The "Teaching of English" Series

General Editor—SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

SHAKESPEARE'S
KING HENRY V

No. 114

The STRATFORD BUST

SHAKESPEARE'S
KING HENRY V

EDITED BY
EVELYN SMITH, B.A.

"The reader acts the play himself in the theatre of his own mind"

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GENERAL EDITOR'S PREFACE

THIS series is planned with one simple aim in view—to make the reading of Shakespeare's plays as easy and straightforward as possible.

Notes are reduced to the smallest compass. First, in order that the reader's imagination may have definite material to work with, the list of the *dramatis personæ* is followed by a suggestion of their dress and appearance: and, when practicable, illustrations are given. Second, the text, which is presented without any further preliminary, is accompanied by footnotes which form a Glossary of obsolete or misleading words.

The play may therefore be read at first sight without let or hindrance—without even the delay and distraction which would be caused by turning to a later page for such merely necessary explanations. But there will be many for whom, if not at a first reading yet perhaps at a second, something further may be desirable—a bit of historical information, a paraphrase of a difficult passage, or the clearing up of a confused metaphor. To supply these, and to supply them at the right time, is the object of the brief notes placed immediately after the text.

Fourth, and last, comes a causerie in several divisions: offering, for any who are studiously inclined, a short commentary; marking the place of this particular drama in Shakespeare's career; tracing its importance in his poetic development; estimating its artistic value; and suggesting a number of other questions on which an intelligent student might reflect with pleasure.

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DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
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MONTJOY, *a French herald.*
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ISABEL, *Queen of France.*
KATHARINE, *daughter to Charles and Isabel.*
ALICE, *a lady attending on her.*
Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants. Chorus.

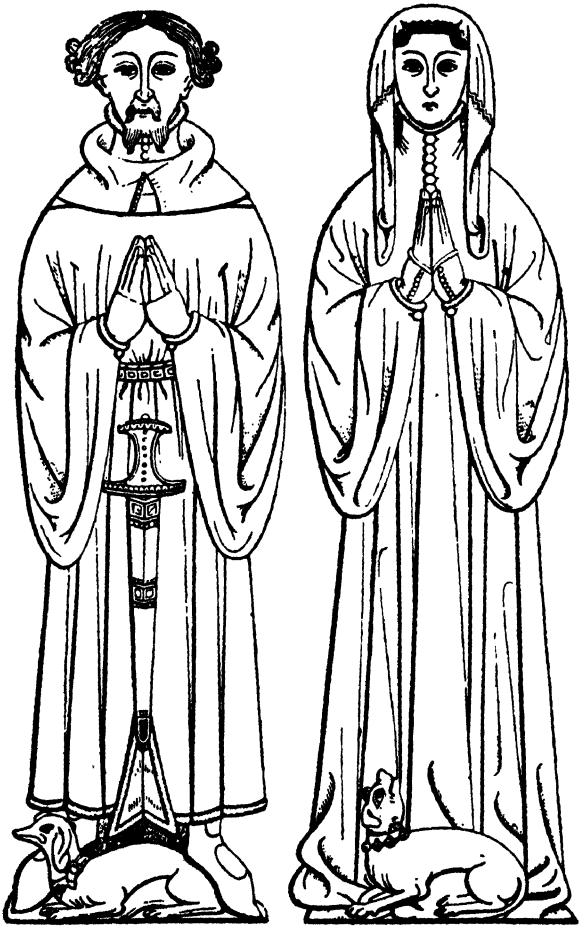
Scene : Until Act II., Scene iii., in England ; afterwards in France.

Time : From 1414, when Henry held his Parliament at Leicester, to 1420, when the Treaty of Troyes was signed.

INTRODUCTION

COSTUME OF THE PERIOD

THE most up-to-date fashion for men at this time (the second decade of the fifteenth century) was a rather short tunic, belted in at the waist, and made with a high rolled-over collar and hanging sleeves. With this went parti-coloured hose and shoes, the shoes fitting closely to the foot except at the toes, which were long and pointed. The headgear was a hat shaped like a flat turban and adorned with a jewel; or a long bag-shaped cap, the peak jauntily cocked over at one side. Sometimes the sleeve was gathered into a cuff, sometimes an under-sleeve was worn. The tunics were often ornamented with heraldic devices. Many of the older men still wore the fashions of the first decade of the century—the houppelande, a long, loose, high-collared robe, fitting on the shoulders, and cut of a length to suit the fancy and the figure of the wearer. It might reach just below the waist or trail on the ground; it might be girded or hang loosely. The uniform of the herald was a tabard, or sleeveless coat, embroidered with the arms of the royal or noble house he served. There is no essential difference in the English and French dress of the period, but the French may be pictured as more exaggerated and fantastic, in accordance with the characters of the Dauphin and the nobles as Shakespeare has drawn them. The French armour is more elaborate and complete than that worn by the English.



Civilian Costume of the Period.

The dress of Pistol and his associates is jerkin and hose of a simpler, rougher kind of fabric than that favoured by the nobles, worn with a hood and short cape joined together, the edges of the cape "slittered" or jagged, or with a soft hat pulled into a long peak in front. According to popular stage tradition, Pistol wears an enormous hat, and there is no doubt that "a large and broad-brimmed beaver" adds to the effect of the attitudes and demeanour of the actor who plays the part of the "swaggerer." Mistress Quickly's dress would be a plain full-skirted gown, with a linen hood fitting closely round the neck and face, like a nun's wimple, and covering the shoulders.

During the greater part of the play the characters are armed for battle. Author-

ities have pointed out that the idea that every knight rode on to the field armed cap-à-pie is a mistaken one—the complete suit of mail was too heavy and too expensive to have been universally adopted. The fully-equipped knight of the fourteenth century wore plate armour, above a tunic of leather or thick cloth, sometimes made with gussets of chain armour. This tunic was not visible after his armourer had "accomplished" him. Breast and back plates were riveted together, and, under the arm, where freedom of movement was essential, a little plate was fastened to each side, to protect what might be a vulnerable spot. Round the loins was fitted a short skirt of "tonlets" or horizontal bands of steel, slightly overlapping one another. The legs were protected by greaves, with plated knee-caps, and plated "sollerets" or coverings for the feet. The helmet was the type known as the "bassinet," fitting round the face with cheek and chin plates, and joined to the "gorget," which protected the collar-bone. With it went a visor, to be fitted on when the knight was in action. When fully armed the knight was completely enclosed in steel, and, even if his coat of mail were beautifully made, very uncomfortable he must have been. Shakespeare speaks of

> . . . a rich armour worn in heat of day,
> That scalds with safety,

and it is no wonder that armour went out of fashion. In Shakespeare's own time Sir John Hawkins writes that "he had great preparations of armours as well of proof as of light corselets, yet not a man would use them, but esteemed a pot of wine a better defence than an armour of proof."

Shakespeare probably pictured the soldiers of his English historical plays as wearing the armour of his own time, which differs in many respects from the complete suit of plate-armour described above. The

" beaver " to which Grandpré alludes was not known in England at the time of Agincourt. It was the movable chin-piece of the armet, a closed hinged helmet, but Shakespeare often uses the word to denote the visor, and, as in Grandpré's description, the helmet itself. The pistol was a weapon of Shakespeare's own time, and the pike, next to the sword, was the most important weapon of the Elizabethan army. There were two types of pike: that carried by officers, about nine feet long, generally known as the partisan; and that carried by the infantry, which appears to have varied in length from twelve to eighteen feet. Pistol evidently suspects Henry of being an officer when he demands of him, "Trail'st thou the puissant pike?"—the "puissant" referring to the puissant gentlemen who use it, the officers of the army. The slang word "fox" for sword was originally suggested by the Passau swordsmith's stamp of a running wolf, known in England as the "fox."

The arms used at Agincourt were bows, swords, daggers, spears, poleaxes, and "malls," which re-

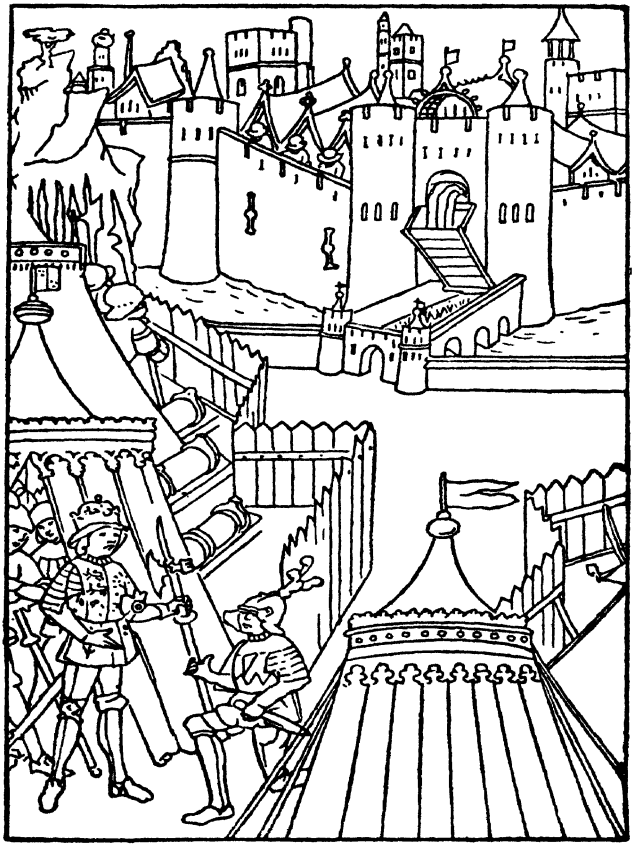
sembled great heavy hammers. Artillery was used at the battle of Crecy, nearly seventy years before Henry's campaign in France opened, but when Shakespeare talks of the " devilish cannon " and the " murdering basilisks " he is thinking of the cannon of his own time, a more deadly instrument of war than that in use in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

There is no record of how the " chorus " of *Henry V.* was represented when the play was acted at the Globe. According to later stage tradition prologues and epilogue are spoken by Time, with hour-glass and sickle, or by a robed and garlanded figure personating Clio, the Muse of History.

HISTORICAL SETTING

Shakespeare's *Henry V.* is a play in honour of England, and, however sceptical impartial modern judgment may be of the " right and justice " of Henry's claim to the throne of France, no one can deny that, according to the sober annals of the chronicler or the stirring story of the poet, the battle of Agincourt was in itself a gallant performance and a glorious achievement. The climax of Shakespeare's Lancastrian plays is Agincourt, where his hero king appears in the most heroic light, and his countrymen win their victory against fearful odds, as, in his own time, they had done in vanquishing the " invincible Armada " of Spain. In his glorification of the spirit and prowess of England, and the courage and good generalship of her king, he makes history serve his turn.

The political motives which urged Henry, son of an usurper, to declare war on France are very clear in the last act of *Henry IV.*, where the dying king looks back on his troubled reign and urges his son to safeguard himself against the nobles of England by turning their attention from the right of Lancaster to the throne.

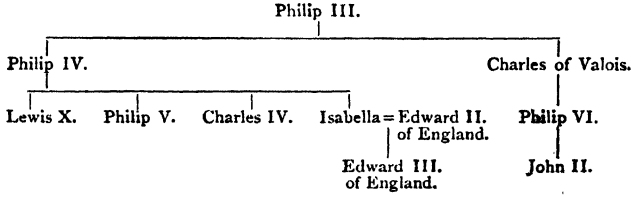


The Siege of Rouen by Henry V.

" Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days."

No further allusion to this motive is made in the play of *Henry V.* Shakespeare's hero king is to be " plain soldier," waging war to establish the might of right, not an astute politician scheming to make secure a claim to the throne of England as doubtful as his claim to the throne of France.

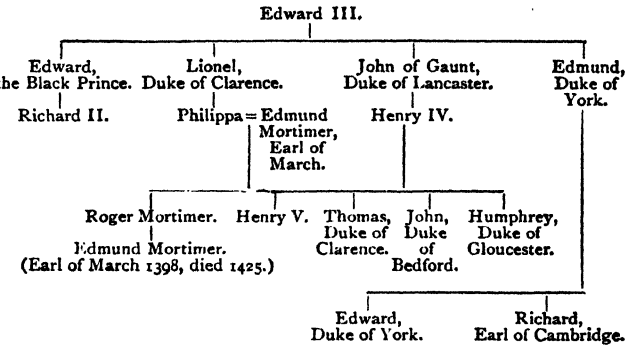
This latter claim is that urged by Henry's great-grandfather, Edward III., through Isabella, the wife of Edward II., and daughter of King Philip IV. of France.



John II. of France was grandfather of the Charles VI. who appears in the play of *Henry V.*

It may be that the Henry V. of history was as fully convinced of his right to the French throne as is the Henry of the play. In Act I., Scene ii., you will find the arguments by which Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, disposes of the possible bar to his claim in the Salic law, and a description of the enactment of the law itself. The Archbishop has his own private reasons for urging war (I. i.). Henry's right to his own crown, that of England, may be judged from the following table. It is perhaps best defended in his own words to his dying father :

" You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me :
Then plain and right must my possession be."



Mediæval history reveals an endless complication of intrigue among the nobles of England, and Shakespeare shows the meshes of their schemes in other plays, but in *Henry V.* he is concerned only with their personal courage; he shows them "framed in the firm truth of valour." He changes the facts of history in order to marshal the company he wants at Agincourt. Of the king's brothers, only Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was actually present at the battle. Bedford (the Prince John of *Henry IV.*) was appointed lieutenant of the whole realm of England during Henry's absence in France. Of the nobles, Westmoreland was not at Agincourt, being one of the council to the regent, and, which was of more importance, one of the wardens of the marches whose duty it was to safeguard England against invasion from Scotland. Warwick was at Harfleur, but not at Agincourt. The Duke of York (the Aumerle of *Richard II.*) died on the battle-field, and a French chronicler describes Henry's effort to assist him when he fell. "He was very corpulent, and having been struck down by the Duke of Alençon, it was in stooping to assist his cousin that the king himself was

assailed by that French prince, who struck off Henry's jewelled coronet."

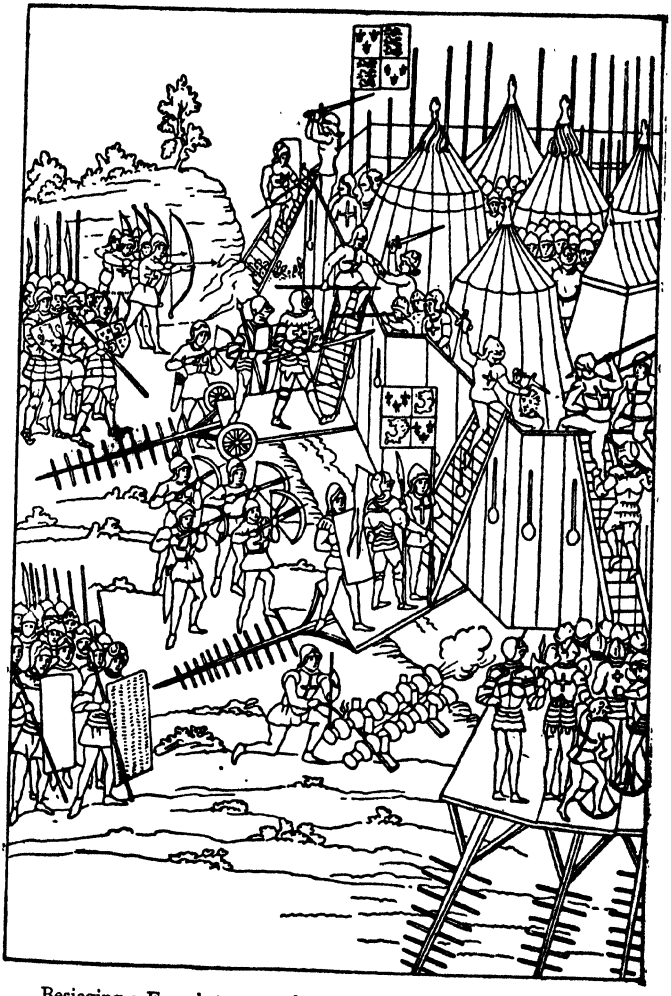
The King of France, the Dauphin, and the Duke of Burgundy were not at Agincourt. The king was at this time insane; Shakespeare represents him as a prudent monarch, whose sense and foresight are in strong contrast with the foolish over-confidence of his son. Of the other Frenchmen, Rambures was Master of the Crossbows, and held a high command in the van at Agincourt. Orleans, taken prisoner after the battle, spent twenty-five years in captivity in England, and, during this time, wrote some of the most charming French poetry of the century.

It is interesting to note that Katharine is the link between the Lancastrian and the Tudor houses. After Henry's death she married Owen Tudor, a Welsh gentleman who is said to have saved Henry's life at Agincourt, and who became one of his esquires. Their son Edmund married Lady Margaret Beaufort, and of this marriage was born Henry, Earl of Richmond, who was to become Henry VII. of England.

This is the description given by the chronicler Holinshed of the character of Henry V.:

"In strength and nimbleness of body from his youth few to him comparable, for in wrestling, leaping, and running, no man well able to compare. In casting of great iron bars and heavy stones he excelled commonly all men, never shrinking at cold, nor slothful for heat; and when he most laboured, his head commonly uncovered; no more weary of harness * than a light cloak: very valiantly abiding at needs both hunger and thirst; so manful of mind as never seen to flinch at a wound, or to smart at the pain; not to turn his nose from evil savour, nor close his eyes from smoke or dust; no man more moderate in eating and drinking, with diet not delicate, but rather more meet for men of war than for princes or tender stomachs.

