



Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with ancient Pistoll.

As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants.



Printed for T.P. 1608.

13299,

Grow Codition Pertuck



of Henry the fift: with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with Ancient Pistoll.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, two Bishops, Clarence, and other Attendants.

en signow suam is Exeter, qualify air gal

C Hall I call in th'Ambassadors my Liege? King. Not yet my coufin, till we be resolu'd Of some serious matters touching vs and France. Bylb. God and his Angels guard your facred throne,

And make you long become it. The man and the King. Sure we thanke you and good my Lord proceed Why the Law Salique which they have in France Or should or should not stop in vs our claime: And God forbid my wife and learned Lord, sale allen That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same. For God doth know how many now in health, Shall drop their blood, in approbation Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too. I am a man a line is too. Therefore take heede how you impawife our person, How you awake the fleeping fword of warre We charge you in the name of God take heede. 2011 gus C After this conjuration, speake my Lorde 21000 28 3813 06 And we will judge, note, and beleene in heart, That what you speake, is washe as pures aid is and gail. As sin in baptisme, stand and should be a single me blod of

. Ay 8 the Lords of France Armill whis day,

Printed for I. P. 1608.

Chronicle Hiftory

of trienty the file, with his

The Chronicle History Bish. Then heare me gracious Soueraigne, & you Peeres, Which owe your lines, your faith, and seruices To this imperiall Throne: There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to France, But one; which they produce from Faramount: No female shall succeed in Salique Land; Which Saligne Land, the French vniustly gloze To be the Realme of France. And Faramount the founder of this law and female barre. Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme, That the Land Saligne lyes in Germany, Betweene the floods of Sabeck and of Elme, Where Charles the fift having subdude the Saxons There left behinde, and settled certaine French, Who holding in disdaine the Germane women, For some dishonest manners of their lines; les Illest Establisht there this Law. To wit, may sold and No female shall succeed in Salique Land: 2001191 500000 Which Salique land (as I have fayd before) bed and Is at this time in Germany, called Mesened way added on A Thus doth it well appeare, the Salique lawy orus. Was not deuised for the Realme of France : we I say the Nor did the French possesse the Saligne land, to blund to Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares not boo have After the function of King Faramount for blood voy sed? Godly supposed the founder of this Law and drob bod to 3 Hugh Capet also that vsurpe the Crowne, winds good land To fine his Title with some their of truth, may red with When in pure truth it was corrupt and nought : 101010111 Conucy'd himselfe as heire to the Lady Inger, we now world Daughter to Charles the forelayd Duke of Longing and a W So that as cleere assische summers Sungaruino side ront King Pipins Title, and Hugh Capets claime, willis ow but King Charles his fatisfaction, all appeare of nov and I To hold in right and title of the female, smiliged of all eA So do the Lords of Frances untill this day,

Howbeit they would hold up this Salique Law

of Henry the fift. To barre your highnesse claiming from the semale, And rather choose to hide them in a net, Then amply to embrace their crooked causes, Vsurpt from you and your progenitors. K. May we with right and conscience make this claim? Bi. The sin vpon my head dread Soueraigne: For in the booke of Numbers it is writ, When the sonne dyes, let the inheritance Descend vnto the daughter. The sales was made and w Noble Lord, stand for your owne, al salound . had If you will France win Vnwinde your bloody flagge, Go my dread Lord to your great Grandsires graue, From whom you claime: add and a last a last and a last a l And your great Vrekle Edward the blacke Prince, Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy, Making defeate on the full power of France, Whilst his most mighty father on a hill, Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe, Foraging the blood of French Nobility. O Noble English, that could entertaine us sus de sus soule With halfe their forces the full power of France: And let another halfe stand laughing by,

All out of worke, and colde for action.

King. We must not onely arme vs gainst the French,

But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,

Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.

Bi. The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient To guard your England from the pilfering borderers.

But feare the maine entendment of the Scot is such yell.
For you shall read, never my great Grandfather and V
Vninaskt his power for France, V and and Additional Scot on his viifurnisht kingdome, I and Came pouring like the tide into a breach, V and Additional V
Hath shooke and trembled at the brate hecreof. I also T
Bish. She hath bin then more fear'd then hust my Lord.

A 3

For

To

The Chronicle History For heare her but examplified by her selfe, When all her chiuslry hath bene in France, And the a mourning widdow of her Nobles, Vanna ned She hath her selfe not onely well defended, But taken and impounded (as a stray) the King of Scottes, VVhom like a cayt ffe she did leade to France, Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise, As is the owfe and bottome of the fea, VVith sunken wracke, and shiplesse treasurie. Lord. There is a faying very old and true. If you will France win, Then with Scotland first begin: For once the Eagle England being in pray, To his vnfurnisht Nest the wearle Scot Vould fucke her Egges, a hours done done no only Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat, and a point of To spoyle and hauocke more then she can eat. Exe. It followes then, the Cat must stay at home, Yet that is but a curst necessity, I la books on maigene Since we have traps to catch the petty theeues: old of VVhilst that the armed hand doth fight abroad, and daily The aduised head controlles at home: For government though high or low, being put in parts, Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke. Bish. True, therefore doth heaven 100 powod val 30% Divide the fate of man in divers sunctions: VVhereto is added as an ayme or But, Obedience: Por so live the hony bees, creatures that by awe Ordaine an act of order to a peopled Kingdome. They have a King, and Officers of fort; Where some like Magistrates correct at home: Others, like Merchants venture Trade abroad: Others, like foldiours armed in their stings, Make boot vpon the sommers Veluet bud: VVhich pillage they with merry march bring home

To the Tent-royall of their Emperor; who wood distil

of Henry the fift. The singing Masons building rooses of Gold, The civill Citizens lading vp the hony, The sad-ey'd lustice with his surly humme, Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazie caning drone, This I inferre, that twenty actions once a foote, May all end in one moment. As many arrowes losed seuerall wayes, fly to one marke: As many seuerall wayes meete in one Towne: As many fresh streames run in one selfe-sea : As many lines close in the diall center: So may a thousand actions once a foote, End in one moment, and be all well born without desect. Therefore my Liege to France, Divide your happy England into foure, Of which take you one quarter into France, And you withall, hall make all Gallia hake. If we with thrice that power left at home, Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge. Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose The name of policy and hardinesse. Kin. Call in the messenger sent from the Dolphin. And by your ayde, the noble sinnewes of our Land, France being ours, weel bring it to our awe, Or breake it all in peeces: Either our Chronicles shall with full mouth speake Freely of our acts, or else like tonguelesse mutes, Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph: Enter the Ambassadors from France. Now are we well prepard to know the Dolphins pleasure For we heare your comming is from him. Ambas. Pleaseth your Maiesty to give vs leave.

Freely to render what we have in charge, Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off, The Dolphins pleasure, and our Embassage?

King. We are no tyrant; but a Christian King, To whom our spirit is as subject,

As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.

Therefore freely, and with vncurbed boldnesse

Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Ambas. Then this in fine the Dolphin saith, VVhereas you claime certaine Townes in France, From your predecessor King Edward the third, stay all end in one moment. This he returnes:

He faith, there's nought in France, That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne, You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there: Therefore he sendeth meeter for your studie

This tun of treasure: and in lieu of this, Desires to let the Dukedomes that you crave

Heare no more from you. This the Dolphin faith.

King. VVhat treasure Vnckle? Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. Wee are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,

Your message, and his present we accept. When we have matcht our Rackets to these balles,

We wil by Gods grace play him such a set, Shal strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.

Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler, That all the courts of France shalbe disturbed with chases.

And we vnderstand him well, how he comes ore vs

With our wilder daies,

Not measuring what vse we made of them.

We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England, And therefore gaue our selues to barbarous License,

As tis common seene,

That men are merriest when they are from home.

But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,

Be like a King, mighty, and command,

When we do rowse vs in the Throne of France.

For this we have layd by our Maiesty,

And plodded like a man for working dayes. But we will rife therewith so full of glory,

That we will dazle all the eyes of France,

I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs.

of Henry the fift.

And tell him this, His mocke hath turn'd his balles to gun-stones, And his soule shall six sore charged, for the wastfull Vengeance that shall flye from them,

Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands, Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Castles down.

I, some are yet vngotten and vnborne,

For this his mocke,

That shall have cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.

But this lies all within the will of God.

To whom we do appeale: and in whose name,

Tell you the Dolphin we are comming on,

To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand In a right cause: so get you hence, and tell your Prince,

His iest will sauour but of shallow wit,

When thousands weepe more then did laugh at ir.

Convey them with safe conduct; see them hence.

Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sender blush at it: Therfore let our collection for the wars be soon prouided For God before, weel check the Dolphin at his fathers Doore therefore let euery man now taske his thought, That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Nins and Bardolfe.

Bar. Good morrow Corporall Nim. Nim. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. What, is Ancient Pistoll and thee friends yet?

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may: I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron, Tis a simple one, but what tho; twil serue to toste cheese, And it will endure cold as another mans sword will, And theres the humour of it.

Bar. Ifaith Mistresse Quickly did thee great wrong, For thou wert troth-plight to her.

Nim.

Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare, Yet sheel plod, and some say knives have edges, And men may sleepe and have their throates about them At that time, and there's the humor of it. said sansagns V

Bar. Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make Pistoll and thee friends. What a plague should we carry kniues to cut our owne throates, mornismont and tom should

Nim. Ifaith ile liue as long as I may, that's the certaine of it. And when I cannot line any longer, lle do as I may, And there's my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll, and Hostes Quickly his wife.

heere comes ancient Pistoll, I prethee Nim be quiet.

