KING HENRY V.,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE FIRST QUARTO,
1600,

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

BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY

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[Shakspere-Quarto Facsimiles, No. 27.]
INTRODUCTION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"The opinion I have formed," says Mr Daniel, "from a careful examination, line for line, of both texts is, that the play of 1599 (the Folio) was shortened for stage representation; the abridgement done with little care, and printed in the Quarto edition with less, probably from an imperfect manuscript surreptitiously obtained, and vampied up from notes taken during the performance, as we know was frequently done. Indeed it is quite possible [1] that the whole of the Quarto edition was obtained in this manner; and the fact that it is printed from beginning to end as verse would seem to lend some support to this conjecture. The fact also that the publishers of the Quarto were Millington and Busbie, and their successor Pavier, may of itself be taken as evidence that these plays are of doubtful authenticity."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This scene is totally absent from the Quarto. But at the end of Act III. sc. vii., representing the French camp on the previous night, and including the period of time between midnight, or just before (see l. 97), and 2 a.m. (see l. 168), occurs the couplet so appropriate in the morning scene, so comically inappropriate here—
MR DANIEL'S ARGUMENT.

"Come, come away;
The sun is up, and we wear a day."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Henry V. My lord Prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me:
But tell him, that in stead of balles of leather,
We wil toss him balles of brasse and yron,
Yea such balles as neuer were tost in France,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it."—Hazlitt, p. 353.

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

1 Holinshed, Chron., iii. 546, col. i. (ed. 1586).
2 Capell, following Holinshed, assigned this speech to Westmoreland. The prefix to I. ii. 166 in the Folio is Bish. Ely.
3 "When the archbishop had ended his prepared tale, Rafe Nenill earle of Westmerland, and as then lord Warden of the marches against Scotland ... thought good to moue the king to begin first with Scotland, and therevpon declared how easie a matter it should be to make a conquest there, and how greatlie the same should further his wished purpose for the subduing of the Frenchmen, concluding the summe of his tale with this old saieng: that Who so will France win, must with Scotland first begin." ...
4 "But after he had made an end, the Duke of Excester, vunce to the king ... replied against the erle of Westmerlands oration, affirming rather that he which would Scotland win, he with France must first begin. For if the king might once compasse the conquest of France, Scotland could not long resist; so that conquere France, and Scotland would soone obie."—Holinshed, iii. p. 546/1.
Chief Justice who sent the young Harry to prison,¹ and an irrelevant comic scene, the French King and his ministers are represented in debate on the war and embassage, in the midst of which a messenger from Harfleur enters, begging aid against the English for his “poore distressed Towne.” In Act III. sc. iv. Shakspere has a passing reference to this embassy.

"Gov. [to Hen.] Our expectation hath this day an end: The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated, Returns us, that his powers are yet not ready To raise so great a siege."—III. iii. 44-7.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Lady Katheren and her Ladies.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Hen. V. Well, Kate, are you at hoast with me? 
Swéete Kate, tel thy father from me, 
That none in the world could have perswaded me to 
It then thou, and so tel thy father from me. 
Kate. God keepe your Maiestie in good health. 

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

Hazlitt, pp. 370-2.

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

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

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

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

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

Like Shakspere's Katherine, she answers,—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dramatis Personæ. Act III. sc. vi. (Exeter). According to the Chronicles, ‘certaine captains’ were sent to secure the bridge.

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

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

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

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

are almost literally copied from the account in the Chronicles:

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

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

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

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

“Not to-day, O Lord,  
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault.  
My father made in compassing the crown!”—(IV. i. 309-311).

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

The appropriate ending which poor Bardolph¹ has in the play was suggested to Shakspere by a simple sentence in the Chronicles (ch. 552): “A souldier tooke a pix out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the king not once remoued till the box was restored, and the offender strangled.” A similar instance of art in

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Arthur Symons.

Dec. 19, 1885.
THE CRONICLE

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

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

LONDON

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

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

Exeter.

Shall I call in Thambassadors my Liege?
King. Not yet my Cousin, till we be resolue.
Of some serious matters touching vs and France.
Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.
King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed
Why the Lawe Salicke which they haue in France,
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme:
And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reverence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person.
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this conjuration, speake my Lord:
And we will judge, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is wafht as pure
As sin in baptism.
The Chronicle Historie

Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peers,
Which owe your liues, your faith and services
To this imperiall throne.
There is no bar to stay your highnesses claim to France
But one, which they produce from Faramont,
No female shall succeed in falicke land,
Which falicke land the French vniustly gloze
To be the realme of France:
And Faramont the founder of this law and female barre:
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme
That the land falicke lies in Germany,
Betwene the flouds of Sabeck and of Elme,
Where Charles the fift having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germaine women,
For some dishonest maners of their liues,
Established there this lawe. To wit,
No female shall succeed in falicke land:
Which falicke land as I said before,
Is at this time in Germany called Mesene:
Thus doth it well appeare the falicke lawe
Was not devise for the realme of France,
Nor did the French possess the falicke land,
Vntill 400 one and twenty yeares.
After the function of king Faramont;
Godly suppos'd the founder of this lawe:
Hugh Capet also that usurpt the crowne,
To fine his title with some shewe of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
Commed himselfe as heire to the Lady Inger,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke of Lorain,
So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,
King Pippins title and Hugh Capets claime,
King Charles his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of France vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this falicke lawe.

To
To bar your highness claiming from the female,  
And rather choose to hide them in a net,  
Then amply to imbace their crooked causes,  
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors. (claimes)  
K. May we with right & conscience make this  
Bi. The sin upon my head dread foueraigne.  
For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,  
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance  
Descend vnto the daughter.  
Noble Lord stand for your owne,  
Vnwinde your bloody flagge,  
Go my dread Lord to your great graunfirs grave.  
From whom you clayme:  
And your great Vncle Edward the blacke Prince,  
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy  
Making defeat on the full power of France,  
Whileft his most mighty father on a hill,  
Stood smiling to behold his Lynns whelpe,  
Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.  
O Noble English that could entertaine  
With halfe their Forces the full power of France:  
And let an other halfe stand laughing by,  
All out of woike, and cold for action.  
King. We must not onely armes against the French,  
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,  
Who will make rode vpon vs with all advantages.  
Bi. The Marches gracious foueraigne, shall be sufficient  
To guard your England from the pilfering borderers.  
King. We do not meane the courting sneakers onely,  
But feare the inayne enteundment of the Scot,  
For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather  
Vnmaskt his power for France,  
But that the Scot on his vn furnisht Kingdome,  
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach  
That England being empty of defences,  
Hath sfooke and trembled at the brute hereof.  
Bi. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:  
A 3 For
The Chronicle Historie

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

Eord. There is a saying very old and true,

If you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
To his un furnish nest the weazel Scot
Would suck her egges, playing the mouse in absence of the
To spoyle and huauock more then she can ear.