* Armour.



Besieging a French town at the end of the Hundred Years' War.

Every honest person was permitted to come to him, sitting at meal, where either secretly or openly to declare his mind. High and weighty causes as well between men of war and other he would gladly hear, and either determined them himself, or else for end committed them to others. He slept very little, but that very soundly, in so much that when his soldiers sung at nights, or minstrels played, he then slept fastest; of courage invincible, of purpose unmutable, so wisehardy always, as fear was banished from him; at every alarum he first in armour, and foremost in ordering. In time of war such was his providence, bounty, and hap, as he had true intelligence, not only of what his enemies did, but what they said and intended: of his devices and purposes few, before the thing was at the point to be done, should be made privy.

"He had such knowledge in ordering and guiding an army, with such a gift to encourage his people, that the Frenchmen had constant opinion he could never be vanquished in battle. Such wit, such prudence, and such policy withal, that he never enterprised anything before he had fully debated and forecast all the main chances that might happen, which done, with all diligence and courage he set his purpose forward. What policy he had in finding present remedies for sudden mischiefs, and what engines in saving himself and his people in sharp distresses; were it not that by his acts they did plainly appear, hard were it by words to make them credible. Wantonness of life and thirst in avarice had he quite quenched in him; virtues indeed in such an estate of sovereignty, youth, and power, as very rare, so right commendable in the highest degree. So staid of mind and countenance beside, that never jolly or triumphant for victory, nor sad or damped for loss or misfortune. For bountifulness and liberality no man more free, gentle, and frank, in bestowing rewards

to all persons, according to their deserts; for his saying was that he never desired money to keep, but to give and spend.

". . . Of person and form was this prince rightly representing his heroical affects, of stature and proportion tall and manly, rather lean than gross, somewhat long necked and black haired, of countenance amiable; eloquent and grave was his speech, and of great grace and power to persuade. . . ."

HISTORICAL EVENTS OF THE PERIOD OF THE PLAY

1413. Accession of Henry V. At this time France, under the nominal rule of an insane king, is swayed by two parties, the *Burgundians*, under the Duke of Burgundy, and the *Armagnacs*, under the Duke of Orleans, the king's brother, who had married a daughter of the Count Armagnac. Henry demands, from both parties, the crown of France.

1414. Parliament held at Leicester. Bill for confiscating Church revenues. Henry persists in his demands of France. Gift of the tennis balls from the Dauphin, sent to the king at Kenilworth. The opposing parties in France come to an agreement. England prepares for war.

1415. Negotiations between England and France break down—the king leaves London for Southampton. Discovery of the conspiracy of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey. The king sails for France. Siege of Harfleur. Surrender of Harfleur. March to Calais. Man hanged near Corbie for stealing a pix. Henry crosses the Somme and the Ternoise. Battle

of Agincourt. Henry crosses from Calais to Dover.

1416. The Emperor Sigismund comes to England in hope of making peace between England and France. He is unsuccessful.

1417. Henry lands in France with ten thousand men.

1419. After a long siege, Henry takes Rouen.

1420. The Treaty of Troyes, signed by Henry, Burgundy,* and Queen Isabel. Henry's marriage with Katharine.

CHARACTERS WHO APPEAR IN OTHER PLAYS

Historical

Henry V. (Prince Hal in *Henry IV.*).
Gloucester. (*Henry IV.*, Part II. ; *Henry VI.*)
Bedford. (Prince John in *Henry IV.* ; Regent of France in *Henry VI.*)
York. (Aumerle in *Richard II.*)
Westmoreland. (*Henry IV.*)
Warwick. (*Henry IV.*, Part II. ; *Henry VI.*)

Imaginary

Pistol, Nym, Bardolph. (*Henry IV.* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, where they are associates of Sir John Falstaff, the fat old humorous knight with whom Henry had loved to spend his time in his "wilder days.")

Boy. (Page to Falstaff in *Henry IV.*, Part II., and *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*)

* This was the new Duke, the Burgundy mentioned in III. v. having been treacherously slain during an interview with the Dauphin Charles. (The Dauphin of the play died in 1416.)

Mistress Quickly. (Hostess of the Boar's Head tavern, Eastcheap, in *Henry IV.*, and servant to Doctor Caius, a French physician, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*)

THE OPENING OF THE PLAY

England is on the point of war. The English king, Henry V., claims the throne of France in the right of his great-grandfather, Edward III., whose mother was a French princess. The potentates of the Church, desirous of distracting his attention from a Bill which, if passed, will deprive them of much wealth, resolve to support his claim, both by learned argument in proof of its validity and by a generous grant of money to enforce it by war. The state council held to discuss the claim, and the breakdown of negotiations between England and France, are shown in the opening scenes of the play.

KING HENRY V

PROLOGUE

[*Enter Chorus.*]

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraisèd spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;

1. *A Muse of fire,* Bright soaring inspiration. The Muses, according to Greek myth, were nine goddesses presiding over the arts of life.
4. *Swelling,* Growing in interest.
6. *Mars,* Roman god of war.
6. *Port,* Bearing.
8. *Gentles,* Gentlemen.
9. *Unraised,* Incapable of soaring to the heights demanded by the great theme.
10. *Scaffold,* The old term for the stage.
13. *Wooden O.* The Elizabethan theatre was built of wood, and, inside, was circular.
13. *Casques,* Helmets.
16. *Attest,* Bear witness to. It is the last humble nought that makes the million.

And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high uprearèd and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*]

17. *Accompt*, Account. 21. *Abutting*, facing each other.
25. *Puissance*, Power.

ACT I

SCENE I

London. An ante-chamber in the King's palace. The roof is supported with arched oaken beams; the windows are arched; the walls hung with tapestries. The floor is strewn with rushes.

[*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.*]

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

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

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;

Scene I. Pope suggested "London" as the scene of events. As a matter of fact, the discussion of the king's claim, etc., took place during the parliament at Leicester; the tennis balls were sent to Kenilworth.

1. *Self*, Same.
4. *Scambling*, Scrambling, full of hurry and confusion.
5. *Question*, Discussion.

And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promised it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:

15. *Lazars*, Lepers. 22. *Regard*, Consideration.
26. *Mortified*, Subdued, having lost all vitality.
34. *Currance*, Current.
35. *Hydra-headed*, Many-headed. The Hydra of Lerna was a great water-snake with nine heads, eight of which were mortal and one immortal. When one head was cut off, two would grow in its place. Hercules slew it, burning the necks of the mortal heads as he cut them off, and burying the immortal one under a rock. 38. *Reason*, Converse, speak.

List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music :
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter : that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences ;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric :
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
And so the prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,

46. *Gordian knot.* Gordius was a farmer who, happening to enter a public square with his wagon at such a time as to fulfil a certain prophecy, became king of Phrygia. He tied his wagon in the temple of the god in the name of whom the prophecy was made, and it was said that whoever loosened the knot he had made should rule Asia. Alexander the Great cut it in two with his sword.

48. *Chartered libertine.* A charter grants freedom ; a libertine is a free man. The air has the acknowledged privilege of freedom.

51-2. *The art and practic . . . theoric.* Henry's theories must be based on practical knowledge, or his conversation would not command the attention it does.

54. *Addiction,* Inclination.

55. *Companies,* Companions.

58. *Sequestration,* Withdrawing to seclusion, as for the purposes of thought and study.

59. *Popularity,* Intercourse with the common herd.

63. *Contemplation,* Thoughtful study.

Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.
Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.
Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?
Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer seem received, my lord?
Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain have done
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?
Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;

66. *Crescive*, Having the power of growth.
66. *Faculty*, Essential nature. The phrase *crescive in his faculty* means capable of growth, with regard to its essential nature.
70. *Mitigation*, Softening; making the whole thing less severe.
74 *Exhibiters*, Those presenting, or bringing forward, the bill.
86. *Severals*, Separate particulars.

Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

The same. The presence chamber. On a dais, surmounted with a canopy embroidered with the arms of England, is the King's throne.

[*Enter King Henry, Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and Attendants.*]
K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury ?
Exe. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege ?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin : we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.
[*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely.*]
Cant. God and His angels guard your sacred throne
And make you long become it !
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim :
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth ;
For God doth know how many now in health

4. *Resolved,* Informed. 11. *Law Salique.* See below.
15. *Nicely,* With too much precision and subtlety.
15. *Charge,* Burden.

Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
" In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant: "
" No woman shall succeed in Salique land: "
Which Salique land the French unjustly glose
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,

19. *Approbation*, Proof.
21. *Impawn*, Pledge.
29. *Conjuration*, Solemn enjoinder.
40. *Glose*, Interpret.
42. *Female bar*, Bar against females.

Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposèd Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was reunited to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,

72. *Find*, Furnish. 74. *Convey'd himself*, Passed himself off as.
77. *King Lewis the Tenth.* So Holinshed, Shakespeare's authority, in error for Lewis the Ninth.

King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female :
So do the kings of France unto this day ;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim ?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;
Look back into your mighty ancestors :
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim ; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action !

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
And with your puissant arm renew their feats :
You are their heir ; you sit upon their throne ;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

91. *Howbeit*, Although. 94. *Imbar*, Bar, obstruct.
95. *Progenitors*, Ancestors. 107. *Power*, Army.
116. *Puissant*, Powerful.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force,

125. *They know your grace hath cause . . . highness.* Coleridge thought it possible that by error in copying or printing "cause" and "grace" may have been transposed. Or "grace" may denote the king's own peculiar domains and legal revenue, "highness" his feudal rights in the military service of his nobles.

140. *Marches*, Borders. 145. *Still*, Always.

Galling the gleanèd land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns,
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.
West. But there's a saying very old and true,

" If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin: "

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.
Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armèd hand doth fight abroad,
The advisèd head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,

151. *Assays*, Attacks.
160. *Impounded*, Imprisoned, as if put into a pound, an enclosure for stray cattle.
162. *Prisoner kings*, King John of France (at Poitiers, 1356); King David of Scotland (at Nevill's Cross, 1346).
175. *Crush'd necessity*, A necessity easily overcome, soon disposed of.
179. *Advised*, Wise and deliberate.

Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
CANTERBURY Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixèd, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armèd in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosèd several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne

181. *Consent*, Harmony.
182. *Close*, Cadence.
182. *Congreeing*, Agreeing.
190. *Of sorts*, Of various ranks.
194. *Make boot upon*, Plunder.
194. *Boot*, Booty.
202. *Sad-eyed*, Grave-eyed.
206. *Contrariously*, In different ways.

Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

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

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

[*Enter Ambassadors of France.*]

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

First Amb. May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off

216. *Withal*, With it. 225–8. *Or . . . or*, Either . . . or.
227. *Her almost kingly dukedoms*, Flanders, Champagne, Normandy, Burgundy, Aquitaine, Toulouse.
228. *Urn*, For grave. The Romans, after cremation of their dead, placed the ashes in an urn.
232. *Turkish mute.* The Turks employed tongueless or dumb persons in certain positions where secrecy was essential.
233. *Worshipped*, honoured.
233. *Waxen epitaph.* Either an epitaph waxing great with praise, or one written on paper and fastened to the grave with wax.

The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy ?
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king ;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won ;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure ; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle ?
Exe. Tennis balls, my liege.
K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us ;
His present and your pains we thank you for :
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England ;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself

252. *Galliard*, A lively dance. See page 158.
263–6. *Hazard . . . chaces*, Terms from the old game of tennis. See page 158.
264. *Wrangler*, Champion. 267. *Comes o'er us*, Twits us.

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

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition ;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected and all things thought upon

282. *Gun-stones.* The first cannon-balls were made of stone.

That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

ACT II

PROLOGUE

[*Flourish. Enter Chorus.*]

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With wingèd heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out

2. ***Silken dalliance.*** The light gaiety associated with the wearing of silken clothes is put aside with them.
6. ***Mirror,*** The king in whom the virtues of all others is reflected.
7. ***Mercuries.*** Mercury, according to Roman myth, was the messenger of Jupiter. His heels were winged.
12. ***Intelligence,*** Information. 14. ***Policy,*** Cunning scheming.
19. ***Kind,*** Having the feelings natural to kinship.

A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns ; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt indeed !—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on ; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance ; force a play :
The sum is paid ; the traitors are agreed ;
The king is set from London ; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton ;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit :
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass ; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I

A street in London. The houses are built of wood, with gables and overhanging eaves. The road is cobbled.

[*Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph.*]

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

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

Nym. For my part, I care not : I say little ; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles ; but that

30. *Ere*, Before. 39. *Pass*, Passage.
3. *Ancient*, Ensign, standard-bearer.

shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end.

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

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and certainly she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

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

[*Enter Pistol and Hostess.*]

Bard. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

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

[*Nym and Pistol draw.*]

Host. O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful murder committed.

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

Nym. Pish!

8. *Iron*, Sword.
12. *Sworn brothers.* In the days of chivalry it was common for two knights to bind themselves together as sworn brothers, vowing to share with one another the fortunes of war.
16. *That is my rest.* See page 158.
20. *Troth-plight*, Betrothed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*]

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

38. *Iceland dog.* These dogs were favourite pets at this time. They had rough white curly hair, and were very snappish.
42. *Shog off,* Move off.
42. *Solus,* Alone. The Latin word is regarded as a fearful insult by Pistol.
43. *Egregious,* In the highest degree.
46. *Perdy* (Fr. *par Dieu*), By God.
49. *Take,* Catch fire.
51. *Barbason,* The name of a devil. Pistol's rant sounds to Nym like an exorcism against an evil spirit.
56. *Humour.* Nym uses this word in his own particular way. See page 160.
57. *Wight,* Creature.
59. *Exhale,* Draw (thy sword).
63. *Mickle,* Much.
65. *Tall,* Valiant.

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

Pist. "Couple a gorge!"
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
I have, and I will hold the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—pauca, there's enough.
Go to.

[*Enter the Boy.*]

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

Bard. Away, you rogue!

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

[*Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*]

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

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

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

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

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

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[*They draw.*]

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

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

68. *Couple a gorge,* Couper la gorge. Pistol loves to embellish his talk with scraps from other languages.
71. *Quondam* (Latin), Formerly.
72. *Pauca* (Latin), Few (words).
81. *Presently,* At once.
90. *Compound,* Settle it.

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

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

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

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

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

[*Re-enter Hostess.*]

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

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

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

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

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

99. *Noble*, 6s. 8d.
103. *Sutler*, Seller of provisions to the army.
111. *Quotidian*, A fever which recurs daily.
111. *Tertian*, A fever which recurs every alternate day. The combination of the two is an unheard-of complaint.
116. *Fracted*, Broken.
116. *Corroborate*, Made strong. Pistol uses the word for the sake of its impressive sound.
118. *To pass a career*, "To run your horse forthright at his full speed, and then making him stop quickly suddenly firme, and close on his buttock." Nym is thinking of the sudden change in the king.

SCENE II

Southampton. A council chamber. The general design of the room resembles that of the room in the King's palace, in Act I., but a state seat takes the place of the throne.

[*Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.*]

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

Exe. They shall be apprehended by-and-by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crownèd with faith and constant loyalty.

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

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

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

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

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

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded

2. ***Apprehended,*** Arrested.
7. ***By interception,*** By various means of intercepting their communications with the enemy.
18. ***In head,*** In an organized armed force.

We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

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

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

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

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

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

30. *Galls*, Bitterness, feelings of enmity.
34. *Quittance*, Requital, reward. 40. *Enlarge*, Set free.
43. *On his more advice*, Now that he has had time to consider (and amend) his conduct, or, on further consideration about him.
44. *Security*, Foolish confidence in safety.
46. *His sufferance*, By suffering him to do such a thing and go unpunished.

K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }
K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

53. *Orisons*, Petitions.
54. *Distemper*, Disturbance of the mind, frequently used of drunkenness.
79. *Quick*, Alive.

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton; to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use!
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not hoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils that suggest by treasons

86. *Apt*, Ready.
90. *Practices*, Plots.
99. *Practised*, Plotted.
107. *Grossly*, Obviously.
108. *Admiration*, Wonder.
108. *Hoop*, Make an exclamation of astonishment.
113. *Voice*, Vote.
114. *Suggest*, Tempt.

Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety ;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions " I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's."
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?
Why, so didst thou : seem they grave and learned ?
Why, so didst thou : come they of noble family ?
Why, so didst thou : seem they religious ?
Why, so didst thou : or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purgèd judgment trusting neither ?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem :
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open :
Arrest them to the answer of the law ;
And God acquit them of their practices !

123. *Tartar*, The abyss of the underworld, according to Greek myth. 126. *Jealousy*, Suspicion.
133. *Swerving with the blood*, Acting according to the impulse of passion. 134. *Complement*, Outward demeanour.
137. *Bolted*, Sifted, freed from all that is worthless in man's character.
139. *Full-fraught man*, The man fully laden with, possessing all the qualities of which manhood is proud.
139. *Indued*, Endowed.

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

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

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

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise :
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in His mercy ! Hear your sentence.
You have conspired against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death ;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge ;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death :
The taste whereof, God of His mercy give

151. *Discovered*, Laid bare, revealed. 166. *Quit*, Absolve.
169. *Earnest*, Money given beforehand as a pledge.

You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*]
Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothèd on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

London. Before the Boar's Head tavern, Eastcheap. The inn is built round a courtyard. A gallery, or balcony, approached by a flight of steps, spans the first story. An arched doorway, at which hangs the sign, leads from the courtyard to the street without.

