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THE GIFT OF
WILLIAM AUGUSTUS WHITE
(Class of 1883)
OF BROOKLYN, N.Y.
KING HENRY V,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

THE FIRST QUARTO,
1600,

A FACSIMILE
(FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COPY, C. 12, G. 22.)

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS,
PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM, ETC., ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY

ARTHUR SYMONS.

LONDON:
PRODUCED BY C. PRAETORIUS, 14 CLAREVILLE GROVE,
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1886.
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[Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 27.]
INTRODUCTION.

§ 1. The date of Henry V. is determined by an allusion in the chorus of Act V. (ll. 30-34):

"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!"

This is doubtless a reference to the Earl of Essex, who was sent over to Ireland in command of a large force against the rebel Earl of Tyrone in March, 1599. As Essex returned, not exactly "bringing rebellion broached on his sword," in September of the same year, the passage must have been written between the date of his departure and that of his return. A reference in the Prologue to "this wooden O," that is, the Globe Theatre, "a large circular or polygonal building," erected in 1599, further points to that year as the date of the play's production. And Meres, who mentions Henry IV. in his Wit's Treasury, 1598, makes no allusion to Henry V.

§ 2. The first edition of the play is the Quarto "printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington and John Busby," and published in 1600. The second edition, "printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier," 1602, is a mere reprint of the first. The third, "printed for T. P. 1608," is likewise printed from Quarto 1, but differs from it by a frequent rearrangement of the lines and an occasional alteration or addition of words. These changes, which are, however, of comparatively slight importance, will be marked in the margin of the facsimile of Quarto 3.

Unlike many of the Quartos, those of Henry V. have no value as regards correction of the Folio text. Three lines from them (Q. i., II. i. 79, IV. iii. 43, and IV. v. 16) have been received, as Mr Daniel notes, into many modern editions. But it is doubtful whether even these three lines have any real authority. The Quarto text is a little less than half the length of the Folio; it is without the choruses; the first scene of Acts I. and III. and the second of Act IV. are missing; the fourth and fifth scenes of Act V. are transposed; many of the finest speeches are wanting or largely curtailed; the French of the English-lesson and wooing scenes is
turned into a medley bearing no resemblance to any possible language speakable by man; all the prose is printed as if it were verse; and the verse is frequently displaced and distorted. There is thus obviously no question as to the entire superiority of the Folio over the Quarto text. The question which arises, a question of no small importance, is—Does the Quarto represent the play as Shakspere first wrote it, and did he subsequently revise and enlarge it from this state to the state in which we find it in the Folio; or is the Quarto merely a fraudulent and imperfect per-version of the original Folio text?

§ 3. The more general opinion among the editors of Shakspere leans to the latter hypothesis. Knight very strongly, and some others with more or less confidence, contend that the Quarto represents, however imperfectly, Shakspere's first sketch of the play. But until the appearance of Mr P. A. Daniel's Introduction to Dr Nicholson's Parallel Text Edition (New Shakspere Society, 1877), the question was still open; no proof had been established on either side. Mr Daniel, however, has shown, on such strong presumptive evidence as to be virtually proof, that the Quarto is not the author's first sketch, but is an imperfect edition of a shortened acting version of the already existing Folio text. As Mr Daniel's arguments seem to me conclusive, and in need of no further strengthening, I have (with his kind permission) endeavoured to give the substance of them here. They will be found at length in the Introduction above referred to.

"The opinion I have formed," says Mr Daniel, "from a careful examination, line for line, of both texts is, that the play of 1599 (the Folio) was shortened for stage representation; the abridgement done with little care, and printed in the Quarto edition with less, probably from an imperfect manuscript surreptitiously obtained, and vamped up from notes taken during the performance, as we know was frequently done. Indeed it is quite possible¹ that the whole of the Quarto edition was obtained in this manner; and the fact that it is printed from beginning to end as verse would seem to lend some support to this conjecture. The fact also that the publishers of the Quarto were Millington and Busbie, and their successor Pavier, may of itself be taken as evidence that these plays are of doubtful authenticity."

This opinion Mr Daniel proceeds to support by two instances: "these being," in his opinion, "indisputable, will also," he presumes, "be considered sufficient; for if in a single case it can be clearly

¹ I venture to think quite probable. Such errors as "godly" for "idly," "the function" for "defunction," &c., and the extraordinary hash of the French scenes, point rather to misunderstanding of spoken than of written words.—A. S.
proved, not that the Quarto is merely deficient in, but that it actually omits any portion of the Folio version, judgment may be allowed to pass on other places where the evidence is not of so convincing a character."

The two instances are Act I. sc. ii. (Quarto, ll. 47-55, Folio ll. 67-91) and Act IV. sc. ii. (Folio). The first occurs in the passage where the Bishop of Canterbury is detailing the arguments in favour of Henry's claim to France. In Mr Daniel's words: "'Hugh Capet also'—says the Quarto. Why also? There is nothing in the Quarto to account for this adverb. We turn to the Folio, and find that it is the case of King Pepin to which the Quarto refers, but which it omits. But this is not all; in the Folio, after the case of Hugh Capet, there is next cited the case of King Lewes, who justified his possession of the crown as being descended from

'The daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke of Loraine.'

The Quarto, which also has this line, makes no previous mention of the foresaid Duke of Loraine. Again here is proof of omission. But still this is not all: the Quarto further, by its injudicious omissions, actually makes Hugh Capet, who deposed and murdered Charles of Loraine, fortify his title to the throne with the plea that he was descended from the daughter of this very Charles, confounding at the same time this daughter of Charles of Loraine with the daughter of Charlemaine; and then, rejoining the current of the Folio, with it, it sums up all the three cases of kings who claimed in 'right and title of the female,' of two of which it has no previous mention. I have not overlooked the fact," adds Mr Daniel, "that in this summing up the Quarto turns King Lewes into King Charles, but this I look upon as a mere blunder, of no significance either for or against my argument; it might be noticed as an instance of corruption on the part of the Quarto, but has nothing to do with the question of omission with which I am principally concerned."

Mr Daniel's second instance of omission is that of Act IV. sc. ii. The scene represents the French camp on the morning of Agincourt, and ends, with perfect appropriateness,

"Come, come away;
The sunne is high, and we out-weare the day."

This scene is totally absent from the Quarto. But at the end of Act III. sc. vii., representing the French camp on the previous night, and including the period of time between midnight, or just before (see l. 97), and 2 a.m. (see l. 168), occurs the couplet so appropriate in the morning scene, so comically inappropriate here—
"Come, come away;  
The sun is hie, and we weare out the day."

"Here surely," remarks Mr Daniel, "is a case from which we may infer that, at its best, Quarto 1 merely represents a version of the play shortened for the stage. The two scenes in the French Camp were to be cut down to one; and the person who did the job, without perceiving the blunder he was committing, wanting a tag to finish off with, brought in the sun at midnight!"

It will be generally felt, I imagine, that these two plain and undeniable instances (due to Mr Daniel’s careful ingenuity) of omission on the part of the Quarto of lines or scenes found in the Folio, really settle, once and for all, the long-debated question of precedence. After this proof that the Folio version was in existence before the Quarto was printed, it is clearly impossible to consider the latter a “first sketch.” One ventures to wonder how such a belief could ever have obtained at all. Is it credible that by 1599, that is, after writing plays for perhaps nine or ten years, Shakspere would have done no better than this, even in a “first draft”? I at least cannot think so.

Though Mr Daniel’s argument from omission seems sufficiently to settle the matter, he also brings forward in his Introduction to the Parallel Texts another consideration of some weight: that while certain historical errors are found in the Folio, these are absent from the Quarto. “We must therefore either believe that these errors were the result of the elaboration of the ‘first sketch’ (the Quarto), or we must conclude that they were corrected in the ‘shortened play’ (the Quarto).” Which accordingly Mr Daniel concludes. (See his Introduction, pp. xii, xiii.)

§ 4. The principal sources of the play are, primarily and passim, Holinshed’s Chronicles; secondly, and more slightly, the Famous Victories. Let us take the latter first.

The old black-letter play of 1598—“The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth: containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt”—was licensed in 1594, and passed into a second edition in 1617. It was printed by Thomas Creede, the printer of the Quarto of Henry V. Like Shakspere’s play, it is without act or scene-division, and is vilely printed, in a supposedly metrical manner that one charitably hopes has deviated from the author’s intentions. The play is reprinted in Nichols’ Six Old Plays, etc., 1779, and again in Hazlitt’s Shakespeare’s Library, Pt. II. vol. i. pp. 321-377. It is a dull, shapeless, senseless piece of work in the main; absolutely without artistic or guiding quality, and consisting of generally witless comic scenes and usually spiritless serious scenes. But there is no doubt that the thing gave some hints to Shakspere—in Henry IV. as well as Henry V.
COMPARISON WITH THE FAMOUS VICTORIES (HENRY V. ACT I.). vii

Up to p. 349 (that is, till nearly half way through the play) we hear only of events previous to the commencement of Henry V. On that page the Archbishop of Canterbury, rather abruptly, dashes into the arguments in favour of Henry's claim to France. What there may be here common to the two plays—little enough—is of course in both cases simply drawn from the same historical source. But I observe that in the Famous Victories the author makes the Earl of Oxford—and not, as Holinshed says, "the Duke of Excester, uncle to the King"—cite a certain "old saying"—"He that wil Scotland win, must first with France begin," and argue that Henry should first attack France; while Shakspere, also deviating from Holinshed, puts the opposing argument, that Scotland should be first invaded, into the mouth of the Bishop of Ely. He consequently takes the other form of the old adage. Holinshed cites both, the latter as, "Who so will France win, must with Scotland first begin." One can hardly doubt that Shakspere's choice of the alternative saying was due to his having the Famous Victories of 1598 under his eye.

The first material obligation of Shakspere to the writer of the Famous Victories occurs (a little further down) in connexion with the well-known "tennis-balls" scene. The incident is recorded in Holinshed; but the following speech at least must have been in Shakspere's mind when he wrote the lines commencing—"We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us" (I. ii. 259):

"Henry V. My lord Prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me:
But tell him, that in steeed of balles of leather,
We will toss him balles of brasse and yron,
Yea such balles as never were toss'd in France,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it."—Haslitt, p. 353.

Next in the play, after an incident in the story of the Lord

1 Holinshed, Chron., iii. 546, col. i. (ed. 1586).
2 Capell, following Holinshed, assigned this speech to Westmoreland. The prefix to I. ii. 166 in the Folio is Bish. Ely.
3 "When the archbishop had ended his prepared tale, Rafe Neuill earle of Westmerland, and as then lord Warden of the marches against Scotland... thought good to moue the king to begin first with Scotland, and thereupon declared how easie a matter it should be to make a conquist there, and how greatlie the same should further his wished purpose for the subding of the Frenchmen, concluding the summe of his tale with this old saies: that Who so will France win, must with Scotland first begin."...

"But after he had made an end, the Duke of Excester, vncele to the king... replied against the erle of Westmerlands oration, affirming rather that he which would Scotland win, he with France must first begin. For if the king might once compass the conquist of France, Scotland could not long resist; so that conquer France, and Scotland would soone oblete."—Holinshed, iii. p. 546/1.
Chief Justice who sent the young Harry to prison,¹ and an irrelevant comic scene, the French King and his ministers are represented in debate on the war and embassage, in the midst of which a messenger from Harfleur enters, begging aid against the English for his “poore distressed Towne.” In Act III. sc. iv. Shakspere has a passing reference to this embassy.

