

Henry V (and Cocktail Party)

by

William Shakespeare (and Butchered by Chris Chapman)

ACT I

I. PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

CHORUS

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the war-like Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, and gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
Think when we talk of horses, that you see them
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

Exit

SCENE I.1

London. An ante-chamber in the KING'S palace. Enter the
CAMBRIDGE, and GREY

CAMBRIDGE

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

GREY

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

CAMBRIDGE

It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:

GREY

This would drink deep.

CAMBRIDGE

'Twould drink the cup and all.

GREY

But what prevention?

CAMBRIDGE

The king is full of grace and fair regard.

GREY

And a true lover of the holy church.

CAMBRIDGE

The courses of his youth promised it not.
 The breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
 Consideration, like an angel, came
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
 Leaving his body as a paradise,
 To envelop and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made
 As in this king.

GREY

We are blessed in the change.

CAMBRIDGE

Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And all-admiring with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate:
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say it hath been all in all his study:
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music:
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter:
 Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain,
 His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
 And never noted in him any study.

GREY

But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill
 Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
 Incline to it, or no?

CAMBRIDGE

He seems indifferent,
 Or rather swaying more upon our part
 Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
 For I have made an offer to his majesty

GREY

How did this offer seem received, my lord?

CAMBRIDGE

With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear

GREY

What was the impediment that broke this off?

CAMBRIDGE

The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

GREY

It is.

CAMBRIDGE

Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

GREY

I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

Enter KING HENRY V, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants

HENRY V

Where is my gracious Lord of Cambridge?

CAMBRIDGE

God and his angels guard your sacred throne
And may you long become it!

WESTMORELAND

Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

HENRY V

Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolved,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

(To Exeter)

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood;

(MORE)

HENRY V (cont'd)

Under this conjuration, speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

EXETER

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

HENRY V

May I with right and conscience make this claim?

EXETER

Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

GREY

Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;

FLUELLEN

Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

WESTMORELAND

They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

CAMBRIDGE

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
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
Therefore to France, my liege.

HENRY V

Call in the messenger sent from the Dauphin.

Exeunt some Attendants

Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
(MORE)

HENRY V (cont'd)

And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces: there we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample empery
 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
 Either our history shall with full mouth
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
 Shall have a tongueless mouth.

Enter MONTJOY

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

MONTJOY

May't please your majesty to give us leave
 Freely to render what we have in charge;
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off
 The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

HENRY V

We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
 Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
 Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

MONTJOY

Thus, then, in few.
 Your highness, lately sending into France,
 Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
 Of your great predecessor, King Edward the
 Third. In answer of which claim, the prince our master
 Says that you savour too much of your youth,
 And bids you be advised there's nought in France
 That can be with a nimble galliard won;
 You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
 He therefore sends you, meter 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.

HENRY V

What treasure, uncle?

EXETER

Tennis-balls, my liege.

HENRY V

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
 His present and your pains we thank you for:
 When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
 We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
 We'll strike his father's crown into the hazard.
 Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
 That all the courts of France will be disturb'd

(MORE)

HENRY V (cont'd)

With chaces. And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valued this poor seat of England;
 And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
 To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common
 That men are merriest when they are from home.
 But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
 Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
 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 vengeance
 That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands more weep than did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt MONTJOY

WESTMORELAND

This was a merry message.

HENRY V

We hope to make the sender blush at it.
 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
 That may give furtherance to our expedition,
 For we have now no thought in us but France.
 Therefore let every man now task his thought,
 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

Exeunt. Flourish

ACT II

II. PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

CHORUS

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
 Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
 For now sits Expectation in the air,
 The French, advised by good intelligence
 Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear and with pale policy

(MORE)

CHORUS (cont'd)

Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
 With treacherous crowns; and two corrupted men,
 One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
 Have, for the gilt of France,--O guilt indeed!
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
 Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
 The abuse of distance; force a play:
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
 The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

Exit

SCENE II.1

London. A street. Enter Corporal NYM and Lieutenant BARDOLPH

BARDOLPH

Well met, Corporal Nym.

NYM

Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

BARDOLPH

What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

NYM

For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time
 shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be
 as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold
 out mine iron

BARDOLPH

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

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

(MORE)

NYM (cont'd)

patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions.

Enter PISTOL

BARDOLPH

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

PISTOL

Base tike, call'st thou me host? Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;

PISTOL and NYM draw

BARDOLPH

Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

NYM

Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

PISTOL

'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,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

NYM

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.

PISTOL

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

BARDOLPH

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

PISTOL

An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

NYM

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

BARDOLPH

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?

PISTOL

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

NYM

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

PISTOL

Base is the slave that pays.

NYM

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

PISTOL

As manhood shall compound: push home.