[*Enter Pistol, Hostess, Nym, Bardolph, and Boy.*]

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

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

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

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's

181. *Dear*, Grievous.
190. *Puissance*, Power.
3. *Yearn*, Grieve.
188. *Rub*, Obstacle. See page 158.
1. *Bring thee*, Accompany thee.
9. *Arthur's*. She means "Abraham's."

bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I: "what, man! be o' good cheer." So 'a cried out "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that 'a did.

Boy. Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and Pay":
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

11. *Christom.* A chrisom child was one in its first month, or one that died before it was a month old. See page 160.
28. *Sack,* Dry wine, the favourite beverage of Falstaff.
39. *Let senses rule,* Be on the watch, keep your eyes and ears open.
39. *Pitch and Pay,* A proverbial phrase for immediate payment.

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck :
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France ; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck !

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

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]

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

Pist. Let housewifery appear : keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell : adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

France. The King's palace.

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

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

43. *Caveto,* Take care ! 10. *Gulf,* Whirlpool.

Upon our fields.

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

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

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable ;
But though we think it so, it is no matter :
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems :

25. *Morris dance*, An old English dance. See page 159.
28. *Humorous*, Full of whims and fancies. See page 160.
37. *Roman Brutus*. This Brutus feigned madness that he might the better conceal his plan to overthrow the tyrant Tarquinius Superbus, and so free Rome.

So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

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

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

[*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*]

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

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

54. *Struck.* The phrase "to strike a battle" is used by Holinshed.
70. *Spend their mouths,* Give cry.

[*Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and train.*]

Fr. King. From our brother England ?

Exe. From him ; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs ; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretchèd honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-banish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative ;
Willing you overlook this pedigree :
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows ?

Exe. Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it :
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel ;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws ; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,

83. *Ordinance*, Ordering, enactment.
85. *Sinister*, Left-handed, illegitimate.
88. *Line*, Family tree. 91. *Evenly*, Directly.

That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.
Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.
Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And anything that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.
Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.
Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.
Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king

126. *Ordnance*, Cannon. 129. *Odds*, Strife.
136. *Greener*, Younger.

Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT III

PROLOGUE

[*Enter Chorus.*]

Chor. Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning :
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing ;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused ; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge : O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing ;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harflew. Follow, follow :
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance ;

1. *Imagined wing*, The wings of imagination.
4. *Well-appointed*, Well-equipped.
6. *Phœbus*, The god of the sun.
12. *Bottoms*, Vessels. 14. *Rivage*, Shore.
17. *Harflew*, An old spelling of Harfleur, as *Callice* of Calais.
21. *Puissance*, Power.

For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*]
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I

France. Before Harfleur. Harfleur stands on the Seine between two hills. Henry has besieged it on every side, raising fortifications to protect his men. The methods by which the English try to effect an entrance are by mining and by battering down part of the walls. Battering-rams and cannon, throwing "gun-stones," have been brought up to the walls, and a breach has been made. The English have set up their scaling-ladders (see page 19) and made an attempt to enter the city, but the besieged, with their arrows, gun-stones, molten lead, and boiling oil, have succeeded in driving back the first onset. The King rallies his men and encourages them to attack once more.

[*Alarum. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders.*]

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;

24. ***Cull'd***, Picked.
33. ***Linstock***, Gunner's match.
32. ***Likes not***, Is not pleasing.
33. ***Chambers***, Cannon.

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

10. *Portage*, Portholes. 18. *Fet*, Fetched, derived.
19. *Alexanders*, Alexander the Great of Macedon, one of the mightiest of conquerors, who claimed to have subdued the whole world.
21. *Argument*, Subject-matter; there was no one left for them to lay low. 22. *Attest*, Bear witness.
31. *Slips*, Leashes.

Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II

The same.

[*Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.*]

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

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

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound: Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die.

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

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

Pist. And I:

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

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

[*Enter Fluellen.*]

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

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.

4. *Case of lives*, Set of lives.
6. *Plain-song*, Plain melody without variations, simple truth.
21. *Avaunt*, Begone! 22. *Cullions*, Miserable wretches.

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

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

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

26. *Bawcock* (*beau coq*), Fine fellow. 26. *Chuck*, Chicken.
30. *Swashers*, Swashbucklers, swaggerers.
32. *Antics*, Grotesques.
43. *Purchase*, Gain; a word which came to be used by thieves for their stolen goods. 46. *Filching*, Stealing.
48. *Carry coals*, A slang phrase of the time meaning to do some menial task.

[*Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.*]

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

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mine; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

[*Enter Macmorris and Captain Jamy.*]

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

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

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

56. *Presently*, At once.
57. *Mines.* Gloucester had made "three mines under the ground."
64. *Countermines.* The French had made these. Their object was to destroy the mines, or to effect an entrance to them.
83. *Pristine*, Former. 86. *God-den*, Form of good-even.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work is ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

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

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or ay'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that

88. *Pioners*, Pioneers, soldiers who sink mines, etc. Holinshed says that the French "with their countermining somewhat disappointed the Englishmen, and came to fight with them hand to hand within the mines, so that they went no farther forward with that work."

is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

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

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

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

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

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

SCENE III

The same. Before the gates.

[*The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King Henry and his train.*]

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:

120. ***The breff and the long,*** The long and the short.
121. ***Question,*** Discussion. 121. ***Tway,*** Two.
135. ***Will,*** Am determined to.
138. ***Parley, parle,*** Truce for conference between the opposing forces.

Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves ;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst : for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harflew
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation ?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career ?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon the enragèd soldiers in their spoil
As send precépts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command ;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters :
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused

8. *Half-achieved*, Half-taken.
11. *Flesh'd*, Having tasted blood. 17. *Fell*, Fierce.
21. *Bootless*, Useless. 23. *Precepts*. A precept is a summons.
23. *Leviathan*, Sea-monster.

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?

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

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

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

SCENE IV

The French King's palace.

[*Enter Katharine and Alice.*]

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

Alice. Un peu, madame.

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

Alice. La main ? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts ?

55. *Addrest*, Made ready.

Scene IV. The stage direction in Folio I. is "Enter Katharine and an old Gentlewoman."

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

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

Alice. Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails.

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

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude ?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice ; écoutez : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie ! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col ?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton ?

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick ; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

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

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné ?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement : de hand, de fingres, de mails——

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

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

Alice. De foot, madame ; et de coun.

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

Alice. Excellent, madame !

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois : allons-nous à diner. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

The French King's palace at Rouen.

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

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

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

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

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards !
Mort de ma vie ! if they march along

6. *Scions*, Shoots of trees. 6. *Stock*, Stem of a tree or plant.
7. *Spirt*, Sprout.
8. *Grafters*, Stems from which the grafted shoots were taken.

Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.
Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
Poor we may call them in their native lords.
Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out.
Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.
Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,

13. *Nook-shotten*, Full of nooks.
18. *Drench for sur-rein'd jades*, Medicine for worn-out horses. Malt is often used in it, as it is used in beer, the national drink of England.
30. *Lavoltas and corantos*, Popular Elizabethan dances. See page 159. 37. *Delabreth.* His name was d'Albert.

Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois ;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harflew :
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon :
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Roan
Bring him our prisoner.

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

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

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI

The English camp in Picardy.

[*Enter Gower and Fluellen, meeting.*]

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen ! come you from the bridge ?

51. *Roan*, the old spelling of Rouen.
57. *For achievement*, To bring the affair to an end.

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe ?

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

Gow. What do you call him ?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

[*Enter Pistol.*]

Flu. Here is the man.

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

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

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

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind ; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation : and her foot, look

7. *Agamemnon*, One of the heroes of the Trojan war. He was king of Mycenæ, and leader of the Greeks.

14. *Mark Antony*, Friend of Julius Cæsar, who avenged his death, and, for a time, was one of the triumvirate ruling Rome.

you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

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

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

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

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

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

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain! [*Exit.*]

Flu. Very good.

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

Flu. I'll assure you, 'a uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it

41. ***Pax***, A tablet of wood or metal painted with the picture of Christ, on which the "kiss of peace" is bestowed at certain ceremonies in the Roman Catholic Church. Perhaps the word should be ***pix*** (as in Holinshed's account), a box in which the consecrated wafer is kept.
58. ***Figo***, Fig, a common expression of contempt.
63. ***Arrant***, thorough.

is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

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

[*Drum and colours. Enter King Henry, Gloucester, and Soldiers.*]

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire,

73. *Learn*, Teach. 74. *Sconce*, Fort.
75. *Convoy*, Expedition bringing up supplies of arms or food.
77. *Con*, Learn by heart.
Drum and colours. The Folios' completion of the stage direction is "Enter the King and his poor Soldiers."

and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge : I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

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

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

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off : and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language ; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

[*Tucket. Enter Montjoy.*]

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee : what shall I know of thee ?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king : Say thou to Harry of England : Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep : advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harflew, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe : now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial : England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore

105. *Bubukles.* A word made up from "carbuncle," and "bubo" (an abscess). 106. *Whelks,* Boils.
Tucket, Trumpet.
124. *Advantage,* Skill to take advantage, to wait for and use favourable opportunity. 129. *Sufferance,* Patience.

consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

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

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Callice
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessened, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

142. *Quality*, Rank.
149. *Vantage*, Clever to seize vantage, or advantage, a favourable opportunity.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself :
If we may pass, we will ; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour : and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this :
We would not seek a battle, as we are ;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it :
So tell your master.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit.*]

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

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

SCENE VII

The French camp near Agincourt.

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

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

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

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning !

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour ?

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

Dau. What a long night is this ! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça, ha ! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails

were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus, chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

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

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

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

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

Orl. No more, cousin.

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

Ram. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

14. ***Pegasus,*** The winged horse given by the goddess of wisdom to the hero Bellerophon.

21. ***Perseus,*** whose winged shoes helped him to travel swiftly on his adventures. 21. ***Dull elements.*** See page 160.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he cared not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

59. *Go to hazard with*, Gamble with.
61. *Hazard*, Risk, danger. 81. *Marry*, (by) Mary, a mild oath.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is ; never anybody saw it but his lackey : 'tis a hooded valour ; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with " There is flattery in friendship."

Orl. And I will take up that with " Give the devil his due."

Con. Well placed : there stands your friend for the devil : have at the very eye of that proverb with " A pox of the devil."

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much " A fool's bolt is soon shot."

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measured the ground ?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day ! Alas, poor Harry of England ! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

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

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

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

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

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth

85. *Hooded*, as a falcon, over whose head a hood is slipped that she may be quiet and tractable. When the hood is taken off she *bates*, or flaps her wings. But see page 156.

98. *Overshot*, Defeated.

106. *Peevish*, Childishly wayward.

of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

117. *Russian bear.* See page 157. 125. *Shrewdly*, Badly.

ACT IV

PROLOGUE

[*Enter Chorus.*]

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From cap to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face ;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation :
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English,

9. *Umber'd*, Dark against the flames. Umber is a dark stain.
12. *Accomplishing*, Equipping. Some pieces of armour were riveted together after having been put on.
17. *Secure*, Foolishly confident. 18. *Over-lusty*, Over-cheerful.

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry " Praise and glory on his head ! "
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;
Where—O for pity !—we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[*Exit.*]

25. *Sad*, Grave. 26. *Investing*, Enveloping, clothing.
39. *Attaint*, Disgrace, stain; here, the wretched appearance anxiety and fatigue naturally give a man.
43. *Largess*, Royal bounty. 50. *Ragged*, Shabby-looking.
51. *Ill-disposed*, Badly handled.

SCENE I

The English camp at the little village of Agincourt.

[*Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.*]

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

[*Enter Erpingham.*]

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

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

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

7. *Husbandry*, Thrifty management. 10. *Dress us*, Prepare us.
16. *My liege*, My lord. 16. *Likes me*, Pleases me.
19. *Upon example*, Following the example of another.
20. *Quicken'd*, Become alive. 20. *Out of doubt*, Without doubt.
23. *With casted slough*, Their lethargy cast off, as a snake casts its slough, or skin. 23. *Legerity*, Lightness.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exeunt all but King.*]

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

[*Enter Pistol.*]

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

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

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

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

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

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

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

25. *Commend me*, A common message of courtesy.
26. *Anon*, Immediately. 27. *Pavilion*, Tent.
38. *Popular*, One of the common crowd.
45. *Imp*, Scion, offshoot. 48. *Bully*, Fine fellow.

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee, then!

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

[*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*]

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

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

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

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

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*]

56. *Saint Davy's day.* The leek was worn on St. David's Day (1st March) in honour of a victory said to have been gained on that day by the Welshmen over the Saxons, the Welshmen wearing leeks in their caps, by the order of St. David.

64. *Sorts*, Agrees.

70. *Pompey the Great*, The great Roman general, finally vanquished by his rival, Julius Cæsar.

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

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

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

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

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

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

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

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

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

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

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish

97. *Estate*, Condition. 98. *Sand*, Quicksand.
104. *Element*, Sky. 107. *Affections*, Passions, desires.
108. *Stoop*, Used of the downward swoop of the falcon upon her prey. 111. *In reason*, In all fairness.

himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

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

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

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

Will. That's more than we know.

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

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

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about

117. *At all adventures,* At all risks, whate'er betides.
119. *By my troth,* By my faith.
119. *Conscience,* Innermost thought.
144. *Argument,* Subject-matter, business in hand.
147. *Proportion of subjection,* What is only right and decent in a subject.

merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation; but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle, war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him ad-

149. *Miscarry*, Come to harm.
153. *Irreconciled*, Not atoned for and pardoned.
156. *Answer*, Answer for.
161. *Arbitrement*, Decision.
162. *Peradventure*, By chance.
163. *Contrived*, Plotted.
165. *Bulwark*, Protection.

vantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

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

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

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

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

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

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

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

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

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

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

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

K. Hen. There.

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

199. *Pay him*, Pay him out, punish him.
200. *Elder-gun*, Pop-gun. 210. *Gage*, Pledge.

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

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

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

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.

224. *Enow*, Enough.
230. *Clipper*, One who debased coin by shaving fragments from the edges—possible before the introduction of milled coinage.
235. *Breath*, Criticism. 237. *Wringing*, Grief.
246. *Soul of adoration*, Innermost essence, real quality, of the adoration commanded by ceremony.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,

256. *Flexure,* Bowing. 263. *Intertissued,* Interwoven.
264. *Farced,* Stuffed, made great with all the additional titles of the king. This "farced title" would be inscribed on a banner borne before the king.
271. *Distressful,* Won by hard stress and strain.
272. *Horrid,* Dreadful.
275. *Elysium,* The heaven of Greek myth.
276. *Hyperion,* Another name for Phœbus Apollo, the sun-god, who at dawn yoked his steeds to his fiery chariot, which he drove across the heavens from the east to the west.

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

[*Enter Erpingham.*]

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

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

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

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

[*Enter Gloucester.*]

Glou. My liege !

281. *Vantage*, Advantage. 283. *Wots*, Knows.
295. *Compassing*, Obtaining.
302. *Two chantries*, At Shene and Twickenham.
302. *Sad*, Grave. 303. *Still*, Always.

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

SCENE II

The French camp, by the woods of Agincourt.

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

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour ; up, my lords !

Dau. Montez à cheval ! My horse ! varlet ! laquais ! ha !

Orl. O brave spirit !

Dau. Via ! les eaux et la terre.

Orl. Rien puis ? l'air et le feu.

Dau. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

[*Enter Constable.*]

Now, my lord constable !

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh !

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha !

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

[*Enter Messenger.*]

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !
Do but behold yon poor and starvèd band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands ;

11. *Dout*, Put out ; still used in Warwickshire.
14. *Embattled*, Arrayed and ready for battle.
18. *Shales*, Shells.

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

[*Enter Grandpré.*]

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,

21. *Curtle-axe*, Cutlass, short sword.
29. *Hilding*, Contemptible. 31. *Speculation*, Looking on.
35. *Tucket sonance*, The sound of the trumpet.
36. *Dare the field.* A hawk was said to "dare" small birds when, scared at the sight of it hovering above them, they kept close to the ground. See page 156. 40. *Ill-favouredly*, Badly.
44. *Beaver*, The movable face-guard of a helmet.

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless ;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

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

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

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

SCENE III

The English camp.

[*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham, with all his host : Salisbury and Worcester.*]

Glou. Where is the king ?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one ; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us ! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all ; I'll to my charge :
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu !

49. *Gimmal*, Either double, or made with double rings.
63. *Outwear*, Consume, waste.

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit Salisbury.*]

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.
[*Enter the King.*]

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

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

26. *It yearns me not*, It grieves me not.
32. *Methinks*, It seems to me. 35. *Stomach*, Inclination.
37. *Convoy*, Safe conduct.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say " To-morrow is Saint Crispian " :
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say " These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day : then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered ;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition :
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

[*Re-enter Salisbury.*]

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :
The French are bravely in their battles set,

50. ***With advantages***, With improvements. The tale won't lose in the telling.
57. ***Crispin Crispian.*** The brethren Crispinius and Crispianus were early Christian martyrs. As they earned their living by shoemaking, they came to be regarded as the patron saints of shoemakers. Their feast day was 25th October.
69. ***Bravely***, Making a fine show.
69. ***In their battles set***, Drawn up in their divisions.