“Gov. [to Hen.] 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.”—III. iii. 44-7.

Another matter only lightly referred to by Shakspere is in the 
Famous Victories more carefully emphasized. “Prince Dauphin,”
says the French King in Henry V. (III. v. 64), “You shall stay
with us at Rouen.” “Not so, I do beseech your majesty,”
answers the Dauphin. “Be patient,” returns his father, “for you
shall remain with us.” In the old play this incident (mentioned in
a few words in Holinsheds) is expanded, not ineffectively, as follows:

“Dol. I trust your Maistie will bestow,
Some part of the Battel on me,
I hope not to present any otherwise than well.
King. I tell thee my sonne,
Although I should get the victory, and thout lose thy life,
I should thinke my self quite conquered,
And the English men to haue the victorie.
Dol. Why my Lord and father,
I would haue that pettie king of England to know,
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.
King. I know well my sonne,
But at this time I will have it thus:
Therefore come away.”—Hazelit, pp. 358-9.

I would remark in passing, that Shakspere’s device of bringing
French Katherine on the stage to talk broken English, might just
possibly have been suggested by a scene in the Famous Victories
(pp. 360-2), where some French soldiers, talking among themselves,
jabber in a sort of nigger-English—“Awee, awee, awee, Me wil tell
you what,” and so forth—to convey the idea, I suppose, that
they are foreigners. There is talk among these soldiers of the
“braue apparel” they look to win from the English, and one of
them says, “We haue bene troeing on shance on the Dice, but none
can win the king.” The dicing for the English is common to both
Shakspere and the Chronicles; as is also the opinion that English-
men can fight well only when they have plenty of beef to eat and

¹ See a paper read before the Historical Society in Nov. 1885, proving the impossibility of this incident, and giving the earlier instance on which the tradition was founded. The paper establishes the high character of Prince Hal.
plenty of ale to wash it down with. The *Famous Victories* follows Hall almost literally:

"Why take an English man out of his warme bed And his stale drinke, but one moneth, And alas what will become of him?"—Haslitt, p. 362.¹

Other coincidences there are between *Henry V.* and the *Famous Victories*—as in the account of the Herald sent from the French king before the battle, to treat of ransom, and Henry's proud answer to him; and again Henry's inquiry after the battle as to the name of the village hard by; but the incidents are to be found in the *Chronicles*.

Mr Stone (Introduction, p. xi) is of opinion that the episode of Pistol and the French soldier (IV. iv.) might have been suggested by a scene in the *Famous Victories* (pp. 368-9). If so, Shakspere has certainly made a great deal out of a very little; for the scene is very short, and the humour very thin. Derrick, a comic character, is taken prisoner by a Frenchman during the battle. The Frenchman asks 400 crowns as ransom. Derrick promises him as many crowns as will lie on his sword: the Frenchman lays it down on the ground, and Derrick, snatching it up, puts him to flight.

Passing over an unintentionally comic scene between the French and English Kings,—who call one another at every sentence "My good brother of England," "My good brother of France,"—we come to the famous wooing-scene, from which Shakspere has taken more hints than perhaps from all the rest of the play put together. I will give it in the text, for it is very short. It will thus be evident that Shakspere is really beyond doubt indebted to this old lumbering play; it will equally be seen how greatly he has refined and expanded his material.

*Enter Lady Katheren and her Ladies.*

[Hen V.] But here she comes:
How now faire Ladie Katheren of France,
What newes?
*Katheren.* And it please your Maistrie,
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these
Unreasonable demands which you require.
*Hen. V.* Now trust me Kate,
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,
For none in the world could sooner haue made me debate it
If it were possible:
But tell me sweete Kate, canst thou tell how to loue?

¹ Hall’s words are: "For you must understand, y^4^ kepe an Englishman one moneth from his warme bed, fat befe and stale drynke, and let him that season tast colde and suffre hunger, you shall then se his courage abated, his bodye waxe lean and bare, and euer desirous to returne into his owne countrey." *Hall*, p. 66 (quo. in Stone’s Introduction to *Henry V*.).
Kate. I cannot hate my good Lord,  
Therefore far vnfit were it for me to loue.  

Hen. V. Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,  
Canst thou love the King of England?  
I cannot do as these Countries do,  
That spend half their time in woing:  
Tush wench, I am none such,  
But wilt thou go ouer to England?  
Kate. I would to God, that I had your Maistie,  
As fast in loue, as you have my father in warres,  
I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,  
Vntill you had related all these vnreasonable demands.  

Hen. V. Tush Kate, I know thou wouldst not use me so hardly:  
But tell me, canst thou loue the King of England?  
Kate. How should I loue him, that hath dealt so hardly  
With my father?  

Hen. V. But ile deale as easily with thee,  
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require,  
How saist thou, what will it be?  
Kate. If I were of my owne direction,  
I could glue you answere:  
But seing I stand at my fathers direction,  
I must first know his will.  

Hen. V. But shal I have thy good wil in the mean season?  
Kate. Whereas I can put your grace in no assurance,  
I would be losh to put you in any dispaire.  

Hen. V. Now before God, it is a sweete wench.  
She goes aside and speaks as followeth.

Kat. I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,  
That is beloued of the mighty King of England.  

Hen. V. Well, Kate, are you at host with me?  
Sweit Kate, tel thy father from me,  
That none in the world could haue perswaded me to  
It then thou, and so tel thy father from me.  

Kate. God keepe your Maiestie in good health.  

Hen. V. Farwel sweete Kate, in faith it is a sweete wench,  
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,  
I would so rowse the Towers ouer his cares,  
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,  
Vpon his hands and knes.  

Exit Kat.  
Exit King.  

Haustt, pp. 370-2.

But for this last speech, there is something rather good about the scene. Katherine's business-like practicality and persistence, her evident partiality for the King,—held in check, however, and decidedly dominated by filial obedience and the interests of her father,—her frank confession of this partiality to herself, and her charming and quaint modesty in showing it to the King,—

"Whereas I can put your grace in no assurance,  
I would be losh to put you in any dispaire,"—

all this is well and brightly brought out by the old playwright.
Shakspere has chosen to represent his Katherine as a less practical and more timid-minded lady: Henry in both plays has a very similar character and style, though in Shakspere's one is glad to see his manners are decidedly improved. At least he is guilty of no such vulgar insolence as in the Famous Victories escapes his lips as soon as the lady's back is turned. Besides the general similarity of the two scenes, it will be noticed that Shakspere has not disdained to borrow, in one or two instances, almost the very words—certainly the very ideas—of his predecessor. (See especially Henry V., Act V. sc. ii. ll. 178-9, 267, and 301-6; also 148-150, and thereabouts, in connection with Henry's third speech in Famous Victories, above.)

Passing over a comic scene, we come to the conclusion of the Famous Victories. In this final scene, besides the political business, the wooing is concluded in very summary fashion. Henry, after stipulating for certain agreements, says he must require one thing more—"a trifle," he gallantly adds: that is, he means to marry Katherine.

"How saist thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of England?"

Like Shakspere's Katherine, she answers,—

"How should I loue thee, which is my fathers enemy?"

Henry replies, with more truth than courtesy, that he knows she is not a little proud that he loves her. "Agree to it," says the French king; and Kate, nothing loth, coolly replies,—

"I had best while he is willing, Least when I would, he will not."

Whereupon Henry names the day—just like a country bumpkin—"the first Sunday of the next moneth, God willing;" and so sound trumpets, execut omnes, and the play ends.

§ 5. We now come to Shakspere's principal authority, Holinshed; and here I must acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr W. G. Stone, in whose elaborate Introduction to the revised edition of Henry V. (New Shakspere Society, Series II. No. 10) I have found ready to my hand a most careful comparison, scene by scene, almost line by line, of Shakspere's play with Holinshed's Chronicles. This comparison, extending over upwards of fifty pages, is summarized by Mr Stone on pp. liv—lvi in so close and admirable a manner that I cannot resist the temptation of "conveying" it to my own pages verbatim. Those who have Mr Stone's volume by them will not, I hope, be sorry to meet with his Summary here; while to any who have not that privilege, the Summary will certainly be welcome.
After giving it, and thus laying the whole position clearly before our eyes, in at once the most condensed and the most complete way, I shall note a few of what seem to me to be the most noteworthy matters in relation to Shakspere's art which arise from this glimpse of his manner of dealing with his subject.

I should mention that Mr Stone comprises in his Summary not only Shakspere's obligations to Holinshed, but his obligations to, or coincidence with, all other authorities, including, of course, the *Famous Victories*. As my comparison of this play with Shakspere has been made independently of Mr Stone's, the references may possibly not be in all cases quite the same.

"Summary of Results.—Prologue. Act I. ll. 5-8 (Henry and the dogs of war), Chronicles.

Act I. sc. i. ll. 9-19 (Confiscation bill), Chronicles;—ll. 75-81, and Act I. sc. ii. ll.132-135 (the clergy's subsidy), Chronicles.

Act I. sc. ii. ll. 33-100 (Chicheley's speech), Chronicles. In ll. 69-71 (Hugh Capet's title) the Chronicles have been copied almost verbatim;—l. 77 (Lewis X.), Chronicles; Hall, Lewis IX.;—l. 86 (simile of the summer's sun), Chronicles;—ll. 98-100 (citation from Numbers xxvii. 8), Chronicles;—ll. 108-110, and Act II. sc. iv. ll. 57-62 (Edward III. at Crécy), Chronicles;—ll. 167,168 (Westmoreland's adage), Chronicles;—ll. 180-183 (Exeter's speech. Harmony in a state), Cicero *De Republica*;—ll. 183-204 (Chicheley's bee simile), Lyly's *Euphues*;—ll. 254-266 (Tennis-balls' story), Chronicles; *Famous Victories of Henry V.*;—l. 282 (the gun-stones), Caxton's Chronicles.

Prologue. Act II. l. 6, 'the mirror of Christendome.'—Hall;—ll. 8-10 (Expectation), woodcut of Edward III. in the Chronicles;—ll. 20-30 (Cambridge's conspiracy), Chronicles.

Act II. sc. ii. l. 8; ll. 96, 97; ll. 127-137 (Henry's confidence in Scrope), Chronicles;—ll. 155-157 (Cambridge's ambitious designs), Chronicles;—ll. 166-188 (Henry's addresses to the conspirators and to his nobles), Chronicles.

Act II. sc. iv. (the first French council of war), Chronicles; *Famous Victories*;—ll. 102-109 (Exeter's speech) are based on the Chronicles;—l. 102, 'in the bowels of Jesus Christ,' Chronicles. Shakspere has altered the date of Exeter's embassy from February to August, 1415.

Prologue. Act III. ll. 28-31 (the Archbishop of Bourges's embassy), Chronicles. 'The ambassador from the French' (l. 28) is Exeter, whom Shakspere substituted for the Archbishop.

Act III. sc. ii. ll. 58-70 (siege operations at Harfleur conducted by Gloucester. The countermines), Chronicles.

Act III. sc. iii. ll. 44-58 (surrender of Harfleur. Harfleur entrusted to Exeter. Sickness in the French army. The march
to Calais resolved on). In ll. 46, 47, from ‘that his powers,’ to ‘great a siege,’ the Chronicles have been copied almost verbatim.