Nim. How.do you my hoft? Dy 199 of : Dwo 16 hand

Pist. Base slaue, callest thou me host?

Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,

Norshall my Nell keepe lodging. The date made your and

Hoft. No by my troth not I, am y nom a selwein I, an A

For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen That live honestly by the pricke of their needle, But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house. O Lord, heere's Corporall Nim, now shall

We have wilfull adultery and murther committed:

Good Corporall Nim shew the valour of a man, And put vp your sword. Nim. Push.

Pist. What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you solus. Pist. Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,

And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within

Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that folus In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,

And Pistols flashing fiery cocke is vp.

Nim. I am not Barbasom, you cannot coniure me; I have an humor Pistoll to knocke you indifferently well, And you fall foule with me Piftoll, He scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.

of Henry the fift.

If you will walke off a little,

Ile pricke your guts a little in good termes,

And there's the humor of it.

Pift. O braggard, vile, and damned furious wight, The graue doth gape, and groaning death is neere, Therefore exall. They draw.

Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,

Ile kill him, as I am a Souldier.

Pift. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate. Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or another

In faire termes: and there's the humor of it.

Pift. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen; A damned hound, thinkst thou my spoule to get? No, to the powdering tub of infamy, Fetch foorth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde, or was a Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse I have, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,

For the onely she and Paco, there it is enough. Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes, you must come straight to my Master, criff cheferraviors.

And you host Pistoll.

Good Bardolfe put thy nose betweene the sheetes,

And do the office of a warning pan.

Host. By my troth hee'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of these dayes. And my and another authorized and I

Ile go to him, husband you'l come?

Bar. Come Pistoll be friends.

Nim, prethee be friends, and if thou wilt not,

Be enemies with me too.

Ni.I shal have my eight shillings I won of you at betting

Pift. Base is the slave that payes.

Ni. That now I will have, and there's the humor of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. They draw.

Bar. He that strikes the first blow,

Ile kill him by this sword.

Pi. Sword is an oath, and oathes must have their course.

Nim. I shall have my eight shillings I wonne of you at

betting.

Pift. A noble shalt thou have, and ready pay, And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combinde out brotherhood, Ile liue by Nim, as Nim shall liue by me: Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.

Nim. I shall have my noble? Pist. In cash most truely paid. Nim. Why there's the humor of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in, Sir Iohn, poore soule is so troubled With a burning tashan contigian seuer, tis wonderfull. Pift. Let vs condole the knight; for lamkins we wil live. Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloffer. Glost. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust these traytors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by. Glost. I but the man that was his bedsellow, Whom he hath cloyed and graced with Princely fauors, That he should for a forreigne purse, to sell His Soueraignes life to death and trechery. Exe. O the Lord of Massbam.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now firs, the winde is faire, and we will aboord; My Lord of Cambridge, and my Lord of Massham, And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts, Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs, Will make vs Conquerors in the field of France? Massham. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best. Cam.

of Henry the fift.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then is your Maiesty.

Grey. Euen those that were your fathers enemies Haue steeped their gals in hony for your sake.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulnesse,

And shall forget the office of our hands;

According to their cause and worthinesse,

Mas. So service shall with steeled sinewes shine,

And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope

To do your Grace incessant service.

King. Vnckle of Exeter, enlarge the man Committed yesterday, that raild against our person, We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on, And on his more aduice we pardon him.

Mas. That is mercy, but too much security;

Let him be punisht Soueraigne,

Least the example of him, breed more of such a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highnesse, and punish too. Grey. You shew great mercy if you give him life,

After the taste of his correction.

King. Alasse, your too much care and love of me, Are heavy orisons against the poore wretch, If little faults proceeding on diftemper, Should not be winked at,

How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes, Chewed, swallowed, and digested, appeare before vs;

Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest In their deare loues, and tender preservation of our state,

Would have him punisht.

Now to our French causes. Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. Me one my Lord, Your highnesse bad me aske for it to day. Mas. So did you me my Soueraigne.

Grey . And me my Lord.

B 3

King.

King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours. There is yours, my Lord of Malham: And fir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,

This same is yours; or roll wooll niels griens beganning [4]

Reade them, and know we know your worthinesse.

Vnckle Exerer, I will abourd to night. In a some illes and

Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?

What see you in those papers, which is a see that the see you in those papers,

That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?

Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me

To your highnesse mercy. she saw the state of the state o

Mash. To which we all appeale. King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late, By your owne reasons is fore-stald and done: You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy, For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes, As dogs vpon their masters worrying them. See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres, These english Montters: My Lord of Cambridge here, You know how apt we were to grace him In all things belonging to his honor; And this vilde man hath for a few light crownes, Lightly conspir'd and sworne vnto the practises of France, To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which, This knight, no lesse in bounty bound to vs Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But oh, what shall I say to thee false man, Thou cruell, ingratefull, and inhumane creature, Thou that didst bearethe key of all my counsell, That knewst the very secrets of my heart, That almost mightst haue coyn'd me into gold; Wouldst thou haue practisse on me for thy vse? Can it be possible that out of thee Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger? Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shew as grose

As

of Henry the fift.

As blacke from white, mine eye will scarsely see it. Their faults are open, I had to the man and their

Arrest them to the answer of the law,

And God acquit them of their practises. Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,

By the name of Richard, Earle of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, and a mile was a

By the name of Henry, Lord of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, a samuel tree years are wolf By the name of Thomas Grey, and has subset and subset a Knight of Northumberland.

Mash. Our purposes God iustly hath discouered, And I repent my fault more then my death, all I nonw soll

Which I beseech your Maiesty forgiue, and To all the

Although my body pay the price of it.

King. God quit you in his mercy.

Heare your sentence. bod bod, comis soms boyrood but You haue conspir d against our royall Person, or I wol

Ioyned with an enemy proclaim'd and fixed.

And from his Coffers received the golden earnest of our

death, an bles received who but made or slot I but Touching our person we seeke no redresse, and allow the

But we our kingdomes safety must so tender, way of her

Whose ruine you have sought, old and yet you! I will

That to our lawes we do deliuer you,

Get youhence, poore miserable creatures to your death, The taste whereof, God in his mercy give you parience

To endure, and true repentance of all your deeds amisse: Beare them hence, sucho seasy nois meshabat flore

Exit three Lords.

Now Lords to France: The enterprise whereof, Shall be to you as vs, successively. (way,

Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our

Cheerly to sea, the signes of war advance;

No King of England, if not King of France.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Psstoll, Bardolfe, Hoster, and a boy.

Host. I prethee sweet heart, the man disposate hand.

Let me bring thee so farre as Stanes.

Pist. No fur, no fur. In the standard to standard to

Bar. Well, sir Iohn is gone, God be with him.

Host. I, he is in Arthors bosome, if ever any were,

He went away as if it were a crysombd childe,

Betweene twelue and one,

Iust at turning of the tide;

His nose was as sharpe as a pen;

For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,

And talke of flowers, and smile vpon his singers ends,

I knew there was no way but one.

How now fir Iohn, quoth I?

And he cryed three times, God, God, God,

Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of God,

I hope there was no fuch need. The was an about the world

Then he bad me put more cloathes on his feete,

And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone,

And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.

And so vpward, & vpward, and all was as cold as stone.

Nim. They say he cride out on Sacke.

Hoft. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Hoft. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did, & sed they were divels incarnste.

Host, Indeed carnacion was a colour he neuer loued.

Nim. Well, he did cry out on women.

Host. Indeed he d id in some sort handle women

But then he was rumaticke,

And talks of the whose of Babilon.

Boy. Hostes, do you remember he saw a Flea stand Vpon Bardolfes nose, and sed it was a blacke soule Burning in hell?

Bard.

of Henry the fift.

Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his service.

Nim. Shall we shog off?

The king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Cleare vp thy cristals,

Looke to my chattels and my moueables; Trust none; the word is pitch and pay:

Mens words are wafer cakes,

And hold fast is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,

Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kis, and theres the humor of it.

But adieu.

Pist.Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin, and others.

King. Now you Lords of Orleance,
Of Bourbon, and of Berry,
You see the King of England is not slacke,
For he is footed on this Land already.

Dolphin. My gracious Lord,
Tis meete we all go foorth,
And arme vs against the foe:
And view the weake and sickly parts of France:
But let vs do it with no shew of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were troubled with a Morris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.

Con. O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceiue your selse,

C

Question

Question your Grace the late Embassador, With what regard he heard his Embassage, How well supplied with aged Counsellors, And how his resolution answer'd him, You then would say, that Harry was not wilde.

King. Well, thinke we Harry strong, And strongly arme vs to preuent the soe. Con. My Lord, heere is an Ambassador.

From the King of England.

King. Bid him come in.

You see this chase is hotly followed, Lords.

Dol. My gracious father, cut vp this English short,
Selfe-loue my Liege is not so vile a thing
As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother of England? Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiesty: He wils you in the name of God Almighty, That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart That borrowed title, which by gift of heauen, Of law, of nature, and of Nations, longs To him and to his heires, namely the Crowne And all wide stretched titles that belongs Vnto the crowne of France, that you may know Tis no finister, nor no awke ward claime, Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht daies Nor from the dust of old oblinion rackt, He sends you these most memorable lines, In euery branch truely demonstrated: Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree, And when you finde him evenly derived From his most famed and famous Ancestors, Edward the third; he bids you then resigne Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held From him, the natiue and true Challenger.

of Henry the fift.

