

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE FIFTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } Brothers to the King.
DUKE OF BEDFORD, }
DUKE OF EXETER, Uncle to the King.
DUKE OF YORK, Cousin to the King.
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.
LORD SCROOP.
SIR THOMAS GREY.
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MAC-
MORRIS, JAMY, Officers in King Henry's Army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers in the Same.
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
Boy.
A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.
The CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.
RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, French Lords.
MONTJOY, a French Herald.
Governor of Harfleur.
Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.
KATHARINE, Daughter to Charles and Isabel.
ALICE, a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.
Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

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

Chorus.

SCENE.—England; afterwards France.

Enter Chorus.

*Chor. O! for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention;
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene. 4
Then should the war-like Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword,
and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd 9
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram 12
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great account,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies, 20
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thousand parts divide one man, 24
And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our 28
kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years*

*Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history; 32
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [Exit.]*

ACT I

SCENE I.—London. An Antechamber in the
KING'S Palace.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the
BISHOP OF ELY.

*Cant. My lord, I'll tell you; that self bill is
urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's
reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd, 8
But that the scrambling and unquiet time 4
Did push it out of further question.
Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass
against us,
We lose the better half of our possession; 8
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus:
As much as would maintain, to the king's 12
honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil, 16
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;*

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And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the
bill.

*Ely. This would drink deep.
Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention? 21
Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it
not. 24*

The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came, 28
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made; 32
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once 36
As in this king.

*Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a pre-
late: 40*

Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music: 44
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks, 48
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practis'd part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric: 52
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean
it,

Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets,
sports; 56
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

*Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the
nettle, 60
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt, 64
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.
Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.*

*Ely. But, my good lord, 69
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?*

*Cant. He seems indifferent, 72
Or rather swaying more upon our part*

Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation, 76
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet 80
Did to his predecessors part withal.
*Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my
lord?*

*Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to
hear,— 84
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,—
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.
Ely. What was the impediment that broke
this off?*

*Cant. The French ambassador upon that
instant 91
Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?*

*Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare 96
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.*

*Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—The Same. The Presence Chamber.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD,
EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and At-
tendants.

*K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Can-
terbury?*

Exe. Not here in presence.

*K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.
West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my
liege?*

*K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be
resolv'd, 4
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and
France.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the
BISHOP OF ELY.

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

*K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed, 9
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim. 12
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your
reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right 16
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation*

Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20
Therefore take heed how you impawn our
person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend 24
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless
drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the
swords
That make such waste in brief mortality. 28
Under this conjuration speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism. 32
Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and
you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant, 38
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land.'
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond 41
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany, 44
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the
Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land: 51
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land 56
Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption 60
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric, 65
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France. 68
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,— 72
Though in pure truth, it was corrupt and
naught,—
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son 76
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the
Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,

Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied 80
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the aforesaid Duke of
Lorraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the
Great 84
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim, 88
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net 93
Than aphy to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.
K. Hen. May I with right and conscience
make this claim? 96
Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sove-
reign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ:
'When the son dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.' Gracious lord, 100
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's
tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his war-like
spirit, 104
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black
Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France;
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill 108
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by, 113
All out of work, and cold for action.
Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant
dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 120
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of
the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood. 124
West. They know your Grace hath cause and
means and might;
So hath your highness; never King of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in Eng-
land 128
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O! let their bodies follow, my dear
liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your
right;

In aid whereof we of the spirituality 132
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the
French, 136
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
Cant. They of those marches, gracious so-
vereign, 140
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing
snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot, 144
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach, 149
With ample and brim fullness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence, 153
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbour-
hood.
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exemplified by herself: 156
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray 160
The King of Scots; whom she did send to
France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make your chronicle as rich with praise
As is the owse and bottom of the sea 164
With sunken wrack and sunless treasures.
West. But there's a saying very old and true;
If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin: 168
For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat, 172
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.
Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at
home:
Yet that is but a crush'd necessity;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities 176
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad
The advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high and low and
lower, 180
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions, 184
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach 188

The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings, 193
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring
home
To the tent-royal of their emperor: 196
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in 200
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer, 204
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Fly to one mark; as many ways meet in one
town; 208
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne 212
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake. 216
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy. 220
K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from
the Dauphin. [*Exit an Attendant.*]
Now are we well resolv'd; and by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn, 228
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless
mouth, 232
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.
Enter Ambassadors of France.
Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
First Amb. May't please your majesty to
give us leave 237
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy? 240
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian
king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plain-
ness 244
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