Exe. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,

Yet that is but a curt necessitie,
Since we have trappes to catch the petty theeuues:
Whilst that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The aduised head controllles at home.
For government though high or lowe, being put into parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musick.

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

The
of Henry the fifth.

The civell citizens lading vp the honey,
The fade ye de lustice with his furly humme,
Delivering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone,
This I infer, that 20 actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.

As many Arrowses lost, severall wayes, flye to one marke:
As many severall wayes meete in one towne:
As many fresh streams run in one selle sea:
As many lines close in the dy all center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.

Therefore my Liege to France,
Divide your happy England into fourre,
Of which take you one quarter into France,
And you withall, shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of pollicy and hardinesse.

K2. Call in the messenger sent fro the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble sinewes of our land,
France being ours, weele bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in pieces:
Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak
Freely of our acts,
Or else like toonglesse mutes
Not worship with a paper Epitaph:

Enter Thambassadors from France.

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.

Ambassa. Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leave
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is subject,
As are our wretches lettered in our prisons.

There-
The Chronicle Historie

Therefre freely and with uncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Ambus. Then this in fine the Dolphin faith,
Whereas you clame certaine Townes in France.
From your predecessor king Edward the third,
This he returns.

He faith, there is nought in France that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: you cannot recut into Dukedomes there:
Therefore he sendeth meant for your study,
This tunne of treasure: and in lieu of this,
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you crave
Heare no more from you: This is the Dolphin faith.

King. What treasure Uncle?

Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so plesant with vs,
Your message and his present we accept:
When we have matched our rackets to these bailes,
We will by Gods grace play such a fer,
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the Courts of France shal be disturb'd with chaues.
And we understand him well, how he comes on vs
With our wilder dayes, not measuring what we made
Of them.

We never valued this poore state of England,
And therefore gave ourselves to barbarous licence:
As in common scene that men are merriest when they are
From home.

But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,
Be like a King, mighty and command,
When we do rowls vs in throne of France:
For this have we laid by our Maiestie,
And plodde like a man for working dayes,
But we will rise there with so full of glory,
That we will dazell all the eyes of France,
I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell him this, his mock hath turn'd his balles to gun
of Henry the Sixt.

And his soule shall sit before charged for the waistfull
(vengeance
That shall flye from them. For this his mocke
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.
Mocke mothers: from their sonnes, mocke Castles downe,
Some are yet ungot:en and vnborne,
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins some.
But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we doo
(appelle,
And in whose name tel you the Dolphin we are coming on
To venge as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a rightfull cause: so get you hence, and tell your Prince.
His left will fauour but of shalow wit,
When thousands wepe, more then did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct: see them hence.

Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore let our collection for the wars be soon provided:
For God before, well check the Dolphin at his fathers
(doore.

Therefore let every man now take his thought,
That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Nim and Bardolfe.

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall Nim.
Nim. Godmorrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.
Bar. What is antient Pistol and thee friends yet?
Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may:
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:
It is a simple one, but what tho' it will serve to taste cheefe.
And it will endure cold as another mans sword will,
And there is the humor of it.

Bar. Ysith mistress quickly did thee great wrong,
For thou wearst teeth plight to her.
The Chronicle Historie

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

Bar. Come ye faith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make Pistoll
And thee friends. What a plague should we carry kniues
To cut our owne throates.
Nim. Ye faith Ile live as long as I may, then the certaine of it.
And when I cannot hue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And theses my rest, and the randeous of it.

Enter Pistoll and Hostes. Quickly, his wife.

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

Nim. How do you my Hostes?

Pist. Base slave, callest thou me hostes?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my Neill kepe lodging.

Host. No by my troath not I,
For we cannot bed nor boord half a score honest gêtewome
That liue honestly by the prick of their needle,
But it is thought straight we kepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord heere Corporall Nim, now shall
We have wilful adultry and murderous committed:
Good Corporall Nim shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword.

Nim. Puh.

Pist. What doft thou push, thou prickeard cur of Ireland?

Nim. Will you dog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. Solus egregious dog, that solus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which worsce, within
Thy measseal mouht, I do retert that solus in thy
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,
And Pistells flashing fiery cock is vp.

Nim. I am not Barbasom, you cannot conjure me:
I have an humour Pistoll to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me Pistoll, Ile scoure you with my
Rapiet.
of Henry the fift.

Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little,
He prick your guts a little in good termes,
And theres the humour of it.

Pist. O bragard vile, and dammed furious wight.
The Graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.

They drawe.

Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
He kill him, as I am a soldier.

Pist. An oath of muckle might, and fury shall abate.

Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or another in faire
And ther's the humor of it.

Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee desire again:
A damned hound, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazare kite of Crefides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheetes, she by name, and her espouse
I have, and I will hold, the quandram quickly,

For the only she and Paco, there it is inough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes you must come straight to my maister,
And you Host Pistoll. Good Bardofte
Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a
(warming pan.

Host. By my troth heele yeeld the crow a pudding one
(of these dayes.

Ile go to him, husband youle come?

Bar. Come Pistoll be friends.

Nim pritheee be friends, and if thou wilt not be
Enemies with me too.

Nim. I shal have my eight shillings I woon of you at bearing?
Pist. Bafe is the Flaue that payses.

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

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

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

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

Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay,
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine and brotherhood:
Ile live by Nim as Nim shall live by me:
Is not this just? for I shall surer be
Into the Campe, and profit will accrue.

Nim. I shall have my noble?
Pist. In cash most truly paid.

Nim. Why theses the humour of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As ever you came of men come in.

Sir Iohns poore soule is so troubled
With a burning tashen contignion seuer, is wonderfull.

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

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Glastor.

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

Exe. They shalbe apprehended by and by.

Glastor. I but the man that was his bedfellow
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely favours
That he shoulde for a forranse purse, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the Lord of Masham.

Enter the King and thre Lords.

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

Masham. No doubt my Liege, is each man do his best.
of Henry the fifth.

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

Gray. Even those that were your fathers enemies
have steeped their gall at honey for your sake.

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

Maffa. So service shall with fleeced finewes shine,
and labour shall refresh itselfe with hope
To do your Grace incessant service.

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

Maffa. That is mercy, but too much securitie:
Let him be punisht Sovraigne, lest the example of
(b)him.

Breed more of such a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highnesse, and punisht too.