Ex. Bloody costraint, for if you hide the crown

Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:

Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a lone,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widows teares
The orphants cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maidens grones,
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controuerse.
This is his claime, his threatning, & my message,
Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence heere,
To whom expressly we bring greeting too.

Dol. For the Dolphin? I stand here for him,

What to heare from England.

Exe. Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at:
Thus saith my King. Vnles your fathers highnes
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiesty,
Hee'l call you to so loud an answer for it,
That Caues and wombly Vaults of France
Shall chide your trespasse, & returne your mock,
In second accent of his Ordenance.

Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,

It is against my will:

For I defire nothing so much,

As oddes with England.

And for that cause, according to his youth, I did present him with those Paris balkes.

Exe. Hee'l make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the Misstresse Court of mighty Europe.
And be assured, you'l finde a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Betweene his yonger daies, and these he musters now;

C 2

Now

Now he weighes time euen to the latest graine, Which you shall finde in your owne losses, If we stay in France.

King. Well, for vs you shall returne our answer backe

To our brother of England.

Exitomnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Piftell, and Boy. Nim. Before God heeres hot service. Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come, Gods vaffals drop and dye. Nim, Tis honor, and there's the humor of it. Boy. Would I were in London, Ide give all my honour for a pot of Ale. Pist. And I: if wishes would preuaile, I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen and beats them in Flew. Gods plud, vp to the breaches You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches? Nim. Abate thy rage sweete knight,

Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well, I would I were once from them; They would have me as familiar With mens pockets, as their Gloues and their Handkerchers, they will steale any thing. Bardolfe stole a Lute-case, carried it three mile, And fold it for three halfepence. Nim stole a fire-shouell, I knew by that, they meant to carry coales: Well, if they will not leave me, I meane to leave them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and Boy.

Enter Gower. Gower, Captaine Flewellen, you must come strait To the Mines, to the Duke of Gloster.

of Henry the fift. Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good To come to the Mines: the concuaucties is otherwise, You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd Himselse siue yards under the countermines; By leshes I thinke heel blow vp all, If there be no better direction,

Alarum. Enter the King and his Lords.

King. How yet resolues the Gouernor of the Towne? This is the latest parley weel admit; day of stylood and A Therefore to our best mercy give your selves, Or like to men proud of destruction, desie vs to our worst, For as I am a fouldier, a name that in my thoughts Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once agains, I will not leave the halfe atchieued Harflew, Till in her ashes she be buried, and no surro ashe anovoited The gates of mercy are all thut vp. ob assess straff stall What say you, will you yeeld and this auoid, and many Or guilty in defence be thus destroid? Name Le logo, ele con O lela la caeven poinchearle,

Enter Gonerner . do one a met of the server

Gouer. Our expectation hath this day an end: The Dolphin, whom of succout we entreated, Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready To raise so great a siege: therefore dread King, We yeeld our towne and lives to thy fost mercy Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours, For we no longer are defensiue now. Enter King of Practice Bara Confiable

Enter Katherine and Alice.

Kate. Alice venecia, vous aues cates en, Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara, Coman sae palla vou la main en francoy.

Alice. La main madain de han. 1 113, nov 9200 1, 100 3 Kate. E da bras. inques pala e conild odi or omogo'i

Alice. Dearma madam. sale Codo of offurlib yam noy

Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma,

Alice. Owye Madam. Is a world is a shaid is the

Kate, E Coman sa pella vow la menton a la coll,

Alice. De neck, e de cin, Madam.

Kate. E deneck, e de cin, e de code.

Alice. De cudie ma foy le oblye, mais le remembre,

Le tude, o de elbo Madam. De se se plo la se vende.

Kate. Ecowte le rehersera, towt cella que lac apoandre,

Alice. De elbo Madami Surfish do buorquom or a la la

Kate. O Iesu, lea obloye ma foy, ecoute le recontera

De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.

Alice, May foy Madam, vou parla au le bon Angloy,

Asie yous aues ettue en Englataraid adadi sadio and milit

Kate. Par la grace de deu an perty tanes. Ie parle milleue

Coman se pella vou le peide le robe. Ville novembre de le

Alice. Le foot, ele con, ele cuns od consiste ni valius a

Kate. Le foot, e le con, O Icsu! Iene veu poinct parle,

Sie plus deuant le che cheualires defranca,

Pur one million ma foy.

Alice, Madam, de foote, ele con. 15 500 x 100 . 1200

Kate. O et ill ausie, ecoute Alice, de han, de arma,

Deneck, de cin, le foote, e de con, on and, brow ev 20 avens.

Alice. Cet fort bon Madam, dis eggel a serg of shiero T

Kate. A loues a diner, de of appil bas savos que blosgo W

lerno bas av la sloglib Existomnes, tal

For seno longer are dereniale now,

Enter King of France, Lord Constable, the Dolphin, and Bourbon.

King. Tis certaine he is past the River Some. Con. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few spranes of vs. (The emptying of our fathers luxery) of Henry the fife. T

Outgrow their grafters, view ogbiell adveniention eight Bur. Normanes, bastard Normanes, mor du,

And if they passe vnfought withall, wood word romon I

lefell my Dukedome for a foggy Farme

In that short nooke Ile of England.

Con. Why whence have they this mettall? The sind so Y Is not their Climate raw, foggy, and cold. It south I and

On whom, as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?

Can barley broth, a drench for swolne Iades,

Their sodden water decockt such lively blood?

And shall our quicke blood, spirited with wine,

Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,

Let vs not hang like frozen leesickles Vpon our houses tops, while they (a more frosty Climate)

Sweare drops of youthfull blood.

King. Constable dispatch, send Montioy foorth, To know what willing ransome he will give:

Sonne Dolphin, you shall stay in Rhone with me.

Dol. Not fo, I do befeech your Maiefty.

King. Well, I say it shall be so. sod shalld a

Exennt omnes.

Flow. By your patience Ancient Fiftell. Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. How now Captaine Flewellen,

Come you from the bridge?

Flew. By Iesus there's excellent service committed at Which is the Morall that Foreune is tuf againd of

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flew. The Duke of Exeter is a man whom I loue,

And I honour, and I worship with my soule,

Andmy heart, and my life, as us colors at 1905 sea gland

And my lands, and my liuings,

And my vttermoft powers on a me i uou o dool aquition

The Duke is looke you, and all hand a some defined

God be praised and pleased for it,

No harme in the worell.

He

He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly:

There is an Enfigne there, old brailed, sonomie World

I do not know how you call him, walker all and a said and a land

But by lesbu I thinke he is as valiant as Marke Anthony,

He doth maintaine the Bridge most gallantly;

Yet he is a man of no reckoning; and some will be made

But I did see him do gallant service: stantil distributes

Gouer, how do you call him? hand being months and

Flew. his name is ancient Pistoll,

Gener, I know him not. I and and a second rise

ad theil our gaickeblood, frinted with wine, Enter Ancient Pistol.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man, Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me a fauour.

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flew.I, and I praise God I have merited some love at his hands, a fliw on omolast guillive range word of

Pist. Bardolfe a souldier, one of buxsome valour; Hath by furious face, and giddy Fortunes fickle wheele, That God's blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse

A ftone.

Flew. By your patience Ancient Pistoll, Fortune looke you is painted plinde,

With a muster before her eyes,

To signifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:

And the is moreover painted with a wheele, Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,

And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities:

And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone,

Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;

Surely the Poet is make an excellent description of Forand my lands, and my liuings,

Let

Fortune looke you is an excellent Morallander

Pist. Fortune is Bardolfes soc, and frownes on him, For he hath stolne a packs, and hangd must he be; A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs, which all of Henry the fift.

Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.

But Exeter hath given the doome of death,

For packs of petty price:

Therefore go ipeake, the Duke will heare thy voice,

And let not Bardolfes vitall thred be cut,

With edge of penny cord, and vile approach. Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flew. Captaine Pistoll, I partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flew. Certainly Ancient Pistoll,

Tis not a thing to reioyce at,

For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Duke

To do his pleasure, and put him to executions;

For looke you, disciplines ought to be kept,

They ought to be kept.

Pist. Die and be damned, and a fig for thy friendship.

Flew. That is good.

Pist. The figge of Spaine within thy law.

Flew. That is very well.

Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels & thy durty maw.

Exit Pistell.

Flew. Captaine Gower, cannot you heare it lighten and thunder?

Gower. Why is this the Ancient you told me of? I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cut-purse.

Flew. By Iesus he is ytter as praue words vpon the bridge

As you shall defire to see in a sommers day;

But tis all one, what he hath sed to me,

Looke you, is all one.

Gemer. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue That goes to the wars onely to grace himselfe

At his returne to London:

And such fellowes as he,

Are perfect in great Commanders names.

They will learne by rote where seruices were done,

At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,

At such a conuoy, who came off brauely, who was shot, Who disgraced, what termes the enemy stood on. And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre, Which they tricke vp with new tun'd oathes. And what a beard of the Generals cut. And a horrid shout of the Campe Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits Is wonderfull to be thought on : but you must learne To know such flanders of this age, Or else you may meruellously be mistooke.

Flew. Certaine Captaine Gower, it is not the man, Looke you, that I did take him to be: But when time shall serue, I shall tell him a little Of my defires: heere comes his Maiesty.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster, and others.

King. How now Flewellen, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it shall please your Maiesty, There is excellent service at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost Flewellen? Flew. And it shall please your Maiesty,

The partition of the aduersary hath beene great, Very reasonably great, but for our owne parts, I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one For robbing of a Church, one Bardolfe, if your Maiesty Know the man, his face is full of whelks, and knubs, And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose Like a coale, sometimes red, sometimes plew; But God be praised, now his nose is executed; And his fire out.