First Amb. Thus then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the
Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd there's nought in
France
That can be with a nimble galliard won; 252
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.
K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so
pleasant with us:
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these
balls, 261
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a
wrangler 264
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them. 268
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from
home. 272
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty 276
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his
soul
Shall stand sore-charged for the wasteful ven-
geance
That shall fly with them; for many a thousand
widows 284
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear hus-
bands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles
down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's
scorn. 288
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth 292
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit
When thousands weep more than did laugh at
it. 296

Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.
[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]
Exe. This was a merry message.
K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush
at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour 300
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France.
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add 306
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

ACT II

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on
fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man: 4
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air 8
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence 12
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness, 16
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found
out 20
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted
men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France,—O guilt, indeed!—
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must
die,— 28
If hell and treason hold their promises,—
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
The abuse of distance while we force a play. 32
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas

To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40
But, till the king come forth and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—London. Eastcheap.

Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.
Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.
Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you
friends yet? 4
Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little;
but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;
but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight;
but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a
simple one; but what though? it will toast
cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's
sword will: and there's an end. 11
Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you
friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to
France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.
Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may,
that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live
any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest,
that is the rendezvous of it. 18
Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is
married to Nell Quickly; and, certainly she did
you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her. 21
Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they
may: men may sleep, and they may have their
throats about them at that time; and, some say,
knives have edges. It must be as it may: though
patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod.
There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and Hostess.

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

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term; 32
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we can-
not lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentle-
women that live honestly by the prick of their
needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-
house straight. [NYM and PISTOL draw.] O well-a-
day, Lady! if he be not drawn now: we shall
see wilful adultery and murder committed. 40

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

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-
eared cur of Iceland! 44

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

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you
solus. [Sheathing his sword.]

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The solus in thy most mervailous face;
The solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw,
perdy; 52
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

I do retort the solus in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow. 56
Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot con-
jure me. I have an humour to knock you in-
differently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol,
I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in
fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick
your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and
that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious
wight! 64
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.

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

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

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall. 72
Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other,
in fair terms; that is the humour of it.

Pist. Coupe le gorge!
That is the word. I thee defy again. 76
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to
get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind, 80
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauc*—there's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my
master, and your hostess: he is very sick, and
would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face be-
tween his sheets and do the office of a warming-
pan. Faith, he's very ill. 89

Bard. Away, you rogue!

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

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends?
We must to France together. Why the devil
should we keep knives to cut one another's
throats? 97

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

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

Pist. Base is the slave that pays. 101

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

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push
home. [They draw.]

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

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have
their course. 107

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

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting? 112
Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
 And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
 And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
 I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.
 Is not this just? for I shall sutler be 117
 Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
 Give me thy hand.
Nym. I shall have my noble? 120
Pist. In cash most justly paid. [*Paying him.*
Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter Hostess.

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

Nym. The king hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the even of it. 129

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

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers. 134

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council-chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.

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

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat, 4
 Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend,

By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
 Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours, 9

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
 His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,

And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:

Think you not that the powers we bear with us
 Will cut their passage through the force of France, 16

Doing the execution and the act
 For which we have in head assembled them?

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

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded 20

We carry not a heart with us from hence
 That grows not in a fair consent with ours;

Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
 Success and conquest to attend on us. 24

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd

Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject

That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
 Under the sweet shade of your government. 28

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies

Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you

With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of 32

thankfulness,
 And shall forget the office of our hand,

Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
 According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews 36

toil,
 And labour shall refresh itself with hope,

To do your Grace incessant services.
K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,

Enlarge the man committed yesterday 40

That rail'd against our person: we consider
 It was excess of wine that set him on;

And on his more advice we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:

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

K. Hen. O! let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish 48

too.
Grey. Sir,

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

K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care 52

of me
 Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch 56

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

Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
 Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their 60

dear care,
 And tender preservation of our person,

Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes: 64

Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord:

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge,

there is yours;
 There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir 67

knight,
 Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
 My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,

SCENE II]

We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!

What see you in those papers that you lose 72
 So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
 Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault, 76
 And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late 79

By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
 You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
 As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.

See you, my princes and my noble peers, 84
 These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,

You know how apt our love was to accord
 To furnish him with all appertinents

Belonging to his honour; and this man 88
 Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,

And sworn unto the practices of France,
 To kill us here in Hampton: to the which

This knight, no less for bounty bound to us 92
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,

Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul, 97
 That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold

Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use!
 May it be possible that foreign hire 100

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange

That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.