Act III. sc. v. (the second French council of war), Chronicles. The speeches are Shakspeare’s. For l. 1 (passage of the Somme); —ll. 40-45 (Roll of the French nobles); —ll. 54, 55 (the captive chariot for Henry V.); —and l. 64 (the Dauphin detained at Rouen) the Chronicles are his authority.

Act III. sc. vi. ll. 1-12, and ll. 94-100 (defence of the bridge over the Ternoise), Chronicles; —ll. 41, 42, and ll. 105, 106 (execution of a soldier for stealing a pynx), Chronicles; —ll. 113-118 (Henry’s disciplinary regulations), Chronicles; —ll. 149-151, 169-174 (Henry’s answer to Montjoy), Chronicles; —ll. 170, 171, ‘I die your tawnie ground with your red bloud,’ Chronicles; —l. 167 (money given to Montjoy), Chronicles. Montjoy’s defiance was delivered after the passage of the Somme, according to the Chronicles.

Act III. sc. vii. (the French nobles’ swaggering talk), suggested by the Chronicles; —ll. 93, 94, and ProL Act IV. ll. 18, 19 (the French cast dice for the English), Chronicles; —ll. 135, 136, and ProL Act IV. ll. 5-7 (distance between the two camps), according to the Chronicles, about 250 paces; —ll. 161-166 (Englishmen can’t fight if deprived of their beef), Hall; 1 Henry VI.; King Edward III.; and Famous Victories; —ll. 168, 169 (Orleans’s boast). According to the Chronicles, the French were drawn up ready for battle between 9 and 10 a.m.

Prologue. Act IV. ll. 8, 9 (the watch fires), Chronicles; —ll. 22-28 (sickly aspect of the English), Chronicles.

Act IV. sc. i. l. 312 (re-interment of Richard’s body), Chronicles; —ll. 315-319 (Henry’s alms-deeds and chantries), Fabian; Stow; possibly Caxton’s Chronicles also.

Act IV. sc. ii. ll. 60-62 (the Constable’s guidon), Chronicles. This story is told of Antony, Duke of Brabant.

Act IV. sc. iii. l. 3 (number of the French), Chronicles; —ll. 16-18 (Westmoreland’s wish), Chronicles, where the wish is attributed to ‘one of the host’; —ll. 20-67 (Henry’s answer to Westmoreland) differs entirely from the Chronicles’ version, except in ll. 20, 21; —ll. 79-81 (Henry’s ransom demanded), Chronicles. According to the Chronicles, a herald was sent; —ll. 122, 123 (the French shall have naught save Henry’s dead body), Chronicles; —ll. 129-132 (command of the vaward given to York), Chronicles.

Act IV. sc. iv. (Pistol and the French soldier), Famous Victories; perhaps the Chronicles also.

Act IV. sc. vi. ll. 36-38 (massacre of the prisoners), Chronicles.

Act IV. sc. vii. ll. 1-10 (a raid on the English baggage the cause of the massacre), Chronicles; —ll. 59-68 (remnant of the French host ordered to depart), Chronicles; —ll. 74-94 (Montjoy asks leave to
bury the dead. Henry's talk with Montjoy), *Chronicles*;—ll. 161, 162 (Henry's encounter with Alençon), *Chronicles*.

Act IV. sc. viii. ll. 81-105 (lists of the French taken captive or slain), the *Chronicles* have been followed very closely;—ll. 108-111 (the English losses), *Chronicles*. Shakspere has taken the lowest estimate;—l. 128 (thanksgiving for the victory), *Chronicles*.

Prologue. Act V. ll. 9-11 (Henry's reception on landing), perhaps from *Stow*; ll. 12, 13 (the homeward voyage). The turbulent sea, which, according to the *Chronicles*, Henry encountered, may be alluded to here;—ll. 16-28 (Henry's reception on Blackheath. His humility), *Chronicles*;—ll. 38, 39 (the emperor Sigismund's mission of peace), *Chronicles*.

Act V. sc. ii. ll. 5-7 (the meeting at Troyes brought about by Philippe le Bon), *Chronicles*;—ll. 68-71 (Henry's conditions of peace), perhaps suggested by the *Chronicles*;—ll. 98-306 (the wooing scene), *Famous Victories*. Special resemblances may be traced in ll. 149, 150 (Henry's lack of eloquence); ll. 178, 179 (Katherine says she can't love the national foe); l. 267 (she's at her father's disposal); and ll. 301-306 (her influence over Henry);—ll. 142-145 (Henry's agility), *Chronicles*;—ll. 364-370 (Henry styled *Haeres Franciae*), *Chronicles*;—ll. 399, 400 (oath of the French nobles), *Chronicles*.

**Dramatis Persona.** Act III. sc. vi. (Exeter). According to the *Chronicles*, 'certaine captains' were sent to secure the bridge.

Act IV. The *Chronicles* do not-record that Bedford, Westmoreland, Warwick, and Salisbury were present at Agincourt; they make Exeter present at the battle.

Act V. sc. ii. Exeter was, according to the *Chronicles*, present at the Meulan conference in 1419. They make Clarence and Gloucester, Warwick and Huntingdon present at Troyes in 1420. Westmoreland's presence, either at Meulan or Troyes, is not mentioned in the *Chronicles*.

It will be seen from the foregoing table, firstly, that Shakspere used Holinshed's *Chronicles* as his authority, although taking at times hints from other sources. This is proved, not merely from a general resemblance, but by frequent verbal coincidence, and by a reproduction of Holinshed's errors. For instance, Act I. sc. i. ll. 69-71, which read thus,—

"Hugh Capet also—who usurped the crown
Of Charles the duke of Loraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,"—

are almost literally copied from the account in the *Chronicles*:

"Hugh Capet also, who vsurped the crowne vpon Charles duke of Loraine, the sole heir male of the line and stocke of Charles"
the great” (ch. 546). A few lines further down, in l. 77, Shaksper has Lewis the Tenth for Lewis the Ninth. This error is derived from Holinshed, who inaccurately gives the former.

Secondly, we see the minute and careful nature of Shaksper’s study of the Chronicles, and the dramatic genius with which he turned to his purpose, and vivified, the slightest hints. The striking metaphor contained in the following lines (Prol. of Act II. il. 8-10) :

“For now sits Expectation in the air;
And hides a sword, from hilt unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,”—

a metaphor which any one would feel safe in assigning to Shaksper’s imagination alone—is apparently a reminiscence of the woodcut of Edward III. in the first edition of the Chronicles. “The king there appears,” says Mr Stone, “bearing a sword, encircled near the point by two crowns.” A subtler instance of Shaksper’s intuitive and vivifying power is found in Henry’s passionate and fearful appeal on the eve of Agincourt to the heaven whose justice had been outraged in Richard’s death, and his foreboding sight of the Nemesis which should avenge his father’s fault:

“Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!”—(IV. i. 399-311).

Compare with this the Chronicles’ comment on Henry’s speech to the treasonous lords: “This doone, the king thought that suerlie all treason and conspiracie had beene vterrorly extinct: not suspecting the fire which was newlie kindled, and ceassed not to increase, till at length it burst out into such a flame, that catching the beames of his house and familie, his line and stocke was clean consumed to ashes” (ch. 548).

The appropriate ending which poor Bardoph 1 has in the play was suggested to Shaksper by a simple sentence in the Chronicles (ch. 552) : “A souldier tooke a pix out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the king not once remoued till the box was restored, and the offender strangled.” A similar instance of art in

1 While this is passing through the press, a very curious fact has come to light relating to the name of Bardolph, and Shaksper’s probable reason for choosing it. In a letter which Dr Furnivall has just received from Mr Wentworth Huyshe, of Lagham Park, Surrey, Mr Huyshe states that in the church of Lingfield, near Godstone, is the tomb, with effigies in alabaster, of Sir Reginald Cobham and his wife Anne Bardolf. “May not Shakspeare,” he suggests, “while first writing Henry IV., have been aware of the alliance of the houses of Cobham and Bardolf; and, in assigning names to the followers of Oldcastle (Falstaff), have adopted that of Bardolph for one of them from the fact of his knowledge of that alliance?”
realizing a hint and working it into the dramatic action is found in Henry's words to the herald (III. vi. 167), "There's for thy labour, Montjoy." Montjoy, say the Chronicles, was dismissed with "a princelie reward." Better still is the last example which I shall give. At the beginning of the first scene of Act IV. Henry greets Sir Thomas Erpingham in the three charming lines:

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

The old knight so livingly brought before us in the few lines of this brief scene is another of Shakspeare's loans from Holinshed. When the English army advanced to the attack on the morning of Agincourt, there went before them, say the Chronicles (ch. 554), "An old knight sir Thomas Erpingham (a man of great experience in the warre) with a warden in his hand; and when he cast up his warden, all the armie shouted," &c.

Thirdly, we see that Shakspeare, while following usually the strict outlines of history, and vivifying these by his own dramatic genius, was ready, on occasion, to depart from history for the sake of artistic effect. The siege of Harfleur, for instance, was conducted chiefly by mining operations. Shakspeare, however, represents Henry (Act III. sc. i.) as leading on his soldiers to the assault; for by so doing he finds place for a piece of warlike rhetoric which could only be uttered on such an occasion—the vivid and rousing speech commencing—

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more."

A still more remarkable instance of Shakspeare's readiness to sacrifice strict historic accuracy to right dramatic effect is found in the great speech in Act IV. sc. iii. ll. 18-67. The point of this speech is, that the King is content to have no greater army than he has, because, if he wins with so small a number, "the fewer men, the greater share of honour." Now Mr Stone has pointed out that in the speech ascribed to Henry in Holinshed (from which, indeed, Shakspeare has taken a single line and a half), it is Henry's religious faith—"let no man ascribe victorie to our owne strength and might, but onelie to God's assistance"—that is specially given as the reason of his contentment. It seems at first sight curious that Shakspeare, who in so many parts of the play has so strongly indicated Henry's piety, should here deliberately set aside this motive, to replace it by a solely patriotic and chivalrous enthusiasm. But the reason suggested by Mr Stone is probably the right one. Shakspeare's Henry has in him both the religious and the chivalrous
element. Each becomes prominent on a suitable occasion. On the night before the battle, when anxious and reflective, Henry's piety inspires in him the deeply religious words which Shakspere puts in his mouth. Here, where the martial spirit bears sway, and where he wishes to infuse the same ardour into the hearts of his hearers, Henry speaks as a soldier, and a soldier only. "The Holinshed speech," as Mr Stone says, "resembles some sermons; the sentiments are pious, but they do not rouse a spirit of religious enthusiasm. Finding the speech wanted energy enough to produce this state of feeling, Shakspere laid it aside entirely, and constructed one which appealed to other influences—the love of hard fighting, the point of honour, and the spirit of chivalrous self-devotion."

Other striking examples of Shakspere's invention—though not in these cases in actual contrast with the historical facts—are the long speech in Act II. sc. ii. ll. 79-144 (for which there is only precedent in the Chronicles to the amount of about 16 lines), and the speeches in Act II. sc. iv., which (ll. 102-109 excepted) are entirely imaginary.