King. We would have all offenders so cut off, And here we give expresse commandement, That there be nothing taken from the villages But paid for; none of the French abused, Or vpbraided with disdainfull language: For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome, The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

of Henry the fift. Enter the French Herauld.

Herald. You know me by my habite. King. Well then, we know thee, What should we know of thee?

King. Vnfold it. Her. My Masters minde. Her. Go thee vnto Harry of England, and tell him,

Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse: Although we did seeme dead, we did but sumber.

Now we speake vpon our kue, & our voyce is imperiall, England shall repent her folly, see her rashnesse,

And admire our sufferance. VV hich to ransome,

His pettinesse would bow vnder:

For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake; For the difgrace we have borne, himselfe kneeling At our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.

To this, adde defiance.

So much from the King my Master.

King. VV hat is thy name? we know thy quality.

Herald. Montioy.

King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe, And tell thy King, I do not feeke him now; But could be well content, without impeach, To march on to Callis; for to say the sooth, (Though tis no wisedome to confesse so much Vnto an enemy of crast and vantage) My fouldiers are with ficknesse much enseebled, My Army lessened, and those few I haue, Almost no better then so many French: VVho when they were in heart, I tell thee Herald, I thought vpon one paire of English legs, Did march three Frenchmens. Yet God forgiue me, that I do brag thus; Your aire of France hath blowne this vice in me, I must repent, go tell thy Matter here I am, My ransome is this fraile and worthlesse body,

My Army but a weake and fickly guard.

Yet God before, we will come on, If France and such another neighbor stood in our way; If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered. We snal your tawny groud with your red blood discolour. So Montioy get you gone, there's for your paines: The sum of all our answere is but this, We would not seeke a battle as we are: Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

Herala, I shall deliuer so: thanks to your Maiesty. Glost. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs; To night we will encampe beyond the bridge, And on to morrow bid them march away. Exis.

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, and Gebon. Con. Tut, I have the best armour in the world. Orleance. You have an excellent armour, But let my horse haue his due.

Bur. Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the Palfrey of the sunne, Nothing but pure aire and fire,

And hath none of this dull element of earth within him,

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate of the Ginger. Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues, And my horse is argument for them all: I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse, And began thus, Wonder of nature.

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,

In the praise of ones Mistresse.

Bur. Why then did they imitate That which I writ in praise of my horse,

For my horse is my Mistresse.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me-thought Your Mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

of Henry the fift.

Bur. I, bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,

My Mistresse weares her owne haire.

Con. I could make as good a boast of that,

If I had a Sow to my Mistresse.

Bur. Tut, thou wilt make vie of any thing.

Con. Yet I do not vse my horse for my Mistresse.

Bur. Will it neuer be morning?

Ile ride too morrow a mile,

And my way shall be paued with english faces.

Con. By my faith fo will not I,

For feare I be out-faced of my way.

Bur. Well, ile go arme my selfe; hay, Gebon. The Duke of Burbon longs for morning.

Orleance. I, he longs to eate the English.

Con. I thinke hee'l cate all he kils.

Orlean. O peace, ill will neuer said well.

Con. Ile cap that Prouerbe,

With there's flattery in friendship.

Orle. O fir, I can answer that,

With giue the Diuell his due.

Con, Haue at the eye of that Promerbe,

With a logge of the Diuell.

Orle. Well, the Duke of Burbon is simply

The most active Gentleman of France.

Con: Doing his activity, and hee'l still be doing.

Orle. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will,

Orle. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.

Con. I was told so by one that knowes him better then

Orle. Whose that?

Con. Why he told me so himselfe.

And said he cared not who knew it.

Orle. Well, who will go with me to hazard,

For a hundred English prisoners?

Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,

Exit.

Before

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lie within a hundred

Paces of your Tent.

Con, VVho hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Granpeere.

Con. A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.

Come, come away,

The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. Exit omnes.

Enter the King disgnised, to him Pistoll.

Pift. Ke ve la?

King. A friend.

Pift. Discus vnto me, art thou a gentleman?

Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pift. Trailes thou the puissant Pike?

King. Euen so sir. VVhat are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

King. O then thou art better then the King.

Pift. The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,

A lad of life, an impe of fame,

Of parents good, of fift most valiant:

I kis his durty shooe, and from my heart strings

I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pift. Le Roy, a Cornish man;

Art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No sir, I am a Welchman.

Pist: A Welchman; knowst thou Flewellen:

King. I fir, he is my kinsman.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. I fir. Pist. Figa for thee then; my name is Pistoll.

King. It forts well with your fiercenesse.

of Henry the fift. Pift. Piftoll is my name.

Exit Pistoll,

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. Captaine Flewellen.

Flew. In the name of Ielu speake lower.

It is the greatest folly in the worell, when the ancient

Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.

I warrant you, if you looke into the wars of the Romanes,

You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bibble babble there,

But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,

And the ceremonies to be otherwise.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.

Flew. Godes sollud, if the enemy be an affe & a foole,

And a prating cocks-combe, is it meet that we be also

Afoole, and a prating cocks-combe,

In your conscience now?

Gower. Ile speake lower.

Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine Gower.

Exit Gower and Flewellen.

King. Though it appeare a little out of falhion,

Yet there's much care in this.

Exterthree Souldiers.

I. Soul. Is not that the morning youder?

2, Soul. I, we fee the beginning,

God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. Soul. Well, I thinke the King could wish himselfe

Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,

And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.

King. Now masters good morrow, what cheare?

3. Soul. Ifaith small cheere some of vs is like to have,

Ere this day to an end.

King. Why feare nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. Soul. I he may be, for he hath no cause as we.

King. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are,

The Violet smels to him as vnto vs;

Therefore if he see reasons, he seares as we do.

2. Soul. But the King hath a heavy reckoning to make. If his cause be not good; when all those soules Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here, Shall ioyne together at the latter day, And fay I dyed at such a place. Some swearing; Some their wives rawly left; Some leaving their children poore behinde them. Now if his cause be bad,

I thinke it will be a greeuous matter to him.

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his servant

As Factor into another Country, And he by any meanes miscarry,

You may say the businesse of the Master Was the author of his servants mis-fortune.

Or if a sonne be imployed by his father,

And he fall into any leud action, you may fay the father

Was the author of his sonnes damnation.

But the master is not to answer for his seruant,

The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subjects;

For they purpose not their deaths,

When they craue their seruices;

Some there are that have the gift

Of premeditated murder on them:

Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maidens

Now if these out-strip the law,

Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.

War is Gods Beadle. War is Gods vengeance:

Euery mans service is the Kings:

But every mans soule is his owne.

Therefore I would have every fouldier examine himselfe,

And wash enery moth our of his conscience,

That in so doing, he may be the readier for death;

Or not dying, why the time was well spent,

Wherein such preparation was made.

3. Soul. Ifaith he saies true,

Euery mans fault is on his owne head,

of Henry the fift.

I would not have the king answer for me,

Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

King. Well, I heard the king wold not be ransomd.

2. Soul. I he faid fo, to make vs fight;

But when our throats be cut, he may be ranfomd,

And we neuer the wifer.

King. If I dive to see that, ile never trust his word againe.

2. Soul. Masse you'l pay him then,

Tis a great displeasure that an elder

Gun can do against a Cannon,

Or a subiect against a Monarch.

You'l nere take his word againe, you are a nasse, goe.

King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter;

Were it not at this time I could be angry.

2. Soul. Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

King. How shall I know thee?

2. Soul. Here's my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,

He challenge thee, and strike thee.

King, Here is likewise another of mine,

And affure thee ile weare it.

2. Soul. Thou dar'st as well be hangd.

3. Soul. Be friends you fooles,

We have French quarrels enow in hand,

We have no need of English broyles.

King. Tis no treason to cut French Crownes, For to morrow the King himselfe will be a clipper.

Exit the fouldiers.

Enter to the King, Glocester, Epingham, and Attendants.

King. O God of battels steele my souldiers harts, Take from them now the sence of reckoning, That the apposed multitudes which stand before them, May not appale their courage.

O not too day, not too day O God,

Thinke

Thinke on the fault my father made, In compassing the Crowne. I Richards body have interred new, And on it hath bestow'd more contrite teares, Then from it issued forced drops of blood; A hundred men haue I in yearely pay, Which enery day their withered hands hold vp To heaven, to pardon blood, And I have huilt two Chanceries, more will I do : Though all that I can do is all too little.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My Lord. and same a stocker and a such King. My brother Gloffers voice. Glo. My Lord, the army stayes vpon your presence, Kin. Stay Gloster stay, and I will go with thee, The day, my friends, and all things stayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Glofter, Exeter, & Salisbury.

War. My Lords, the French are very strong, Ex. There's flue to one, and yet they are all fresh. War. Of fighting men they have full forty thousand. Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farwell kinde Lords: Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloster, My Lord of Warwicke, and to all farewell. Cla, Farewell kinde Lords, fight valiantly to day, And yet in truth I do thee wrong, For thou art made on the true iparkes of honor. Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England. Kin. Whose that, that wishes so, my cousen Warwick? Gods will I would not loose the honour One man would share from me,

No.

Not for my kingdome.

of Henry the fift.