And will with all expedience charge on us.
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?
West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!
[*Tucket. Enter Montjoy.*]
Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assurèd overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.
K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.
K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,

70. *Expedience*, Convenient speed.
80. *Compound*, Come to terms.
82. *Gulf*, Whirlpool.
83. *Englutted*, Swallowed up.
91. *Achieve*, Win.

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

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

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

[*Enter York.*]

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

107. *In relapse of mortality*, In a rebound of death-bringing power; in a deadly rebound.
130. *Vaward*, Vanguard, the front line of the army.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God dispose the day!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

The field of battle.

[*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy.*]

Pist. Yield, cur!

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu!

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

4. *Qualtitie . . . me.* Pistol fits his mimicry of what seems to him the jargon of the French soldier to the refrain of an old song, "Calen, o Custure me," apparently as meaningless as such refrains often are, but said to be a corruption of the Irish phrase Colleen, oge astore (Girl, my treasure).
8. *Perpend,* Weigh, consider. 9. *Fox,* Sword.
13. *Moy.* Pistol imagines the soldier to be alluding to some coin.

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi !

Pist. Say'st thou me so ? is that a ton of moys ?
Come hither, boy : ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Écoutez : comment êtes-vous appelé ?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer ! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him : discuss the same in French unto him.

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

Pist. Bid him prepare ; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur ?

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

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns ;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

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

Pist. What are his words ?

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

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

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

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

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens ; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé

28. *Firk*, Beat.

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

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

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

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

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt Pistol and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V

Another part of the field.

[*Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and Rambures.*]

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

71. *Roaring devil . . . dagger.* See page 153.

Dau. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we played at dice for?
Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour: once more back again.
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI

Another part of the field.

[*Alarum. Enter King Henry and forces, Exeter, and others.*]

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.
Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.
K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.
Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,

Alarum, etc. Stage direction in Folios is: "Alarm. Enter the King and his train, with prisoners."
5. *I saw him down.* York was struck down by Alençon, and the king, trying to raise him, received a blow from Alençon which struck off part of his crown.
8. *Larding,* Enriching (with his blood).

Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died ; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;
And cries aloud " Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry ! "
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up :
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says " Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips ;
And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd ;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.
K. Hen. I blame you not ;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum.*]
But, hark ! what new alarum is this same ?
The French have reinforced their scatter'd men :
Then every soldier kill his prisoners ;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*]

9. *Honour-owing*, Honour-possessing, honourable.
10. *Suffolk*, Michael de la Pole, third Earl of Suffolk.
11. *Haggled o'er*, Hacked about.
21. *Raught*, Past tense of " reach.'

SCENE VII

Another part of the field.

[*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*]

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

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

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

Gow. Alexander the Great!

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

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth: but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is

2. *Arrant*, Thorough.

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

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

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

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

[*Alarum. Enter King Henry, and forces; Warwick, Gloucester, Exeter, and others.*]

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

Alarum, etc. In Folios: "Alarum. Enter King Harry and Bourbon with prisoners. Flourish."
55. *Trumpet*, Trumpeter. 58. *Void*, Leave empty, evacuate.
60. *Skirr*, Scurry.
61. *Assyrian slings.* "The Assyrians . . . trust to shield and spear, and bow and sling." (*Judith*, ix. 7.)

Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

[*Enter Montjoy.*]

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.
Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.
K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?
Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes—woe the while!—
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!
K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.
Mont. The day is yours.
K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?
Mont. They call it Agincourt.

68. *Fined*, Staked, agreed to pay as a fine.
74. *Woe the while!* Alas the time!
75. *Mercenary*, Serving for pay, in contrast to the nobles.
78. *Fret*, Chafe.
79. *Yerk*, Jerk.
84. *Peer*, Peep out, come into sight.

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

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

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

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

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

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

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

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

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*]

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

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

K. Hen. An Englishman?

99. *Monmouth caps*, Soft flat caps made with a plume and worn at one side of the head.

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

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

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

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

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

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

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

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

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

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

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to

131. *Craven*, Coward.
134. *Sort*, Rank.
134. *From the answer of his degree.* Above answering the challenge of a man in his position.
139. *Jacksauce*, Impudent fellow.
141. *Sirrah.* A common way of addressing persons of inferior rank.
150. *Favour.* A token such as the lady of the knight would give him to wear for her when he fought in the lists or on the battlefield.

Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

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

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

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

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

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII

Before King Henry's pavilion.

[*Enter Gower and Williams.*]

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

[*Enter Fluellen.*]

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech

176. *Choler*, Anger.

you now, come apace to the king: there is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

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

[*Strikes him.*]

Flu. 'S blood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

[*Enter Warwick and Gloucester.*]

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

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

[*Enter King Henry and Exeter.*]

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

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is taken out of the helmet of Alençon.

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

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony

12. *I'll be forsworn*, I'll be guilty of breaking my oath.

and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promisèd'st to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

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

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

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

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

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

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore

49. *Abuse*, Insult.

should you be so pashful ? your shoes is not so good : 'tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

[*Enter an English Herald.*]

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd ?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

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

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king ; John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt : Of other lords and barons, knights and squires, Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French That in the field lie slain : of princes, in this number, And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead One hundred twenty-six : added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred : of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights : So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ; The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires, And gentlemen of blood and quality. The names of those their nobles that lie dead : Charles Delabreth, high constable of France ; Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France ; The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures ; Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin. John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant, The brother to the Duke of Burgundy, And Edward Duke of Bar : of lusty earls, Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix, Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale. Here was a royal fellowship of death ! Where is the number of our English dead ?

[*Herald shows him another paper.*]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,

Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire :
None else of name ; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, Thy arm was here ;
And not to us, but to Thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all ! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other ? Take it, God,
For it is none but Thine !

Exe. 'Tis wonderful !

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

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed ?

K. Hen. Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

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

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites ;
Let there be sung " Non nobis " and " Te Deum " ;
The dead with charity enclosed in clay :
And then to Callice ; and to England then ;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*]

117. *An*, If it.

ACT V

PROLOGUE

[*Enter Chorus.*]

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

3. *To admit the excuse, i.e.* of the representation of the passing of time and the occurrence of various events.
5. *Proper*, Own. 9. *Athwart*, Across.
10. *Pales in the flood*, Hems in the tide.
12. *Whiffler*, One who heads a procession to clear the way.
14. *Solemnly*, With pomp and ceremony.

Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride ;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens !
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him ! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him ;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home ;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them ; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back-return again to France :
There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.
[*Exit.*]

21. *Signal*, Signs of honour.
21. *Ostent*, Display of what he has done.
26. *Antique Rome.* It was the custom in Rome to welcome the general who returned victorious with a public triumph.
30. *The general . . . empress*, Essex. See page 161.
32. *Broached*, Spitted.
36. *Lamentation*, Grief on account of their defeat.
38. *The emperor*, Sigismund. See page 22.
43. *Interim*, Interval.
44. *Brook abridgment*, Endure the curtailing of events.

SCENE I

France. The English camp.

[*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*]

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

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

[*Enter Pistol.*]

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

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you!

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

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love

5. *Scauld*, Scabby. 7. *Fellow*, Used in a contemptuous sense.
19. *Bedlam*, Mad. The word is from Bedlam, or Bethlehem, a hospital for lunatics in London.
19. *Trojan*, A slang word for a person of doubtful character.
20. *Parca's fatal web*, The web of life spun by one of the Parcæ, or Fates. 21. *Qualmish*, Sick.

it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it ?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's will is : I will desire you to live in the meantime, and eat your victuals : come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire ; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to : if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain : you have astonished him.

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

Pist. Must I bite ?

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

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

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

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

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

Pist. Good.

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

28. *Cadwallader*, The last British king, who defended Wales against the Saxons in the seventh century.
39. *Astonished*, Struck terror into him. 43. *Coxcomb*, Head.
57. *Groat*, Fourpenny piece.

Pist. Me a groat!

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

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

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

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, home I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*]

62. ***Earnest***, Pledge, used of money given beforehand as a pledge.
68. ***Counterfeit***, False.
72. ***Gleeking and galling***, Jeering and making galling remarks.
77. ***Condition***, Disposition. 79. ***Huswife***, Jilt.
80. ***Spital***, Hospital.

SCENE II

Troyes in Champagne. A council chamber.

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

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

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

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

K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.

16. ***Bent***, Direction or glance.
17. ***Basilisks***, Large cannon, so called from the basilisk, the serpent whose glance was fabled to turn a man into stone.

Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in it own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unprunèd dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,

27. *Bar.* Those meeting one another at royal conferences were customarily separated by a bar; or the word may be used to mean a place where differences are settled.
31. *Congreeted,* Greeted.
33. *Rub,* Obstacle; used originally of an irregularity on the bowling-green.
40. *It.* The old genitive of it (O.E. hit) was *his.* Two other forms, *it* and *its,* were in use in Elizabethan English.
42. *Even-pleach'd,* Evenly interwoven, as carefully pruned hedges appear to be.
46. *Coulter,* Ploughshare.
47. *Deracinate,* Pluck up by the roots.
48. *Erst,* Formerly.

Conceives by idleness and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country ;
But grow like savages,—as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing and stern looks, defused attire
And everything that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled : and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

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

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

K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanced the articles : pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed

51. *Teems*, Produces.
52. *Kecksies*. The word "keck" is still used in Warwickshire for flowers of the hemlock family, especially fool's parsley.
61. *Defused*, Disordered. 65. *Let*, Hindrance.
73. *Enscheduled*, Written on a schedule or scroll.
77. *Cursorary*, Hasty. 79. *Presently*, Immediately.

To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

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

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

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

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*]

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

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

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

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

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

81. *Suddenly*, Quickly. 90. *Consign*, Agree.
94. *Nicely*, In an over-particular way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me : for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not

131. *Clap hands*, Take hands in a warm vigorous friendly way.
141. *Buffet*, Box. 143. *Jack-an-apes*, Monkey.
145. *Cunning*, Skill.

worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

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

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,—let me see,

150. ***Thine eye be thy cook,*** And make me appear good-looking and attractive.

what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

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

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

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

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear:

185. *Saint Denis*, The patron saint of France.
185. *Speed*, Aid. 216. *Beshrew*, Plague take.

my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say "Harry of England, I am thine:" which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine;" who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

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

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

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

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

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

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

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

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

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

226. *Avouch*, Avow, declare.

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

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

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

[*Re-enter the French King, and his Queen, Burgundy, and other Lords.*]

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

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

Bur. Is she not apt?

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

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure up love in his true likeness he must appear naked and blind.

K. Hen. That is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively,

260. *Nice*, Finicky, over-fastidious.

the cities turned into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

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

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

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

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France; and thus in Latin, Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

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

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

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

All. Amen!

315. *Dear*, Heartfelt.

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.
[*Flourish.*]

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

All. Amen!

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

EPILOGUE

[*Enter Chorus.*]

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.

332. *Ill office*, Evil dealing. 332. *Fell*, Cruel.
Sennet, A set of notes played on the trumpet.

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
Of France and England, did this king succeed ;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed :
Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*]

9. *Infant bands*, Swaddling-clothes. Henry VI. was nine months old when his father died.
13. *Which oft our stage has shown.* In the three parts of Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, and the older plays from which they were taken.
14. *Let this acceptance take*, Let this take your favour.

Shakespeare's Reputed Birthplace.

HELPS TO FURTHER STUDY

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

Of the actual facts of Shakespeare's life not very much is known. From parish registers and other documents there is evidence that a baby called William Shakespeare, son of John Shakespeare and Mary Arden, was baptized at Stratford parish church on the 26th of April 1564; that his father, a substantial burgess, trading in various kinds of agricultural produce, enjoyed certain civic dignities and suffered certain periods of ill-luck; that two husbandmen of Stratford stood surety for the validity of the marriage in contemplation between William Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway; that Shakespeare was a member of the Lord Chamberlain's company of actors; that he wrote certain poems and plays. But if we do not know much of what actually happened to him, we know what his surroundings must have been like. Stratford-on-Avon has grown since his time; the country round it is less thickly wooded, and parts of it have changed with the growth of big towns, and "facilities for tourists." But still there are old Elizabethan houses in Stratford, and still, as in the sweet and peaceful river meadows about Charlecote and Hampton Lucy, there are stretches of Warwickshire country-side little changed from that where the boy Shakespeare hunted for nests, went coursing and hawking, and, while on his boyish exploits, saw and heard a hundred things to

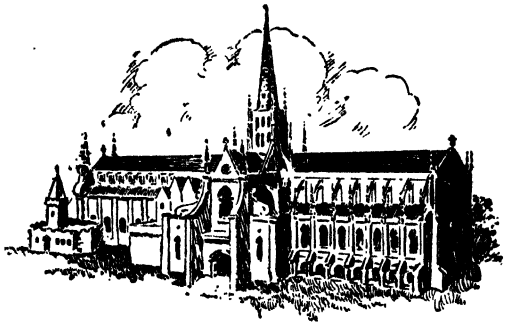
which his mind returned again and again, in flower song and bird song, in descriptions of sheep-shearing and rites of May.

Those who know the "pastoral heart of England" —not through a motor tour, but through quiet weeks or months or years spent in some Warwickshire village—and know Shakespeare's plays, may, out of love and the curiosity of love, pass much time examining documents and hunting up records: they may see new facts written down; but they gain or need little more than they already possess to recapture the atmosphere of the days of his childhood and young manhood.

A visitor to Stratford in Shakespeare's time, after crossing the sixteen-arched bridge which still spans the gentle, willow-edged Avon, would have come to a cobbled street of timbered, gabled houses, some of them shops, some private residences. Noticeable then, as now, would be the spire of Holy Trinity Church by the river, the square tower of the Guildhall, the almshouses and the grammar school, which, though of older foundation, was proudly known by the townsfolk, who had bought it back from the Crown in the reign of Edward VI., as the King's New School of Stratford-on-Avon. One of the finest dwellings in the little town was the Great House, belonging to Sir Hugh Clopton, and, when prosperity came to Shakespeare in London, he bought this property with its barns and gardens and orchards, and called it New Place. The so-called birthplace in Henley Street may have looked rather as it does now, for in the mid-nineteenth century care was taken to restore it to its probable original appearance. It certainly belonged to John Shakespeare, and was a "good" house, well built with oak planks and beams from the great forest in the neighbourhood, the forest of Arden. A walnut tree shaded the entrance; there was a pool of water across the road, and at the back of the house were

a garden and outbuildings. Luxurious furnishings, such as Shakespeare loved, were gradually becoming general, but his childhood would probably have been spent in a somewhat sparsely furnished house. There would have been beds, a joined or trestle table, joint-stools, presses, benches, and a settle of plain wood. The floors would not have been carpeted, but strewn with rushes. As Shakespeare's father was fairly well off, the walls of the living-room might have been hung with tapestry or " painted cloth."

As the eldest son of a prosperous citizen, it is most



likely that Shakespeare went to the King's New School. You can picture the small, brown-eyed boy, with his high forehead suggesting unusual intellectual power, but with interest in many things beyond books, joining the little groups that " creep like snail unwillingly to school." He is dressed like a merchant's son, in doublet and hose of russet or blue, with a leather belt from which hangs a pouch, and a flat cap like that of a beefeater at the Tower. In school he will be kept hard at work. He is past the infant stage: no boy may enter Stratford Grammar School until he has mastered his " absey " (A.B.C.) book.

He will be taught the old mediæval studies of logic and rhetoric, but most of his time will be spent tussling with Lily's Latin Grammar, and translating various Roman authors from Latin into English. Many a tag from that grammar book is quoted in the plays; but, if we are to believe the taunt of Ben Jonson, that Shakespeare knew "small Latin and less Greek," this boy does not go far beyond its precepts.

Out of school, he sees all there is to see in the lanes and woods and fields about his town. He recognizes the points of a good horse and a good hound; he watches, with the curious sympathy of many sportsmen, the stag dying by the brook under the oak tree, and the hare doubling back on his tracks; he listens to the abuse and praise of hounds by their names, Silver, Bellman, Echo, Merriman, and Fury. He has an intimate knowledge of hawking, that sport which the Elizabethans loved, and which is now practised by only a few enthusiasts. Occasionally he sees entertainments in the town—morris dancers, London players acting in the Guildhall, or local talent exercising itself.

His boyhood ends abruptly with his hasty marriage, at the age of eighteen, with Ann Hathaway. A few years afterwards he leaves Stratford for London, perhaps as the result of a poaching episode in Charlecote Park, the estate of the Sir Thomas Lucy whom he satirizes as Justice Shallow—more likely because his natural bent took him to the town where he could be permanently associated with the players and the theatre.

The chief life of "merry London," as Spenser calls it, was about the river, the "sweet Thames," which was then gay with state barges, sailing ships, and the boats of the watermen. The young countryman from Stratford, wandering about this great and beautiful waterway, would have admired London Bridge with its many narrow arches, the square tower of St. Paul's,

the fastness of the Tower, the grace of the Abbey. He would have seen the palaces and mansions of the noble, with gardens sloping down to the river, and boats lying moored at the foot of flights of steps. He would have seen the *Golden Hind*, in which Drake sailed round the world.; he would have gazed at the shows of monsters in Fleet Street, the strawberries at Ely Place, the bushels of roses in Temple Gardens. In his mind there can have been no doubt as to his destination.