§ 6. This facsimile is made from the copy of the original in the British Museum (c. 12, g. 22). The acts, scenes, and lines are numbered in the outer margin according to the Globe edition; the Quarto scenes and lines are marked on the inner margin. Lines which differ in Quarto and Folio are indicated by a dagger [†]; lines found only in Quarto by a star [*]; lines omitted in Quarto by a caret [<>]. The prose scenes, properly so printed in Folio, are in the Quarto invariably broken up into verse. I have not, in marking the text, considered this as a difference; for to do so would be to mark every line.

I take this opportunity of giving the true facts in relation to the blemish on p. 23 of the Facsimile of Titus Andronicus, recently issued, about which there has been an unfortunate confusion. As soon as the blemish was discovered, a Notice was sent to the binders, giving the proper form of the lines in question. But it was then supposed, and consequently stated in the notice, on the authority of the photographer, that the fault lay with the original. Reference to that original, however, shows us that this is not the case. The original has been torn, and then mended by a slip of thin paper pasted over, leaving the letters, however, quite decipherable, though the camera failed to reproduce them. Most unfortunately, and much to my regret, this fact was overlooked in making the facsimile.

Arthur Symons.

Dec. 19, 1885.
THE CRONICLE

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

As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants.

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600.
The Chronicle Historie
of Henry the fift: with his battel fought
at Agincourt in France. Together with
Auncient Pistoll.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Bishops, Clarence, and other
Attendants.

Exeter.

Shall I call in Thamballadors, my Liege?
   King. Not yet my Cousin, till we be resolude.
   Of some serious matters touching vs and France.
   Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.
   King. Shure we thank you, and good my Lord proceed
Why the Lawe Salick which they have in France,
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme:
   And God forbid my wise and learned Lord,
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 reverence shall incite vs too,
Therefore take heed how you impassie our person.
   How you awake the sleeping sword of warse:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
   After this confiruation, speake my Lord:
   And we will judge, note, and beleue in heart,
   That what you speake, is washit as pure
   As sin in Baptisme.
The Chronicle Historie

*Then hear me gracious soueraigne, and you peeres,*
*Which owe your liues, your faith and services*  
*To this imperiaall thronne.*

*There is no bar to stay your highnesse claisme to France*  
*But one which they produce from Faramoun*  
*No female shall succeed in falcike land,*  
*Which falcike land the French vniustly gloze*  
*To be the realme of France:*

*And Faramons the founder of this lawe and female barres*  
*Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme*  
*That the land falcike lyes in Germany,*  
*Betweene the flouds of Sabeck and of Ebne,*  
*Where Charles the sith havinge subdude the Saxons,*  
*There left behind, and setled certaine French,*  
*Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women,*  
*For some dishonest maners of their liues,*  
*Established this lawe. To wit,*  
*No female shall succeed in falcike land:*  
*Which falcike land as I said before,*  
*Is at this time in Germany called Mefene:*  
*Thus doth it well appeare the falcike lawe*  
*Was not denised for the realme of France,*  
*Nor did the French possesse the falcike land,*  
*Untill 400. one and twentie yeares.*  
*After the function of king Faramons:*

*Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:*

*Hugh Capett also that viurpt the crowne,*  
*To lye his title with some shewe of truth,*  
*When in pure truth it was corrupte and naught;*

*Coyned himselfe as heire to the Lady Inge,*  
*Daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke of Lorain,*  
*So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,*  
*King Pippins title and Hugh Capets claisme,*  
*King Charles his satisfaction all appeare,*  
*To hold in right and title of the female;*  
*So do the Lords of France untill this day,*  
*Howbeit they would hold vp this falcike lawe*  

*To*
of Henry the fift.
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to imbaze their crooked causes,
Virups from you and your progenitors. (claiming)
K. May we with right & conscience make this
Bi. The sin upon my head dreads soueraigne.
For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the fonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.
Noble Lord stand for your owne,
Vanwinde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great gransters grave,
From whom you clayme:
And your great Uncle Edward the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground played a Tragedy
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English that could entreate
With halfe their Forces the full power of France:
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,
All out of warke, and cold for action.

King. We must not onely arme vs against the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode upon vs with all advantage.

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

King. We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But fear the inayne entendement of the Scot,
For you shall read, never my great grandfather
Vnmast his power for France,
But that the Scot on his vnfulfame Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach
That England being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.

Bi. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:
A 3  For
The Chronicle Historie

For heare her but examplified by her selfe,
When all her chivalry had bene in France.
And she mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray, the king of Scots,
Whom like a caytiff she did leade to France,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise.
As is the owse and bottome of the sea
With sinken wrack and shipelesse treasure.

Eord. There is a saying very old and true,

If you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the Eagle, England being in pray.
To his vnsumith nest the weasel Scot.
Would suck her eggs, playing the mouse in absence of the
To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat.

Exe. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a curst necessitie,
Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theenes:
Whilsst that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The aduised head controles at home.
For government though high or lowe, being put into parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like mulicke.

Exe. True; therefore doth heauen divide the fate of man
in divers functiones:
Where to is added as an ayme or bur, obedience:
For so liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopled Kingdome:
They have a King and officers of fort,
Where sone like Magistrates correct at home:
Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:
Others like fouldiers armed in their flings,
Make boote upon the sommers velvet bud:
Which pillage they with mery march bring home
To the tent royall of their Emperour,
Who busied in his maiestie, behold
The sninging masons building roofes of gold:

The
of Henry the fifth.

The covell citizens lading vp the honey,
The lad eyde Justice with his furly humme,
Delivering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
This limber that 20 actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many Arrows losed severall wayes, flye to one marke:
As many severall wayes meeet in one towne:
As many fresh streams run in one selfe sea:
As many lines close in the dyall centers.
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
Therefore my Liege to France,
Divide your happy England into foure,
Of which take you one quarter into France,
And you withall shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thirce 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.

Ki. Call in the messenger sent fro the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble finesves of our land.
France being ours, weele bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in pceces:
Either our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak
Freely of our acts,
Or else like toongleesse mates
Not worship with a paper Epitaph:

Enter The ambassadors from France.

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.
Ambassa. Pleaseth your Maiestie to gine vs leave
Freely to render what we have in charge:
Or shall I sparingly shew a farte off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?
Kinc. We are no tyrants, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is subiect,
As are our wretches lettered in our prions.
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Thereupon freely and with uncurbed boldness
Tell us the Dolphin's mind.

Ambas. Then this is one the Dolphin saith,
Whereas you call me certain towns in France,
From your predecessor King Edward the third,
This he returns.

He saith, there's nought in France that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: you cannot revel into Dukedomes there:
Therefore he sendeth meeter for your study,
This tunnle of treasure: and in lieu of this,
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you crave
Hear no more from you: This the Dolphin saith.

King. What treasure Vncler?
Exx. Tennis balleys my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so plesant with us,
Your message and his present we accept:
When we have matched our racketes to these balleys,
We will by God's grace play such a set,
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the Courts of France shall be disturb'd with challes.
And we understand him well, how he comes o're us
With our wilder dayes, not measuring what we made
Of them.

We never valued this poore state of England,
And therefore gave ourselves to barbarous licence:
As its common scene 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 rowe vs in throne of France?
For this hauing we laid by our Maietie
And plodded like a man for working dayes.
But we will ride there with so full of glory,
That we will dazzel all the eyes of France,
I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on us,
And tell him this, his market hath turn'd his balleys to gun
And
Sc.i

of Henry the st.  
And his soule shall sit forre charged for the waltfull (vengeance  
That shall flye from them. For this his mocke  
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.  
Mocke mothers: from their sonses, mocke Castles downe;  
I some are yet vngotten and vnborne,  
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.  
But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we doe (appeale,  
And in whose name tel you the Dolphin we are coming on  
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand  
In a rightfull cause: to get you hence, and tell your Prince,  
His left will suuour but of shalow wit,  
When thousands wepe, soe then did laugh at it.  
Conuey them with safe conduct: see them hence.  
Exe. This was a merry messege.  
King. We hope to make the tender blush at it:  
Therefore let our collectio for the war be soone provided:  
For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers (door,  
Therefore let every man now taske his thought,  
That this faire action may on soone be brought.  

Exeunt omnes.  

Sc.ii

Enter Nim and Bardolfe.  

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall Nim.  
Nim. Godmorrow Liettenant Bardolfe.  
Bar. What is ancient Pittoll and thee friends yet ?  
Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may:  
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold our mane Iron:  
It is a simple one, but what tho' it will serue to toste cheeze.  
And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,  
And theres the humor of it.  
Bar. Ysahin mistrelc quickly did thee great wrong,  
For thou wast too bold to hit.  

B  

Nim. I
The Chronicle Historie

Nim. I must do as I may, the patience be a tyred mare,
Yet neel plod, and some say knives have edges,
And men may sleepe and have their throtes about them
At that time, and there is the humour of it.

Bar. Come y'faith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make Pigull
And the friends. What a plague should we carrie knifes
To cut our owne throates.

Nim. Y'faith Ile live as long as I may, that's the certaine of it.
And when I cannot binke any longer, Ile do as I may.
And thenes my rest, and the randeous of it.

Enter Pigoll and Hostes. Quickly, his wife.

Bar. Godmorrow ancient Pigoll.
Here comes ancient Pigoll, I prithee Nim be quiet.

Nim. How do you my Hoste?
Pig. Base blawe, calle me hoste.
Now by gods lugges I sweare, I come the title,
Nor shall my Nick keepe lodging.

Host. No by my troath not I,
For we cannot bed nor board half a score honest gentlemen
That live honestly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.

O Lord heere Corporall Nim, now shall
We have wilful adultery and murther committed:
Good Corporall Nim shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sward.

Nim. Puh.
Pig. What dost thou push, thou prickeard cut of Iceland

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you froath.
Pig. Solus egregius dog, that solus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy meffull mouth, I do retort that solus in thy
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdies for I can talke,
And Pigoll's flashing fry cock is vp.

Nim. I am not Barbason, you cannot coniure me:
I have an humour Pigoll to knock you indifferently well,
And you shall foule with me Pigoll, Ile scare you with my

Rapier
of Henry the fift.

Rapier in faire terms, If you will walk off a little.
He prick your guts a little in good terms,
And there's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard, vile, and damned furious wight,
The grave doth gape, and groaning
Death is near, therefore exult.

They draw.

Bar. Hearer, he that strikes the first blow,
He kill him, as I am a fouldier.
Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

Now. I cut your throat at one time or another in faire
And there's the humour of it.

Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie again:
A damned hound, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering, tub of infinity,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Ceres kind.
Doll Tear-theete, she by name, and her espouse
I hate, and I will hold, the quandam quickly,
For the only she and Pacc, there it is enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes you must come straight to my matter,
And you Host Pissell, Good Bardolph.
Put thy nose between the sheete, and do the office of a

(warming pan.

Host. By my mouth heele yeild the crow a pudding one

(of these days.)

He go to him, husband yeale come?

Bar. Come Pissell be friends.

Now prithee be friends, and if thou wille not be
Enemies with me too.

Ni. I shall have my eight shillings I woon of you at bearing?
Pist. Base is the blame that payes.

Nim. That now I will have, and there's the humour of it.
Pist. As manhood shall compound. They draw.

Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
He kill him by this sword.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oathes must have their course;
The Chronicle Historie

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

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and reade pay,
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combind and brotherhood,
Ile live by Nim as Nim shall live by me:
Is not this just? for I shall Suffer be
Unto the Campe, and profit will occurse.

Nim. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most truly paid.

Nim. Why thees the humour of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As ever you came of men come in,
Sir John poore soule is so troubled
With a burning saith comtigian seuer, is wonderfull.