No faith my Colen, wish not one man more, Rather proclaime it presently through our camp That he that hath no stomacke to this feast Let him depart, his pasport skall bee drawne, And crownes for conuoy put into his purse, We would not dye in that mans company, That feares his fellowship to dye with vs. This day is called the day of Crispin : He that out-lines this day, and sees olde age, Shall stand a tipto when this day is named, And rowse him at the name of Crispin. He that out-lives this day, and comes safe home, Shall yearly on the vigill feast his friends, And say, to morrow is S. Crispins day: Then shall we in their flowing boules Be newly remembred. Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Clarence, and Gloster, Warwicke, and Yorke, Familiar in their mouths as houshold wordes. This flory shall the good man tell his son, And from this day vnto the generall doome, But we in it shall be remembred. We few, we happy few, we bond of brothers, For he to day that sheds his blood by mine Shall be my brother. Be he nere so base This day shall gentle his condition. Then shal he strip his sleeues, & shew his scars, And say, these wounds I had on Crispins day. And Gentlemen in England now a bed; Shall thinke themselves accurst, They were not there, when any speakes That fought with vs vpon S. Crispines day. Glo. My gracious Lord,

The French is in the field.

Kin. Why all things are ready if our mindes be so. War. Perish the man whose minde is backward now.

King. Thou dost not with more helpe from England Coufen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone, Without more helpe, might fight this battell out, Why well faid. That doth please me better, Then to wish me one. You know your charge God be with you all.

Enter the Herauld from the French.

Her. Once more I come to know of thee king Henry What thou wilt give for ransome?

King. Who hath fent thee now? Her. The Constable of France.

Kmg. I prethee beare my former answer backes Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.

Good God, why should they mocke good fellowes thus?

The man that once did sell the Lyons skin

VVhile the beaft lived, was kild with hunting him.

And many of our bodies shall no doubte

Finde graues, within your Realme of France:

Though buried in your dunghils, we shall be famed

For there the Sunne shall greete them,

And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,

Leauing their earthly parts to choake your clime;

The smell whereof, shall breed a plague in France;

Marke then abundant valour in our English,

That being dead, like to the bullets crafing,

Breakes foorth into a second course of mischiefe,

Killing in relaps of mortality:

Let me speake proudly.

There's not a peece of feather in our Campe,

Good argument I hope we shall not flye,

And time hath worne vs into flouendry.

But by the masse, our hearts are in the trim,

And my poore souldiers tell me, yet ere night

They'l

of Henry the fift.

They'l be in fresher robes, or they will plucke The gay new cloaths ore your French fouldiers eares, And curne them out of service. If they do this, As if it please God they shall, Then shall our ransome soone be leuied; Saue thou thy labour Herauld, Come thou no more for ransome, gentle Herauld. They shall have nought I sweare, but these my bones: Which if they have, as I will leave vm them, VVill yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Her. I shall deliuer so.

Exit Herald.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue

The leading of the vaward.

King. Take it braue Yorke.

Come souldiers let's away,

And as thou pleasest God, dispose the days

Exit.

Enter the foure French Lords.

Gebon. O diabello.

Con. Mordu ma vie.

Orle. O what a day is this !

Bur. O lour dei houce all is gone, all is lost.

Con. VVe are enow yet living in the field,

To smother vp the English,

If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field, And he that will not follow Burbon now, Let him go home, and with his cap in hand, Like a base leno hold the chamber doore, VVhy least by a slaue no gentler then my dog,

His fairest daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Disorder that hath spoild vs, right vs now, Come we in heapes, wee'l offer vp our lives

Vinto these English, or else die with same.

Come

Come, come along, Lets dye with honor, our fhame doth last too long.

Exit omises

Enter Pistoll the French man, and the bey.

Pift. Eyld cur, eyld cur.

French. O Monsieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy. Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will have forty moys.

Boy, aske his name.

Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles?

Fren. Monsieur Fer.

Boy. He sayes his name is master Fer.

Pist. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,

Boy discusse the same in French.

Boy. Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and fearke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will eut his throat.

Boy Feate, vou preat, ill voulles couple votre gorge.

Pist. Onye ma foy couple la gorge,

Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious ransome, dye.

One point of a fox.

Fren. Qui dit ill monsieur,

Ill ditye fi vou ny vouly pa domy luy.

Boy. La gran ransome, ill voutueres.

Fren.O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle

A cee, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie

A moy, ey iee donerees pour mon ransome

Cinquante ocios. Ie suyes vngentelhome de France.

Pift. What fayes he boy?

Boy. Marry sir he sayes he is a gentleman of a great House of France, and for his ransome

He will giue you soo. Crownes.

Pist. My fury shall abate, And I the Crownes will take,

And as I sucke blood, I will some mercie shew.

of Henry the fift.

Follow me cur.

Exit omnes

Enter the King his Nobles, and Pistoll.

King. What the French retire?

Yet als not done, the French keepes still the field.

Ex. The Duke of Yorke commends him to your Grace.

Kin. Liues he good vnkle, twice I saw him downe,

Twice vp againe:

From helmet to the spur, all bleeding ore.

Exe. In which array, braue fouldier doth he lyc, Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side, Yoake-fellow to his honour-dying wounds, The Noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes. Suffolke first dyed, and Yorke all wounded ore Comes to him where in blood he lay all steept, And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes That bloudily did yawne vpon his face, And cryed alowd, tarry deere cousin Suffolke:

My soule shall thine keepe company in heaven : Tarry deere soule awhile, then flye to rest: And in this glorious and well-foughten field,

We kept togither in our Chiualry:

Vpon these words I came and cheer'd them vp, He tooke me by the hand, saide deere my Lorde,

Commend my service to my Soueraigne, So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke

He threw his wounded arme, and so espousd to death

With blood he fealed. An argument

Ofneuer-ending loue.

The pretty and sweete manner of it,

Forc'd those waters from me, which I would have Ropte,

But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares.

Kin. I blame you not: for hearing you, I must convert to teares,

Alarum founds.

VVhat new alarum is this?

Bid euery fouldier kill his prisoner.

Pist. Couple gorge.

Exit orienes.

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kill the boyes and the lugyge, Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be defired In the worell now, in your conscience now. Gower. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, And the cowardly rascals that ran from the battell Themselves have done this slaughter; Beside, they have carried away and burnt All that was in the Kings Tent: VV hereupon the king caused every prisoners Throat to be cut. Oh he is a worthy King. Flew. I, he was borne at Monmonth; Captaine Gower, what call you the place where Alexander the big was borne? Gower. Alexander the great. Flew. V. Vhy I pray, is not big great? As if I say, big, or great, or magnanimous, I hope tis all one reckoning, Saue the phrase is a little varation. Gower. I thinke Alexander the great VVas borne at Macedon, His father was called Philip of Macedon, As I take it.

Flew. I thinke it was Macedon indeed V Vhere Alexander was borne: Looke you Captaine Gower, And if you looke into the Maps of the worell well, You shall finde little difference betweene Macedon and Monmorth. Looke you, there is

of Henry the fift. A Riuer in Macedon, and there is also a Riuer . In Monmorth, the Rivers name at Monmorth Is called Wye. But tis out of my braine what is the name of the other: But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to fingers, And there is Samons in both. Looke you Captaine Gower, and you marke it, You shall finde our King is come after Alexander, God knowes, and you know, that Alexander in his Bowles, and his Ales, and his wrath, & his displeasures And indignations, was kill his friend Clitus. Gow. I but our King is not like him in that, For he neuer kild any of his friends. Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished: I speake in the comparisons, as Alexander is kill His friend Claus: so our King being in his ripe Wits and judgements, is turne away the fat Knite

With the great belly doublet:

I am forget his name.

Gower. Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Flew.I, I thinke it is Sir Iohn Falstaffe indeed,
I can tell you, there's good men borne at Monmorth,

King. I was not angry fince I came in France,

Vntill this houre.

Take a Trumpet Herauld,

And ride vnto the horsemen on you hill:

If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,

Or leave the field, they do offend our fight.

Will they do neither, we will come to them,

And make them skyr away, as fast

As stones enforc'd from the old Assyrian slings.

Besides, weel cut the throats of those we have,

And not one alive shall taste our mercy.

The Chronicle History Enter the Herald.

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not That we have fined these bones of ours for ransome?

Her. I come great King for charitable fauour, To fort our Nobles from our common men, We may have leave to bury all our dead, Which in the fielde lye spoiled and troden on.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,

I do not know whether the day be ours or no: For yet a many of your French do keepe the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God therefore:

What Castle call you that?

Her. We call it Agincourt.

Kin. Then call we this the fielde of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin, Crispianus.

Flew. Your Grandfather of famous memory,

If your Grace be remembred; Is do good service in France.

King. Tis true Flowellen.

Flew. Your Maiesty sayes very true.

And it please your Maiesty, not the armanida I demand

The Welshmen there was do good seruice,

In a Garden where Leekes did grow,

And I thinke your Maiesty will take no scorne,

To weare a Leeke in your cap vpon S. Davies day. King. No Flewellen, for I am Welsh as well as you.

Flew. All the water in Wye will not wash your welch

Blood out of you. God keepe it, and preserve it,

To his graces will and pleasure.

King. Thankes good Countrey-man.

Flew. By Iesu I am your Maiesties Countryman, (man. I care not who kno it, so long as your maiesty is an honest King. God keepe me so. Our Herald go with him, And bring ys the number of the scattered French,

Exit Heralds

of Henry the fift.

Call yonder souldier hither.

Flew. You fellow, come to the King.

Kin. Fellow, why dost thou weare that gloue in thy hat? Soul. And please your maiesty, tis a rascalles that swaggard with me the other day: and he hath one of mine, the which if euer I see, I have sworne to strike him : so hath he the like to mee.

Kin. How thinke you Flewellen, is it lawfull to keep his

Oath?