There were only two playhouses in London at this time, the *Theatre* and the *Curtain*. For one of these he did his first work, as actor and as dramatist. Almost at once the compliment of jealousy was paid him, and the dramatist Greene wrote venomously of him (see page 143). The publisher of the pamphlet in which Greene's attack appeared at once apologized, but Shakespeare was unharmed by mockery. Fame came to him quickly. In 1594 he was among those of the Lord Chamberlain's company summoned to play before the queen at Greenwich ; in 1597 he was sufficiently prosperous to buy New Place at Stratford ; in 1598 he was mentioned by one Francis Meres, in a book called *Palladis Tamia* (Treasury of Wit) as " Most excellent in tragedy and comedy." In 1599 he became a shareholder in the profits of the new Globe Theatre (see page 144). By the end of the sixteenth century, when *Henry V.* was written, he had made his name, and he was " well off." Sir Sidney Lee calculated that, from his plays, his salary as an actor, and his shares in the *Globe*, his income would be over £600, and, as the purchasing power of money at that time was eight times what it was in our century before the war, this stands for a very fair sum.

All we know of Shakespeare contradicts the popular notion that genius is essentially unpractical in business matters. He knew how to make money, how to manage and spend it, and he provided for the com-

mon needs of a decent and comely life as strength and sanity will. What were the adventures, the delights and the sufferings of his spirit, his work alone can tell us—the plays indirectly, the sonnets, perhaps, directly. His demeanour seems to have been gentle and winning—his contemporaries describe him by the adjectives "sweet" and "friendly," and after his death his rival, the dramatist Ben Jonson, wrote of him, "I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature." "Honest, and of an open and free nature." None could wish finer praise for Shakespeare.

CHIEF RECORDED EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

(*For Reference.*)

1564. On 26th April William Shakespeare is baptized at the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon. He is the first son and third child of *John Shakespeare*, a trader in agricultural produce, and holder of various important municipal offices in Stratford (four years after the poet's birth he was high bailiff, or mayor, of the town), and of *Mary Arden*, who came of good yeoman stock.

1582. At the age of eighteen Shakespeare marries * *Ann Hathaway*, eight years older than himself, daughter of a farmer of Shottery. It is generally supposed that the marriage was not a happy one. Much has been made of a passage

* There is no existing record of Shakespeare's marriage, but a deed is extant wherein two husbandmen of Stratford bind themselves to stand surety for the validity of the marriage in contemplation between William Shakespeare and Ann Hathaway.

in *Twelfth Night*, where the Duke gives advice to his page:

> " Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
> Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;
> For women are as roses, whose fair flower
> Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour——"

and of the fact that Shakespeare's sole bequest to his wife in his will is the " second best bed with its furniture."

1583. Birth of Shakespeare's daughter Susanna.

1584. Birth of his twin children, Judith and Hamnet. The boy died at the age of eleven.

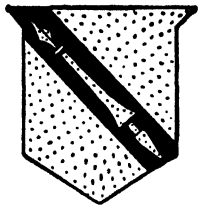
1592. The poet and dramatist, Robert Greene, in a pamphlet called *A Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, attacks a young actor as " an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you ; and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in the country." Obviously Shakespeare is meant, and, by this time, he must have left Stratford for London and the theatre. Later, the publisher of this pamphlet apologizes for Greene's ill-natured attack, and speaks of Shakespeare as " excellent in the quality * he professes."

1593–1594. Publication of the poems *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, both dedicated to the Earl of Southampton.

1594. Shakespeare mentioned as one of the actors in the Lord Chamberlain's company. He plays before the queen at Greenwich.

1596. The College of Heralds grants John Shakespeare

* Technical term for the actor's profession.



a coat of arms, which was obtained three years later. He is known to have been in financial difficulties at this date. It is thought likely that his son returned to Stratford in this year, and established the fortunes of the family on a firmer basis.

1597. Shakespeare buys New Place at Stratford.

1598. Francis Meres, a schoolmaster and divine, publishes his *Palladis Tamia* (Treasury of Wit), in which he praises Shakespeare as the greatest dramatist of the time. He mentions his narrative poems, his sonnets, six comedies (*Two Gentlemen of Verona, Errors, Love's Labour's Lost, Love's Labour's Won,* Midsummer Night's Dream,* and *Merchant of Venice*), and six tragedies (*Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus, Romeo and Juliet*).

1599. Globe Theatre built. Shakespeare becomes a shareholder in the receipts of this theatre.

1601. Death of John Shakespeare, from whom his son inherits the houses in Henley Street now known as "Shakespeare's House."

1602. Shakespeare purchases arable land near Stratford.

1603. The Lord Chamberlain's company receives its licence from James I., and is henceforth known as the King's Company or the King's Servants. Theatres closed on account of the plague, and the Court leaves London.

1604. Shakespeare is one of the

* Perhaps *All's Well that Ends Well*; or *Much Ado About Nothing.*

actors chosen to walk in the procession accompanying the king on his entry into London.

1605. He buys a moiety (portion) of the tithes of Stratford, but this investment does not prove a satisfactory one.

1607. His elder daughter, Susanna, marries Dr. John Hall. Their daughter Elizabeth was the only grandchild Shakespeare lived to see. She was the last surviving direct descendant of the poet.

1609. The Burbages, who had leased the Blackfriars Theatre, bought out the lessee. Shakespeare is one of the players to obtain shares (profits much less than at the Globe).

1610. Shakespeare purchases pastoral land, to add to land bought in 1602.

1616. His younger daughter, Judith, marries Thomas Quiney, son of one of his old friends. Of their three sons one died in infancy, the other two in young manhood.

1616. Death of Shakespeare (23rd April). He is buried in Stratford parish church, and over his grave are inscribed these lines:

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESE BE Ye MAN Yt SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Yt MOVES MY BONES.

THE WORK OF SHAKESPEARE

c. 1590–1600. Plays:—*Love's Labour's Lost*; *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; *The Comedy of Errors*; *Romeo and Juliet*; *Henry VI.*; *Richard III.*; *Richard II.*; *Titus Andronicus*; *The Merchant*

of Venice; King John; A Midsummer Night's Dream; All's Well that Ends Well; The Taming of the Shrew; Henry IV.; The Merry Wives of Windsor; Henry V.; Much Ado About Nothing; As You Like It; Twelfth Night.

Poems:—*Venus and Adonis; Lucrece; The Sonnets.*

1600–1610. *Julius Cæsar; Hamlet; Troilus and Cressida; Othello; Measure for Measure; Macbeth; King Lear; Timon of Athens; Pericles; Antony and Cleopatra; Coriolanus.*

1610–1611. *Cymbeline; The Winter's Tale; The Tempest; Henry VIII.*

THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

The play of *Henry V.* contains definite allusions to the Elizabethan theatre and to Elizabethan staging. The "wooden O" to which the First Prologue refers is the *Globe*, built by Richard Burbage and his brother from the fabric of their father's old *Theatre*, pulled down at the end of 1598, and the exclamation of the Fourth Prologue:

> "O for pity, we shall much disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt——"

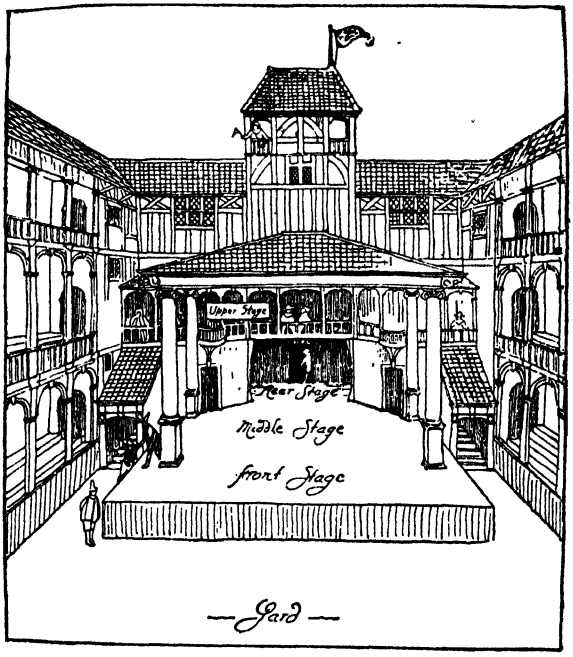
is the complaint of the difficulty of staging a spacious scene with much life and movement within the narrow confines of the theatre, a complaint which might be made to-day, in spite of the advantages the modern stage manager has at his disposal.

From the earliest times the English have been a play-loving people; but there was no regular theatre in London until 1576. Before this date actors took their wheeled and canopied stage, or "pageant," into

the courtyard of an inn—the *Red Lion*, the *Bull*, the *Bell*, the *Cross-keys*, or the *Belle Savage*—and this was their temporary theatre. The audience assembled at the windows or on the balconies of the building, or crowded in the yard itself. The disadvantages of this arrangement are obvious, and as drama increased in excellence and popularity, it seemed advisable that the players should have a place of their own, where they might be independent of the goodwill of the innkeeper, and the necessity of sharing profits with him, and where, even more to be desired, they should be without the jurisdiction of the city magistrates, always suspicious of them as the cause of crowds and possible uproar. So, in 1576, James Burbage erected a building in Shoreditch, then outside the city boundaries, and called it the *Theatre*. It was followed by the *Curtain*. These were the two playhouses in existence when Shakespeare came to London in 1584 or 1585; but, during his life there, others sprang up, notably the *Rose*, *Swan*, *Fortune*, *Blackfriars*, and *Globe*, all situated on the river. Of these the most important was the *Globe*, the sign of which showed Hercules, carrying the burden of Atlas, the terrestrial globe, on his shoulders. This famous theatre, where many of Shakespeare's greatest plays were acted for the first time, was doomed to a short life. In 1613, during a performance of *Henry VIII.*, "set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting on the stage," the discharge of two small cannon set fire to the thatch of the roof, and in a short time the whole theatre was burnt to the ground. It was rebuilt in the following year, but only to be demolished and built over during the Civil War.

There was a distinction between the public and the private theatres. The latter offered entertainments by the boys of the great choir schools of Paul's and the Chapel Royal, under the direction of their singing

masters. At the beginning of the seventeenth century the children of the Chapel at the second Blackfriars became so popular that the professional companies of actors were for the time being thrown into the shade.



THE FORTUNE THEATRE

A famous passage in *Hamlet* (II. ii.) alludes rather bitterly to the success of these boys.

In building his *Theatre* Burbage had the inn-yard in mind. He made it hexagonal instead of rectangular, and his " scaffold," or stage, was a bigger and a more elaborate structure than the old movable

pageant. But it bore definite traces of its origin: the unseated pit was still called the "yard," the boxes were the "rooms," and a painted sign, suggesting that of the tavern, distinguished the building. The public theatres were only partially roofed; the spectators in the "yard" were exposed to wind and weather. The private theatres were more luxurious, boasting a roof, and seated throughout. They were frequented by audiences of superior social standing; a character in a play of 1600 says:

> "I' faith, I like the audience that frequenteth there,
> With much applause. A man shall not be choked
> With the stench of garlick, nor be pasted
> To the barmy jacket of a beer brewer."

Prices of places varied from a penny to half-a-crown, but, taking into consideration the difference in the spending value of money in the two periods, it was not much cheaper to see a play in Shakespeare's time than in our own. A custom which must have been most distressing for the actors allowed a number of the audience to occupy stools on the stage of certain theatres. For this privilege the charge was sixpence. A contemporary satirist vividly describes the conduct of the young gallants who come in just as the quaking prologue has by rubbing got some colour into his cheeks, mew at the passionate speeches, blare at the merry, examine the lace on the play-suits, and take up rushes from the stage and tickle the ears of their friends to excite laughter among the audience.

The typical Elizabethan stage was an *apron stage*, which differs from our modern *picture stage* in that it projects into the pit of the theatre. Its exact construction is a matter of controversy, though certain details are clear from stage directions in the original editions of the plays of the period. In most theatres, public and private, there was a *rear stage*, a curtained

aperture topped with a balcony. The usefulness of this contrivance, to which constant allusion is made, is at once apparent. It might serve as study, bedchamber, tomb, counting-house, or cave, while the balcony might be the abode of the gods, or the city walls, or any place for which the direction " above " is given. All sorts of spectacular effects were contrived. There is, for instance, the death of the villain Jew in Marlowe's *The Jew of Malta.* The stage direction is, *Enter, above, Barabas, with a hammer, very busy, and carpenters,* and we learn that he is planning a collapsible gallery for the destruction of certain enemies, but his confederate turns against him, and a later stage direction runs, *A charge sounded within; Ferneze cuts the cord; the floor of the gallery gives way, and Barabas falls into a cauldron placed in a pit.* In another of Marlowe's plays a man is hanged in chains from the walls; in one of Peele's " Absalome hangs by the hair." (An item in the accounts of a contemporary stage manager * runs: " Pd for pulleys and workmanship for to hang Absolome, xiiii.") There was some sort of realistic representation of fire—a stage direction is, *Enter Tamburlaine and his three sons . . .; four attendants bearing the hearse of Zenocrate, and the drums sounding a doleful march; the town burning,* and others, in another play, *They make a fire,* and *Throws herself into the flames.* And, if there was no scenery in the modern sense of the word, there were plenty of stage properties in the Elizabethan theatre. Those of the Lord Admiral's men † in 1598 include a rock, a cage, tombs, a rainbow, mossy banks, a " chayne " of dragons, a bay tree, a snake, and the city of Rome.

* Philip Henslowe, who built the Rose, the Fortune (with Alleyn the actor), and reconstructed the Bear Garden as the Hope Theatre. His Diary is a most interesting record of stage costumes and property.

† They acted at the Rose, and, for a short time, Shakespeare's company was amalgamated with them.

The actors are sometimes described as entering by the sides of the stage, sometimes by doors. One of the original stage directions in Act V. of *Henry V.* is, *Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke, amd other Lords. At another, Queene Isabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and other French.* If you look through a reproduction of the *First Folio* you will find similar directions in other plays.

The costume worn by the actors was magnificent. As a rule, Elizabethan fashion prevailed, though such details as a Moor's coat, a Robin Hood's suit, Tasso's robe, and so on, noted in Henslowe's papers, suggest a certain appropriateness. There are records of cloaks of black velvet and black satin and scarlet trimmed with copper lace, doublets of peach and carnation, hose of cloth of gold and embroidered satin, jerkins of green and black trimmed with silver lace, and women's gowns of orange tawny velvet with silver lace and yellow satin embroidered with silk and gold lace. Mention is made of a Harry the V. satin doublet laid with gold lace, and a Harry the V. velvet gown. One dramatist got less for his play than was spent on the gown of his heroine—and this heroine was impersonated by a boy. Actresses were unknown on the stage before the Restoration.

Each company of actors was licensed to perform in the name of some royal or noble person. Thus we hear of Leicester's men, the Earl of Oxford's men, Nottingham's men, the Queen's players, and so on. From time to time, with the promotion or the death of a patron, a company would change its name—that to which Shakespeare belonged was known successively as Leicester's, Lord Strange's, the Lord Chamberlain's, and the King's men. With the growth of the popularity of the theatre the salaries of actors and their social importance increased. Their Puritan enemies would have it that they were "rogues and vagabonds," but they seem to have been "glorious

vagabonds," with money enough to bring them "dignity and reputation" if they chose to save it and spend it wisely.

Shakespeare was evidently a good actor. He was called "excellent in the quality he professes" (see page 143); and he was among those chosen to act before Queen Elizabeth at Greenwich, and King James I. at Wilton. The parts he is said to have taken —Adam in *As You Like It* and the Ghost in *Hamlet*— are not big ones, but they are parts which demand an imaginative rendering, and would not be entrusted to an indifferent actor. There are many allusions in his plays to actors, their environment and their art, and in *Hamlet* he gives a definite criticism and exposition of this art (III. ii.), and shows how moving the power of the player may be (II. ii.).

PLAYS BEFORE SHAKESPEARE

In Shakespeare's plays allusion is sometimes made to an earlier, cruder kind of drama. During the Middle Ages the popular dramatic entertainment had been the *mystery* plays, presenting the most striking events of the Bible story. These were acted on festival days by the town gilds in the streets, each gild having its stage wagon or pageant, on which it played the scene for which it was responsible, at some convenient place, such as the market cross or the gate of the city. In the fifteenth century the *mystery* was superseded by the *morality*, an allegorical representation of man's life, either in part or whole, the characters personifying the virtues helping him and the vices working to destroy him. The comic element in the morality play was provided by the Devil and a buffoon known as the Vice, perhaps because he was originally one of the chief vices in the play. The Devil wore a hair coat, a huge false nose, and long talons, and he invariably

spoke in a great roaring voice. The costume of the Vice varied. Sometimes he wore a long motley coat; in one play he appears in "armour" made of different kitchen utensils. He generally carried a wooden dagger, with which to torment his associates in the play. It is to some well-known trick of his that the Boy alludes in *Henry V.*, Act IV., Scene iv.

The sixteenth century was a period of great change and development in English drama. In its middle years Londoners thronged tavern yards and scholars and templars the halls of the universities and the inns of court to see the simple moralities; in its last decade the audiences in the public theatres saw the comedies of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice*, the tragedies of *Richard II.* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Such a change cannot come suddenly. The middle years of the century are a time of experiment and gradual development. A schoolmaster, Nicholas Udall, adapted a comedy by the Roman Plautus for his Westminster boys to act, and called it *Ralph Roister Doister;* two barristers, Sackville and Norton, collaborated in writing an English tragedy, *King Gorboduc*, in the manner of the Roman Seneca, and it was acted by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple before the queen. The classical influence persists along with the native tradition, and the drama of the sixties and seventies is a curious hotch-potch, written sometimes in rhyming stanzas, sometimes in irregular rhyming couplets, occasionally in a dull and wooden blank verse, introducing the Vice to relieve the tedium of the great events in which classical divinities and royal personages play their parts, and, in the phrase of Sir Philip Sidney, mingling hornpipes and funerals. A play called *King Cambises* is described as a "Lamentable Tragedy mixed ful of pleasant mirth," and others merit a similar description. Then comes a wonderful year, 1579, which sees the production of Marlowe's

Tamburlaine, Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, and Lyly's *Endimion*. All these dramatists seem conscious of a new greatness and certainty in their work, and the beauty of Marlowe's blank verse, and the elegance of Lyly's prose, established a style, the one in tragedy, the other in comedy.

