clipping on his own account.

IV. i. 252. *Careful.* Anxious.

IV. i. 256, 7. *Whose sense ... wringing.* Who is sensitive only to his own petty suffering.
IV. i. 266. *Thy soul of adoration.* The soul, *i. e.* the essential nature, of the adoration paid thee.

IV. i. 275. *Blown.* Breathed.

IV. i. 276. *Flexure.* Same as bending.

IV. i. 280. *Find.* Find out.

IV. i. 281. *Balm.* The consecrated oil with which a king is anointed at his coronation. *Ball.* The orb carried in the king’s left hand, as the sceptre in the right, both emblems of sovereignty.

IV. i. 282. *Sword . . . mace.* These were carried before the king in a procession, as symbols of authority.

IV. i. 283. *Interwissed.* Interwoven with gold and pearls.

IV. i. 284. *Farced.* Stuffed with high-sounding phrases.

IV. i. 291. *Distressful.* Got by distressing labor.

IV. i. 295. *Elysium.* The abode of the blessed spirits in classical mythology.

IV. i. 296. *Hyperion.* The sun-god. The peasant rises before the sun.

IV. i. 302. *Member.* One who shares in.


IV. i. 305. *Advantages.* Benefits. For singular form, see Introd., p. 46, 4, a.

IV. i. 314. *Fault.* Henry IV. had deposed Richard II. and was responsible for his murder.

IV. i. 315. *Compassing.* Obtaining.

IV. i. 316. *Interred new.* Henry had caused the body to be taken from its first resting place and buried in Westminster Abbey.

IV. i. 325. *Penitence comes after all.* Not all that I can do is enough to enable me to dispense with penitence.

IV. ii. Once more the over-confidence of the French is emphasized, in order to bring out the greatness of Henry’s victory.

IV. ii. 2. *Montez à cheval!* To horse!

IV. ii. 4. *Via! les eaux et la terre.* Away! water and earth.

IV. ii. 5. *Rien puis? L’air et le feu.* Nothing more? Air and fire. If it is necessary to find any particular meaning in these exclamations, they may perhaps be referred back to III. vii. 22 ff.


IV. ii. 9. *Incision.* *i. e.* with your spurs.

IV. ii. 18. *Shales.* Shells.

IV. ii. 21. *Curtle-axe.* A corruption of "cutlass," a short sword. Neither the word nor the weapon has originally any connection with "axe."

IV. ii. 29. *Hilding.* Base, contemptible.

IV. ii. 31. *Speculation.* Looking-on.

IV. ii. 35. *Tucket sonance.* Trumpet call.

IV. ii. 36. *Dare the field.* "To dare the field is a term in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand." (Johnson.)


IV. ii. 41. *Curtains.* Banners.

IV. ii. 42. *Passing.* Surpassingly.

IV. ii. 44. *Beaver.* The visor of a helmet, which defended the face, and could be raised and lowered at will.

IV. ii. 47. *Lob.* Droop.

IV. ii. 49. *Gimmel.* Made of rings or links.

IV. ii. 51. *Executors.* Which will dispose of their remains after the battle.

IV. ii. 54. *Battle.* Army.

IV. ii. 61. *Trumpet.* Trumpeter.

IV. iii. The famous speech of the King also expresses confidence, but its manly tone is in the strongest possible contrast to the contemptuous undervaluation of their enemies by the French.

IV. iii. 2. *Rode.* See Intro., p. 46, 4, c.


IV. iii. 35. *Stomach.* Inclination.

IV. iii. 37. *Convoy.* Travelling expenses.

IV. iii. 39. *Fears his fellowship to die with us.* Is afraid to be our companion in dying, or at the risk of his life. For *to die* see Intro., p. 47, 4, g.

IV. iii. 40. *Crispian.* Oct. 25. The brothers Crispinus and Crispianus came from Rome to France to preach the gospel, and suffered martyrdom in the fourth century. They were shoemakers by trade, and hence became the patron saints of that craft.