Pist. Let vs condole the knight: for lamkins we will live.

Enter Exeter and Glapher.

Glaph. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust
these traytors.

Exe. They shalbe apprehended by and by.

Glaph. I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath closets and graced with princely favours
That he shold for a foraine purse, to sell
His Soveraignes life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the Lord of Masbham.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now is the winde faire, and we wil aaboard;
My Lord of Cambridge, and my Lord of Masbham,
And you my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts,
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
Will make vs conquerors in the field of France?

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

Cam. Neuer
of Henry the first.

Cam. Never was Monarch better feared and loved then is your maieftie.

Gray. Even those that were your fathers enemies
Have steeped their galles in honey for your sake.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfullnesse,
And shall forget the office of our hands:
Sooner then reward and merit,
According to their cause and worthinesse.

Maffo. So service shall with steeled greves mine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant service,

King. Uncle of Exeter, enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,
We consider it was the heat of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Maffo. That is mercy, but too much securitie:
Let him bee punisht Soueraigne, least the example of

Breed more of such a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highnesse, and punish too.

Gray. You shew great mercie if you give him life,
After the taste of his correction.

King. Alas your too much care and love of me
Are heavy onsons against the poore wretch,
If little faults proceeding on distemper should not bee
(winked at,

How should we stretch our eye, when capittall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed and digested appeare before vs:
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
In their deare loves, and tender preservation of our state,
Would have him punisht,
Now to our French caufes,
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. Me one my Lord, your highnesse bad me ask for
it to day.
The Chronicle Historie

Małe. So did you me my Soveraigne.
Gray. And me my Lord.
King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge there is yours;
There is yours my Lord of Malmes.
And sir Thomas Gray knight of Northumberland, this same is
Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours)
Vinkle Exeter I will aboard to night.
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you coloures?
What fee you in these papers
That hath so chaed your blood out of apperances?
Cam. I do confesse my faults, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercie.
Małe. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy which was quitt in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is foresaid and done;
You must not dare for shame to ask for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your boomes;
As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my noble Peeses.
These English monsters:
My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt we were to grace him,
In all things belonging to his honours;
And this vile man hath for a fewe light crownes,
Lightly conspir'd and sworne vnto the practises of France.
To kill vs here in Hampton. To the which,
This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs
Then Cambridge is, haah likewise sworne.
But oh what shall I say to thee false man,
Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,
Thou that didn't heare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,
That almost mightest a coined me into gold,
Wouldst thou a practisde on me for thy vles;
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparske that might annoy my finger.

Tis
of Henry the 7th.

'Tis so strange that tho the truth doth shewe as grose
As black from white mine eye will scarcely see it.
Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the laws,
And God acquit them of their practices.

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason.
By the name of Richard, Earle of Cambridge:
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of Henry, Lord of Maldon,
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.
    Mase. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your ma'jtie forgive.
Altho' my body pay the price of it,

King. God quit you in his mercy. Hear ye your sentence.
You have conspired against our royal person,
Joyned with an enemy proclaime'd and fix'd.
And in his coffers receiv'd the golden earnest of our death.
Touching our person we seek no redresse.
But we our kingdoms safest must be tender.
Whose ruine you have sought,
That to our laws we do deliver you.

Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your
The taste whereof, God in his mercy give you.
Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
Bear them hence.

Exit three Lords.

Now Lords to France. The enterprize whereof,
Shall be to you as vs. successively,
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way.
Cheerly to sea, the signs of war advance;
No King of England, if not King of France.

Exit omnes.

Enter
The Chronicle Historie

Enter Nim, Piffell, Bardolf, Hostes and a Boy.

Host. I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farr as

Piff. No fur, no fur.

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

Host. I, he is in Arthur's boleom, if ever any were:
He went away as if it were a crysome child:
Between twelve and one,
Just at turning of the tide:
His nose was as sharpe as a pen:
For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,
And talk of flowers, and smile on his fingers ends
I knew there was no way but o'er.
How now sir John quoth I?
And he cried three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, had him not think of God,
I hope there was no such need.
Then he bad me put more clothes at his feetes:
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 upwrad, and upwrad, and all was as cold as any storm.

Nim. They say he crise out on Sack.

Host. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Host. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did: and he fed they were drunkes in caprue.

Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he never loved.

Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Host. Indeed he did in some fort handle women,
But then he was raminick, and talk of the whore of

(Babylon.)

Boy. Hostes do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Upon Bardolf's nose, and fed it was a black soule.
 Burning in hell fire.
of Henry the first.

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

Now. Shall we shog off?
The king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Clear up thy cistalles,
Look to my chattels and my moveables.
True for none the word is pitch and pay;
Means words are wafer cakes,
And holdfast is the only dog my desire.
Therefore cophettas be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostes.

Now, I cannot kiss and there's the humour of it.

But adieu.

Pist. Keep fast thy buggle boe.

Exit amnes.

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

King. Now you Lords of Orleans,
Of Bourbon, and of Berry,
You see the King of England is not slack,
For he is footed on this land alreadie.

Dolphin. My gracious Lord, tis meet we all goe
And arme vs against the foe: (southe)
And view the weak and sickly parts of France.
But let vs do it with no show of feare,
No with no more. then if we heard
England were busied with a Moneys dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kinged,
Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guied by a shallow humorous yOUTH,
That feare attends her not.

Cen. O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceive your selfe.

C Question
The Chronicle Historie

Questyll your grace the late Embassador,
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
How well supplied with aged Counsellors,
And how his resolution answered him,
You then would say that Harry was not wylde.

*King.* Well thinke we Harry strong:
And strongly arme vs to prevent the foes.

*Con.* My Lord here is an Embassador
From the King of England.

*Kin.* Bid him come in.

You see this chase is hotly followed Lords:

*Dol.* My gracious father, see vp this English chase,
Selfe cloue my Liege is not so vile a thing,
As selfe neglecting.

*Enter Exeter.*

*King.* From our brother England?

*Exe.* From him, and thus he greets your Maiesties

He vls you in the name of God Almightye,
That you deuesst your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heaven,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide streched titles that beongs
Vnto the Crowne of France, that you may know
Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claimte,
Picks from the worm: holes of old vanitie dayes,
Not from the dust of old oblivion rackte,
He sends you these most memorable lynes,
In every branch truly demonstrated:
Willing you overlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euently derived
From his most famed and famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the nature and true challenger.

*King.*
of Henry the fifth.

King. If not, what follows?

Ext. Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he take for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a loud,
That if requiring fail, he will compel it:
And on your heads turns he the widows teares,
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maydens groans,
For husbands, fathers, and distressed lovers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controversie,
This is his claim, his threating, and my message.
Vnles your Dolphin be in presence here,
To whom exprestly we bring greeting too.

Dol. For the Dolphin? I stand here for him,
What to heare from England.

Ext. Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie tender, doth he prize you at:
Thus with your king, vnles your fathers highnest,
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,
Hee call you to so loud an answer for it,
That causeth and woundeth vantages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock,
In secondd accent of his ordnance.

Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is against my will:
For I desire nothing so much,
As oddes with England:
And for that cause according to his youth
I did present him with those Paris balles.

Ext. Heele make your Paris Louder shako for it.
Were it the mistresse Court of mightie Europe
And be assured, you see finde a difference
As we his cabinet have in wonder found:

C 2

Betwene
The Chronicles Historie

Betweene his younger days and these he musters now,
Now he wayes time even to the latest graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne lottes
If he stay in France.

King. Well for vs, you shall returne our answere backe
to our brother England.

Exit анmes.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistoell, Boy.

Nim. Before God here is hose seruice.

Pistoell. Tis not indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vassals drop and die.

Nim. Tis honor and shares the honor of it.

Boy. Would I were in London:
I de v give my honor for a pot of Ale.

Pistoell. And I, if wishes would prevaile,
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen and beares them in.

Flew. Godes 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 familier
With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.

Bardolph. stole a Lute case, carryd it three mile,
And sold it for three hapence.

Nim. stole a sier shouell.
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I muste to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolph, Pistoell, and the Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain Flewellen, you must come hither
to the Mines, to the Duke of Gloucester.
Enter the King and his Lords alarm'd.

King. How yet resolves the Governor of the Towne? This is the latest parley weele admit:
Therefore to our best mercie give your selves,
Or like to men proud of desrtuction, deafe vs to our waefe,
For as I am a soldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe
I will not leave the halfe achuse that Hartlepool,
Till in her ashes she be buried,
The gates of mercie are all shut vp,
What say you, will you yeeld and this annoy,
Or gaule in defence be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governor.

Governor. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,
Returns vs word, his powres are not yet ready,
To raise to great a siege: therefore dead King;
We yeeld our towne and lines to thy soft mercie:
Enter our gates, disposte of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensifte now.

Enter Katherine, Alice,

Kate. Alice venechia, vous ases cazes en,
Vou parte font bon Angloys englistars,
Comm ne palle vou la main en francoy.
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Alice. La main madam de han.
Kate. E da bras.
Alice. De arma madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma.
Alice. Owye madam.
Kate. E Coman fa pella vow la menton a la coll.
Alice. De neck, e de cin, madam.
Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.
Alice. De cuide ma soy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le ude, o de elbo madam.
Kate. Ecowte Ie recerfera, tоваt cella que Iac aposandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, de bilbo.
Alice. De elbo madam.
Kate. O lefu, lea obloye ma soy, ecoute Ie recomforta
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
Alice. Ma soy madam, vow para au fe bon Angloys
Asie vous aues estue en Englatare.
Kate. Par la grace de deu au petit tames, Ie parle milieu
Coman se pella vou le peid e le robe.
Alice. Le foot, e le con.
Kate. Le fot, e le con, o lefu! Ie ne vew point parle,
Sis plus devant le che chevaliers de franca,
Pur one million ma soy.
Alice. Madam, de foote, e le con.
Kate. O et ill ausie, ecoute Alice, de han, de arms,
De neck, de chin, le foote, e de con.
Alice. Cest fort bon madam.
Kate. Aloues a dinex.

Exit armes.

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

King. Tis certain he is past the River Some.
Con. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few (pranes of va,
of Henry the fift.

The emptyng of our fathers luxerie,
Outgrow their grafters.

But. Normanes, baisterd Normanes, mor du
And if they passe vnough withall,
Ile sell my Dukedom for a foggy farme
In that shott nooke ile of England.

Repl. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde.
On whom as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley breath, a drench for swolne Iades
Their sodden water decockt such lively blood?
And shall our quick blood spirited with wine
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen licesicks,
Vpon our houles tope, while they a more frosty clymate
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

King. Constable dispatch, send Muntoy forth,
To know what willing raunsome he will give?
Sonne Dolphin you shall stay in Rome with me.

Dol. Not so I do beseech your Mainchlie.

King. Well, I lay it shalbe so.

Enter Gower.

Go. How now Captain Flewelen, come you fro the bridge.

Flew. By Iesus thers excellët servise comitted at y bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safet?

Flew. The duke of Exeter is a man whom I love, & I honor,
And I worship, with my soule, and my heart, and my life.
And my lands, and my livings,
And my vertuous powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praised and pleased for it, no harme in the wordell.
He is maintaine the bridge very gallantly, there is an Ensigne.