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

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

How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed and digested, appear before vs:
Well yet enlarg e the man, tho Cambridge and the rest
In their deare loues, and tender preservation of our state,
Would have him punisht.
Now to our French causes,
Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. Meone my Lord, your highnesse bad me aske for
it to day.
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Migh. So did you me my Soueraigne.

Gray. And men my Lord.

King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge there is yours;
And Sir Thomas Gray knight of Northumberland, this same is
Read them, and know we know your worthynesse. (yours)
Vnckle Exeter I will aboord to night.

Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?

What see you in those papers
That hath so chaed your blood out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercy.

Migh. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,

By your owne reasons is forestald and done:
You must not dare for shame to ask for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them,

See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
The English monsters:

My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt we were to grace him,
In all things belonging to his honour:

And this wilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,
Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practices of France:

To kill vs here in Hampton. To the which,
This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs
Then Cambridge is, haah likewise sworne.

But oh what shall I say to the false man,

Thou cruel ingrattfull and inhumane creature,

Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
That knewst the very secrets of my heart,

That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
Wouldst thou a pratise on me for thy vle:
Can it be possible that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

Tis
of Henry the first.

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

EXEC. I arreste thee of high treafon,
By the name of Richard, Earle of Cambridge.
I arreste thee of high treafon,
By the name of Henry, Lord of Mafham.
I arreste thee of high treafon,
By the name of Thomas Gray, knight of Northumberland.

Mafa. Our purpofes God justly hath discouer'd,
And I repent my fault more than my death,
Which I befoe your maietie forgive.
Altho' my body pay the price of it,

King. God quit you in his mercy. Heare your sentence.
You have confpired againft our royall person,
Joyned with an enemy proclaimed and fix'd.
And from his coffers receiv'd the golden earnest of our death
Touching our person we feek no redrefs.
But we our kingdome's safety must to tender
Whose ruine you have sought,
That to our lawes we do deliver you. (death)
Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your
The tale whereof, God in his mercy giue you (amiffle:
Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
Bear them hence.

Exit three Lords.

Now Lords to France. The enterprife whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, succelfively.
Since God cut off this dangerous treafon lurking in our way
Cheerly to fee, the signes of war advance:
No King of England, if not King of France.

Exit omnes.
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Enter Nim, Pittoll, Bardolph, Hostes and a Boy.

Host. I pretty sweetc heart, let me bring thee so farre as  
(Stanes.

Pitf. No fur, no fur.

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

Host. I, he is in Arthur's bosom, if ever any were:

He went away as if it were a crie for a child,
Between twelve and one,
Just at turning of the tide:
His nose was as sharp as a pen:
For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,
And talk of flours, and smile upon his fingers ends
I knew there was no way but o' d
Now how sir John quoth I?
And he cried three times, God, God, God,
Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
I hope there was no such need.

Then he had me put more cloathes at his feet:
And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone:
And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.
And so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any storm.

Nim. They say he straie out on Sack.

Host. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Host. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did: and he fed they were diuels in carnite.

Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he never loved.

Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Host. Indeed he did in some sort handle women,
But then he was sumatricke, and talkt of the whore of
(Babylon,

Boy. Hostes do you remember he saw a Flea stand
Upon Bardolph's Noke, and fed it was a black soule
Burning in hell fire?

Bar.
of Henry the fifth.

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

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

Pist. Clear up thy crifalles,
Look to my chattels and my moveables.
Trust not: the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer caokes,
And holds fast is the only dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostes.

Nim. I cannot kisse and theris the humor of it.
But adieu.

Pist. Keep fast thy bugle boe.

Exit omnes.

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

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

Dolphin. My gracious Lord, tis meet we all goe
And armes vs against the foe:
And view the weak & sickly parts of France:
But let vs do it with no show of seare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were busied with a Motis dance.
For my good Lord she is so idely kingd,
Her sweete is so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That seare attends her not.

Com. O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceive your selfe,
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Question your grace the late Embassador,
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
How well supplied with aged Counsellours,
And how his resolution answered him,
You then would say that Harry was not wilde.

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

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

King. Bid him come in.

You see this chase is hotly followed Lords:

Doc. My gracious father, cut vp this English short,
Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing,
As selfe neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother England:

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiesties
He wils you in the name of God Almightye,
That you deceast your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide stretched titles that belongs
Vnto the Crowne of France, that you may know
Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claimne,
Pickt from the worm holes of old vanitie dayes,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rackte,
He sends you these most memorables lynes,
In every branch truly demonstrated:
Willing you overlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euynty derived
From his most famed and famous ancetors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.

King.
of Henry the fifth.

King. If not, what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he take for it:
There in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a lone,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turns he the widowe's tears,
The Orphan's cries, the dead men's bones,
The pining maydans grones,
For husbands, fathers, and distressed loyers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controvrsie.
This is his claim, his threatening, and my mesage,
Vnles the Dolphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly we bring greeting too.

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

Exe. Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie fender, doth he prife you at:
Thus faith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,
Heele call you to so loud an anfwere for it,
That causeth to wombely vaultes of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock,
In second accent of his ordenance.

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

Exe. Heele make your Paris Lour shake for it,
Were it the mistrefse Court of mightie Europe.
And be assured, youe finde a difference
As we his subiects have in wonder founde

Betweene
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Betweene his younger dayes and these he musters now,
Now he waste time even to the latest graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne lothes
If he stay in France.
King. Well for vs, you shall returne our answer be vske
To our brother England.

Enter Nim, Bardole, Pistoll, Boy.

Nim. Before God here is hot service.
Pist. Tis hot indeed, blows go and come,
Gods vassals drop and die.
Nim. Tis honor, and there's the humor of it.
Boy. Would I were in London:
Ide glue all my honor for a pot of Ale.
Pist. And I. If wishes would prevaile,
I would not stay, but thither would I be.

Enter Flewelen and beats them in.

Flew. Gods plud vp to the breaches
You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches?
Nim. Abate thy rage sweete knight,
Abate thy rage.
Boy. Well I would I were once from them:
They would have me as familiar
With men's pockets, as their gloes, and their
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.
Bardole stole a Lute case, carried it three mile,
And sold it for three hapence.
Nim stole a fier thowell.
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales.
Well, if they will not leave me,
I mean to leave them.

Exit Nim, Bardole, Pistoll, and the Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captain Flewelen, you must come astraight
To the Mine, to the Duke of Gloffer.

Looke
of Henry the first.

Fleu. Look you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the mines: the concavities is otherwise.
You may discourse to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himself five yards under the countermines:
By Jesus I think he can blow up all
If there be no better direction.

Enter the King and his Lords alarum.