They draw

BARDOLPH

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

PISTOL

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

BARDOLPH

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

NYM

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

PISTOL

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

NYM

I shall have my noble?

PISTOL

In cash most justly paid.

NYM

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

SCENE II.2

Southampton. A council-chamber. Enter EXETER, FLUELLEN, and WESTMORELAND

FLUELLEN

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

EXETER

They shall be apprehended by and by.
The king hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

WESTMORELAND

How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

FLUELLEN

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

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY V, GREY, and CAMBRIDGE

HENRY V

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

GREY

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

HENRY V

I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
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.

CAMBRIDGE

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

GREY

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

HENRY V

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
(MORE)

HENRY V (cont'd)

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

GREY

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

HENRY V

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

GREY

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

HENRY V

O, let us yet be merciful.

CAMBRIDGE

So may your highness, and yet punish too.

GREY

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

HENRY V

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punished. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?

CAMBRIDGE

I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

GREY

So did you me, my liege.

HENRY V

Then, noble Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
And, sir knight, Grey of Northumberland,
this same is yours:
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? What read you there
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

CAMBRIDGE

I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

GREY

To which we appeal.

HENRY V

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters!
What shall I say to thee, Lord Grey? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
You know how apt our love was in accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practises of France,
To kill us here in Hampton:
But, O, my Lord of Cambridge,
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew the very bottom of my soul,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistening semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee, bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practises!

CAMBRIDGE

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

GREY

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

HENRY V

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

Exeunt CAMBRIDGE and GREY, guarded

Now, lords, for France;
 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light
 This dangerous treason lurking in our way.
 Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
 No king of England, if not king of France.

Exeunt

SCENE II.3

France. The KING'S palace. Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING,
 the DAUPHIN, and the Constable

KING OF FRANCE

Thus comes 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 of Bretagne,
 Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
 And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
 To line and new repair our towns of war
 With men of courage and with means defendant;

DAUPHIN

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

(MORE)

DAUPHIN (cont'd)

Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

CONSTABLE

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

DAUPHIN

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

KING OF FRANCE

Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:

Enter ORLEANS

ORLEANS

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

KING OF FRANCE

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

Exeunt ORLEANS

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

DAUPHIN

Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter with EXETER

KING OF FRANCE

From our brother England?

EXETER

From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
 He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
 By law of nature and of nations, 'long
 To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
 And all wide-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,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,
 He sends you this most memorable line,
 In every branch truly demonstrative;
 Willing to overlook this pedigree:
 And when you find him evenly derived
 From his most famed of famous ancestors,
 Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him the native and true challenger.

KING OF FRANCE

Or else what follows?

EXETER

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,
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
 On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens groans,
 For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

KING OF FRANCE

For us, we will consider of this further:
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England.

DAUPHIN

For the Dauphin,
 I stand here for him: what to him from England?

EXETER

Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
 And any thing that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my king; an' if your father's highness
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,

(MORE)

EXETER (cont'd)

That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordnance.

DAUPHIN

Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

EXETER

He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

KING OF FRANCE

To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

EXETER

Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

KING OF FRANCE

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

Flourish. Exeunt

ACT III

III. PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

CHORUS

Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet.
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.

(MORE)

CHORUS (cont'd)

Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind.

Exit

SCENE III.1

France. Before Harfleur. Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, and
 Soldiers, with scaling-ladders

HENRY V

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:
 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;
 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!
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeoman,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 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 III.2

The same. Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, and PISTOL

BARDOLPH

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.

PISTOL

The plain-song is most just: for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come;
God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

NYM

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

Enter FLUELLEN

FLUELLEN

Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!

Driving them forward

PISTOL

Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!

Exeunt all but FLUELLEN

Enter EXETER

EXETER

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

FLUELLEN

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;

EXETER

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

FLUELLEN

It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

EXETER

I think it be.

FLUELLEN

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

Enter WESTMORELAND

FLUELLEN

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

WESTMORELAND

It is no time to discourse, so Christ save me: The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Christ, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God save me, 'tis shame to stand still;

A parley sounded

EXETER

The town sounds a parley.

Exeunt

SCENE III.3

The same. Before the gates. ORLEANS and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his train

HENRY V

How yet resolves the governor of the town?
 This is the last parley 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, will mow like grass
 Your fresh-faced virgins and your flowering infants.
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation?
 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,

(MORE)

HENRY V (cont'd)

Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defense, be thus destroy'd?

ORLEANS

Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succors 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.

HENRY V

Uncle Exeter, go you and enter
Harfleur; there remain, and fortify it
Strongly 'gainst the French: Use mercy to them all.
Come, open your gates. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addressed.

Flourish. The King and his train enter the town

SCENE III.4

The FRENCH KING's palace. Enter KATHARINE and ALICE

KATHARINE

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

(Alice, you've been to England and you know
the language.)