IV. iii. 45. *Vigil.* The evening before the feast day.

IV. iii. 50. *Advantages.* Some exaggeration.
IV. iii. 63. *Gentle.* Make gentle, raise to the rank of gentleman.

IV. ii. 68. *Bestow yourself.* Take your position.

IV. iii. 70. * Expedition.* Expedition, speed.

IV. iii. 83. *Englutted.* Swallowed up.

IV. iii. 84. *Mind.* Cf. l. 13 above.

IV. iii. 86. *Retire.* A verb used as a noun, as *gentles,* I. Prol. 8, is an adjective so used.

IV. iii. 91. *Achieve.* Get.

IV. iii. 96. *Native.* At home in England.

IV. iii. 105. *Like to the bullet's grazing.* As a bullet glances off from the first object it has hit and strikes another, continuing to do damage.


IV. iii. 130. *Vaward.* Vanguard.

IV. iv. If it was necessary at all to "disgrace

With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt,"
it is less incongruous to have this scene, the only one of actual contact between the opposing forces (except the "excursions" of the stage directions), take place between Pistol and a French soldier than between the leaders on either side. In the latter case the effect would be to belittle the greatness of the characters; as it is, both the comedy of the play and the greatness of the victory are increased by making the cowardly Pistol strut as victor. The scene lets us down easily and naturally from the towering heights of heroic rhetoric reached by Henry in his great speech.

IV. iv. 2. *Je pense ... qualité.* I think that you are a gentleman of good birth.

IV. iv. 4. *Qualtité calmie custure me!* The first word is Pistol's attempt at *qualité.* In the rest of the jargon some have found the burden of an Elizabethan song, "Caleno custure me," supposed to be Irish.

IV. iv. 6. *O Seigneur Dieu!* O Lord God! Pistol takes this exclamation for the announcement of the Frenchman's name, and concludes from the "seigneur" that he must be a person of some consequence.


IV. iv. 13. O prenez . . . moi. O take pity! have pity on me!

IV. iv. 15. Moy. A moi was a Portuguese gold coin, worth about seven dollars. Moldore is simply moi de ore, gold moi. But it is not necessary to suppose that Pistol had any definite coin or amount of money in mind by this perversion of moi. He simply considered it an offer of ransom of some sort, and was determined to extort as great a sum as possible from the frightened Frenchman.


IV. iv. 18. Est il . . . bras? Is it impossible to escape the force of your arm?

IV. iv. 23. O pardonnez moi! O pardon me!


IV. iv. 25. Ecoutez . . . appelé. Listen: what is your name?

IV. iv. 30. Fer. For a similar repetition of a name in a threat to produce comic effect, cf. Merry Wives of Windsor, IV. ii. 191 ff.:

“Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat; come, give me your hand.

Ford. I’ll prat her. (Beating him.)”


IV. iv. 36. Que dit-il, monsieur? What does he say, sir?

IV. iv. 37-39. Il me . . . gorge. He bids me tell you to make yourself ready; for this soldier is disposed to cut your throat immediately.

IV. iv. 43. O, je vous . . . écus. O I pray you, for the love of God, pardon me! I am a gentleman of a good house; save my life, and I will give you two hundred crowns.

IV. iv. 53 ff. Little sir, what does he say?

Boy. Again that it is contrary to his oath to pardon any prisoner; however, for the crowns that you have promised, he is willing to give you liberty, release.

Fr. Sol. On my knees I give you a thousand thanks; and I think myself happy to have fallen into the hands of a knight who is, I think, the bravest, most valiant and most distinguished lord of England.

IV. iv. 71. Suivez . . . capitaine. Follow the great captain.

IV. iv. 77. Roaring devil i’ the old play. One of the chief functions of the Devil in the old miracle plays was promiscuous roaring. To this he was often incited by the Vice, or buffoon, who belabored him with a lath sword or
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dagger, with which also the Vice pretended to pare his traditionally long nails. *That ... his nails.* Whose nails.