King. How yet resolves the Gouernour of the Towne?
This is the latest parley weeke admit:
Therefore to our best mercie give your selves,
Or like to men proud of destruction, defie vs to our worst.
For as I am a sooldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once again
I will not leave the halfe atchieued Harflew,
Till in her ashes she be buried,
The gates of mercie are all shut vp.
What say you, will you yeeld and this annoyd,
Or guilitie in defence be thus destroyd?

Enter Gouernour.

Gouern. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,
Returns vs word, his powers are not yet ready.
To raise so great a siege: therefore dread King,
We yeeld our town and lives to thy soft mercie:
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensive now.

Enter Katherine, Allice.

Kate. Alice venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vous partez fort bon Angloys englatara,
Comme l'e palla vou la main en francoy.

Allice. La
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Alice. La main madam de han.
Kate. E da bras.
Alice. De arma madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma.
Alice. Owy e madam.
Kate. E Coman fa pella voul la menton a la coll.
Alice. De neck, e de cin, madam.
Kate. E de neck, e de cine, de code.
Alice. De cudie ma fooy le oblyce, mais le remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo madam.
Kate. Ecoute le reheresera, sort cella que lacapoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.
Alice. De elbo madam.
Kate. O Iesu, Iesu obloye ma fooy, ecoute le reconter,
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
Alice. Ma fooy madam, voul parla au se bon Angloys
Alice vous aues ettie en Englarara.
Kate. Par la grace de dei an pettie tames, le parle milou
Coman se pella voul le peid e le robe.
Alice. Le foot, e le con.
Kate. Le fot, e le con, O Iesu! le ne vewe point parle.
Sie plus deuant le che cheualieres de franca,
Pur one million ma fooy.
Alice. Madam, de foote, e le con.
Kate. O et ill ausie, ecoute Alice, de han, de arms.
De neck, de cine, le foote, e de con.
Alice. Ces fort bon madam.
Kate. Aloues a diner.

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

King. Tis certaine he is past the River Sonne.
Con. Mordeumavia: Shall a few spranes of vs.

The
of Henry the fift.

The emptying of our fathers luxerie,
Outgrow their grafters.

Bur. Normanes, bastard Normanes, mor du
And if they passe vs fought withall.
He send my Dukedome for a foggy farme
In that short nooke Iie of England.

Conf. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their clyme raw, foggy and colde.
On whom as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broath, a drench for sowlne Iades
Their sodden water decokt such lively blood?
And shall our quick blood spirited with wine
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let us not hang like frozen Iicesickles
Upon our houses tops, while they a more frosty clyme
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

King. Constable dispatch, send Mootioy forth,
To know what willing rausome he will giue?
Sonne Dolphin you shall stay in Rome with me.

Dol. Not so I do beseech your Maiestie.

King. Well, I say it shalbe so.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

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

Flaw. By Iesus there excellët servise committet at y bridge.

Gour. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flaw. The duke of Exeter is a man whom I love, & I honor,
And I worship, with my soule, and my heart, and my life,
And my lands and my living,
And my vertermin powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praisèd and pleased for it, no harme in the worrell.
He is maintain the bridge very gallantly, there is an Ensigne.

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

Gover. How do you call him?

Flour. His name is ancient Pistoll.

Gover. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flour. Do you not know him, here comes the man.

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

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

Pist. Bardolfo a souldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fate
And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling restless stone

Flour. By your patience ancient Pistoll,
Fortune, looke you is painted,
Blinde with a musler before her eyes,
To signific to you, that Fortune is plind:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilitie:
And her fate is fixed at a sphencall stone
Which roules, and roules, and roules:
Surely the Poet is make an excellent descriptio of Fortune.

Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolfo's foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged musler he be:
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.

But
of Henry the fift.

But Exter hath given the doome of death,
For packs of pettie price:
Therefore go speake the Duke will heare thy voyce,
And let not Bardolfe vitall thread be cut,
With edge of penny-cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee require.
   Flew. Captain Pistol, I partly understand your meaning.
   Pist. Why then rejoyce therefore.
   Flew. Certainly Antient Pistol, it is not a thing to rejoyce at;
For if he were my owne brother, I would with the Duke
to do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,
Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.
   Pist. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.
   Flew. That is good.
   Pist. The figge of Spaine within thy lawe.
   Flew. That is very well.
   Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durtty maw.
Exit Pistoll.

Flew. Captain Gow, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder?
Gow. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cut purit.
Flew. By lesus hee is vter as prauie words vpon the bridge
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day, but its all one,
What he hath told to me, looke you, is all one.
Go. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars
Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London:
And such fellows as he,
Are perfect in great Commanders names.
They will learne by rote where services were done,
At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,
At such a conuoy: who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what terme the enemy stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & whataberd
Of the Generalls cut, and a hord shoute of the camp:

D Will
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Will do among the coming bottles and alewsht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slanderers of this age,
Or else you may maruellously be mistooke.

Flew. Certain captain Gower, it is not the man, looke you;
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serve,
I shall tell him a little of my desires: here comes his Maieftie.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.

King. How now Flewelen, come you from the bridge?
Flew. I and it shall please your Maieftie,
There is excellent service at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost Flewelen?
Flew. And it shall please your Maieftie,
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
I thinke we haue lost nother a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one Bardolfe, if your Maieftie
Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew:
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.

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

Enter French Herauld.

Her. You know me by my habit.
King. Welly, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?
Her. My maisters minde.

Enter French Heralds.

Go thee vnto Harry of England, and tell him,
Advantage is a better foeldier then rashnesse:
Altho
of Henry the Fifth.

Altho we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.
Now we speake upon our knee, and our voyage is imperially,
England shall repent her folly: see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance, which to raunfome,
His pettinesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:
For the disgrace we have borne, himselfe
Kneeling at our feete, a weake and worthless satisfaction.
To this, add defiance: So much from the king my maifter.

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

Herald. Montioy.

King. Thou doft thy office faire, returne thee backe,
And tell thy King, I do not secke him now:
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to Callis: for to say the truth,
Though tis no wisdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemie of craft and vantage.
My souldiers are with sicknesse much inseebled,
My Army lesioned, and those fewe I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:
Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herald,
I thought vpon one paire of English legges,
Did march three French mens.
Yet forgive me God, that I do brag thus:
This your heire of France hath blowne this vice in me.
I must repent, go tell thy maifter here I am,
My raunfome is this frayle and worthless body,
My Army but a weake and sickly garde.
Yet God before, we will come on,
If France and such an other neighbour flood in our way:
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood discolour.
So Montioy get you gone, there is for your paines:
The sum of all our anfwere is but this,
We would not secke a battle as we are:

D 2 Nor
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Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

Herald. I shall deliver so: thanks to your Maiestie.