When you read the plays of Marlowe, you will see the extent of his influence upon the young Shakespeare, and almost certainly you will be stirred by the extraordinary beauty of his verse. Not one of the later Elizabethans, not even Shakespeare himself, wrote anything to surpass that famous passage in which Faustus praises the vision of Helen. But sometimes Marlowe's style, especially when rendered by an actor only too ready to "tear a passion to tatters," becomes over-inflated and absurd.* Tamburlaine, his first great tragedy, took London by storm. Its popularity was equalled only by that of Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. But the next century was critical of its style, and could make scathing allusion to "the Tamerlanes and Tamer Chams of the late age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting and furious vociferation to warrant them to the ignorant gapers."

It is this "scenical strutting and furious vociferation, undoubtedly a characteristic of the acting of the time (see *Hamlet*, III. ii.) that has charmed the mind of Ancient Pistol.† He tries to reproduce in real life the tremendous effectiveness of life as he has seen it on the stage; he talks in a kind of blank verse; he loves the sound of alliteration and the splendour of classical allusion; he sees himself as an intrepid adventurer and soldier of fortune; he poses as a splendid figure

* A common charge against Marlowe. He is, I think, one of the few poets who has complete mastery of "high astounding terms," and can excite the imagination to accept them.

† *Ancient Pistol.* It is sometimes said that he quotes from bad plays—he quotes from good and bad, and his rant is his idea of "poetic style."

of heroic drama, and, such is the irony of life, suggests the " roaring devil of the old play." *

THE HISTORICAL PLAY

During the Elizabethan period a number of plays were produced dramatizing the outstanding events of the reign of some English king—*The Troublesome Reign of King John, A True Tragedy of Richard III., The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, and so on. These " chronicle plays " have not much literary and dramatic value. Their popularity in their own time may be accounted for by the growing patriotism of Tudor England, the increase of her consciousness of and her pride in herself as England. Heywood, a contemporary of Shakespeare, praises " our English chronicles," both as a method of giving instruction, enabling men even of " weak capacity " to " discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror—nay, from the landing of Brute, untill this day," and as an incentive to patriotism, " What English blood, seeing the person of any bold Englishman presented, and doth not hugge his fame, and hunnye at his valour ? "

It was Christopher Marlowe, the greatest of English dramatists before Shakespeare, who, in his *Edward II.*, first gave this sort of drama form and beauty, and the interest that comes from a vivid conception of character. Shakespeare's early historical plays clearly show his influence.

In writing his " histories," Shakespeare utilized older plays, some of which are still extant, and Holinshed's *Chronicles*, well known to the Elizabethans,

* It is Pistol who, when Falstaff swears he won't lend him a penny, declares

" Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

thoroughly out of fashion in the next century, which had no patience with "tedious tales of Hollingshed."

Although it has its complete independent interest, the play of *Henry V.* is closely connected with those of *Richard II.* and *Henry IV.* The main theme of these three plays is the rise of the House of Lancaster, from which the Tudors were descended. In *Richard II.*, Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, energetic, astute, a born leader of men, dethrones the king, who cannot rule. As Henry IV., he struggles against the rebellion of the nobles, unlikely to tolerate for long the sway of the usurper who is one of themselves, and, worn out but triumphant, dies, leaving the crown to his son, who, as Henry V., justifies the Lancastrian kingship by the victory of Agincourt.

ELIZABETHAN PASTIMES, CUSTOMS, ETC.

(To which allusion is made in *Henry V.*)

One of the favourite outdoor sports in the days of Shakespeare was hawking, and in every play you read you will find some allusion to falconry. Henry V. tells his soldiers, "I think the king is but a man as I am; . . . though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing." The Constable calls the Dauphin's a "hooded valour," and says that "when it appears, it will bate," and, later, declares that the approach of the French army "shall so much dare the field that England shall couch down in fear and yield." When the falconer trained a hawk he first affixed to her legs the strips of leather, or "jesses," by which she was held. Then, if dealing with a wild bird, or "haggard," he "seeled" her eyes, passing a fine thread through the skin of the lower lids, and drawing them up nearly over the eye. A skilful falconer could perform this

operation without causing the bird pain, and, as she grew tamer, the thread was removed. Then a hood was placed on her head, so that she should remain quiet and docile until flown. Before she was fit for sport she must be "manned," trained to work with her master. She was taken on the fist, and gently stroked and coaxed to remain there. At first she would flutter or "bate," scared and untractable, but finally she would become used to the falconer, and ready to fly to and from his hand at his whistle. Then, with little silver bells fastened to her legs, she was trained to fly to the "lure," a dead bird, and finally she was ready for sport, and would soar up to a great height or "pitch" from her master's hand, and wait hovering above him, and, when the "quarry" or game was put up beneath her, she would "stoop" or swoop down directly upon it and kill it. The term "dare" was used of taking larks with a small species of hawk called a "hobby." The sight of the hobby above them so frightened or "dared" the larks that they remained perfectly still on the ground. Then a net was spread over them, and, when they rose, they were enmeshed in it.

Another popular pastime was the cruel one of bear-baiting. "Foolish curs," says Orleans of the English mastiffs, "that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples." A building known as the Bear Garden stood near the Globe Theatre on the Bankside, and it was devoted to bear- and bull-baiting. The show opened with the bear being tied to a stake in the middle of the ring; the mastiffs, four or five or six of them, were then let loose upon it. It would put up a good fight. Shakespeare makes Richard III., in the play of *Henry VI.*, compare his father on the battle-field to

> "A bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
> Who, having pinched a few and made them cry,
> The rest stand all aloof and bark at him."

But fresh mastiffs were brought in to replace the hurt ones, and the sport went on till the bear was overcome or killed. If the wretched beast survived, it was tended by the "bearwards," until it had recovered sufficiently to take part in another match.

Tennis and bowls were favourite games. The original French tennis was played, with hand or racket, on a paved court, "an enclosed oblong building, having on one side and at the two ends an inner wall between which and the outer wall is a sloping roof. . . . In the inner wall are openings, called hazards. The chase is the second impact on the floor of a ball which the opponent has failed to return; its value is determined by the nearness of the point of impact to the end wall" (A. Forbes Sieveking).

Bowls was played very much as it is nowadays, with the jack as mark. A smooth ground is all-important in this game, and the "rub" was any hindrance that diverted the bowl from its course. "We doubt not now that every rub is smoothed on our way," says Henry, when the conspiracy against him has been discovered and punished.

Chief among indoor games were cards and dice. Primero was a great gambling card game, in which the reserve stakes were called the "rest." The "rest" was used in ordinary talk for anything that one had to win or lose, and to "set up one's rest" was to stake all one had. When Nym says, "That is my rest," he means that's everything he has to say on the subject. Hazard was a dicing game, from which comes our common expression "main chance." On the eve of Agincourt, Rambures asks the French soldiers who will go to hazard with him for twenty prisoners.

Dancing—an accomplishment in which Queen Elizabeth excelled—was as popular as it is to-day, in spite of the sour criticism and determined opposition of the Puritans. In *Henry V.* mention is made of the "Whitsun morris-dance," the "nimble galliard,"

" lavoltas high and swift corantos." The " morris " dance was, as its name suggests, of Moorish origin, and was perhaps introduced through Spain into other European countries. It was a chief feature of the popular festivities at such holidays as May-day and Whitsuntide, and was performed by dancers representing the personages of Robin Hood legend, with, sometimes, a Moor or a dragon, and, most important of all, a hobby-horse, which seems to have provided as much entertainment as the comic horse or cow in the pantomime of to-day. The dancers danced to the accompaniment of bells, fastened to their hands and feet.

The morris is a country revel; the other dances mentioned are of court origin. They are beautifully described in *Orchestra: A Poem of Dancing* (1594) by Sir John Davies. The galliard was a quick, lively dance, " swift and wandering," says Davies:

> " A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray
> A spirit and a virtue masculine,"

with five paces, full of " lofty turns and capriols in the air." The volte, or lavolta, developed from the galliard."

> " Yet is there one of most delightful kind,
> A lofty jumping or a leaping round,
> Where arm in arm two dancers are entwin'd,
> And whirl themselves with strict embracements bound.
> And still their feet an anapest do sound;
> An anapest is all their music's song,
> Whose first two feet are short and third is long."

He goes on to describe the coranto as " current traverses " " That on a triple dactyl foot do run Close by the ground with sliding passages."

Elizabethan customs touched upon are the institution of the " whiffler," an officer whose duty it was to clear the way for a procession through a town, the

wrapping of the baby taken to church to be christened in a "crisom cloth" which it wore until it was a month old, and which, if it died before the end of the month, was used as its shroud, and to the treatment of prisoners, who were incarcerated under the most wretched and hopeless conditions. Henry speaks of the "wretches fettered in our prisons," and Burgundy talks of "prisoners wildly overgrown with hair." A type of rogue common in this time was the "swaggerer" characterized by Gower in III. vi., who boasted of his prowess in the war with Spain.

The scientific belief of the time to which you will find most constant allusion is that of the "humours,"* connected with that of the "elements." The old theory was that the world could be resolved into four *elements*—earth, air, fire, and water—and that, in man's body, these elements gave rise to four *humours*—the melancholic, sanguine, choleric, and phlegmatic. The blend of air and fire would result in a most mettlesome spirit—such as the Dauphin claims for his horse. (See Act III., Scene vii.) If one humour were present in too great a proportion, the man would be "humorous," that is, unbalanced, eccentric, a crank. In the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries the word was used very widely, and often very absurdly, as Nym uses it. "A drawling affected rogue," Page calls him, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, "The humour of it, quoth a'! Here's a fellow frights English out of his wits." The word came to be used of any individual affectation or fancy. Ben Jonson protested against this, and made one of his characters describe what a "humour" really was.

> "So in every human body
> The choler, melancholy, phlegm, and blood,
> By reason that they flow continually
> In some one part, and are not continent,

* Latin *humor*, moisture—*humēre*, to be moist.

Receive the name of humours. Now thus far
It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition:
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his effects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confluctions, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a humour."

DATE AND SOURCES OF THE PLAY

A passage in the Prologue to Act V. fixes the date at which the play of *Henry V.* was written. It is this:

" Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry."

The " general " is the Earl of Essex, who left London for Ireland, where he was to suppress Tyrone's rebellion, on the 27th of March 1599. He was doomed to return in disgrace, and as the likelihood of his failure soon became evident, these lines must have been written in the early part of 1599, and to this date is assigned the composition of the play.

Other evidence supports this conclusion. In 1598 Meres gives a list of Shakespeare's plays in his *Palladis Tamia* (see page 144); *Henry V.* does not appear in this list. In 1600 the first edition was published, " as it hath bene sundry times played by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants."

Shakespeare took his historical theme from Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland.* While writing both *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* he had in his mind an earlier play called *The Famous Victories of Henrye the Fyft,* but made little use of it. Shake-

speare's chief divergences from Holinshed will be found on pages 182–183. The following passages should be compared with their equivalent passages in the play.

The Conspiracy at Southampton

"When King Henry had fully furnished his navy with men, munition, and other provisions, perceiving that his captains misliked nothing so much as delay, determined his soldiers to go a shipboard and away. But see the hap, the night before the day appointed for their departure, he was credibly informed, that Richard Earl of Cambridge, brother to Edward Duke of York, and Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, lord treasurer, and Thomas Gray, a knight of Northumberland, being confederate together, had conspired his death: wherefore he caused them to be apprehended. The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted sometimes to be his bedfellow, in whose fidelity the king reposed such trust, that when any private or public council was in hand, this lord had much in the determination of it. For he represented so great gravity in his countenance, such modesty in behaviour, and so virtuous zeal to all godliness in his talk, that whatsoever he said was thought for the most part necessary to be done and followed. Also the said Sir Thomas Gray (as some write) was of the king's privy council.

"These prisoners upon their examination, confessed, that for a great sum of money which they had received of the French king, they intended verily either to have delivered the king alive into the hands of his enemies, or else to have murdered him before he should arrive in the duchy of Normandy. When King Henry had heard all things opened, which he desired to know, he caused all his nobility to come before his presence, before whom he caused to be brought the offenders also, and to them said—Having thus conspired the

death and destruction of me, which am the head of the realm and governor of the people, it may be (no doubt) but that you likewise have sworn the confusion of all that are here with me, and also the desolation of your own country. To what horror, (O Lord) for any true English heart to consider, that such an execrable iniquity should ever so bewray you, as for pleasing of a foreign enemy to imbrue your hands in your blood, and to ruin your own native soil. Revenge herein touching my person, though I seek not; yet for the safeguard of you, my dear friends, and for due preservation of all sort, I am by office to cause example to be shewed. Get ye hence, therefore, ye poor miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward, wherein God's majesty give you grace of his mercy and repentance of your heinous offences. And so immediately they were had to execution."

The Wish for More Men

"It is said, that as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus: I would to God there were with us now so many good soldiers as are at this hour within England! the king answered: I would not wish a man more here than I have, we are indeed in comparison with the enemies but a few; but if God of his clemency do favour us, and our just cause (as I trust he will), we shall speed well enough. But let no man ascribe victory to our own strength and might, but only to God's assistance, to whom I have no doubt we shall worthily have cause to give thanks therefor. And if so be that for our offences' sake we shall be delivered into the hands of our enemies, the less number we be, the less damage shall the realm of England sustain; but if we should fight in trust of multitude of men, and so get the victory (our minds being prone to pride) we should thereupon peradventure ascribe the victory not so much to the gift of

God, as to our own puissance, and thereby provoke his high indignation and displeasure against us: and if the enemy get the upper hand, then should our realm and country suffer more damage and stand in further danger. But be you of good comfort, and show yourselves valiant, God and our just quarrel shall defend us, and deliver these our proud adversaries with all the multitude of them which you see (or at least the most of them) into our hands."

EARLY EDITIONS OF THE PLAYS

In Shakespeare's time it was not fashionable for a dramatist to publish his own works, and it was not until seven years after his death that two of his fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, collected his plays into one volume, and published what is known—from the size of the paper on which it is printed—as the First Folio edition (1623). During his life, however, booksellers had piratically published single editions of some of the plays. These Quartos, as they are called, were sold in St. Paul's Churchyard for sixpence each.

There are certain differences between these old editions of Shakespeare and the modern ones. Stage directions occur in folios and quartos, but no list of *dramatis personæ* and no preliminary indications of scene are given. Occasionally a passage of blank verse is printed as prose, or vice versa. Sometimes the meaning of a passage is obscure, but with the correction of a more or less obvious misprint it becomes clear. Other quarto and folio editions of Shakespeare's plays were published during the seventeenth century. In the eighteenth century the work of editing the text began. Rowe, Pope, Hanmer, Capell, Theobald, Dr. Johnson, brought out editions which contain lists of *dramatis personæ*, indications of where the scene is supposed to take place, and emendations

of passages where words or phrases appear to be corrupt. Some of these emendations have been found unnecessary, others have been accepted or supplemented by later scholars and critics. For the chief ones made in the text of *Henry V.* see pages 186–89.

The first edition of *Henry V.* was a "quarto" published in 1600, with this title—"The Cronicle History of Henry the fift: With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants." In 1602 and 1608 second and third quartos were published, reprints of the first. The play appears among the histories in the folio, under the title "The Life of Henry the Fift."

There is a great difference between the quarto and folio versions of this play. All the speeches of the Chorus appear for the first time in the folio, and there are so many other additions that the play is more than twice the length of the version printed in the quartos. One of the vexed questions of Shakespearean scholarship is the relationship between the short text of the quartos and the complete one of the folios. Is the first quarto a first sketch of the play, developed to perfection in the first folio? Or is the quarto an edition printed from an actor's copy of the play?

The latter seems the more satisfactory explanation, but students who are sufficiently advanced to take an interest in text questions should examine the two versions for themselves. There is a reprint of the first folio in most public reference libraries. It is more difficult to get hold of a reprint of the quartos. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's edition of *Henry V.* (New Shakespeare Society, 1875) prints the texts of folio and quarto side by side.

ON THINKING IT OVER

PRELIMINARY EXERCISES

ACT I

How does the Chorus wish the play of *Henry V.* might be represented; who would be the audience; and how would his hero appear? What does he ask the spectators to imagine within the walls of the theatre? Why are Canterbury and Ely very anxious to divert the king's attention from the bill under consideration? What change in the king has amazed them? What does Canterbury say of the king's understanding of the various professions of the greatest men of the country? Through whom did Henry consider he had a rightful claim to the French throne? Why did the Salique Law stand in his way? For what three reasons does Canterbury declare that, in spite of this law, he may "with right and conscience make this claim"? How does the young king display his sense of responsibility to his people, his prudence, and his resolution? What reason was there for the old saying, "If that you will France win, Then with Scotland first begin"? How is the Scottish difficulty met on this occasion? What message does the Dauphin send Henry? Why? How does Henry receive it?