ALICE

Un peu, madame.
(A little, Madam.)

KATHARINE

Je te prie, m'enseignez: il faut que j'apprenne a
parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?
(Please teach me English. I must learn to
speak it. What is the word for "la main" in
English?)

ALICE

La main? elle est appelee de hand.
("La main"? That is "de hand")

KATHARINE

De hand. Et les doigts?

ALICE

Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me
souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appeles
(MORE)

ALICE (cont'd)
 de fingres; oui, de fingres.
 ("Les doigts"? Good lord, I forget "les
 doigts." But it will come to me. The word
 for "les doigts," I beleive is "de fangers."
 Yes, "da fangers")

KATHARINE
 La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que
 je suis le bon ecolier; j'ai gagne deux mots d'Anglois
 vitement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?
 (La main, de hand; les doigts, de fangers. I
 think I'm a very good student! I've already
 learned two words of English. What is the
 word for "les ongles.")

ALICE
 Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

KATHARINE
 De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de
 hand, de fingres, et de nails.
 ("De nails." Listen. Tell me if I'm saying it
 right. De hand, de fangers, and de nails)

ALICE
 C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.
 (Well done, madam. Excellent english.)

KATHARINE
 Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.
 (Tell me the English for "le bras")

ALICE
 De arm, madame.

KATHARINE
 Et le coude?

ALICE
 De elbow.

KATHARINE
 De elbow. Ecoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de
 arma, de bimbow.
 (De elbow. Excuse me Alice. Listen: de hand,
 de fangers, de nails, de arma, de bilbow)

ALICE
 De elbow, madame.

KATHARINE
 O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. Comment
 appelez-vous le col?
 (Oh, Lord, I forgot! "De elbow." What's the
 word for le col?)

ALICE
 De neck, madame.

KATHARINE

De nick. Et le menton?

ALICE

De chin.

KATHARINE

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

ALICE

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

(Yes. If I may say so, your Highness pronounces the words just like an English speaker.)

KATHARINE

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

(I have no doubt I'll learn it, and God willing, in a short time too.)

ALICE

N'avez vous pas deja oublie ce que je vous ai enseigne?

(You haven't forgotten what you've just learned?)

KATHARINE

Non, je reciterai a vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de mails--

(No, I'll recite it for you right now. De hand, de fangers, de mails)

ALICE

De nails, madame.

KATHARINE

De nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

(De nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, and de sin. What are the words for "le pied" and "la robe"?)

ALICE

De foot, madame; et de count.

KATHARINE

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

(MORE)

KATHARINE (cont'd)

(De foot and de count! Oh, Lord, those are vulgar words-wicked, ugly, immodest not fitting for honourable ladies to speak. I would not say them in the presence of the Lords of Frane for all the world. De foot and de count! Nevertheless, I will recite my lesson one more time all together: de hand, de fangers, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de count.)

ALICE

Excellent, madame!

KATHARINE

C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous a diner.

Exeunt

SCENE III.5

The same. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the Constable Of France

KING OF FRANCE

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

CONSTABLE

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.

ORLEANS

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.

CONSTABLE

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?
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!

DAUPHIN

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.

KING OF FRANCE

Where is Montjoy the herald? speed her hence:
Let her greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged

(MORE)

KING OF FRANCE (cont'd)

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
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, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

CONSTABLE

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.

KING OF FRANCE

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

DAUPHIN

Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

KING OF FRANCE

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 III.6

The English camp in Picardy. Drum and colours. Enter KING HENRY, and FLUELLEN

HENRY V

How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

FLUELLEN

Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the bridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most brave passages; marry, th' adversary was to have possession of the bridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the bridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a brave man.

HENRY V

What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLUELLEN

The perdition of th' adversary 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, if your majesty know the
(MORE)

FLUELLEN (cont'd)

man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs,
and flames o' fire:

HENRY V

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

MONTJOY

You know me by my habit.

HENRY V

Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

MONTJOY

My master's mind.

HENRY V

Unfold it.

MONTJOY

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.

HENRY V

What is thy name? I know thy quality.

MONTJOY

Montjoy.

HENRY V

Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back.
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais

(MORE)

HENRY V (cont'd)

Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
 Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
 My numbers lessened, and those few I have
 Almost no better than so many French;
 Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
 My army but a weak and sickly guard;
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself and such another neighbour
 Stand in our way.
 Go bid thy master well advise himself:
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour: and so Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this:
 We would not seek a battle, as we are;
 Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:

MONTJOY

I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

Exit

FLUELLEN

I hope they will not come upon us now.

HENRY V

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.

Exeunt

SCENE III.7

The French camp, near Agincourt: Enter the Constable of
 France, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, with others

ORLEANS

Will it never be morning?

DAUPHIN

Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and
 my way shall be paved with English faces.

CONSTABLE

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.