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

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

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

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, Gebou.

Const. Tur I have the best armour in the world.

Orleance. You have an excellent armour,

But let my horse have his due.

Burbon. Now you talk of a horse, I have a steed like the
Palfrey of the fun nothing but pure syre and sire,

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

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.

Turne all the fands into eloquent tonguets,
And my horse is argument for them all:

I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,

And began thus. Wonder of nature.

Con. I have heard a Sonnet begin so,

In the praise of ones Mistresse.

Bur. Why then did they immitate that
Which I writ in praise of my horse,

For my horse is my mistresse.

Con. Ma toy the other day, me thought
Your mistresse shooke you strewedly.

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

My mistresse weares her owne haire.

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

If I had had a bow to my mistresse.

Bur. Tun thou wilt make vse of anything.

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

Bur. Will it never be morning?

Ile ride too morrow a mile,

And my way shalbe paued with English faces.

Con. By
of Henry the seventh.

Con. By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be oufaced of my way.

But. Well Ile go arme my felfe, hay.

Geben. The Duke of Burbon longs for morning

Or. He longs to eare the Engliſh,

Con. I thinke heele eate all he killis,

Orle. O peace, ill will never faid well.

Con. Ile cap that proverbe,

With there is flattery in ſriendſhip.

Or. O Sir, I can anſvere that,

With gue the duell his due.

Con. Have at the eye of that proverbe,

With a logge of the duell.

Or. Well the Duke of Burbon is ſimly,

The moſt actiue Gentleman of France.

Con. Doing his actiuitie, and heele will be doing.

Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

Or. I hold him to be exceding valiant.

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

Or. Wholes that?

Con. Why he told me fo himselfe;

And faid he cared not who knew it.

Or. Well who will go with me to hazard,

For a hundred Engliſh prisoners?

Con. You must go to hazard your felfe,

Before you have them.

Enter a Messenger.

Meff. My Lords, the English lye within a hundred

Paces of your Tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Meff. The Lord Grefpoore.

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

Come, come away:

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

Enter
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Enter the King disguised to him Pistoll.

Pist. Kevela?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman

Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

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

Pist. Trailes thon the puissant pike?

King. Euen so sir, What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

King. O then thou art better then the King?

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

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

Of parents good, of fift most valiant:

I kiss his durtic shoe: and from my hart strings

I love the louely bully, What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man:

Art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No sir, I am a Wealchman.

Pist. A Wealchman: knowst thou Flewellen?

King. Sir, he is my kinsman.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. Sir.

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

King. It sorts well with your fierceneesse.

Pist. Pistoll is my name.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gour. Captaine Flewellen.

Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lewer.

It is the greatest folly in the worcel, when the auncient

Preogatious of the warres be not kept.

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

You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:

But
But you shall find the cares and the cares.
And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.

Gour. Why the enemy is loud, you heard him all night.
Flem. Goddes solde, if the enemy be an Aiife & a Ffoole,
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a foole,
And a prating cocks-come, in your conscience now?

Gour. He speake lower,
Flem. I beseech you do, good Captaine Gower.

Exit Gower, and Fwoollen.

Kin. Tho it appeare a little out of fashion,
Yet there is much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. Soul. Is not that the morning yonder?
2. Soul. I we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.
3. Soul. Well I thinke the king could wish himselfe
Up to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all aduences, and I with him.

Kin. Now masters, god morrow, what cheare?
3. S. Ifaith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende.

Kin. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.
2. S. I he may be, for he hath no such cheare as we

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

The Violet sinels to him as to vs:
Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.
2. Sol. But the king hath a heavy reckoning to make,
If this cause be not good, when all those foules
Whose bodies shall be slaughterd here,
Shall joyne together at the latter day,
And say I dyed at such a place, some swearing:
Some their wives rawly left:
Some leaving their children poore behind them.

Now
The Chronicle Historie

Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a greevous matter (to him):

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his servant
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any means miscarry,
You may say the business of the master,
Was the author of his servant's misfortune.
Or if a sonne be employ'd by his father,
And he fall into any lewd action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the matter is not to answer for his servants,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subjects:
For they purpose not their death, who they cause their serv-
Some there are that have the gift of premeditated (uices:
Murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if these outstrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot escape God's punishment.
War is Gods Beadell; War is Gods vengeance:
Every mans service is the kings;
But every mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would have every soouldier examine himselfe,
And wash every moath out of his conscience:
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death:
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.

3. Lord, Yfaith he saies true:
Every mans fault on his owne head,
I would not have the king answer for me.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

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

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

King. If I haue to see that, Ile never trust his word again.

2. Lord,
of Henry the fifth.

2. Sol. Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure
That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,
Or a subject against a monskie.
Youle nere take his word again, your a naffe goe.
King. Your reproof is somewhat too bitter:
Were it not at this time I could be angry.
2. Sol. Why lest it be a quarrell if thou wilt.
King. How shall I know thee?
2. Sol. Here is my glowe which if eter I see in thy hat.
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.
King. Here is likewise another of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.
2. Sol. Thou darst as well be hanged.
3. Sol. Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels now in hand:
We haue no need of English broyles.
King. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For so morrow the king himselfe will be a clipper.
Exit the souldiers.

Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and
Ascendants.

K. O God of battells seele my souldiers harts,
Take from them now the fense of reckoning,
That the appose multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage.
O nor to day, not to day ó God,
Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the crowne.
1 Richards bodie have interred new,
And on it hath bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it issu’d forced drops of blood:
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,

E Which
The Chronicle Historie

Which every day their withered hands hold vp
To heaven to pardon blood,
And I have but two chanceries, more will I do.
The all that I can do, is all too little.

Enter Gloster.

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

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisbury.

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

Enter King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.
King. Whose that, that wishes so, my Coulen Warwick.
Gods will, I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my Kingdome.
No faith my Coulen, with not one man more,
Rather proclame it presently through our campe,
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,
Let him depart, his passport shall bee drawne,
And crownes for convoy put into his purse, We
of Henry the fift.

We would not die in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of Cryspin,
He that outlives this day, and fees old age,
Shall fand a riicoe when this day is named,
And roafe him at the name of Cryspin.
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearly on the vygill feast his friends,
And fay to morrow is S. Cryspines day:
Then shall we in their flowing bowles
Be newly remembred. Harry the King,
Bedford and Exeter, Clarence and Glofier,
Warwick and York.
Familiar in their mouthes as houfhold words.
This story fhall the good man tell his fonne,
And from this day, unto the general doome:
But we in it fhall be remembred.
We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that fheads his blood by mine,
Shalbe my brother: be he neere fo base,
This day fhall gentle his condition.
Then fhall he strip his fleeues, and fhew his skars,
And fay, these wounds I had on Crifpines day:
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themfelves accrue ft,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any fpake: that fought with vs
Upon Saint Crifpines day.
Gloft. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
Kin.Why all things are ready, if our minds be fo.
War. Perh the man whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou doft not with more help to England coufent.
War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this battle out.