Treason and murder ever kept together, 105
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,

Working so grossly in a natural cause
 That admiration did not whoop at them: 108

But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously 112

Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
 And other devils that suggest by treasons

Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms, being 116

fetch'd
 From glistering semblances of piety;

But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do 120

treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.

If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions, 'I can never win 124

A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'
 O! how hast thou with jealousy infected

The sweetness of affiance. Show men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and 128

learned?
 Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?

Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
 Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,

Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger, 132
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye without the ear,

And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem: 137

And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indu'd

With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like

Another fall of man. Their faults are open:
 Arrest them to the answer of the law;

And God acquit them of their practices! 144
Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the

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

Henry Lord Scroop of Masham. 148
 I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of

Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.
Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath dis-

cover'd,
 And I repent my fault more than my death; 152

Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
 Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce,

Although I did admit it as a motive 156
 The sooner to effect what I intended:

But God be thanked for prevention;
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,

Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160
Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice

At the discovery of most dangerous treason
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,

Prevented from a damned enterprise. 164
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his

coffers 168
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;

Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt, 172

And his whole kingdom into desolation.
 Touching our person seek we no revenge;

But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws

We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death;

The taste whereof, God of his mercy give you
 Patience to endure, and true repentance 180

Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.
 [*Exeunt CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and GREY, guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France! the enterprise whereof
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war, 184

Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothened on our way. 188
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to seal the signs of war advance: 192
No king of England, if not king of France.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—London. Before a Tavern in
Eastcheap.

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH,
and Boy.

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

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting
veins; 4

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is
dead,

And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er
he is, either in heaven or in hell! 8

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Ar-
thur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bo-
som. A' made a finer end and went away an it
had been any christom child; a' parted even just
between twelve and one, even at the turning o'
the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the
sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his
fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for
his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of
green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I:
'what man! be of good cheer.' So a' cried out
'God, God, God!' three or four times: now I,
to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of
God, I hoped there was no need to trouble him-
self with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me
lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand
into the bed and felt them, and they were as
cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and
so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as
any stone. 28

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not. 32

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

Host. A' could never abide carnation; 'twas
a colour he never liked. 36

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

Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle
women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked
of the whore of Babylon. 41

Boy. Do you not remember a' saw a flea
stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was
a black soul burning in hell-fire? 44

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

Nym. Shall we shog? the king will be gone
from Southampton. 49

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

Look to my chattels and my moveables:
Let senses rule, the word is, 'Pitch and pay;' 52
Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-
cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor. 56

Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food,
they say. 61

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [Kissing her.]

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of
it; but, adieu. 65

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

Host. Farewell; adieu. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—France. An Apartment in the
FRENCH KING'S Palace.

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, attended; the
DAUPHIN, the DUKES of BERRI and BRITAIN, the
CONSTABLE, and Others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full
power upon us;

And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and Britaine, 4
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make
forth,

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dis-
patch,

To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defend-
ant: 8

For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples 12

Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,—
Though war nor no known quarrel were in
question,— 17

But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,

As were a war in expectation. 20

Therefore I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:

And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England

Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance: 25
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth, 28
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dauphin!

You are too much mistaken in this king.
Question your Grace the late ambassadors,

With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors, 33

How modest in exception, and, withal

How terrible in constant resolution,

And you shall find his vanities forespent 36

Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots

That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high con-
stable;

But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 'tis best to weigh

The enemy more mighty than he seems: 44

So the proportions of defence are fill'd;

Which of a weak and niggardly projection

Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting

A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong; 48

And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet

him.

The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,

And he is bred out of that bloody strain

That haunted us in our familiar paths: 52

Witness our too much memorable shame

When Cressy battle fatally was struck

And all our princes captiv'd by the hand

Of that black name, Edward Black Prince of

Wales; 56

Whiles that his mounting sire, on mountain

standing,

Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,

Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him

Mangle the work of nature, and deface 60

The patterns that by God and by French fathers

Had twenty years been made. This is a stem

Of that victorious stock; and let us fear

The native mightiness and fate of him. 64

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of
England

Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.

Go, and bring them.

[Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.]