There,
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There I do not know how you call him, but by Iesu I think
He is a valiant man as Marke Anthony, he doth maintain
the bridge most gallantly: yet he is a man of no reckoning:
But I did see him do gallant service.

Gower. How do you call him?

Flour. His name is ancient Pistoll.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flour. Doy ou not know him, here comes the man.

Pist. Captaine, I thee befeech to do me favour,
The Duke of Exeter doth lone thee well.

Flour. I, and I praise God I have merited some love at
(his hands.

Pist. Bardolfo a soouldier, one of bausome valour,

Hath by furions fate
And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That Godes blinde that stands upon the towling refleste
(stone.

Flour. By your patience ancient Pistoll,

Fortune, looke you is painted,
Plind with a mufler before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the moral that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone
Which roules, and roules, and roules:
Surely the Poet is make an excellent description of Fortune;
Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolfoes foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:
A damned death, let gallowe grape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.  

But
of Henry the fiift.

But Euer hath given the doome of death,
For packs of pettle price:
Therefore go speake the Duke will heare thy voyce,
And let not Bardofes vitall thread be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee require.

Flour. Captain Pistol, I partly understand your meaning.
Pistol. Why then reioyce therefore.
Flour. Certainlly Anciente Pistol, is not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would with the Duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,
Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.
Pistol. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.
Flour. That is good.
Pistol. The figge of Spain within thy law.
Flour. That is very well.
Pistol. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy derry now.
Exit Pistol.

Flour. Captain Gower, canst thou hear it lighten & thunder?
Gower. Why is this the Anciente you told me off
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurse.
Flour. By Iesus heis wiseste as prawe words upon the bridge
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day, but its all one,
What he hath fee me, looke you, is all one.
Gower. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars
Quely to grace himselfe at his returne to London:
And such fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commannders names.
They will learne by rote where seruices were done.
At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,
At such a corner: who came off bravely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what terme the enemie stood on.
And this they can perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & what a berd
Of the Generalls cut, and a borid shoute of the campe

D Will
The Chronicle Historie

Will do among the coming bottlest and alwastn witt
Is wonderfull to be thought on; but youmust learne
To know such flauters of this age,
Or else you may marvellously be mistooke.

Flem. Certainly captain 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 desires: here comes his Maiestie.

Enter King, Clarence, Glostet and others.

King. How now Flemollen, come you from the bridge?
Flem. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruise at the bridge.

King. What men have you lost Flemollen?
Flem. And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one Bardolf, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of wheles and knubs,
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plewe:
But god be praied, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.

King. We would hauee all offenders so cut off,
And we here give expresse commandement;
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,
Or abraided with disdainfull language;
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
The gentlesse gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter French Herould.

Heroud. You know me by my habit.
Ki. Well the, we know the, what shuld we know of thee?
Heroud. My maisters minde.

King. Unfold it.

Heroud. Go thee unto Harry of England, and tell him,
Advantage is a better laudier then rashnelle: 

Altho
of Henry the fifth.

Although we did seeme dead, we did but slumber,
Now we speake upon our knee, and our voyce is imperial,
England shall repent her folly: see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. Why to raunome,
His pettiness would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:
For the disgrace we have borne, himselfe
Kneeling at our feet, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
To this, add ye defiance: So much from the king, my master.

King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.

Herald, Monition.

King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not seake him now:
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to Calais: for to lay the sooth,
Though it is no wise to contenue so much
Unto an enemie of craft and vantage.
My soldiers are with sicknesse much inflected.
My Army lattered, and those fewe I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:
Who when they were in heare, I tell thee Heralds,
I thought vpon one pair of English legges.
Did march three French mens.
Yet forgive me God, that I do brag thus:
This your heire of France hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy master here I am.
My raunome is this frayle and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly guard.
Yet God before, we will come on,
If France and such an other neighbour blood in our way:
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood discouer.
So Monition get you gone, there is for your paines:
The sum of all our answere is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are:
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Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it,

    Heralds. I shall deliver it; thanks to your Maiestie.

Glo. My Liege, I hope they will not come upon us now.

    King. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

To night we will encamp beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleans, Gebene.

    Const. Thou hast the best armour in the world.

    Orleans. You have an excellent armour,
But let my horse have his due.

    Burbon. Now you take of a horse, I have a need like the
Palfrey of the sun nothing but pure sterne and fire,
And such none of this dull element of earth within him.

    Orleans. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

    Bur. And of the heat: a the Ginger.

Turn all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all;
I once wrote a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus: Wonder of nature.

    Con. I have heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones Mistresse.

    Bur. Why then did they imitate that
Which I write in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my mistresse.

    Con. Ma foie the other day, me thought
Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

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

    Con. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had had a fow to my mistresse.

    Bur. Tust thou wilt make vice of any thing.

    Con. Yet I do not vice my horse for my mistresse.

    Bur. Will it never be morning?

    Con. He ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shalbe pased with English faces.
of Henry the fifth.

Cox. By my faith so will not I,
For scare I be oufaced of my way.

Bur. Well 11e go arme my selle, say.

Gebur. The Duke of Burben longs for morning

Or. He longs to caste the English.

Cox. I thinke heele caste all he kills,

Orlo. O peace, ill will never failed well.

Cox. He cap that prouerbe.

With there is flattery in friendship.

Or. O sir, I can answer that,

With gieue the diuel his due,

Cox. Have at the eye of that prouerbe,

With a logge of the diuel.

Or. Well the Duke of Burben is simply,

The most actiue Gentleman of France.

Cox. Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing.

Or. He never did hurt as I heard off.

Cox. No I warrant you, nor never will.

Or. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.

Cox. I was told so by one that knows him better the you

Or. Whole that?

Cox. Why he told me so himselfe;
And said he cared not who knew it.

Or. Well who will go with me to hazard,

For a hundred English prisoners?

Cox. You must go to hazard your selle,
Before you have them.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lie within a hundred

Paces of your Tent.

Cox. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grampere.

Cox. A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.

Come, come away:

The Sun is hie, and we ware out the day. Exit omnes.
Enter the King disguised to him Pistoll.

Pist. Ke ve la?

King. A friend.

Pist. Disceus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?

Or art thou common, base, and populace?

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

Pist. Trailes thou the puissant pike?

King. Even so sir; What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

King. O then thou art better then the King?

Pist. The kings a bag, and a hart of gold.

Pist. A lad of life, an ime of fame:

Of parents good, of self most valiant:

I kis his ductile shoe: and from my hart strings

I loose the lonely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man:

Art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No sir; I am a Wealchman.

Pist. A Wealchman: knowest thou Flouwelen?

King. I sir, he is my kinsman.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. I sir.

Pist. Figa for thee then: my name is Pistoll.

King. It forte well with your fiercenelle.

Pist. Pistoll is my name.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter Gower and Flouellen.

Gowr. Captaine Flouellen.

Flou. In the name of Iesu speake lewer.

It is the greatest folly in the worell, when she saucient

Proscipates of the warres be not kept.

I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes.

You shall finde no tittle taste, nou bible bable there:

But
of Henry the Fifth.

But you shall finde the cares, and the feares.
And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.
  Gour. Why the enemy is loud you heard him all night.
  Flew. Goddes fould, if the enemy be an Asse & a Foose;
And a prating cockes-come, is it meet that we be also a foose:
And a prating cockes-come, in your conscience now?
  Gour. Ile speake lower.
  Flew. I beseech you do, good Captain Gower,
          Exit Gower, and Flewelen.
  Kin. Tho it appeare a little out of fashion,
Yet there is much care in this.

Enter thee Soldiers.

1. Soul. Is not that the morning yonder?
2. Soul. I we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.
3. Soul. Well I thinke the king could with himselfe
Up to the necke in the middle of the Thames;
And so I would he were, at all adversities, and I wish him.
  Kin. Now matteres God morrow, what cheares?
  3. S. If faith small cheare some of vs is like to hase,
Ere this day ende.
  Kin. Why feare nothing man, the king is frolike,
2. S. I he may be, for he hath no such cause as we
  Kin. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.
The Violet flies to him as to vs:
Therefore if he see reason, he feares 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 slaundered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And can thus dyed at such a place, some swearing;
Some their wives rawly left:
Some leaving their children poore behind them.

Now
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Now if his case be bad, I think it will be a greuous matter

(to him)

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his servant
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any means misstarry,
You may say the business of the master,
Was the author of his servants misfortune.
Or if a sonne be employed by his father,
And he fall into any heinous action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the master is not to answere for his servants,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subjects:
For they purpose not their deaths, who they crave their lives.
Some there are that have the gift of premeditated (uncess)
Murder on them:
Others the broken scale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if these outstrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadell, War is Gods vengeance:
Every mans service is the kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne,
Therefore I would have euery souerdier examine himselfe:
And wash euery moat out 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. Lord. Yfaire he faies true:
Euery mans faulte on his owne head,
I would not have the king answere for me.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

King. Well, I heard the king, he would not be ransomde.

2. L. He said so, to make vs fight:
But when our throates be cut, he may be ransomde,
And we never the wiser.

King. If I hve to see that, Ile never tryst his word againe.

2. Lord,
of Henry the fift.

2. Sol. Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure
That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,
Or a subiect against a monarke.
Youle here take his word again, your a naffe goe.
King. Your reproost is somewhat too bitter:
Were it not at this time I could be angry.
2. Sol. Why let it be a quarrell if thou wile.
King. How shall I know thee?
2. Sol. Here is my glowe, which if ever I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.
King. Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.
2. Sol. Thou dar'st as well be hangd.
3. Sol. Be friends you sooles,
We have French quarrels now 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 souldiers.

Enter the King, Gafter, Epinger, and
Attendants.

X. O God of battels steele my souldiers harts,
Take from them now the fence of kecong,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage.
O not to day, not to day o God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne.
I Richards bodie have interred new,
And on it hath bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it issu'd forced drops of blood;
A hundred men have I in yearly pay,
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Which every day their withered hands hold vp
To heaven to pardon blood,
And I have built two chapelleries, more will I do.
Thee all that I can do, is all too little.

Enter Gloster.

Gloster. My Lord.
King. My brother Glosters voice.
Gloster. My Lord, the Army stayes upon your presence.
King. Stay Gloster, stay, and I will go with thee,
The day my friends, and all things stayes for me.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisbury.

War. My Lords the French are very strong.
Exe. There is fume to one, and yet they all are fresh.
War. Of fighting men they have full forty thousand.
Sal. The odde is all too great, Farewell kind Lords:
Brate Clarence, and my Lord of Gloster,
My Lord of Warwick, and to all farewell.
Clare. Farewell kind Lords, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.
King. Whose that, that wishes so, my Counsell Warwick,
Gods will, I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my Kingdome.
No faith my Counsell, with not one man more,
Rather proclame it presently through our camps,
That he that hath not sorneake to this feast,
Let him depart, his passport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for convoy put into his purse.
We would not die in that mass company,
That teares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of Cryspin,
He that outlives this day, and fees old age,
Shall stand a tripeoe when this day is named,
And roaste him at the name of Cryspin.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearly on the vygill feaste his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Cryspines day:
Then shall we in their flowing bowles
Be newly remembred. Harry the King,
Bedford and Exeter, Clavensc and Gloster,
Warwick and Turke.
Familiar in their mouthes as household words.
This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
And from this day, unto the generall doome:
But we in it shall be remembred.
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheds his blood by mine,
Shalbe my brother: be he nere to base,
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shall he stripe his fleeces, and shew his skars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day:
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselves accurst,
And hold their manhood cheape.
While any speake that fought with vs
Upon Saint Crispines day.
Gloft. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
Kin. Why all things are ready, if our minds be so,
War. Perish not the man whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou dost not with more help from England content?
War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.