E 2 King. Why
The Chronicle Historie

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

Enter the Herald from the French.

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

What thou wilt give for ransom me?

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The Constable of France.

King. I prithee beare my former answer backe:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

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

A many of our bodis: shall no doubt
Finde graves within your realme of France:

Tho. buied in your dunghills, we shall be famed.

For there the Sun shall greet them,

And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauens,
Leauiing their earthly parts to choke your clyme:

The smell wherof, shall breed a plague in France:

Mark how abundant vallour in our English,

That being dead, like to the bullet's crating,

Breakes forth into a second course of mischief:

Killing in relaps of mortalitie:

Let me speake proudly,

There's not a piece of feather in our camp,

Good argument I hope we shall not flye:

And time hath wore vs into sloendry.

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

And my poore fouldiers reme, yet ere night

Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke

The gay new cloakes are your French fouldiers cares,

And turne them out of service. If they do this,

As if it please God they shall,

Then shall our ransom soone be lenied.

Sawe
of Henry the fifth.

Saeue thou thy labour Herauld;  
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle Herauld;  
They shall have nought I sweare, but these my bones:  
Which if they haue, as I wil leaue am them,  
Willye celd them late, tell the Constable.  

Her. I shall deliver so,  

Exit Herauld.

Torke. My gracious Lord, upon my knee I craue,  
The leading of the vaward.  
Kin. Take it brave Torke. Come soldiers lets away: And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.  

Exit.

Enter the four French Lords.

Ge. O diabellio.  
Conf. Mordumavie.  
Or. O what a day is this!  
Bur. O our day is gone, all is lost.  
Con. We are inough yet living in the field,  
To smother vp the English,  
If any order might be thought upon.  
Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field;  
And he that will not follow Burbon now,  
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,  
Like a base lene hold the chamber doore,  
Why leaft by a lue no gentler then my dogs,  
His fairest daughter is contamurcke.  
Con. Disorder that harf spoyle, vs, right vs now,  
Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our lives  
Vnto these English, or else die with fame.  
Come, come along.  
Leit die with honour, our shame doth last too long.  

Exit omnes.  

Enter.
The Chronicle Historie

Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monsire, je vous en prece aues petie de moy.
Pist. Moy shall not serue. I will haue forte moys.

Boy asketh his name.

Boy. Comant ettes vous apelles?
French. Monsier Fer.
Boy. He saies his name is Master Fer.
Pist. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him.

Boy discuss the same in French.

Boy. Sir I do not know, what is French
For fer, ferit and fearkt.
Pist. Bid him prepare, I will cut his throate.
Boy. Feare, vou pretat, il voules coupele votre gage.
Pist. Onye ma fooy couple la gorga.

Vnless thou giue to me egregious ranfome, dye.

One poynct of a foxe.

French. Qui dit ill monsire.
Il dit ye si vous ny vouly pa domy luy.
Boy. La gran ranfome, ill vou tueres.
French. O lec vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran capataine, pour auz mercie
A moy, ey lec donerees pour mon ranfome.
Cinquante ou s, le fuyes vngentelhome de France.
Pist. What saies he boy?
Boy. Marry sir he fayes, he is a Gentleman of a great
House, of France and for his ranfome,
He will giue you 500 crownes.
Pist. My fury shall abate,
And I the Crownes will take,
And as I fuck blood, I will some merce shew.
Follow me cur.

Exit omnes.

Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll.

King. What the French retire?

Yes.
Yet all is not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your Grace.

King. Lives he good Vackle, wife I sawe him downe.

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

Exe. In which array, braue souldier, doth he lye,
Larding the plaines and by his bloody side,
Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,
The noble Earle of Suffolk also lyes.
Suffolk first dyde, and Yorke all hafted ore,
Comes to him where in blood he lay steeped,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yane upon his face,
And cryes aloud, tary deare cousin Suffolk:
My soule shall thine keep company in heauen:
Tary deare soule awhile, then flie to rest:
And in this glorious and well foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry.

Upon these words I came and cheerd them vp,
He toake me by the hand, said deare my Lord,
Commend my servise to my soueraigne.
So did he turne, and our Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded armes, and so espoused to death,
With blood he sealed. An argument
Of never ending love. The pretie and sweet manner of it,
Forst those waters from me, which I would haue stoppt,
But I not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into my eyes,
And gave me vp to teares,

King. I blame you not: for hearing you,
I must conuert to teares.

Alarum soundes.

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


Enter
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Enter Fllewelen, and Captain Gower.

Fllew. Goddes plud kil the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants piece of knaury as can be defiend,
In the worll now, in your confidence now.

Gour. Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left alive,
And the cowardly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselves have done this slaughter:
Beside, they have carried away and burnt,
All that was in the kings Tent:
Whereupon the king caufed every prisoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

Fllew. The was born at Monmorth.

Captain Gower, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

Gour. Alexander the great.

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

Gour. I thinke Alexander the great
Was borne at Macedon.

His father was called Philip of Macedon,
As I take it.

Fllew. I thinke it was Macedon indeed where Alexander
Was borne: looke you capaine Gower,
And if you looke into the mappes of the worll well,
You shall finde little difference betweene
Macedon and Monmorth. Looke you, there is
A Riuier in Macedon, and there is also a Riuier
In Monmorth, the Riuers name at Monmorth,
Is called Wye.

But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you capaine Gower, and you mark it.
You shall finde our King is come after Alexander. God knowes, and you know, that Alexander in his Bowles, and his ailes, and his wrath, and his displeasures, And indignations, was kill his friend Clitus.

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

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

Gower. Sir John Falstaff.

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

Enter King and the Lords.

King. I was not angry since I came into France,
Untill this howre.

Take a trumpet Herald,
And ride vnto the horsmen on you hill:
If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,
Or leave the field, they do offend our light:
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As stones enforst from the old Alfinian flings,
Besides, we see cut the throats of those we have,
And not one alive shall taste our mercy.

Enter the Herald,

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

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

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald, I do not know whether
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The day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keep the field:

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God therefore.

What Castle call you that?

Her. We call it Agincourt.

Kin. Then call we this the field of Agincourt.

Fought on the day of Croisip, Croisip.

Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be rememberd,
Is do good service in France.

Kin. This true Flewelen.

Flew. Your Maiestie sayes verie true.

And it please your Maiestie,
The Wealchmen there was do good service,
In a garden where Leekes did grow.