IV. v. This scene and the next are, in their bald contrast between the behavior of the French and English, a direct appeal to the patriotic prejudices of the audience.

IV. v. 1 ff. Con. *O Diable!* O the devil!
Orl. *O seigneur!* ... *perdu!* O lord! the day is lost, all is lost!
Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* Death of my life! *O méchante fortune!* O evil fortune!

IV. v. 7. *Perdurable.* Lasting.
IV. v. 18. *On heaps.* An old use of "on" where we now say "in." Cf. Introd., p. 48, 6, c.

IV. vi. 8. *Larding.* Enriching with his blood.
IV. vi. 9. *Honour-owing.* Honour-owning, honourable.
IV. vi. 11. *Haggled.* Hacked.
IV. v. 31. *All my mother.* The tender part of my nature which I inherited from my mother.

IV. vi. 33. *Compound with mistful eyes.* Make a bargain with my eyes and allow them to be misty, or else they will shed tears.

IV. vi. 37. This is according to Holinshed, who says: "But when the outcrie of the lackies and boies which ran away for feare of the Frenchman thus spoiling the campo, came to the Kings eares, he doubting least his enimies should gather togethier againe, and begin a new field; and mistrusting further that the prisoners would be an aid to his enimies, or the verie enimies to their takers indeed if they were suffered to live, contrarie to his accustomed gentienes, commanded by sound of trumpet that everie man (upon pain of death) should incontinentlie slaye his prisoner." Gower in the next scene misunderstands the King's motive, and ascribes the killing of the prisoners to a desire for revenge.

IV. vii. In this scene and the next the strenuous interest of the battle relaxes, and the little underplot of the King's glove is played out, with Fluellen as the chief figure in the comedy.

IV. vii. 44. *Cleitus.* One of Alexander's generals, killed by him in a fit of drunkenness.

IV. vii. 49. *Great belly doublet.* The doublet was a sort
of tight-fitting vest, originally of two thicknesses, between which a great deal of padding was sometimes placed, particularly over the stomach.

IV. vii. 75. Fin’d . . . for ransom. Set as the price at which I will ransom myself.

IV. vii. 82. Mercenary Blood. The blood of common soldiers who were paid for their service.


IV. vii. 104 ff. Fluellen here gives an account of the wearing of the leek different from the historical one. Cf. IV. 1. 55, note.

IV. vii. 146. Sort. Rank; so in IV. viii. 82. From the answer of his degree. Raised above the necessity of answering a challenge from a common soldier.

IV. vii. 148. As good a gentleman as the Devil. Cf. Lear, III. iv. 148, "The prince of darkness is a gentleman."

IV. vii. 171. An. If.

IV. viii. 9. 'Sblood. God's blood, a common oath.
IV. viii. 36. Saving your majesty’s manhood. Fluellen is apologizing for the unbecoming words he is about to use.

IV. viii. 81 ff. The list of losses is taken almost verbatim from Holinshed. Note how the act closes with a return to a higher level in the picture of the King’s piety.

IV. viii. 112. Of name. Bearing a title.

V. Dr. Johnson objected to "the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have avoided," and says, "The truth is, that the poet’s matter failed him in the fifth act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakespeare can write well without a proper subject." It might be said in defense of Shaksper, if he needs defense, that almost anything would be in the nature of an anti-climax after
the battle of Agincourt. The dramatist had two groups of characters whom he had to dispose of in some fashion; the first scene makes an effective ending for the comic group, and the final scene is most cleverly managed, giving us a vivid portrayal of the King's bluff, soldierly wooing, and ending with his complete triumph over his erstwhile enemies, even to the granting of the least points of the treaty. The same kind of symmetry that we look for in a tragedy or a comedy cannot be expected in a chronicle play, where the dramatist must adhere to the main facts of history; and Shakspere has here done all that is necessary to bring to a triumphant conclusion the stage career of his ideal English hero.