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

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for

coward dogs 69

Most spend their mouths when what they seem

to threaten

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,

Take up the English short, and let them know

Of what a monarchy you are the head: 73

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin

As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your

majesty. 76

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,

That you divest yourself, and lay apart

The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,

By law of nature and of nations 'long 80

To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown

And all wide-stretched honours that pertain

By custom and the ordinance of times

Unto the crown of France. That you may know

'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim, 85

Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd

days,

Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,

He sends you this most memorable line, 88

[Gives a pedigree.]

In every branch truly demonstrative;

Willing you overlook this pedigree;

And when you find him evenly deriv'd

From his most fam'd of famous ancestors, 92

Edward the Third, he bids you then resign

Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held

From him the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else what follows? 96

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the

crown

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

Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,

In thunder and in earthquake like a Jove, 100

That, if requiring fail, he will compel;

And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,

Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy

On the poor souls for whom this hungry war 104

Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head

Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,

The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' 108

groans,

For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,

That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.

This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my mes-
sage;

Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,

To whom expressly I bring greeting too. 112

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this

further:

To-morrow shall you bear our full intent

Back to our brother England.

Dau. For the Dauphin,

I stand here for him: what to him from Eng-
land? 116

Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, con-
tempt,

And anything that may not misbecome

The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

Thus says my king: an if your father's high-
ness 120

Do not, in grant of all demands at large,

Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,

He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,

That caves and womby vaultages of France 124

Shall chide your trespass and return your mock

In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,

It is against my will; for I desire 128

Nothing but odds with England: to that end,

As matching to his youth and vanity,

I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake

for it, 132

Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:

And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference—
As we his subjects have in wonder found—
Between the promise of his greener days 136
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our
mind at full. 140

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our
king

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

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with
fair conditions: 144

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

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT III

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene
flies

In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have
seen

The well-appointed king at Hampton pier 4
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phæbus fan-
ning;

Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing; 8
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd
sea, 12

Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical, 16

Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
Those cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to
France? 24

Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a
siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes
back; 28

Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms:
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner 32
With instock now the devilish cannon touches,
[*Alarum; and chambers go off.*]

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—France. Before Harfleur.

*Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD,
GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers, with scaling
ladders.*

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

Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility: 4

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock 12

O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! On, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argu-
ment. 21

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget
you.

Be copy now to men of grosser blood, 24
And teach them how to war. And you, good
yeomen,

Whose limbs were made in England, show us
here

The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I
doubt not; 28

For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry! England and Saint George!'
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*]

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy.

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

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

Pist. The plain-song is most just, for hu-
mours do abound: 8

Knocks go and come: God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield
In bloody field

Doth win immortal fame. 12

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

Pist. And I:

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

Boy.

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

Enter FLUELLEN.

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

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of
mould! 24

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!

Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet
chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour
wins bad humours. 29

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH,
followed by FLUELLEN.*]

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

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come pre-
sently to the mines: the Duke of Gloucester
would speak with you. 62

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke it is
not so good to come to the mines. For look
you, the mines is not according to the disciplines
of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient;
for, look you, th' athversary—you may discuss
unto the duke, look you—is digt himself four
yards under the countermines; by Cheshu, I
think, a' will plow up all if there is not better
directions. 71

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the

16 order of the siege is given, is altogether directed
by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i'
faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not? 76

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world:
I will verify as much in his peard; he has no
more directions in the true disciplines of the
wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than
is a puppy-dog. 82

Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY, at a distance.

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

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous
gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedi-
tion and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon
my particular knowledge of his directions: by
Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well
as any military man in the world, in the disci-
plines of the pristine wars of the Romans. 91

Jamy. I say gud day, Captain Fluellen.

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

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

Mac. By Chish, la! tish ill done: the work
ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By
my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the
work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have
blowed up the town, so Chish save me, la! in an
hour: O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my
hand, tish ill done! 103

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now,
will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputa-
tions with you, as partly touching or concern-
ing the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars,
in the way of argument, look you, and friendly
communication; partly to satisfy my opinion,
and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my
mind, as touching the direction of the military
discipline: that is the point. 112

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud cap-
tains bath: [*Aside.*] and I sall quit you with gud
leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chish
save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and
the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no
time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and
the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk,
and be Chish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all;
so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is
shame, by my hand; and there is throats to be
cut, and works to be done; and there ish no-
thing done, so Chish sa' me, la! 125

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine
take themselves to slumber, aile do gud service,
or aile lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death;
and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that
sal I suerly do, that is the breff and the long.
Marry, I wad full fain heard some question
'tween you tway. 132

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you,
under your correction, there is not many of
your nation— 135

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation?
ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a