And I thinke your Maiestie will take no scorne,
To weare a Leake in your cap vpone S. Danies day.

Kin. No Flewelen, for I am wealch as well as you.

Flew. All the water in VVye wil not wash your wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preverue it,
To his graces will and pleasure.

Kin. Thanks good countryman.

Flew. By Jefus I am your Maiesties countryman:
I care not who know it, so long as your maiestie is an honest
K. God keep me so. Our Herald go with him, (man.
And bring vs the number of the scattered French.

Exit Heralds.

Callyonder foildier hither.

Flew. You fellow come to the king.

Kin. Fellow why dooest thou weare that gluoe in thy hat?

Soul. And pleaſe your maiestie, this a rascal that twagard
With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,
Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him.
of Henry the lst.

So hath he sworn the like to me.

K. How think you Flewellen, is it lawfull he keep his oaths?

Fl. And it please your miiesty, tis lawfull he keep his vow.

If he be perjur'd once, he is as arrant a beggarly knaue,

As treads upon too blacke shues,

Kin. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.

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

And Belzebub, and the diuell himselfe,

Tis meete he kepe his vowe.

Kin. Well sirrha keep your word.

Vnder what Captain seruest thou?

Soul. Vnder Captaine Gower.

Flew. Captaine Gower is a good Captain.

And hath good litterature in the warres.

Kin. Go call him hither.

Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit fouldier.

Kin. Captain Flewellen, when Alonfson and I was
Downe together, I tooke this gloue off from his helme.
Here Flewellen, weare it. If any do challenge it,
He is a friend of Alonfson,
And an enemy to mee.

Fle. Your maeiftie doth me as great a favour
As can be desired in the harts of his subiects,
I would see that man now that should challenge this gloue:
And it please God of his grace, I would but see him,
That is all.

Kin. Flewellen know'st thou Captaine Gower?

Fle. Captaine Gower is my friend.

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

Kin. Go call him hither.

Flew. I will and it shall please your maiestie.

Kin. Follow Flewellen clofely at the hecles,
The gloue he weares, it was the scoulders.
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It may be there will be harme betwene them,
For I do know Flewelen valiant,
And being toucht as hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will returne an injury.
Go see there be no harme betwene them.

Enter Gower, Flewelen, and the Soldier.

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

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

He strikes him.

Flew. God pluit, and his. Captain Gower stand away.
Ile give treason his due presently.

Enter the King,Warwicke,Clarence, and Exeter.

Kim. How now, what is the matter?
Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
Here is the notablest pece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall, is strike the gloue,
Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of Alonsone
And your Maiestie will beare me witnes, and testimony,
And assouchments, that this is the gloue.

Soul. And it please your Maiestie, that was my gloue.
He that I gave it too in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
And I think I have bene as good as my word.

Flew. Your Maiestie heares, under your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly bowtie knawe it is.

Kim. Let me see thy gloue. Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.

It was I indeed you promised to strike.
And thou hast given me most bitter words.
How canst thou make vs amends?
Flew. Let his necke answer it,
If there be any marshalls lawe in the worll.
Soul. My Liege,all offences come from the heart;
Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maiestie.
You appeard to me as a common man:
Witness the night,your garments,your lowliness;
And whatsoever you receiued vnder that habit,
I befeech your Maiestie impute it to your owne fault.
And not mine.For your selfe came not like your selfes:
Had you bene as you seemed,I had made no offence.
Therefore I befeech your grace to pardon me.

Kin. Vnckle,fill the gloue with crownes,
And giue it to the Sou'dier.Weare it fellow,
As an honour in thy cap,till I do challenge it.
Give him the crownes.Come Captaine Fowerell,
I must needs have your friends.

Flew. By Iesus,he fellow hath mettall enough.
In his belly. Harke yououldier,there is a shilling for you,
And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & dissentios,
And looke you,it shall be the better for you.
Soul. Ie none of your money sir,not I.
Flew. Why tis a good shilling man.
Why should you be queamish? Your shoes are not so good:
It will serve you to mend your shoes.

Kin. What men of sort are taken vnckle?
Exe. Charles Duke of Orleane,Nephew to the King.
John Duke of Barbon, and Lord Bowchquall,
Of other Lords and Barrons,Knights and Squiers,
Full fiftene hundred,besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,that in the field lyes solaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the field.
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Charles de le Brute, his Constable of France.
Jaques de Cartilius, Admiral of France.
The Maister of the crosbows, John Duke Algyn.
Lord Ranberes, his Maister of France.
The braue Sir Gwizzard, Dophin, Of Nobelle Charillas,
Gran Prie, and Rosse, Fawconbridge and Foy.
Gerard and Verton, Vaudemant and Lestra.
Here was a royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Dany Gam Esquier:
And of all other, but five and twenty.
O God thy arme was here,
And unto thee alone, ascribe we praise.
When without stratagem,
And in even shock of battle, was ever heard
So great, and little losse, on one part and on other.
Take it God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. This wonderfull.

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

Flem. Is it lawful, and it please your Maiestie,
To tell how many is kild?

King. Yes Flemellen, but with this acknowledgement,
That God sought for vs.

Flem. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Let there be sung, Nououes and te Deum.
The dead with charitie entred in clay:
Weele then to Calice, and to England then,
Where nere from France, arriude more happier men.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gower, and Flemellen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Lecke to day?

Saint
of Henry the first.

Saint Dianis day is pa"t:

Flam. There is occasion Captaine Gower,

Looke you why, and wherefore,

The other day looke you. Pistoles

Which you know is a man of no merites

In the worell, is come where I was the other day,

And brings bread and fault, and bids me

Eate my Lecke: twas in a place, looke you,

Where I could moue no discentions:

But if I can see him, I shall tell him,

A little of my desires.

Gow. Here a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke.

Enter Pistoles.

Flam. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkecocks,

God plesse you Antient Pistoles, you scall,

Beggarly, losse knaue, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlem?

Dost thou thirst base Troyan,

To have me folde vp Parrot's fatal web?

Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Lecke.

Flam. Antient Pistoles. I would desire you because

It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,

And your digestions, to eate this Lecke.

Pist. Not for Cadwallerd and all his goates.

Flam. There is one goate for you Antient Pistoles.

Pist. Bace Troyan, thou shalt dye.

Flam. I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would

Desire you to liue and eate this Lecke.

Gover. Inough Captaine, you have athonisht him:

Flam. Athonisht him, by Jesus, Ile beate his head

Four days, and four nights, but Ile

Make him eate some part of my Lecke.

Pist. Well, must I byte?

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

Pist. Good good.

Flew. I leake are good, Antient Pistoll.
There is a shilling for you to heal your bloody cocke'some.