E. 2  King. Why
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Why well said. That doth please me better,
Then to with me one. You know your charge,
God be with you all,

Enter the Herald from the French.

Herald. Once more I come to know of the king Henry.

What thou wilt give for ransom me?

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Herald. The Constable of France.

King. I prethy bear my former answer backe:
Bide them achieve me, and then fell my bones.

Good God, why should they mock good fellows
The man that once did fell the Lion's skin, (thus?)
While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Finde graves within your realme of France:
Tho buried in your dunghills, we shall be famed,
For there the Sun shall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaching vp to heauen,
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your gyme:
The smel wherof, shall breed a plague in France:
Marke then abundant valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullets caiting,
Breake forth into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relaps of mortalitie:

Let me speake proudly,

There's not a pece of feather in our campe,
Good argument I hope we shall not flye:
And time hath wore vs into slovenly:

But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore fouldiers tell me, yet ere night
Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloathes off your French fouldiers ears,

And turne them out of service. If they do this,
As if it please God they shall,
Then shall our ransom come soone be leuied.
of Henry the fifth.

Sume thou thy labour Herald:
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle Herald:
They shall have nought I sweare, but these my bones:
Which if they have, as I wil leave am them,
Will yeeld them little, tell the Constable.

Her. I shall deliver so.

Exe. Herald.

Tork. My gracious Lord, upon my knee I crave,
The leading of the vaward.

Kiu. Take it bravee Tork. Come Souldiers lets away:
And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exit.

Enter the foure French Lords.

Go. O diabello.
Conf. Mort da ma vie,
Or. O what a day is this!
Bur. O lour shee hourde all is gone, all is lost.
Conf. We are enough yet luying in the field,
To smother vp the English,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
And he that will not follow Burhov now,
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base luyd hold the chamber doore,
Why leaff by a slave no gentler then my dog,
His fairest daughter is contamuracke.

Con. Disorder that hath spoild vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our lues
Vnto these English, or else die with shame.

Come, come along,
Lets dye with honour, our shame doth last too long.

Exe. seames. Enter
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Enter Pistol, the French man, and the Boy.

**Pist.** Eyld cur, eyld cur.

**French.** O Monsieur, je vous en prie aez petite de moy.

**Pist.** Moy shall not servce. I will have forse moys.

**Boy.** Ask he his name.

**Boy.** Comant ettes vous apelles?

**French.** Monsier Fer.

**Boy.** He saies his name is Master Fer.

**Pist.** Ne Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him.

**Boy.** Discuss the same in French.

**Boy.** Sir I do not know, what's French

For fer, ferit and fearkt.

**Pist.** Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

**Boy.** Feate, you preat, ill voules coupele votre gage.

**Pist.** Oaye ma toy couple la gorge.

**Vnlesse thou guie to me egregius raunsole, dye.

One paynt of a foxe.

**French.** Qui dit ill monsiere,

Ill dyve si vou ny vouly pa domy tuy.

**Boy.** La gran ranfome, all vouyerces.

**French.** O lees vou en pri pettie gentelhome, patle

A cece, gran captaine, pour aez mercie

A moy, ey lee donerees pour mon ranfome

Cinquante octvs, le fayes vengeantelhome de France.

**Pist.** What fayes he boy?

**Boy.** Marry sir he fayes, he is a Gentleman of a great

House, of France; and for his ranfome,

He will give you 500. crownes.

**Pist.** My fury shall abate,

And I the Crownes will take.

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

Follow me cur.

Exit camer.

Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistol.

**King.** What the French refer?
of Henry the first.

Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.

_Eex._ The Duke of York commends him to your Grace,

_King._ Lives he good Vnckle, while I sawe him downe.

Twice vp againe:
From helme to the spurre, all bleeding ore.

_Eex._ In which aray, braue souldier doth he lye,

_Larding the plaines and by his bloody side,
Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,
The noble Earle of Suffolke also lyes.
Suffolke first dye, and York aall halted ore,
Comes to him where in blood he lay steep.
And takes him by the beard, kissthe gatters.
That bloodily did yane vp on his face,
And cryde aloud, tary deare cousin Suffolke:
My soule shall thine keep company in heaven:
Tary deare soule awhile, then stie to rest:
And in this glorious and well foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry.

Upon these words I came and cheerd them vp,
He stooke me by the hand, said deare my Lord,
Commed my service to my soueraigne.

So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arm, and so espoused to death,
With blood he sealed. An argument.
Of seuerit ending loue. The pretie and sweet manner of it.
Forst those waters from me, which I would haue stopt,
But I not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gave me vp to teares.

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

_Alarum soundes._

What new alarum is this?
Bid every souldier kill his prisoner.

_Ps. _Couple gorgo. 

_Exe omnes._
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Enter Lewellem, and Captaine Gower.

Lewellem. Godes plud kil the boyes and the luyge,
This the arrant pece of knaury as can be defied,
In the worell now, in your confience now.

Gower. Tis certaine, there is not a Boye left alio,
And the cowardely rafcals that ran from the battell,
Themselves have done this slaughter.
Beside, they have carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent:
Wherupon the king caueth euery prisoner
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

Lewellem. He was born at Monmouth.

Captain Gower, what calle you the place where
Alexender the big was borne?

Gower. Alexender the great.

Lewellem. Why I pray, is not big great?
As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reconing,
Save the frase is a little variation.

Gower. I think Alexender the great
Was borne at Macedon.
His father was called Philips of Macedon,
As I take it.

Lewellem. I think it was Macedon indeed where Alexender
Was borne: looke you Captaine Gower,
And if you looke into the mappes of the worell well,
You shall finde little difference betwenee
Macedon and Monmouth. Looke you, there is
A River in Macedon, and there is also a River
In Monmouth, the Riuers name at Monmouth,
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 my fingers,
And there is Samsons in both.
Looke you Captaine Gower, and you marke it.

You
of Henry the fift.

You shall finde our King is come after Alexander.
God knowes, and you know, that Alexander in his
Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeasures,
And indignations, was kill his friend Clitus.

Gower. I but our King is not like him in that,
For he never killd any of his friends.

Flem. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, cre it is made an end and finished:
I speake in the comparisons as Alexander is kill
His friend Clitus: so our King being in his ripe
Wits and judgements, is turne away, the fat kniie
With the great belly double: I am forget his name.

Gower. Sir John Falstaff.

Flem. I, I thinke it is Sir John Falstaff indeed,
I can tell you, there's good men borne at Monmouth.

Enter King and the Lords.

King. I was not angry since I came into France,
Vntil this houre.
Take a trumpeter Heralde,
And ride vnto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us bid them come downe,
Or lease the field, they do offend our sight:
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As stones enfoirct from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, weele cut the throats of those we have,
And not one alue shall taste our mercy.

Enter the Heralde.

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

Heralde. I come great king for charitable sauour,
To sorte our Nobles from our common men,
We may have leave to bury all our dead,
Which in the field lye spoyled and troden on.

Kin. I tell thee truly Heralde, I do not know whether

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The day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.
    Hera. The day is yours.
    Kin. Praise be God therefore.
What Castle call you that?
    Hera. We call it Agincourt.
    Kin. Then call we this the field of Agincourt.
Fought on the day of Crispin, Crispin.
    Fl. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
    If your grace be remembred,
    Is do good service in France.
    Kin. Tis true Flameron.
    Fl. Your Maiestie faies verie true.
And it please your Maiestie,
The Welshmen there was do good service,
    In a garden where Lecoks did grow.
And I thinke your Maiestie will take no scorne,
To weare a Leake in your cap vpon S. Daines day.
    Kin. No Flameron, for I am wealch as well as you.
    Fl. All the water in VVye wil not wash your wealch
    Blood out of you. God keep it, and preserue it,
    To his graces will and pleasure.
    Kin. Thanks good countryman.
    Fl. By Iesus I am your Maiesties countryman:
I care not who know it, so long as your maiesty is an honest
    Kin. God keep me so, our Herald go with him, (man.
And bring vs the number of the scattered French.

Exit Heroldes.

Call yonder soundier hither.
    Fl. You fellow come to the king.
    Kin. Fellow why doost thou weare that glowe in thy hat?
    Soul. And please your maiestie, tis a rascal that swagard
With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,
Which if ever I see, I haue sorne to strike him.

So
of Henry the first.

So hath he sworne the like to me.

K. How think you Flewollen, is it lawfull he keep his oath?

Fle. And it please your majesty, tis lawfull he keep his vow.

If he be perjur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knave,

As treads upon too blacke shoes.

Kin. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.

Fle. And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer

And Belzebub, and the diuell himselfe,

Tis meete he keepe his vowe.

Kin. Well sirrha keep your word.

Vnder what Captain servest thou?

Soul. Vnder Captain Gower.

Fle. Captain Gower is a good Captain.

And hath good litterature in the warres.

Kin. Go call him hither.

Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit fouldier.

Kin. Captain Flewollen, when Alonson and I was

Downe together, I tooke this glowe off from his helme,

Here Flewollen, weare it. If any do challenge it,

He is a friend of Alonson,

And an enemy to mee.

Fle. Your maiestie doth me as great a favour

As can be devised in the barts of his subject,

I would see that man now that should challenge this glowe.

And it please God of his grace, I would but see him,

That is all.

Kin. Flewollen know'st thou Captaine Gower?

Fle. Captaine Gower is my friend.

And if it like your maiestie, I know him very well.

Kin. Go call him hither.

Fle. I will and it shall please your maiestie.

Kin. Follow Flewollen closely at the heele,

The glowe he weares, it was the fouldiers:
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It may be there will be harme betwene them,
For I do know Flewells valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder:
And quickly will returne an injury.
Gofse there be no harme betwene them.

Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier.

Flew. Captain Gower, in the name of Jefta,
Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,
Then you can dreame off.

Soul. Do you heare you sir? do you know this gloue?

Flew. I know the the gloue is a gloue.

Soul. Sir, I know this, and thus I challenge it.

He strikes him.

Flew. Gode plesse, and his. Captain Gower stand away:
Ile giue treafon his due presently.

Enter the King, Wavricke, Clarence, and Exeter.

Kim. How now, what is the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
Here is the notablest piece of treafon come to light,
As you shall desire to fee in a sommers day.
Here is a rufcally, beggerly rufcall, is flrike the gloue,
Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of Alonso:
And your Maiestie will beare me witnes, and testimony.
And anouchments, that this is the gloue.

Soul. And it plesse your Maiestie, that was my gloue.

He that I gave it too in the night,
Promisde me to weare it in his hat:
I promisde to flrike him if he did.

Kim. That Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.

Flew. Your Maiestie heares, vnder your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly lowtie knaue it is.

Kim. Let me see thy gloue. Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.
It was I indeed you promisde to flrike.
And thou thous hast given me most bitter words.
How canst thou make vs amends?
    
Flaw. Let his necke answere it,
If there be any marshalls lawe in the worl.
    
Sowl. My Liege, all offences come from the heart;
Never came any from mine to offend your Maiestie.
You appeare to me as a common man:
Witnesse the night,your garments,your lowliness,
And whatsoever you receiued under that habit,
I beseech your Maiestie impute it to your owne fault
And not mine.For your selfe came not like your selfe:
Had you bene as you seemed,I had made no offence.
Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.
    