Learn by heart: "O for a Muse of fire" (page 25); "The courses of his youth promised it not" (page 28); "Therefore doth heaven divide" (page 37).

Learn by heart the meanings of these words: casques, attest, accompt, puissance, lazars, glose, impawn, impounded, assays, galliard.

ON THINKING IT OVER

Compare the use of these words in ordinary modern English and in the play of *Henry V.*: approbation, power, worshipped, sad, question, popularity, mortified, reason, resolved, nicely.

What do you know about—the Muses, Mars, the Hydra, Gordius?

Express in modern English prose:

(*a*) We would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

(*b*) We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us.

Who says?

(*a*) The strawberry grows underneath the nettle.

(*b*) 'Tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.

ACT II

What splendid picture does the Chorus give of the patriotism of the young men of England? Are all Englishmen alike loyal to king and country? What change of scene does the Chorus describe? Why have Nym and Pistol quarrelled? How is their dispute settled? Notice that Pistol loves to speak in a grand, showy way, which he fancies is like the style of the verse he has heard in the theatres. Who is the Boy's master, and why does the Hostess say, "The king hath killed his heart"? Do Nym and Pistol agree with her? By what device does Henry make the traitors condemn themselves? How does he acquaint them with his knowledge of their plot? Which of them does he condemn most bitterly, and why? What is their punishment? Does Falstaff die alone and uncared for? Contrast the ways in which the French king and

the Dauphin regard the coming war with England. Describe the message brought by Exeter, the English ambassador, to France.

(*a*) What does the Dauphin mean when he says to the French king: "Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin As self-neglecting"? (*b*) To what does Exeter allude when he tells the French king: "Be assured, you'll find a difference Between the promise of his greener days And these he masters now"?

Learn by heart: "Now all the youth of England" to "natural" (page 42).

Learn by heart the meaning of these words and phrases: sworn brothers, wight, sutler, orisons, morris dance, quick, bolted, earnest, rub (noun), a christom child.

Compare the Shakespearean and the modern usage of these words: humorous, dear, jealousy, suggest, policy, practised, admiration, yearn, presently, enlarge, security.

Act III

What events does the Chorus picture to the audience? What does he mean by saying, "Eke out our performance with your mind"? The English have been driven back from the breach made in the walls of Harfleur, and Henry rallies them by a splendid appeal to their courage, resolution, pride, and loyalty. Think of the words by which he fires each of these qualities in them. You have seen people pull themselves together to make a big effort to do a difficult thing—you have done it yourself. Which lines describe the making of this effort—in the game of war instead of in the gym or on the playing-field? Scene ii. also is before Harfleur. In what way is it a great contrast to Scene i.? How does the Boy sum up the characteristics of his three companions? What are the names of the captains representing the four nations of

Britain? Which is the most interesting character? Do you agree with Henry when he says, "As I am *a soldier, A name that in my thoughts becomes me best*"? What forces the men of Harfleur to surrender? On what message is Montjoy sent to Henry? How does Henry answer it? What do the French say of the English climate, the character of the English, their mastiffs, their national food and drink? What does Fluellen think of Pistol before he makes his acquaintance, and after? Why does he change his opinion so completely? What does Henry mean when he says, "When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the sooner winner"? and Montjoy when he says, "Advantage is a better soldier than rashness"? Of what is Bourbon thinking when he calls England "that nook-shotten isle of Albion"? Describe the behaviour of the French on the eve of Agincourt.

Learn by heart Henry's speech before Harfleur (page 63), Henry's speech to Montjoy (page 80).

Learn by heart the meanings of these words: rivage, puissance, avaunt, plainsong, cullions, bawcock, antics, swashers, fell (adj.), bootless, addrest, arrant, sconce, tucket, shrewdly.

Find allusions in this Act to gardening, dancing, hawking, bear-baiting.

Who says?

(*a*) I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

(*b*) I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.

(*c*) Discipline ought to be used.

(*d*) I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

ACT IV

How does the Chorus contrast the behaviour of the French and the English before the battle? How does

King Henry disguise himself? What does he learn about the attitude of his men towards him and his cause, while he is in disguise? What effect has this new knowledge upon him? Describe the pictures of the English army given by the Chorus, by Grandpré, and by King Henry. The Chorus says that the actors will disgrace the name of Agincourt by "four or five most vile and ragged foils Right ill disposed in brawl ridiculous." Is any actual fighting shown on the stage? Do you hear the noise of the battle? Make a list of the various episodes of the battle as described by Shakespeare, from Henry's prayer to his order that psalms of thanksgiving shall be sung. Notice that most of these scenes are short, and that they are varied in character, one is pathetic, one humorous, etc. How does Shakespeare justify Henry's order to kill all prisoners, which, the chronicler Holinshed says, was "contrary to his accustomed gentleness."

Learn by heart: "Now entertain conjecture of a time" (page 86), "Upon the king" (page 95), "O God of battles" (page 97), "What's he that wishes so?" (page 101).

On what occasions are these words spoken? Shortly describe the events that lead up to them.

(*a*) The king is but a man, as I am.

(*b*) All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

(*c*) God's will! my liege, would you and I alone
Without more help, could fight this royal battle.

(*d*) Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Learn by heart the meanings of these words: attaint, husbandry, largess, liege, anon, imp, gage, elder-gun, wots, hilding, perpend, skirr, yerk, craven, sirrah.

Compare the Shakespearean and the modern uses of: secure, sad, popular, bully, contrived.

ON THINKING IT OVER

ACT V

How does the Chorus describe Henry's triumphant return to London? Do you know how many years elapsed, and what events took place, between Agincourt and the Treaty of Troyes? What is the last we see of Ancient Pistol? Who were his associates, and what has become of them? How does he mean to spend the rest of his days? How does Burgundy describe the state of the country and the people of France after the war? Henry tells Katharine—"I speak to thee plain soldier." What does he mean by this? Does he elsewhere show that he likes to think of himself as a soldier? On what terms is peace at last concluded between England and France?

Learn by heart Prologue V. (p. 120), and Burgundy's speech (page 126), from "Since then, my office" to "qualities."

Learn the meanings of these words: whiffler, coxcomb, groat, earnest (noun), gleeking, basilisks, sennet.

Who or what are described by the following phrases: (*a*) like a mighty whiffler fore the king, (*b*) the quick forge and working-house of thought, (*c*) this best garden of the world, (*d*) like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair, (*e*) this star of England.

FURTHER NOTES AND QUERIES

1. On August 4, 1914, the day war was declared by Great Britain against Germany and Austria, an alteration was made in the programme of the Shakespearean festival season at Stratford-on-Avon, and *Henry V.* was played at the Memorial Theatre that night. From your knowledge of the play show fully why this choice was made.

2. Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist of the world, was also a popular playwright: he wrote for his audience, and his "histories" pleased a recognized public taste. Can you suggest any reasons for the delight of English audiences, during the last twenty years of the sixteenth century, in seeing and hearing the drama of their past history?

3. It has been said that all Shakespeare's king plays show the *irony of kingship*. What is meant by the phrase, and why would the contrast between the omnipotence of the king and the limitations of the man seem more marked in Elizabethan times than in our own? Read *Henry IV.*, Part II., Act III., Scene i., for the famous description of the sleepless king, ending with the line, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Henry V. is in a different position from any other of Shakespeare's kings in that he is "successful": he knows how to grapple with life, and fortune favours him. Yet when does even this fortunate young king feel, like his father, the irony of his position, and, for a little, lose his serene confidence in his power to make life obedient to his will?

4. The plays of *Richard II.*, *Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.* have been described as one trilogy. If you have read *Richard II.* and *Henry IV.*, show what central idea links the three together into one. If you do not know these two plays, show where, in *Henry V.*, there are reminiscences of former dramatic events.

5. You may not remember what it was like to be a nation at war, but you are living with people who remember it well, and you have read poetry which was written by fighting men, and has all the value of sincerity. There is in all men a spirit which responds to the demand for superhuman exertion, to the promise of honour; a spirit which, in men who were poets, expresses itself as in those splendid last lines of Rupert Brooke's sonnet called *The Dead*:

" Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again ;
And we have come into our heritage."

Where, in *Henry V.*, do you find the praise of honour, praise to which humanity can never remain unresponsive ?

6. Read some of the war poetry that you will find in the third and fourth " Georgian books " and elsewhere, and compare and contrast the attitude of the twentieth century man and the Elizabethan towards war. Read Wilfred Wilson Gibson's *Battle*, with its record of the little things that dwell in men's minds as they face great issues, of the pathos and the madness of war ; read the poems of Siegfried Sassoon, with his savage irony for the complacency of the non-combatant, for the easy forgetfulness of peace, and his passionate desire for new beauty, for the colours that were his joy, for hours " that move like a glitter of dancers." Compare *The Assault*, by Robert Nichols, with Shakespeare's picture of the storming of Harfleur in *Henry V.*, Act III.

7. Shakespeare has said some splendid things of England. See *Richard II.*, Act II., where old Gaunt praises—

" This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England."

And the proud boast at the end of *King John* :

" This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to herself remain but true."

What lines in *Henry V.* may be set beside these? Such passages could be written only at an intensely patriotic period in a nation's history. Attempt a description of the emotions and ideals of the patriot compared with those of the cosmopolitan. Coleridge spoke scathingly of mock cosmopolitanism, which " really implies nothing but a negation of, or indifference to, the particular love of our country." Is a more real cosmopolitanism than this possible? This is how a modern thinker, Bertrand Russell, writes of patriotism :

" Patriotism is compounded out of a number of instinctive feelings and impulses : love of home, love of those whose ways and outlook resemble our own, the impulse to co-operation in a group, the sense of pride in the achievements of one's group. All these impulses and desires, like everything belonging to the life of instinct, are personal, in the sense that the feelings and actions which they inspire towards others are determined by the relation of those others to ourselves, not by what those others are intrinsically. All these impulses and desires unite to produce a love of a man's own country which is more deeply implanted in the fibre of his being, and more closely united to his vital force, than any love not rooted in instinct. But if spirit does not enter in to generalize love of country, the exclusiveness of instinctive love makes it a source of hatred of other countries. What spirit can effect is to make us realize that other countries equally are worthy of love . . . that only the poverty of our nature prevents us from loving all countries as we love our own. . . . A world full of patriots may be a world full of strife. The more intensely a nation believes

in its patriotism, the more fanatically indifferent it will become to the damage suffered by other nations."

Do you think that this is a convincing description of patriotism, and of its dangers?

8. "The primary object of the author of *Henry V.* was to nourish the tradition, which his age had not ceased to cherish, that one Englishman is worth half a dozen Frenchmen."

Discuss the justice of this statement.

9. After becoming well acquainted with one or more of Shakespeare's historical plays, you should consider the following criticisms:

"The poets of Elizabeth's reign, and the greatest of them among the rest, were no political seers. Nothing could be more absurd than to demand of them that they should have been such. To quarrel with Shakespeare's *King John* because it shows no perception of the significance, in its connection with the political system of the Tudors, of Magna Charta; or to miss in *Henry VIII.* a recognition of the political significance of Henry's reformation is to trifle with the necessary limits of the dramatist's art. The exercise of an insight into such things as these was foreign to his sphere of literature, though it has not unfrequently found its opportunities there."

WARD: *History of Dramatic Literature.*

"There is not a breath of mediæval atmosphere in Shakespeare's histories. His John of Gaunt is like a study of the old age of Drake. Although he was a Catholic by family tradition, his figures are all intensely Protestant, individualist, sceptical, self-centred in everything but their love affairs, and completely personal and selfish even in them. His kings are not statesmen; his cardinals have no religion; a novice can read his plays from one end to the other without learning that the world is finally governed by forces expressing themselves in religions and laws which make epochs, rather than by vulgarly ambitious individuals who make rows. The 'divinity which shapes our ends, rough-hew them how

we will ' is mentioned fatalistically, only to be forgotten immediately like a passing vague apprehension. To Shakespeare, as to Mark Twain, Cauchon would have been a tyrant and a bully instead of a Catholic, and the inquisitor Lemaître would have been a Sadist instead of a lawyer. Warwick would have had no more feudal quality than his successor the King-maker has in the play of *Henry VI.* We should have seen them all completely satisfied that if they would only to their own selves be true they could not then be false to any man (a precept which represents the reaction against mediævalism at its intensest) as if they were beings in the air, without public responsibilities of any kind."

G. B. SHAW: Preface to *Saint Joan.*

10. " *Henry V.* is but one of Shakespeare's second-rate plays." Do you agree with Hazlitt's opinion ?

11. What do you think of this description of the " good old times " ?

" It is worth observing that in all these plays, which give an admirable picture of the spirit of the *good old times,* the moral inference does not at all depend upon the nature of the actions, but on the dignity or meanness of the persons committing them. ' The eagle England ' has a right ' to be in prey,' but ' the weasel Scot ' has none ' to come sneaking to her nest,' which she has left to pounce upon others. Might was right, without equivocation or disguise, in that heroic and chivalrous age. The substitution of right for might, even in theory, is among the refinements and abuses of modern philosophy."

12. Do you consider this a fair description of the character of Henry :

" Henry V. is a very favourite monarch with the English nation, and he appears to have been also a favourite with Shakespeare, who labours hard to apologize for the actions of the king by showing us the character of the man, as ' the king of good fellows.' He scarcely deserves this honour. He was fond of war and

low company; we know little else of him. He was careless, dissolute, and ambitious; idle, or doing mischief. In private he seemed to have no idea of the common decencies of life, which he subjected to a kind of regal licence; in public affairs he seemed to have no idea of any rule of right or wrong, but brute force, glossed over with a little religious hypocrisy and archiepiscopal advice. His principles did not change with his situation and professions. His adventure on Gadshill was a prelude to the affair of Agincourt, only a bloodless one; Falstaff was a puny prompter of violence and outrage compared with the pious and politic Archbishop of Canterbury, who gave the king carte blanche, in a genealogical tree of his family, to rob and murder in circles of latitude and longitude abroad—to save the possessions of the Church at home. This appears in the speeches of Shakespeare, where the hidden motives that actuate princes and their advisers in war and policy are better laid open than in speeches from the throne or woolsack. Henry, because he did not know how to govern his own kingdom, determined to make war upon his neighbours. Because his own title to the crown was doubtful, he laid claim to that of France. Because he did not know how to exercise the enormous power which had just dropped into his hands, to any one good purpose, he immediately undertook (a cheap and obvious resource of sovereignty) to do all the mischief he could. Even if absolute monarchs had the wit to find out objects of laudable ambition, they could only 'plume up their wills' in adhering to the more sacred formula of royal prerogative, 'the right divine of kings to govern wrong,' because will is only then triumphant when it is opposed to the will of others, because the pride of power is only then shown, not when it consults the rights and interests of others, but when it insults and tramples on all justice and all humanity. Henry declares his resolution 'when France is his, to bend it to his awe, or break it all to pieces'—a resolution worthy of a conqueror, to destroy all that he cannot enslave; and what adds to the joke, he lays all the blame of the consequences of his ambition on those who will not submit tamely to his tyranny. Such is the history of kingly power, from the beginning to the end of the world." HAZLITT.

13. The business of the dramatist in the exposition or opening of a play is to introduce the chief persons, to give some idea of the relation in which they stand to one another, and their characters, and to suggest the coming conflict. Show how Shakespeare does this in the first scenes of *Henry V.*

14. Certain groups of characters form a kind of under-plot in the play. Who are these? Show how they are linked to one another and to the main plot of the play. In what episodes do they figure, and what purpose do these episodes serve in the impression given by the play as a whole?

15. The Chorus of *Henry V.* fulfils certain functions, described by itself. What are these? Illustrate their fulfilment from the five Prologues. Why do you think the great actor Garrick chose the part of Chorus? The figure has been represented in various ways on the stage: how would you like it to appear?

16. "The characters in the historical plays are conceived chiefly with reference to action. The world represented in these plays is not so much the world of feeling or of thought, as the limited world of the practicable. In the great tragedies we are concerned more with what a man *is* than with what he *does*. At the close of each tragedy we are left with a sense of measureless failure, or with the stern joy of absolute and concluded attainment. There is something infinite in thought and emotion. We do not think so far, and then stop; beyond the known our thoughts must travel until they are confronted by the unknowable. We do not love, we do not suffer so much and no more; our love is without limitation, and our anguish and our joy cannot be weighed in the balances of earth. But our deeds are definite. And each man when tested by deeds can be brought to a positive standard. The question in this case is not, What has been the life of your soul, what have you thought and suffered and enjoyed? The question is, What have you done? And accordingly in the historical plays we are conscious of a certain limitation, a certain measuring of men by positive achieve-

ments and results. . . . They deal with the finite issues of failure or success in the achieving of practical ends."
DOWDEN.

If you have read some of the historical plays and the tragedies of Shakespeare, discuss this characterization of their spirit and effect. An interesting group to consider is *Henry IV.*, *Macbeth*, *Henry V.*, *Hamlet.* Act IV., Scene v., of *Henry IV.*, Part II., should be read by any one interested in Henry V. Henry IV., on his death-bed, feels some misgivings as to his usurpation of the crown ; his son answers these with confident and characteristic words :

" My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me :
Then plain and right must my possession be."