Fl. And it please your Maiesty tis lawful to keep his vow If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggarly knaue, as treads vpon too blacke shooes.

King. His enemy may be a Gentleman of worth.

Flew. And if he be as good a Gentleman as Lucifer and

Belzebub, and the diuell himselfe,

Tis meete he keepe his vow. King. Well firrha keepe your word,

Vnder what Captaine seruest thou?

Soul. Vnder Captaine Gower.

Flew. Captaine Gower is a good Captaine,

And hath good litterature in the warres.

Kin. Go call him hither.

Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit souldier.

Kin. Captaine Flewellen, when Alanson and I Were downe together, I tooke this gloue from's helmet, Heere Flewellen weare it.

Flow Codeplat and in

If any challenge it, he is a friend of Alonsons,

And an enemy to me.

Flew. Your Maiesty doth me as great a fauour, As can be desired in the hearts of his subjects.

I would see that man now that wold challenge this gloue And it please God of his grace I would but see him,

That is all.

King Flewellen knowst thou Captaine Gemer? Flew. Captaine Gower is my friend

And

And if it like your maiefty, I know him very well. King. Go call him hither. Flew. I will and it shall please your maiesty. Kin Follow Flewellen closely at the heeles, The gloue he weares, it was the foldiers: It may be there will be harme betweene them, For I do know Flewellen valiant, And being toucht, as hot as Gun-powder: And quickly will returne an iniury. Go see there be no harme betweene them.

> Enter Captaine Gower, Flewellen, and the Soldier.

Flew. Captaine Gower, in the name of Iesu Come to his maiesty, there is more good towards you Then you can dreame of.

Soul, Do you heare, you fir, Do you know this gloue? Flew. I know the gloue is a gloue. Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

He strikes him. Flew. Gods plut, and his Captaine Gower stand away, Ile giue treason his due presently.

> Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.

King. How now? Whats the matter? Flew. And it shall please your maiesty, Peere is the notablest peece of treason come to light As you shall desire to see in a sommers day. Heere is a rascall, beggerly rascall is strike the gloue, Which your maiesty in person Tooke out of the Helmet of Alanson: And your maiesty will beare me witnesses,

of Henry the fift.

And testimonies, and anouchments, That this is the glove, so and some of anid sure Soul. And it please your maiesty, would acon fluor

That was my gloue, and a mollal and suited was mole

He that I gaue it to in the night, Promised me to weare it in his hat: I promised to strike him if he did. o only and any agent has

Imet that Gentleman with my gloue in's hat,

And I thinke I have bene as good as my worde. Flew. Your Maiesty heares,

Vnder your Maiestyes man-hoode, What a beggerly lowfie knaue it is.

King. Let me see thy gloue. To also not a 2000 the Looke you, this is the fellow of it, mos doy some line It was I indeede you promised to strike. And thou hast given me most bitter words, How canst thou make vs amends?

Flew. Let his necke answer it, 12 bat abrod sollso If there be any marshals law in the worell.

Soul. My Liege, Liege, and the series are series and the series and the series are series are series and the series are series are series are s

All offences come from the heart: To offend your Maiesty, and not daily saus of the sause

You appeard to me but as a common man: Witnesse the night, your garments,

Your lowlinesse; and what soeuer You received under that habite,

I beseech your maiesty, impute it a sea but say and

To your owne fault, and not to mine. For your selfe came not like your selse:

Had you beene as you seemed then to mee,

I had made no offence, my gracious Lord, Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.

Kin. Vnckle, fill the gloue with Crownes, And give it to the souldier.

Weare it fellow,

And

The Chronicle History As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it. Giue him the Crownes. Come Captaine Flewellen, I must needs have you friends, moy olsoig si bad . had? Flow. By Iesus, the sellowe hath mettall enough in his Hethat I gaueit to in the night, belly. Harke you souldier, There is a silling for you, a belimos And keepe your selfe out of brawles; ourist or bolimorg And prabbles, and diffentions iw nameline O rad som & And looke you, it shall be the better for you dain I had Soul. He none of your money fir not I. Flew. Why tis a good filling man: Abis Manoy wood Why should you be queanish? adwol who pard out the Your shooes are not so good oly valued and and . The M It will ferue you to mend your shoots will may shoot Kin. What men of fort are taken vnckle? Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King, John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchqual. Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires, Full fifteene hundred, besides common men. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French, that in the fielde lyes slaine. Of Nobles bearing banners in the fielde, and some some Charles de le Brute, high Constanble of France, Iaques of Chatillian, Admirall of France, The master of the Crosse-bowes, John Duke Alonson, Lord Rambieres, high Master of France. The braue fir Gwigzard, Dolphin. Of Nobelle Charillas, Gran Prie and Rosse, Fanconbridge and Foy, 100 100 100

Gerard and Verton, Vandemant and Lestra. Savo more King. Heeres was a royall fellowship of death, Where is the number of our English dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke, Sir Richard Ketly, Dany Gam Esquire, soled I stolered T Aud of all the other, but fine and twenty. King. O God, thy arme was heere,

And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise:

of Henry the fift.

When without fratageme, And even in shocke of battell, was ever heard So great and little losse, on one part and another? Take it O God, for it is onely thine. Exe. Tis wonderfull. and to treat the one it, walls wall

Kin. Come, let vs go on procession through the camper Let it be death proclaim'd to any man To boast heereof, or take the praise from God, I'm. blu, Breekou Bedlem? Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawfull, and it please your Maiefly, sods flot To tell how many is kild? Is an arma que obloi emenad o'T

Kin. Yes Flewellen, o l'ami and se ellimisupant l'acusti

But with this acknowledgement; he had more and water That God fought for vs. Joh it stupped sog suleb blilow

Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good. kin, Let there be sung Nououes and Te Deum, way bak The dead with charity enter'd in clay: And Jobsold Ang Weel then to Calice, and to England then, Where nere from France, arriu'd more happier men.

Exit omnes.

P. Bale Troyan, thou halt dye. Enter Gower and Flewellen.

But in the means times would defire you Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day? Saint Davies is paft ? Sapraino, Saint Davies is paft ?

Flew. There is occasion Captaine Comer, no fleward no f Looke you why, and wherefore : mid addition A Annala The other day lookeyou, Pistolles and all orned all who I will

Which you know is a man of no merites

In the worell, is come where I was the other day, molested And brings bread and falt, and biddes mee in llow And

Eateany Leekertwas in a places looke you,

Where I could mooue no dissentions, But if I can see him, I shall tell him

Elemelo

A little of my defires. To and Hoffe T ansingle 30 hor of Gom. Heere he comes swelling like a, Turky-cocke

When

Enter Pistoll.

Flewellen. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkicockes. Education of the control of the Cockes. Education of th

Beggerly, lowly knaue, Godplesse you.

Pift. Ha, art thou Bedlein?

Dost thou thurst base Troyan, ibne Murwelliel and To haue me solde vp Parcas fatall web?

Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.

Flew. Ancient Pistoll. managhel woulde zinh der woule

I would desire you because it doth not agree

With your stomackes, and your appetites,

And your digestions, to eace this Leeke.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his Goats.

Flew. There is one Goate for you, ancient Pistol.

. Dom as inquel same buing count He Strikes bim.

gerard suchtive made

Pist. Base Troyan, thou shalt dye.]
Flewellen. I, I know I shall dye:
But in the meane time, I would desire you
To live and eate this Leeke.

Gower. Enough Captaine, Than the state of th

You have aftonishe him, it is enough. To all and I

Flewel. Aftonish him, stoferady bus wdw novedoo!

By Iesu, Ile beate his head foure dayes

And foure nights too, but Ile make him

Eate some part of my Leeke. Tradition and all larow adrest

Pist. Well mult I bite? d bas sist basband egand bas

Flew. I out of question, or doubt, or ambiguities, You must bite.

He makes Ancient Pistoll bite of the Leeke.

Pistol. Good, good.

of Henry the fift.

Flewellen. I Leekes are good, ancient Piftoll.

Looke you now, there is a filling for you

To heale your bloody coxcombe.

Pift. Me a shilling.

Flew. If you will not take it,

Thave another Leeke for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reckoning.

Flew. If I owe you any thing,

I will pay you in Cudgelles: You shall be a Wood-monger,

And buy Cudgels. And so God be with you

Ancient Pistoll, God plesse you,

And heale your broken pate.

Ancient Pistoll, if you see Leekes another time,

Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.

Exit Flewellen,

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.

Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike loynes?
Well France farewell, newes have I certainly
That Doll is sicke. One malady of France
The warres affoordeth nought, home will I trug,
Baud will I turne, and vse the slight of hand;

To England will I steale,

And there Ile steale:

And patches will I get vnto these scarres, And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.

Exit Piftok

Enter at one doore, the King of England and his
Lerds.

And at the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the Duke of Burbon, and others.

Harry. Peace to this meeting,
Wherefore we are met,
And to our brother France, faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely cousin Katherine,
And as a branch, and member of this stocke,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy.

Fran. Brother of England,
Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
So are we Princes English euery one.

Duke. With pardon vnto your mightinesse:

Let it not displease you, if I demaund

What rub or barre hath thus farre hindred you

To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?

Har. If Duke of Burgundy you would have peace,

You must buy that peace,

According as we have drawne our Articles.

Fran. We have but with a cursorary eye
Ore-view'd them; pleaseth your Grace,
To let some of your Counsell sit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory answer.

Har. Go Lords, and sie with them,

And bring vs answer backe.

yet leaue our cousen Katherine heere behind.