Kin. Vnkle,fill the glowe with crownes,
And give it to the foundier.Weare it fellow,
As an honour in thy cap,till I do challenge it,
Give him the crownes.Come Captaine Flawelius,
I must needs hate you friends.
    
Flaw. By Iesu, the fellow hath metall enough
In his belly.Harke you foundier,there is a shilling for you,
And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & difficulties,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.
    
Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not L
Flaw. Why tis a good shilling man.
Why should you be queamish? Your shoes are not so good:
It will serue you to mend your shoes.
    
Kin. What men of forse are taken vnkle?
    
Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
John Duke of Barbon, and Lord Bovochall.
Of other Lords and Barrons,Knights and Squiers,
Full fiftene hundred,besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French,that in the field lyce slaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,

Charles
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Charles de le Bruto, the Constable of France,
Jaques de Chastitian, Admiral of France,
The Master of the crossbows, John Duke Alfon.
Lord Ranbiere, the Master of France.
The brave Sir Gwizard, Dolphin, Of Nobelle Charilas,
Gran Prs, and Rosse, Fawconbridge and Foy.
Gerard and Veton, Vandemant and Leinfra.
Here was a royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir Richard Ketley, Dany Gam Esquier :
And of all other, but five and twenty.
O God thy armes was here,
And into thee alone, assigne we praise.
When without stragelm,
And in even shock of battle, was ever heard
So great, and little Josse, on one part and on another.
Take it God, for it is only thine.

Exe. This is wonderfull.
King. Come let us go on procession through the camp:
Let it be death proclaimed to any man,
To boast hereof, or take the praise from God,
Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawful, and it please your Maiestie,
To tell how many is kild?
King. Yes Flewelen, but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.
Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.
King. Let there be sung, Noutus, et Deum.
The dead with charitie entered in clay:
Weele then to Caulece, and to England then,
Where nere from France, arryde more happier men.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gower, and Flewelen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Lecke to day?
Saint
of Henry the fifth.

Saint Denys day is past:
   Flew. There is occasion Captaine Gower,
   Looke you why, and wherefore,
   The other day looke you, Piets
   Which you know is a man of no merites
   In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
   And brings bread and salt, and bids me
   Eat my Leake: twas in a place, looke you,
   Where I could move no discentions:
   But if I can see him, I shall tell him,
   A little of my desires.
   Gower. Here a comes, swelling like a Turkiecocke.

Enter Piets.
   Flew. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkecockes.
   God please you Antient Piets, you shall,
   Beggerly, lowly knaue, God please you.
   Piets. Hast thou thine bedlem?
   Doft thou thruit base Troyan,
   To have me fold vp Parcae, fatal web?
   Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Leake.
   Flew. Antient Piets. I would desire you because
   It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,
   And your digestion, to eate this Leake.
   Piets. Not for Cadwallader and all his goates.
   Flew. There is one goat for you Antient Piets.
   He strikes him.

Piets. Base Troyan, thou shall dye.
   Flew. I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would
   Desire you to liue and eate this Leake.
   Gower. Enough Captaine, you have astonish'd him:
   Flew. Astonish him, by Jesu, I le beate his head
   Four dayes, and four nightes, but I le
   Make him eat some part of my Leake.
   Piets. Well, must I byte.

   Flew. I
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Flam. I out of question or doute, or ambiguities

You must byte.

Pist. Good good.

Flam. I Leekes are good, Antient Pistoll.

There is a shilling for you to heale your bloody coukome.

Pist. Me a shilling.

Flam. If you will not take it,

I have an other Lecke for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reaconing.

Flam. If I owe you any thing, Ile pay you in cudgels,

You shall be a woodmonger,

And by cudgels, God bwy you,

Antient Pistoll, God blessee you,

And heale your broken pate.

Antient Pistoll, if you see Leekes an other time,

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

Exit Flamollen.

Pist. All hell shall flir for this.

Doth Fortune play the huswyte with me now?

Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?

Well France farwell, newes have I certainly

That Doll is sicke. One mally die of France,

The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.

Bawd will I turne, and vfe the flyte of hand:

To England will I steale,

And there lle steale.

And patches will I get unto these skarres,

And sweare I get them in the Gallia warres.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter at one doore the King of England and his Lords, And at the other doore the King of France, Queene Katherine, the Duke of Bubron, and others.

Harry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.

And
of Henry the Fifth.

And to our brother France, Fair time of day,
Faire health vnto our loyely cousin Katherine.
And as a branch, and member of this stock:
We do Glace you Duke of Burgundie.

Fran. Brother of England, right joyous are we to behold;
Your face, so are we Princes English every one.

Duk. With pardon vnto both your mightines.
Let it not displease you, if I demand
What rub or bar hath thus far hindered you,
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?

Har. If Duke of Burgundie, you wold haue peace,
You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our articles.

Fran. We haue but with a cursonary eye,
O'reviewed them plaseth your Grace;
To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory answeare.

Har. Go Lords, and fit with them,
And bring vs answere backe.
Yet leaue our cousin Katherine here behind.

France. Withall our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hrty, Katharine, and the Gentlewoman.

Hate. Now Kate, you have a blunt wooer here
Left with you.
If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my fadde,
Without brag be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any.
But leaving that Kate,
If thou takest me now,
Thou shalt haue me at the worst;

G

And
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And in weareng, thou shalt have me better and better,
Thou shalt have a face that is not worth sun-burning.
But dost thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint Denis,
And Saint George, shall get a boy,
That shall goe to Constantinople:
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha Kate!

Kate. Is it possible that we fall
Lone de enemie de France.

Harry. No Kate, tis vnpossible
You should loue the enemie of France:
For Kate, I loue France so well,
That Ie 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 Ie tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.
Let me see, Saint Dennis be my speed.

Quan France et 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;
Kate. Den France fall be mine.

Harry. Et Ie fuyes a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.

Har. Wilt beleeue me Kate? tis easier for me
To conquer the kingdom, the to speak so much
More French.
of Henry the fifth.

Kate. A your Majesty has false France enough
To deceiv e de best Lady in France.
Harry. No faith Kate not I. But Kate,
In plaine termes, do you loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell:
He ask them.
Come Kate, I know you loue me.
And soone when you are in your closet,
Youle question this Lady of me.
But I pray thee sweete Kate, vse me mercifully,
Because I love thee cruelly.
That I shall dye Kate, is sure:
But for thy loue, by the Lord never.
What Wench,
A straight backe will growe crooked.
A round eye will growe hollowe.
A great leg will waxe small,
A curld pate proute balde:
But a good heart Kate, is the sum and the moone,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore Kate take me,
Take a souldier take a souldier,
Take a King.
Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou have met
Kate. Dat is as please the King my father.
Harry. Nay it will please him:
Nay it shall please him Kate.
And vpon that condition Kate Ile kisse you.
Kate. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelle choisse
Pour toute le monde,
Cene poynt vostre fashion en fouteur.
Harry. What faies the Lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de fation en France,
For demaides, before de be married to.
May foye oblye, what is to balle?  
Har. To kiss, and kiss. O that it is not the  
Fashion in France, for the maydes to kiss  
Before they are married.  
Lady. O weye see voctree grace.  
Har. Well, weele brake that custome.  
Therefore Kaze patience perseforce and yeeld.  
Before God Kaze, you have witchcraft  
In your kisles;  
And may perswade with me more,  
Then all the French Counsell.  
Your father is returned.  

Enter the King of France, and  
the Lordes.  

How now my Lords?  
France. Brother of England,  
We have orered the Articles,  
And have agreed to all that we in sedule had.  
Exe. Only he hath not subscribed this,  
Where your maieftie demaunds,  
That the king of France hauing any occasion  
To write for matter of grunt,  
Shall name your highnesse, in this forme:  
And with this addition in French.  
"Notre tresor sire, Henry Roy D'anglattere.  
E hoare de France. And thus in Latin:  
Proclaresfimus filius nofier Henricus Rex Anglie,  
Et heres France."

Fran. Not this have we so nicely ftood vnpon,  
But you faire brother may intreat the fame.  
Har. Why then let this among the rest,  
Hauve his full course: And withall,  
Your daughter Katherine in marriage.
of Henry the fifte.

Franc. This and what else,
Your majestie shall crave.
God that disposeth all, give you much joy.

H. Why then fare Katherina.
Come give me thy hand:
Our marriage will we present to lemnise,
And end our hatred by a bond of love.
Then will I sweare to Kate, and Kate to mee:
And may our vowes once made, unbroken bee.

FINIS.
CORRECTIONS

FOR

"THE CRONICLE HISTORY OF HENRY THE FIFT," 1600. Qo. i.

The following actual mistakes, and worst indistinctnesses, should be corrected with a pen:

p. 5. l. 109, correct Ly ns to Lyons
p. 7. l. 242, read subject
p. 8. l. 262, read ‘set’; l. 281, ‘gun’

p. 9. l. 304, collectio to collectio. (In l. 293, read ‘you’; l. 294, ‘Iest’)

p. 10. l. 35, gëtlewome to gëtlewome. (In l. 44, read ‘Iseland?’ l. 56, ‘firy’)

p. 11. l. 98, bearing to beating
p. 16. l. 15, vpo to vpo; l. 16, or to one; l. 20, three to three; l. 28, florn to fone; l. 33, make the last word ‘incarnat’; ‘Bar,’ at foot should be ‘Bar.’

p. 17. l. 52, read ‘pitch’

p. 18. l. 86, worm holes to wormholes
p. 19. l. 51, coftain to coftaint. (In l. 63, read ‘exprefly’)

p. 21. catchword at foot: Allies (?), to Allice
p. 22. l. 43, milloir to milleur; l. 65-8, arms to arma; under it, read ‘cunus’

p. 23. III. vi. i, fro to frä
p. 25. l. 79, perfectly to perfectly. (In l. 77, read ‘conuoy’, ‘brauely’)

p. 29. l. 114, the to þâ (in IV. ii. 63, read ‘out’)

p. 32. l. 161, read businesse of
p. 38. l. 45, read Cinquante ocios. 1e (In l. 50 ‘fury shall’)

p. 39. l. 32, read conuet. (In l. 24, read ‘tune’)

p. 40. l. 24, read borne; l. 26, difference

p. 41. l. 53, read doublet; l. 72, thefe . . ours
p. 44. l. 2, Maiestie (? ) to Maiestie
p. 48. l. 49, read byte; l. 88, trug

p. 50. l. 61 (Qo.), read ettes
p. 52. l. 293, read that; l. 305, father; l. 368, filz; l. 370, filius; l. 371, Francie

p. 53. l. 400-1, read hatred, Kate.

Generally every f that looks like f in the head-lines is clearly f in the original; and every letter c, ç, f, i, r, t, y, &c., which the sense shows should be clear, when the lithograph is confused, may be safely taken to be clear in the original. In the following words where the lithograph is clear, the mistakes are those of Creede, the printer of the Quarto:

p. 8. l. 277, lide for like

p. 14. l. 93, haash for hath
p. 30. l. 65, lewer for lower
p. 34. l. 14, true for true
p. 36. l. 114, flouendry for flouendry
p. 39. l. 20, the turn of these

p. 49. l. 23, Hate for Kate; 2 lines abov, Hrry for Harry

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