

rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

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

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

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that's a foul fault.

[A parley sounded.]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

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

SCENE III.—*The Same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit: Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves; Or like to men proud of destruction Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,— A name that in my thoughts, becomes me best,— If I begin the battery once again, I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur Till in her ashes she lie buried. The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart, In liberty of bloody hand shall range With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war, Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends, Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats Enlink'd to waste and desolation? What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause, If your pure maidens fall into the hand Of hot and forcing violation? What rein can hold licentious wickedness When down the hill he holds his fierce career? We may as bootless spend our vain command Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil As send precepts to the leviathan To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur, Take pity of your town and of your people, Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command; Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds Of heady murder, spoil, and villany. If not, why, in a moment, look to see The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards, And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes, Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd

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

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end. The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated, Returns us that his powers are yet not ready To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy. Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours; For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates! Come, uncle Exeter,

Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain, And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French: Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle, The winter coming on and sickness growing Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais. To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest; To-morrow for the march are we address'd.

[Flourish. KING HENRY and his Train enter the town.]

SCENE IV.—*Rouen. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.

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

Alice. Un peu, madame.
Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigne; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée, de hand.
Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?
Alice. Les doigts? ma foy, je oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; ouy, de fingres.

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

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appellons, de nails.
Kath. De nails. Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien: de hands, de fingres, et de nails.

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

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

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

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

Kath. Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

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

Alice. De nick, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton?

Alice. De chin.

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

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en vérité vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

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

Alice. N'avez vous déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?

Kath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, d'elbow.

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

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

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

Alice. Excellent, madame!
Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous à diner. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The Same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN, DUKE OF BOURBON, the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, and Others.

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

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

Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us, The emptying of our fathers' luxury,

Our scions, put in wild and savage stock, Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,

And overlook their grafters?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!

Mort de ma vie! if they march along Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,

To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull, On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,

Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth, Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat? And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land, Let us not hang like roping icicles

Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people

Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields; Poor we may call them in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour, Our madams mock at us, and plainly say

Our mettle is bred out; and they will give Their bodies to the lust of English youth

To new-store France with bastard warriors. *Bour.* They bid us to the English dancing-schools,

And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos; Saying our grace is only in our heels,

And that we are most lofty runaways. *Fr. King.* Where is Montjoy the herald?

speed him hence: Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.

Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France; You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and Berri,

Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy; Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,

Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg, Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,

For your great seats now quit you of great shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon: Go down upon him, you have power enough.

And in a captive chariot into Roan Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great. Sorry am I his numbers are so few,

His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march, For I am sure when he shall see our army

He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear, And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,

And let him say to England that we send To know what willing ransom he will give.

Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan. *Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us. Now forth, lord constable and princes all,

And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.

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

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

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not—God be praised and plesSED!—any hurt in the world; but keeps the pride most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pride, I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service. 17

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not. 20

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands. 25

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,

And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel, 28 That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind: and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral. 40

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;

For he hath stol'n a pax, and hanged must a' be, A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free 44 And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate.

But Exeter hath given the doom of death For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice; 48

And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:

Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning. 53

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

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

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and figo for thy friendship! 60

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain!

[*Exit.*

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse. 66

Flu. I'll assure you a' uttered as prave words at the pride as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve. 71

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a scone, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook. 88

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

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers.

Flu. God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge? 96

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter hath very gallantly maintained the pride: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pride, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pride. I can tell your majesty the duke is a prave man. 104

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

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out. 115

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

Tucket. *Enter* MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit. 124

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

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it. 127

Mont. Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master, so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality. 149

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,

And tell thy king I do not seek him now, 152 But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment; for, to say the sooth,— Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,— 156

My people are with sickness much enfeebled, My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have Almost no better than so many French:

Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, 160

herald, I thought upon one pair of English legs

Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,

That I do brag thus! this your air of France Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent. 164

Go therefore, tell thy master here I am:

My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,

My army but a weak and sickly guard;

Yet, God before, tell him we will come on, 168

Though France himself and such another neighbour

Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:

If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd, 172

We shall your tawny ground with your red blood

Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well. The sum of all our answer is but this:

We would not seek a battle as we are; 176

Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it: So tell your master.

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

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now. 180

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

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves, And on to-morrow bid them march away. 184

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, the LORD RAMBURES, the DUKE OF ORLEANS, the DAUPHIN, and Others.

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

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due. 4

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour— 8

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

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hairs: *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg. 20

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

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse. 28

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

Orl. No more, cousin. 32

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

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress. 44

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress. 49

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. *Ma foi*, methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off and in your straight strossers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier*: thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress: or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

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

Con. Stars, my lord.

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

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dau. 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself.

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

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

Orl. What's he?

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

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

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

Orl. 'Ill will never said well.'

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

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

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

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

Con. You have shot over.

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

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

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

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

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

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

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

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

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

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

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[Exit.]

ACT IV

Enter Chorus.

Now entertain conjecture of a time

When creeping murmur and the poring dark

Fills the wide vessel of the universe.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,

The hum of either army stilly sounds,

That the fix'd sentinels almost receive

The secret whispers of each other's watch:

Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames

Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs

Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,

With busy hammers closing rivets up,

Give dreadful note of preparation.

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,

And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,

The confident and over-lusty French

Do the low-rated English play at dice;

And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night

Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp

So tediously away. The poor condemned English,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires

Sit patiently, and inly ruminate

The morning's danger, and their gesture sad

Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats

Presenteth them unto the gazing moon

So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will be-

hold

The royal captain of this ruin'd band

Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,

Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'

For forth he goes and visits all his host,

Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,

And calls them brothers, friends, and country-

men.