17. Read what the French essayist, Montaigne, wrote in the sixteenth century of the renown and glory of war :

" To whom are Cæsar and Alexander beholding for that infinite greatness of their renowne, but to fortune ? How many men hath she suppressed in the beginning of their progresse, of whom we have no knowledge at all, who bare the same courage that others did, if the ill fortune of their chance had not staid them even in the building of their enterprises ? Amongst so many and so extreame dangers (to my remembrance) I never read that Cæsar received any hurt. A thousand have dyed in lesse danger than the least of those he escaped. Many worthy exploits and excellent deedes must be lost before one can come to any good. A man is not alwaies upon the top of a breach, nor in the front of an army, in the sight of his generall, as upon a stage. A man may be surprised between a hedge and a ditch. A man is sometimes put to his sodaine shifts, as to try his fortune against a hens-roost, to ferret out foure seely shotte out of some barne, yea and sometimes straggle alone from his troupes ; and enterprise according as necessity and occasion offereth it selfe. And if it be well noted (in mine

advice) it will be found, and experience doth teach it, that the least blazoned occasions are the most dangerous, and that in our late home-warres, more good men have perished in slight and little importing occasions, and on contention about a small cottage, than in worthy atchievements and honourable places. Whoso thinketh his death ill emploied, except it be in some glorious exploit or famous attempt, in lieu of dignifying his death, he happily obscureth his life: suffering in the mean time many just and honor-affoording opportunities to escape, wherein he might and ought adventure himselfe. And all just occasions are glorious enough; his owne conscience publishing them sufficiently to all men. *Gloria nostra est testimonium conscientiæ nostræ:* 'Our glory is the testimony of our conscience.' He that is not an honest man but by that which other men know by him, and because he shall the better be esteemed; being knowne to be so, that will not do well but upon condition his vertue may come to the knowledge of men; such a one is no man from whom any great service may be drawne, or good expected. A man must goe to warres for his devoirs sake, and expect this recompence of it, which cannot faile all worthy actions, how secret soever; no not to vertuous thoughts: it is the contentment that a well disposed conscience receiveth in it selfe by well doing. A man must be valiant for himselfe and for the advantage he hath to have his courage placed in a constant and assured seate, to withstand all assaults of fortune. . . . It is not only for an exterior shew or ostentation that our soule must play her part, but inwardly within ourselves, where no eyes shine but ours: there it doth shroud us from the feare of death, of sorrowes and of shame: there it assureth us from the losse of our children, friends, and fortunes; and when opportunitie is offered, it also leades us to the dangers of warre. *Non emolumento aliquo, sed ipsius honestatis decore:* 'Not for any advantage, but for the gracefulness of honestie it selfe.' This benefit is much greater, and more worthie to be wished and hoped than honor and glory, which is nought but a favorable judgement that is made of us."

How does this compare with the ideas as to "honour and glory" expressed in *Henry V.*?

ON THINKING IT OVER

18. The epilogue which concludes Part II. of *Henry IV.* says, "If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be killed with your hard opinions." How far is this promise borne out in *Henry V.*?

19. Discuss the qualities of an ideal king of former times, and show how far Henry V. possesses these.

20. If you have read the play of *Henry IV.*, discuss the development of Hal's character in *Henry V.*, and show that his "reformation" is not as "sudden" as Canterbury thinks.

21. Apart from Henry, which characters stand out most distinctly in the play? Make a study of these.

22. Which scene in the play do you consider the most dramatic, and which the most humorous?

23. "Shakespeare's treatment of the characters of Richard III. and Henry V. respectively has determined the conception of them to which many generations of Englishmen have adhered. Yet, although stamped with the signature of creative genius, the evil demon of the House of York and the brilliant hero of the House of Lancaster, while alike admirable portraits, are not portraits from the life." WARD.

If you have studied the history of the period, discuss the truth of this statement, with regard to Henry V.

24. What characters are thus described, and by whom? Do you consider the descriptions apt?

(*a*) For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

(*b*) Three such antics do not amount to a man.

(*c*) This is an arrant counterfeit rascal.

(*d*) Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

25. On what occasions, and by whom, are the following lines spoken :

(*a*) Nice customs curtsey to great kings.

(*b*) If it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.

(*c*) The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality.

(*d*) There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

(*e*) Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

(*f*) No king of England, if not king of France.

(*g*) Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

(*h*) I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

26. It has been said that the play of *Henry V.* shows both the best and the worst of the English spirit. Discuss the truth of this.

27. Discuss the following changes made by Shakespeare in the material he found in Holinshed :

(*a*) In I. ii. the speeches of the Archbishop, Westmoreland, and Exeter, which were made in the parliament of Leicester, are made just before the arrival of the ambassadors with the present of the Dauphin's tennis balls.

(*b*) Two embassies were sent from England to France in 1414 and 1415. Shakespeare makes one out of the two.

(*c*) Montjoy came to the English king the morning after the battle ; Shakespeare makes him come on the afternoon of the day on which the battle was fought.

(*d*) Shakespeare represents the Dauphin of France, and the English nobles Bedford, Westmoreland, and Warwick, as being present at Agincourt.

(*e*) The wish of " one of the host " for more men is put into the mouth of Westmoreland. Bardolph is represented as guilty of stealing the pix, a crime which Holinshed attributes to " a soldier."

(*f*) According to Holinshed, Henry takes no part in the discussion of the difficulties which stand in the way of his enforcing his claim to the French throne—according to Shakespeare, it is Henry who calls attention to the ruling of the Salique law, and the danger of the invasion by Scotland.

(*g*) Holinshed has much to say about Henry's order to slay all the French prisoners, Shakespeare lays as little stress as possible on the incident.

(*h*) Shakespeare invents the characters of Fluellen, Macmorris, Jamy, and the three soldiers (these appear for the first time in *Henry V.*) ; Gower, Pistol, Bardolph, Nym, the Boy, and the Hostess (who have already appeared in *Henry IV.*).

(*i*) Shakespeare invents the episode of the man who railed against the king (see Act II. Scene ii.) and the dramatic method of acquainting the conspirators with the fact that their guilt has been discovered, by handing them the indictments against them in place of their expected commissions ; the account of the deaths of Suffolk and York ; the courtship scene.

28. Compare the passages from Holinshed's Chronicle given on pages 162–164 with the parallel passages in Shakespeare's play.

29. Draw a map to illustrate Henry's campaigns in France, and study the description of the tactics of Agincourt which you will find in your history book.

30. There are very few things the kinema can do better than the theatre—one is the representation of a battle scene. Why is this ? What are the special difficulties of such a representation on the stage ? Shakespeare was very conscious of them (see Prologues to Act I. and Act IV. of *Henry V.*). He does not attempt to give the main action of a battle, but shows

various little episodes—a parley, a hand-to-hand fight, a heroic incident, a pathetic one, a comic one. Study Act IV. and notice the variety of the Agincourt scenes. If you know *Henry IV.* or *Macbeth*, or any other play in which a battle is represented, compare the " fighting act " with those of *Henry V.*

31. Read an account of the events from 1414 to 1420 in an English history book, and notice any changes made by Shakespeare in dramatizing this period in *Henry V.* Can you account for these changes ?

32. There are many ways of representing Shakespearean plays. Originally they were acted on an apron stage without scenery, as we understand the term. The idea of reproducing the costume of the period to which the events of the play belong is a comparatively modern one. In the eighteenth century the actors and actresses generally appeared in the fashions of their own time. In the nineteenth century stage managers like Kean and Tree attempted the most elaborate and detailed realism in scenery and dress. Then Gordon Craig inaugurated a new way, designing settings which should suggest to the imagination the spirit and atmosphere of the tragedy or comedy, instead of showing the eye a multitude of realistic touches, which, correct enough in their way, may quite well fail in their purpose, and grow tiresome and absurd. (" I let my scenes grow out of not merely the play, but from broad sweeps of thought which the play has conjured up in me."—*The Art of the Theatre*, Gordon Craig.) In the modern theatre you may see a Shakespearean play staged against a curtained background, or realistically, or in the imaginative way suggested by Gordon Craig. The very latest notion has been to return to the old custom of disregarding period, and to play Shakespeare in modern dress, and with modern accessories.

Discuss these various ways of showing a Shake-

spearean play, and discover which you consider the most satisfying to the imagination.

33. In what scenes of this play is prose used? Look again at any other plays of Shakespeare you have read, and notice if there is any similarity between their prose scenes and those of *Henry V*. Where does Shakespeare use rhyme in this play?

34. In your history of language lessons:

(*a*) Learn the meanings and look up the derivations of the following words: Ancient (noun), arrant, assays, attaint, avaunt, avouch, basilisks, bawcock, beaver, beshrew, bootless, bolted, chuck (noun), commend (me to), coranto, coulter, coxcomb, crisom child, curtle-axe, doubt, earnest, elder-gun, enow, erst, fell (adj.), gage, galliard, gimmal, gleeking, gloze, godden, hilding, husbandry, kern, largess, lavolta, lazar, liege, pioner, pleached, puissance, rub (noun), sconce, sennet, sequestration, shales, sirrah, skirr, sorts, sworn brothers, tucket, varlet, vaward, whiffler, wight, wots, yearn, yerk.

(*b*) Distinguish between the Shakespearean and the modern uses of these words: Accomplish, admiration, alarum, antics, approbation, argument, astonished, battles, bully, buxom, complement, compound, condition, contrived, dear, discovered, dress (verb), element, enlarge, estate, evenly, fellow, gulf, haggled, humour, imp, jealousy, learn, nice, nicely, owing, policy, popularity, practices, presently, purchase, quality, question, resolved, sad, shrewdly, security, sort, suggest, worshipped, yearn.

35. Write notes on the Elizabethan beliefs, customs, or amusements to which reference is made in the following:

(*a*) He is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

(*b*) A' went away an it had been any christom child.

(*c*) 'Tis a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

(*d*) We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.

(*e*) And bids you be advised there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won.

36. From time to time, for the sake of testing your understanding of what you read, and your power of expression, you should try to write a short passage of the play you are studying in modern prose. Every one knows that part of the meaning is bound up in the form, and you cannot get the entire value of the original passage in another rendering, but this exercise of paraphrasing does prove if you are reading with intelligence. In paraphrasing the following passages, do not necessarily *reproduce* the explanation of word or phrase given in the footnotes, for this is a mere explanation, and might fit in clumsily with your rendering.

I. ii., page 31. "God forbid . . . incite us to."

II. ii., page 51. "Treason and murder . . . murder."

II. ii., page 52. "O how hast thou . . . affiance."

IV. i., page 88. "There is some soul . . . end."

V. ii., page 127. "And as our vineyards . . . seems unnatural."

37. The following are emendations of various passages by Shakespearean editors. Suggest why these have been made. Do any of them seem unnecessary? (Consult the context of the passages in every case.)

FOLIO	EMENDATIONS
I. i., page 29.	
And the mute *wonder* lurketh in men's ears.	And the mute *wand'rer* lurketh in men's ears (Staunton).

FOLIO	EMENDATIONS
I. ii., page 36.	
To *tame* (Ff.) and havoc more than she can eat.	To *tear* and havoc more than she can eat (Rowe).
To *spoyle* (Qq.).	
II. ii., page 51.	
And other devils that suggest by treasons.	*All* other devils that suggest by treasons (Hanmer).
II. iii., page 55.	
And a *Table* of greene fields.	And a' babbled of green fields (Theobald).
(Words do not occur in Qq.)	(Pope thought that "Greenfield" was the name of the man who supplied stage properties to the company, and that these words are a stage direction, a table being brought in so that Pistol and his friends may drink a glass before starting.)
II. iv., page 58.	
His *mountain* sire, on mountain standing.	His *mounting* sire, on mountain standing (Theobald).
III. Pr., page 62.	
The well-appointed king at *Dover* pier.	The well-appointed king at *Hampton* pier (Theobald).
III. i., page 64.	
Commune up your blood.	*Summon* up your blood (Rowe).
III. i., page 65.	
Straying upon the start.	*Straining* upon the start.
IV. ii., page 100.	
I stay but for my *Guard : on*	I stay but for my *guidon* : to the field ! (Rann). (A guidon is a banner. Holinshed says that Brabant, when his standard

FOLIO	EMENDATIONS
	was not come, caused a banner to be taken from a trumpet and fastened to a spear.)
IV. i., page 97.	
Take from them now	Take from them now
The sence of reck'ning of th' opposed numbers :	The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them (Ff.).	Pluck their hearts from them (Tyrwhitt).
Take from them now the sence of reckoning	Take . . . *lest* . . . them (Theobald).
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them	
May not appall their courage (Qq.).	
V. ii., page 135.	
Thrust in between the *pation* of these kingdoms (Ff. 1, 2).	Thrust in between the *paction* of these kingdoms (Theobald).
Thrust . . . *passion* . . . kingdoms (Ff. 3, 4).	

38. Compare the readings of these passages in the Folio and Quarto Editions of *Henry V.*:

FOLIO	QUARTO
I. ii., page 34.	
Than amply to *imbarre* (and Ff. 3, 4, *imbar*) their crooked titles.	Than amply to *imbace* (Q. 3, *embrace*) their crooked titles.
I. ii., page 36.	
To *tame* and havoc more than she can eat.	To *spoyle* and havoc more than she can eat.
I. ii., page 38.	
Worshipp'd with a *waxen* epitaph.	Worshipp'd with a *paper* epitaph.

FOLIO	QUARTO
II. i., page 44.	
Patience is a tired *name*.	Patience is a tired *mare*.
II. iii., page 55.	
The *world* is Pitch and Pay. (So too Q. 3)	The *word* is Pitch and Pay.
IV. i., page 90.	
Speak *fewer*.	Speak *lewer* (Qq. 1, 2). Speak *lower* (Q. 3).
V. ii., page 127.	
I have but with a *curselarie* eye	I have but with a *cursenary* eye (Qq. 1, 2). I have but with a *cursorary* eye (Q. 3).
O'er glanced these articles.	

39. In class reading of Shakespeare the first enjoyment will and should be that of the characters and the action, but there is also that of the music of the verse, the rich suggestion of the figurative language. To some these things appeal readily; their quality is not instantly apparent to others: all will benefit by occasional detailed consideration of them—not as a rule to be made as a break in class reading, but as a separate study, undertaken when it seems best to the teacher. Take lines in which the sound very obviously suggests the sense—notice the effect of the guttural *g* and the explosives *d* and *t* in the line:

" Galling the gleaned land with hot assays; "

the long vowels and the choice of consonants in:

" The lazy yawning drone——"

the use of nasal and sibilant consonants in the long honey-bee simile; the effect of

" When creeping murmur and the poring dark "

compared with

" The country cocks do crow, the cocks do crow."

When once the ear has appreciated the imaginative use of sound the pleasure in poetic drama is of course increased tenfold. It is never possible—nor does one desire that it should be—to analyse the effect of sound and imagery as definitely as one can analyse the grammatical construction of a sentence, to explain the deep imaginative satisfaction in such a line as

" With sunken wreck and sunless treasuries."

Such things are the peculiar joy of those who love poetry, and there are many of them in the poetic drama of Shakespeare.

An occasional study period should be devoted to the consideration of metaphors and similes. Why do we use figurative language? Notice your own use of it in your everyday talk, and when your friends use it, and how it is employed in sermons and speeches and the books you read. Sometimes it amuses and interests: sometimes it seems boring and unnecessary. Try to discover what qualities it must possess if it is to give pleasure.

Test the excellence of the simile or metaphor by its novelty and its appropriateness. Take the figure of speech and the object or idea it is used to describe or emphasize, and consider what points they have in common. Think of this:

" The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks
With torch-staves in their hands——"

the desperately weary, desperately resolute English horsemen; the Elizabethan pewter candlestick " fashioned like a man in armour holding a tilting-staff in his hand "; the ideas to be emphasized, rigidity and silence. Think of:

" . . . the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away."

The night before the battle passes slowly, uneasily, as the time of sleep passes with the sleepless man, and it is hideous with the anticipation of defeat and death. The ideas to be emphasized are those of horror, of slow and painful movement. Now look at the picture brought before the mind by the simile.

40. The simplest form of blank verse, unrhymed iambic pentameter, is that in which the accent falls on every second syllable:

" The singing masons building roofs of gold."

It would, of course, be impossible for any one with an ear for the rhythm of words to use the same type of line over and over again unless to obtain some particular effect of monotony. There are many variations in the tune of iambic pentameter. These should be studied, and from time to time a verse passage set down as prose should be re-written in its blank verse lines. Those who have a good ear for poetry read at once with observance of the harmony of blank verse; a slight over-emphasis of the rhythm will help those who do not easily detect it.

41. (For the artists of the class.) In Macready's production of the play, the Prologue was spoken by Time against a background picturing his main theme: for instance, the first Prologue was illustrated by an armed figure with three furies clinging to its feet. Design a background of this kind for the second, third, fourth, or fifth.

42. (For those who like to do original literary work.)

(*a*) The Dauphin, talking of his horse, says, " I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: ' Wonder of nature.' " Write this sonnet, using the Elizabethan form, which you will find illustrated in the

first book of the *Golden Treasury*, or in the sonnets of Shakespeare, printed at the end of the complete works, and, as far as you can, imitating the Elizabethan style.

(*b*) Coleridge thought it would be a good thing to dramatize all the reigns of English kings, omitted by Shakespeare, as far down as Henry VII. It would be a fine national custom, he said, to act such a series of dramatic histories in orderly succession, in the yearly Christmas holidays. He himself in his youth planned a drama of King Stephen, and he thought that Perkin Warbeck would make an interesting play, and so would the reign of Henry I., showing the struggle between the men of arms and of letters, in the persons of Henry and Becket.

Choose a subject for a historical play, rough out its general plan, indicating its crisis, and write one of its acts or scenes.

THE END

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