Pist. Me a shilling.

Flew. If you will not take it,
I have another Leake for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.

Flew. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels,
You halbe a woodmonger,
And by cudgels, God buy you,
Antient Pistoll, God bless you,
And heal your broken pate.

Antient Pistoll, if you see Leakes an other time,
Mocke at them; that is all: God buy you.

Exit Frewellen.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.
Doth Fortune play the huswye with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?
Well France farwell, newes have I certainly.
That Doll is sick, one mallydie of France,
The warres affordeth nought, home will I tug.
Bawd will I turne, and vse the flyte of hand:
To England will I steale,
And there die steale.
And patches will I get vnto these skarres,
And sweare I get them in the Gallia warres.

Exit Pistoll.

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

Harry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
of Henry the first.

And to our brother France, Faire time of day.
Faire health unto our lovely cousin Katherine.
And as a branch, and member of this stock:
We do Glute you Duke of Burgondye.

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

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

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

Fran. We haue but with a cursenary eye,
Oerviewed them pleaseth your Grace;
To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory answer.

Har. Go Lords, and fit with them,
And bring vs answer backe.
Yer leave our cousin Katherine here behind.

France. With all our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords. Mant, Hnty, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.

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

G And

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

Kate. Is it possible that me fall

Loue de enemie de France.

Harry. No Kate, tis vnpossible

You should loue the enemie of France:
For Kate, I loue France so well,
That Ie ne may a Village,
Ile haue it all mine: then Kate.
When France is mine,
And I am yours,
Then France is yours,
And you are mine.

Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.

Harry. No Kate,

Why I tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband,
Let me see, Saint Dennis be my speed.

Quan France et mon.

Kate. Dat is, when France is yours.

Harry. Et vous ettes amoind.

Kate. And I am to you.

Harry. Douck France ettes a vous.

Kate. Den France fall be mine.

Harry. Et Ie fuyes a vous.

Kate. And you will be to me.

Har. Wilt believe me Kate? tis easier for me
To conquer the kindeome, she to speake so much
More French.
Kate. A your Majesty has false France enough
To deceive de best Lady in France,
Harry. No faith Kate not I. But Kate,
In plaine termes, do you love me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell?
He ask them,
Come Kate, I know you love me.
And soone when you are in your closet,
Youle question this Lady of me.
But I pray thee sweete Kate, vfe me mercifully,
Because I love thee cruelly.
That I, shall dye Kate, is sure:
But for thy love, by the Lord neuer.
What Wench,
A straight backe will growe crooked.
A round eye will growe hallowe.
A great leg will waxe small,
A curld pate proue balde:
But a good heart Kate, is the sun and the moone,
And rather the Sun and not the moone:
And therefore Kate take me,
Take a Souldier take a Souldier,
Take a King.
Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou have me?
Kate. Dat is as please the King my father.
Harry. Nay it will please him:
Nay it shall please him Kate.
And vpon that condition Kate Ile kiffe you.
Kate. O mon du Ie ne voudroy faire quelle chofle
Pour toute le monde,
Cec ne poyet vostree fashion en soulor.
Harry. What faires the Lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de fasion en France.
For de maides, before da be married to

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May Iyrie oblye, what is to ballyc?
Har. To kiss to kiss. O that we not the
Fashions in France, for the maidens to kiss
Before they are married.
Lady. Owe see your grace.
Har. Well, we shall break that custom.
Therefore Kate patience persevere and yeild.
Before God Kate, you have witchcraft
In your kisles;
And may persuade with me more,
Then all the French Council.
Your father is returned.

Enter the King of France, and
the Lordes.

How now my Lords?
France. Brother of England,
We have ordered the Articles,
And have agreed to all that we in sedule had.
Exe. Only he hath not subscribed this,
Where your majesty demands,
That the king of France having any occasion
To write for matter of gauce,
Shall name your highness in this forme:
And with this addition in French.

Notre tresorue sire, Henry Rey D'anglatere,
Et beaure de France. And thus in Latin:
Preclarissimus filius nostra Henricus Rex Anglici,
Et heros Francie.

Fran. Nor this have we so nicely floud upon,
But you faire brother may intreat the same.
Har. Why then let this among the rest,
Have his full course: And withall,
Your daughter Katherine in marriage.

France.
Sc.xx.

... of Henry the fift.

Fran. This and what elze,
Your maieshe shall craue.
God that disposeth all, giue you much joy.

Har. Why then faire Katherine,
Come giue me thy hand:
Our mariage will we present solemnise,
And end our hatred by a bond of love.
Then will I sweare to Kate, and Kate to mee:
And may our vowes once made, unbroken bee.

FINIS.
CORRECTIONS

FOR


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

p. 5, l. 109, correct Ly ns to Lyons
p. 7, l. 242, read subject
p. 8, l. 202, read ‘fet’; l. 281, ‘gun’

p. 9, l. 394, collectio to collectio. (In l. 293, read ‘you’; l. 294, ‘lest’)

p. 10, l. 35, getlewome to gëtelwome. (In l. 44, read ‘Iceland’; l. 56, ‘firy’)

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

p. 17, l. 52, read ‘pitch’
p. 18, l. 86, worm holes to wormholes

p. 19, l. 51, coûfrait to coûfrait. (In l. 63, read ‘exprefly’)

p. 21, catchword at foot: Allies (?) to Alice

p. 22, l. 43, millour to milleur; l. 65-8, arms to arma; under it, read
‘omnes’

p. 23, III. vi. 1, fro to fro

p. 25, l. 79, perfectly to perfectly. (In l. 77, read ‘connoy’, ‘branely’)

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

p. 32, l. 161, read businesse of

p. 38, l. 45, read Cinquante ocios. Ie (In l. 50 ‘firy shall’)

p. 39, l. 32, read convext. (In l. 24, read ‘turne’)

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

p. 41, l. 53, read doubtles; l. 72, thefe .. ours

p. 44, l. 2, Maieftie (?) to Maietie

p. 48, l. 49, read byte; l. 58, trug

p. 50, l. 61 (Qo.), read ettes

p. 52, l. 293, read that; l. 305, father; l. 368, filz; l. 370, filius; l. 371,
Francie

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

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

p. 8, l. 277, lide for like

p. 14, l. 93, haaf for hath

p. 39, l. 65, lewer for lower

p. 34, l. 14, rue for true

p. 36, l. 114, flouendry for flouendry

p. 39, l. 20, the turnd of these

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

Any Subscriber willing to undertake the hanging or burning of a photolitho-
grapher or two,—to encourage the others,—should apply to

F. J. FURNIVALL.

* Some two hundred and odd letters need touching up.