Fran. Withall our hearts.

Exit French King and the Lords.

Manet, king Henry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.

Har. Now Kate,
You have a blunt wooer heere left with you.
If I could winne thee at Leape-frog,
Or with vauting with my armour on my backe
Into my saddle,
Without bragge be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any.

of Henry the fift.

But leaving that Kate,

If thou takest me now,

Thou shalt have me at the worst,

And in wearing thou shalt have me better and better,

Thou shalt have a face that is not worth sun-burning.

But doest thou thinke, that thou and I,13

Betweene Saint Denis and Saint George,

Shall get a boy, that shall go to Constantinople,

And take the great Turke by the beard?

Ha, Kote.

Kate. Is it possible dat me sall

Loue de enemy de France.

Harry. No Kate,
It is enpossible you should love the enemy of France:
For Kate I love France so well,
That Ile not leave a village,
Ile haue it all mine. Then Kate,

When France is mine,
And I am yours:
Then France is yours,

And you are mine.

Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.

Harry. No Kate, Why He tell you in French,

Which will hang you my tongue, like a bride

Onhernew married husband.

Let me see, Saint Dennis be my speede.

Quan France & mon.

Kate. Dat is, when France is yours.

Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.

Kate. And I am to you.

Harry. Douck France ettes a vous.

Kare. Den France sall be mine.

Harry. Et ie suyues a vous.

Kate. And you will be to me.

Har. Wilt beleeue me Kate? Tis easier for me

G 2

To conquer the kingdome,

Then to speake so much more French.

Kate. A your Maiesty

Has false France enough, to deceive

De best Lady in France.

Harry. No faith Katenot I.

But Kate prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,

Dost thou loue me?

Kate, I cannot tell.

Harry. No: Can of any your Neighbours tel,

He aske them.

Come Kate, I know you loue me.

And soone when you are in your Cloffet,

Youle question this Lady of me:

But I pray thee sweet Kate, vse me mercifully,

Because I loue thee cruelly.

That I shall dye Kate, is sure:

But for thy loue by the Lord neuer.

What wench.

A straight backe will grow crooked,

A round eye will grow hollow,

A great legge will waxe small,

A curld pate proone bald:

But a good heart Kate is the Sun and the Moon,

And rather the Sun and not the Moone:

And therefore Kate take me,

Take a fouldier, take a fouldier,

Takeaking:

Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou have mee?

Kate. Dat is as please de king my Father.

Harry. Nay it will please him,

Nay it shall please him Kate,

And vpon that condition Kate ile kille thee.

Ka. O mon du ie ne voudroy faire quelk chosse

Pour toute le monde,

Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fauor.

of Henry the fift.

Harry. What fayes the Lady? Lady. Dat it is not de fasson in France For de maides, befor da be married to

May foy ie oblye, what is to baffie?

Har. To kisse, to kisse.

O that tis not the fashion in France

For the maids to kisse before they are married.

Lady. Owye see votree grace.

Har. Well, weel breake that custome.

Therefore Kate patience perforce and yeelde.

Before God Kate you have witcheraft

In your kisses:

And may perswade with me more

Then all the French Councell.

Your father is returned.

Enter the Kings of France, and the Lordes.

How now my Lords? Fran. Brother of England, We have ordered the Articles,

And have agreed to all that we in fedule had,

Exe. Onely he hath not subscribed this, Where your Maiesty demands,

That the King of France having any occasion

To write for matter of grant,

Shall name your Highnesse in this forme:

And with this addition in French,

Nostre tresher file, Henry Roy d'Angleterre,

E heare de France, And thus in Latine:

Preclarissimus film voster Henricus Rex Anglia,

Et heres Francia.

Fran. Nor this have we so nicely stood vpon, But you faire brother may intreat the same.

Harry. Why then let this among the rest Haue his full course : And withall, Your daughter Katherine in marriage. Fran. This and what else

your Maiesty shall craue:

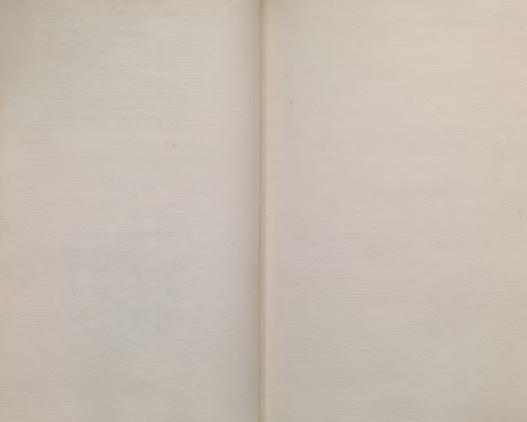
God that disposeth all, giue you much ioy.

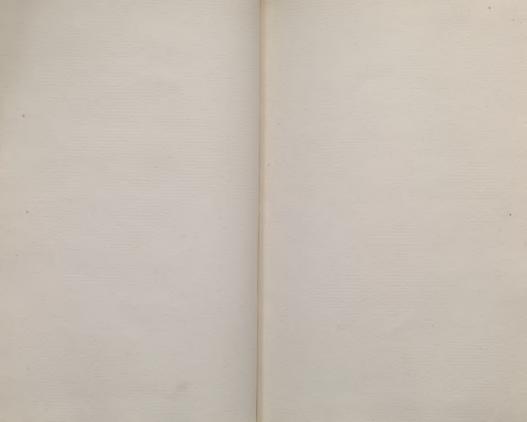
Har. Why then faire Katherine, Come give me thy hand: Our matriage will we present solemnize,

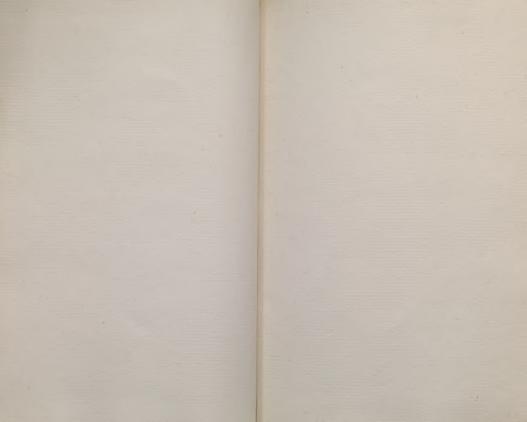
And end our hatred by a bond of loue. Then will I sweare to Kate, and Kate to me, And may our vowes once made, vnbroken be-