V. Prologue. This bridges a gap of five years from 1415 to 1420, during which Henry waged a second campaign in France, which was ended by the treaty of Troyes.


12. *Whiffler.* One who goes in front of a procession to clear the way.

21-22. *Giving full... God.* "Transferring all the honours of conquest, all trophies, tokens, and shows, from himself to God." (Johnson.)

25. *Sort.* Style, manner.

29 ff. *By a lower but loving likelihood.* By a comparison between persons of higher and lower rank, but showing our love for both. One of Shakspere's few allusions to contemporary events or personages. The Earl of Essex left London on March 27, 1599, to put down a rebellion in Ireland, and returned unsuccessful on Sept. 28. For the bearing of this passage on the date of the play, see Introd., p. 34.

32. *Broached.* Spitted.


43 *Rememb'ring.* Reminding.

44. *Brook abridgement.* Endure this curtailing of events.

V. i. 6. *Scald.* Scabby, scurvy.

V. i. 21. *Bedlam.* Mad; a corruption of *Bethlehem*, the name of a lunatic asylum in London. *Troyan.* Trojan. The word was used contemptuously in Shakspere's time.

V. i. 22. *Parca's fatal web.* The web of life spun by the Parcae, or Fates.

V. i. 31. *Cadwallader.* The last of the Welsh kings. Pistol's reply is irritating to the last degree, in its implication that even Welsh kings were little better than goatherds.
V. i. 39. *Mountain-squire.* In allusion to the mountainous character of Wales.

V. i. 40. *Squire of low degree.* This was the title of a very popular metrical romance. Fluellen plays on *low* as opposed to *mountain.*

V. i. 43. *Astonish’d.* Stunned.

V. i. 46. *Green.* Fresh.

V. i. 47. *Cockcomb.* Head.

V. i. 63. *Groat.* Fourpence.

V. i. 77. *Respect.* Consideration, reason.

V. i. 78. *Predeceased valour.* The valour of men long since dead.

V. i. 80. *Gleeking and galling.* Scoffing and sneering.

V. i. 86. *Condition.* Temper, disposition.

V. i. 88. *Huswife.* Hussy.

V. i. 89. *Doll.* A slip. It was Nell Quickly that Pistol married. *Spital.* Hospital.

V. i. 94. *Cutpurse.* Purses were worn hanging from the girdle; hence, a thief would cut the purse away.

V. i. 97. *Gallic.* An adjective here: French. *Exit.* Says Johnson: "The comick scenes of the *History of Henry the Fourth* are now at an end, and all the comick personages are now dismissed. Falsstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gadshill was lost immediately after the robbery; Polins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure."

V. ii. Whatever may be said about anti-climax, it is clear that without this scene, a very charming side of Henry's character would have been left unrevealed. He is as irresistible as a lover as he was in the field.

V. ii. 1. *Wherefore.* Referring to *peace.*

V. ii. 16. *Bent.* Directed glance.

V. ii. 17. *Balls.* Of eyes and of cannon. *Basilisks.* The basilisk, or King snake, was a fabulous creature whose glances were fatal. The name was afterward given to a large cannon.


V. ii. 27. *Bar.* Perhaps the place of meeting where the terms of the treaty were to be arranged; or, very possibly, referring to an actual barrier between the two parties.

V. ii. 31. *Congreeted.* Greeted each other.

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V. ii. 37. *Put up.* Lift up, show again.
V. ii. 40. *It.* Its. Cf. Lear, I. iv. 235-6:
   "The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
   That it had it head bit off by it young."
V. ii. 42. *Even-pleach'd.* "Interwoven so as to have a
   smooth and even surface." (Schmidt.)
V. ii. 44. *Fallow leas.* Uncultivated meadows.
V. ii. 46. *Coulter.* The blade of the plow.
V. ii. 47. *Deracinate.* Uproot.
V. ii. 48. *Erst.* Formerly.
V. ii. 51. *Teems.* Produces.
V. ii. 52. *Kexes.* Dried hemlock stalks.
V. ii. 61. *Diffus'd.* Disordered.
V. ii. 63. *Favour.* Appearance.
V. ii. 65. *Let.* Hindrance.
V. ii. 68. *Would.* Desire.