Upon his royal face there is no note

How dread an army hath enrounded him;

Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour

Unto the weary and all-watched night:

But freshly looks and overbears attaint

With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;

That every wretch, pining and pale before,

Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.

A largess universal, like the sun

His liberal eye doth give to every one,

Thawing cold fear. Then mean and gentle all,

Behold, as may unworthiness define,

A little touch of Harry in the night.

And so our scene must to the battle fly;

Where,—O for pity,—we shall much disgrace,

With four or five most vile and ragged foils,

Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,

The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see;

Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.]

SCENE I.—The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in

great danger;

The greater therefore should our courage be.

Goodmorrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,

Would men observingly distil it out;

For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful, and good husbandry:

Besides, they are our outward consciences,

And preachers to us all; admonishing

That we should dress us fairly for our end.

Thus may we gather honey from the weed,

And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:

A good soft pillow for that good white head

Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me

better.

Since I may say, 'Now lie I like a king.'

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their

present pains

Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd:

And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,

The organs, though defunct and dead before,

Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move

With casted slough and fresh legerity.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,

Commend me to the princes in our camp;

Do my good morrow to them; and anon

Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

[Exit.] GLOUCESTER and BEDFORD.

Erp. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

I and my bosom must debate awhile,

And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble

Harry!

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou

speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common and popular?

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

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

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

Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of

gold.

A lad of life, an imp of fame:

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-string

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

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

Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his

pate

Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours. 57
Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee then! 60

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

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [Exit.]

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness. [Retires.]

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen! 64

Flu. Sol in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise. 76

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

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, in your own conscience now? 83

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and peseech you that you will. [Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.]

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

Enter JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder? 89

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

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

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you? 96

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman; I pray you, what thinks he of our estate? 100

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

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king? 104

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

his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army. 118

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck, and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here. 123

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

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved. 129

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

Will. That's more than we know. 136

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us. 140

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, 'We died at such a place;' some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection. 155

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcilable iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his head,

war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death they have borne life away, and where they would be safe they perish. Then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare. 199

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

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

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed. 206

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

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after. 211

Will. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying. 218

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you if the time were convenient. 221

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

K. Hen. I embrace it. 224

Will. How shall I know thee again?

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

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine. 230

K. Hen. There.

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

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it. 237

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company. 240

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. 244

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for

they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. 249
[Exeunt Soldiers.]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, Our children, and our sins lay on the king! 252 We must bear all. O hard condition! Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease 256

Must kings neglect that private men enjoy! And what have kings that privates have not too, Save ceremony, save general ceremony? And what art thou, thou idle ceremony? 260 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers? What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in? O ceremony! show me but thy worth: 264

What is thy soul of adoration? Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form, Creating awe and fear in other men? Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd, 268 Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness, 272

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure. Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out

With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low-bending? Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee, 276

Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose; I am a king that find thee; and I know

'Tis not the balm, the sceptre and the ball, 280 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The intertissued robe of gold and pearl, The farced title running 'fore the king,

The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp 284 That beats upon the high shore of this world, No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony, Not all these, laid in bed majestical,

Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave, 288 Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell, 292 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn, Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,

And follows so the ever-running year 296 With profitable labour to his grave: And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,

Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,

Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king. 300 The slave, a member of the country's peace, Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots

What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,

Whose hours the peasant best advantages. 304

Re-enter ERPINGHAM.

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

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

Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*]
K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;

Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O
Lord!

O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interr'd anew,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issu'd forced drops of blood.

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have
built

Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all, 324
Imploring pardon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

Glo. My liege!
K. Hen. My brother Gloucester's voice! Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee: 328
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and Others.

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

Dau. *Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! lacquais! ha!*

Orl. O brave spirit!

Dau. *Via! les eaux et la terre!*

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

Dau. *Ciel! cousin Orleans.*

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord constable!

Con. Hark how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage: ha!

Ram. What! will you have them weep our horses' blood? 12

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattail'd, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!

Do but behold you poor and starved band, 16

And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20
To give each naked curtal-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe the for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them. 24
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm

About our squares of battle, were enow 28
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by

Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?

A very little little let us do, 33
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount:

For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear and

yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords
of France?

Yon island carrions desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field; 40
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps: 44
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor

jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and

hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead

eyes, 48
And in their pale dull mouths the gimball bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;

And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour. 52
Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle

In life so lifeless as it shows itself.
Con. They have said their prayers, and they

stay for death. 56
Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and

fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,

And after fight with them? 8
Con. I stay but for my guard: on, to the

field! 60
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!

The sun is high, and we outwear the day.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

Enter the English host; GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?

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

West. Of fighting men they have full three-score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh. 4

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.

God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford, 8
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord

Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

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

Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day: 12

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]
Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter KING HENRY.

West. O! that we now had here 16
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day.

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, 24

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;

Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour, 28

I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from

me, 32
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more:

Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made, 36

And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian: 40
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age, 44

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.' 48

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, 49
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our

names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words, 52

Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,

Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son; 56

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; 60

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition:

And gentlemen in England now a-bed 64
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not

here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any

speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sov'reign lord, bestow yourself with speed: 68

The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now! 72

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,

Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men; 76

Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee,
King Harry,

If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound, 80
Before thy most assured overthrow:

For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in

mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind 84

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where, wretches, their
poor bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now? 88
Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:

Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows

thus? 92
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting

him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt

Find native graves; upon the which, I trust, 96
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;

And those that leave their valiant bones in
France,