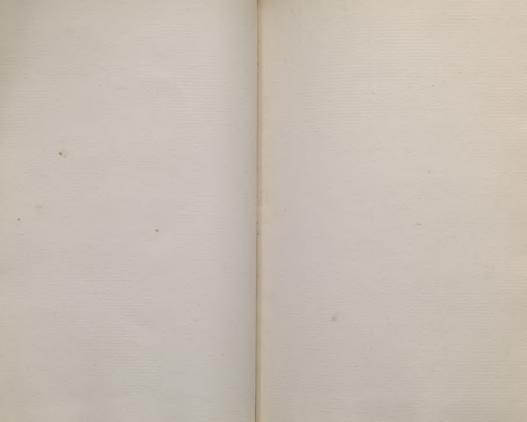






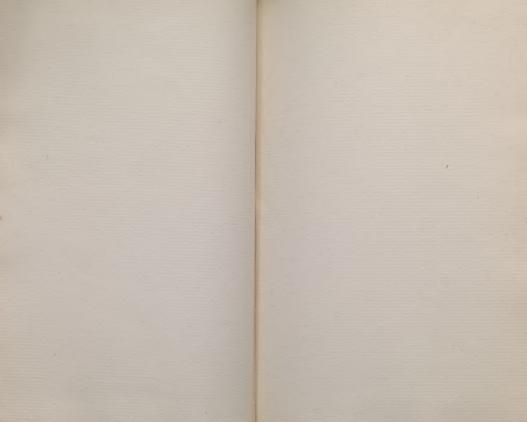


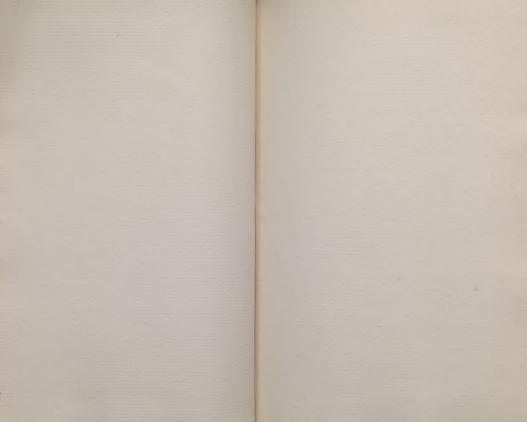


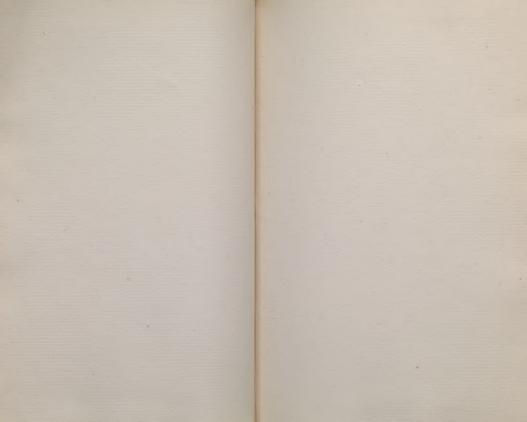


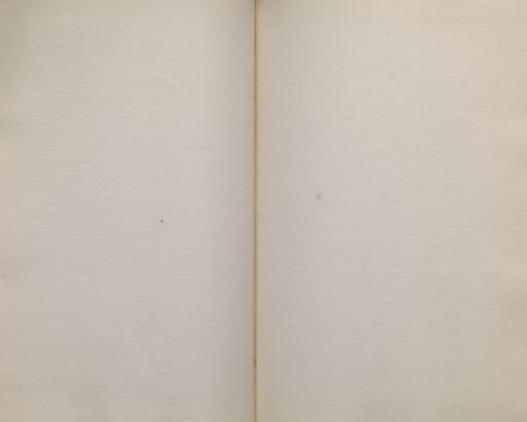


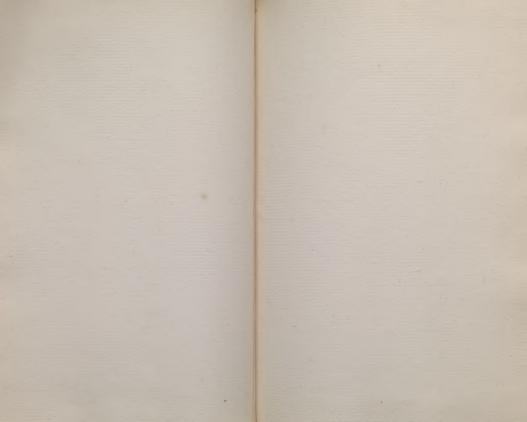


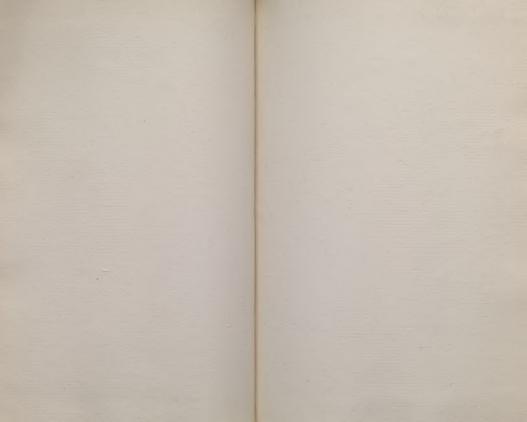




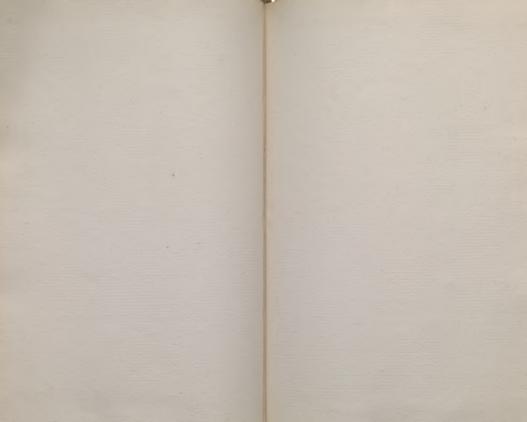


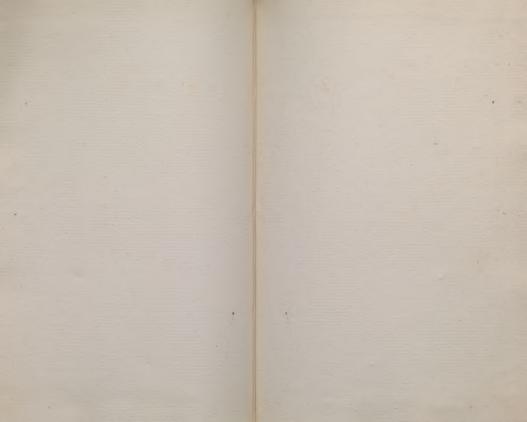


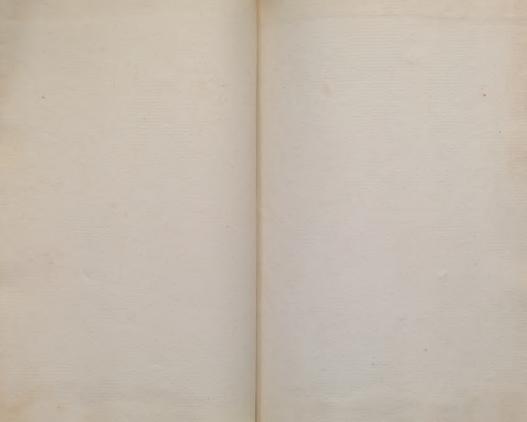


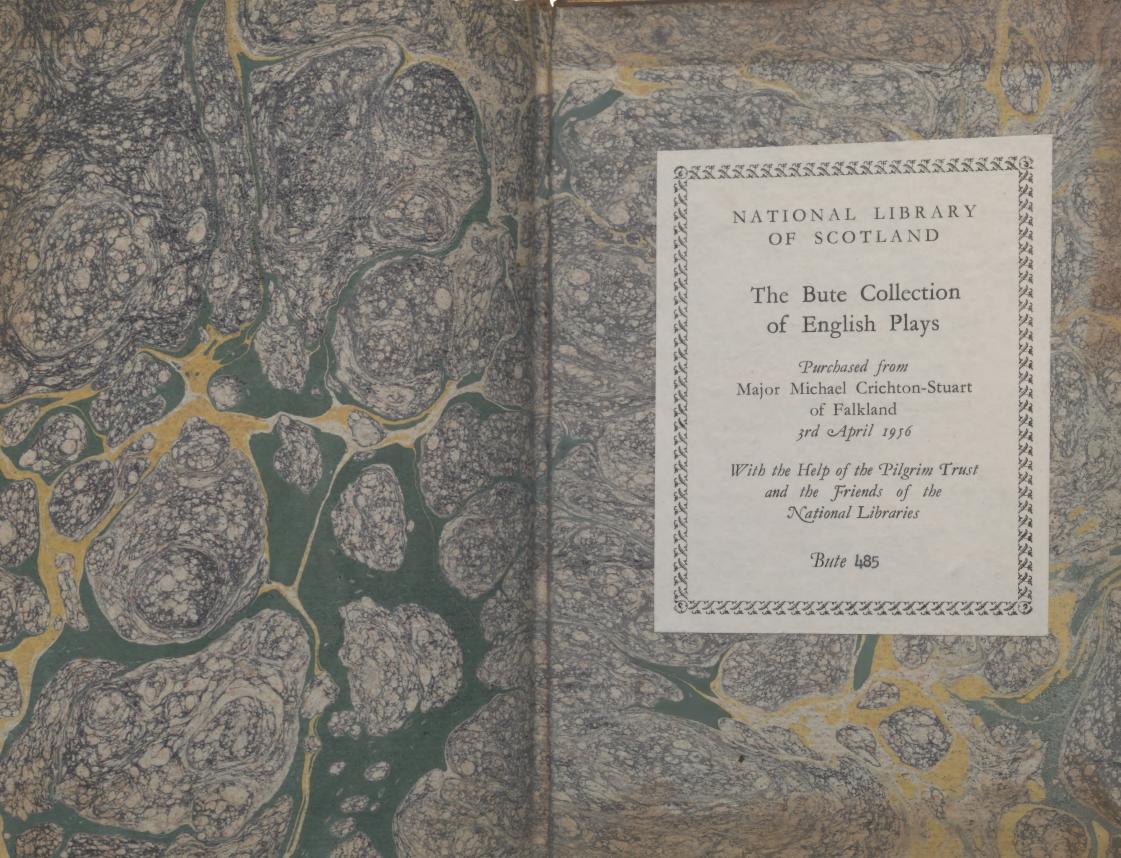


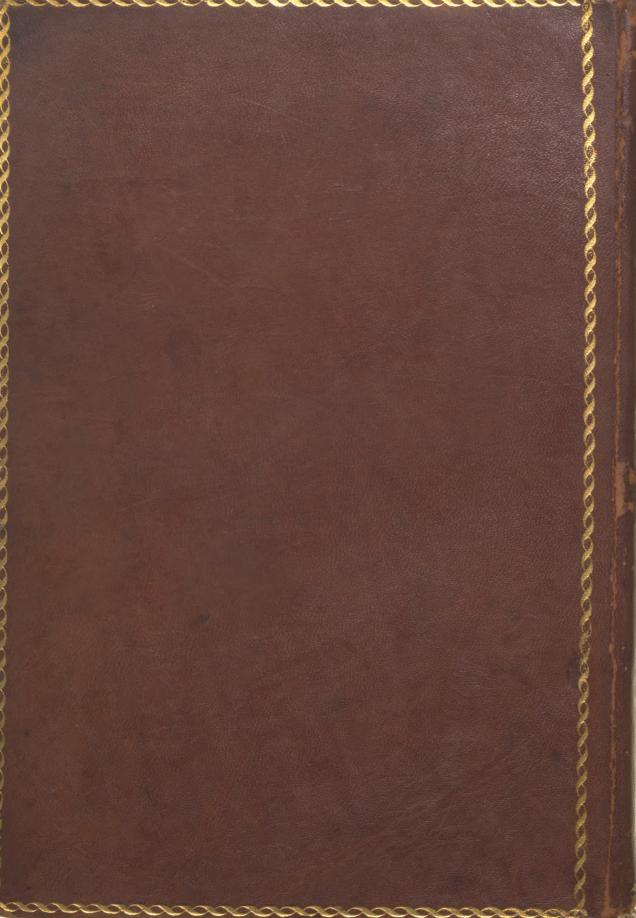












C Z