Specific details.
V. ii. 73. *Enschuld'd.* Drawn up, listed.
V. ii. 77. *Cursorary.* Cursory, hasty.
V. ii. 78. *Pleaseth.* May it please.
V. ii. 82. *Accept.* Acceptance. *Peremptory answer.*

Final, unconditional answer.
V. ii. 90. *Consign.* Agree, join in signing.
V. ii. 112. *Kath.* *Que dit-il . . . anges?* What does
he say? That I am like the angels?
Alice. Yes, truly, save your grace, so he says.
V. ii. 133. *Clap.* Clasp.
V. ii. 145. *Buffet.* Win her by fisticuffs.
V. ii. 146. *Bound.* Make prance.
V. ii. 149. *Greenly.* Foolishly, like an inexperienced boy.
V. ii. 150. *Nor . . . no.* Also *nor . . . never.*

See Introd., p. 47, 5, a.
V. ii. 156. *Let thine eye be thy cook.* Let your eye
look on me lovingly, and dress me up in charming qualities.
as a cook would give a plain dish an attractive appearance.
V. ii. 162. *Uncoined constancy.* Constancy that has
never been impressed by other loves, like metal that has
never been stamped into coin.
V. ii. 169. *Fall.* Fall away, shrink.
V. ii. 175. *His.* See Introd., p. 44, 2, b.
V. ii. 194. *Je quand . . . moi.* Henry's poor French
for "When I have possession of France, and you have possession of me."

V. ii. 197. Saint Denis. An appropriate supplication to the patron saint of France to help him in speaking the French language. Done . . . mienne. Then France is yours and you are mine.

V. ii. 202. Souf votre . . . parle. Save your honor, the French that you speak is better than the English that I speak.

V. ii. 206. Truly-falsely. "With true meaning, but badly expressed." (Swan.)

V. ii. 221. Scambling. Scrambling.

V. ii. 228. Flower-de-luce. Fleur-de-lis, the emblem of France.

V. ii. 233. Moiety. Part.

V. ii. 235. La plus . . . dëesse. The most beautiful Katharine in the world, my very dear and divine goddess.

V. ii. 245. Untempering. Lacking the power to temper or soften you.

V. ii. 268. Broken music. Music arranged for different instruments, concerted music.

V. ii. 273-4. Will . . . shall. Note the change from simple futurity to determined assurance.

V. ii. 278. Laissez . . . seigneur. Let be, my lord, let be, let be! My faith, I do not at all wish that you lower your greatness by kissing the hand of an unworthy servant. Excuse me, I beg you, my most powerful lord.

V. ii. 284. Les dames . . . France. It is not the French custom for ladies and young girls to be kissed before their marriage.

V. ii. 293. Entendre . . . moi. Understands better than I.

V. ii. 296. Oui, vraiment. Yes, truly.

V. ii. 297. Nice. Scrupulous; so in 1. 303.

V. ii. 299. List. Barrier.

V. ii. 318. Condition. Cf. V. i. 86, note.

V. ii. 333. Wink. Shut their eyes.


V. ii. 355. Perspectively. As through a perspective, a glass which produced optical illusions. Cf. All's Well, V. iii. 48-9:

"Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour."

V. ii. 378. Praeclarissimus. Most famous. Shakspere
here followed the reading in Holinshed, probably a typographical error for praecarissimus, corresponding to tréscher.

V. ii. 386. That. So that.
V. ii. 387. Look pale. Alluding to the chalk cliffs on either side of the English Channel.
2. Bending. Unable to sustain the weight of his task.
4. Mangling by starts. By giving only a fragmentary representation.
13. Which oft our stage hath shown. In the three parts of Henry VI., probably written before 1592.
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