DAUPHIN

Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

CONSTABLE

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

DAUPHIN

'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself.

Exit DAUPHIN

ORLEANS

The Dauphin longs for morning.

CONSTABLE

He longs to eat the English.

ORLEANS

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

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

He never did harm, that I heard of.

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

I know him to be valiant.

CONSTABLE

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

Enter MONTJOY

MONTJOY

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

CONSTABLE

Who hath measured the ground?

MONTJOY

The Lord Grandpre.

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

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

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

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.

CONSTABLE

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?

Exeunt

ACT IV

IV. PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

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,
 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 behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 For forth he goes and visits all his host.
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
 And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrouned him;
 But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;
 Where--O for pity!--we shall much disgrace
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

Exit

SCENE IV.1

The English camp at Agincourt. Enter KING HENRY, and FLUELLEN

HENRY V

Fluellen, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
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.

Enter WESTMORELAND

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

WESTMORELAND

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

HENRY V

'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
Lend me thy cloak, Westmoreland. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them to my pavilion.

FLUELLEN

We shall, my liege.

WESTMORELAND

Shall I attend your grace?

HENRY V

No, my good knight;
I and my bosom must debate awhile,
And then I would no other company.

WESTMORELAND

The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

Exeunt all but KING HENRY

HENRY V

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

Enter PISTOL

PISTOL

Qui va la?

HENRY V

A friend.

PISTOL

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

HENRY V

I am a gentleman of a company. Even so. What are you?

PISTOL

As good a gentleman as the emperor.

HENRY V

Then you are a better than the king.

PISTOL

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

HENRY V

Harry le Roy.

PISTOL

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

HENRY V

No, I am a Welshman.

PISTOL

Know'st thou Fluellen?

HENRY V

Yes.

PISTOL

Art thou his friend?

HENRY V

And his kinsman too.

PISTOL

The figo for thee, then!
My name is Pistol call'd.

Exit PISTOL

HENRY V

It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter BARDOLPH, and NYM

NYM

Is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

BARDOLPH

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

NYM

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

HENRY V

A friend.

NYM

Under what captain serve you?

HENRY V

Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

NYM

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

HENRY V

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

BARDOLPH

He hath not told his thought to the king?

HENRY V

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; 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.

BARDOLPH

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.

HENRY V

I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

BARDOLPH

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

HENRY V

I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone. Methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

NYM

That's more than we know.

BARDOLPH

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.

NYM

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 battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all 'We died at such a place;' I am afeard 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;

HENRY V

Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.

NYM

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

HENRY V

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

NYM

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.

HENRY V

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

NYM

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.

HENRY V

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

NYM

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

HENRY V

I embrace it.

NYM

How shall I know thee again?

HENRY V

Give me any mark of thine. If ever thou darest
acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

NYM

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

HENRY V

There.

NYM

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.

HENRY V

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

NYM

Thou darest as well be hanged.

HENRY V

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

NYM

Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Exeunt

SCENE IV.2

The English camp. Enter, EXETER, FLUELLEN and WESTMORELAND

FLUELLEN

Where is the king?

EXETER

The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WESTMORELAND

Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

EXETER

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

FLUELLEN

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,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

WESTMORELAND

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

Exit FLUELLEN

EXETER

He is full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING

WESTMORELAND

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

HENRY V

What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day:
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter FLUELLEN

FLUELLEN

My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

HENRY V

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WESTMORELAND

Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

HENRY V

Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

WESTMORELAND

God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

HENRY V

Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Exeunt

SCENE IV.3

The French camp. Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, and Constable

ORLEANS

The English are embattled, you French peers.

DAUPHIN

Now, my lord constable!

CONSTABLE

To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Exeunt

SCENE IV.4

Another part of the field. Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and
forces, EXETER, and others

HENRY V

Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

EXETER

The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

HENRY V

Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

EXETER

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
 Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
 Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
 The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
 Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
 And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
 That bloodily did spawn upon his face;
 And cries aloud 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
 Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes
 And gave me up to tears.

HENRY V

I blame you not;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

Alarum

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
 The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
 I was not angry since I came to France
 Until this instant. Take a trumpet,
 Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
 If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
 Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
 If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
 Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
 Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
 And not a man of them that we shall take
 Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Exeunt

SCENE IV.5

Another part of the field. Enter Constable, ORLEANS, and
 DAUPHIN

CONSTABLE

O diable!

ORLEANS

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

DAUPHIN

Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
 Reproach and everlasting shame
 Sits mocking in our plumes. O merchante fortune!
 Do not run away.

A short alarum

CONSTABLE

Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAUPHIN

O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

ORLEANS

Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

CONSTABLE

Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

ORLEANS

We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

CONSTABLE

The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long.

Exeunt

SCENE IV.6

Another part of the field. Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and
forces, EXETER, and others

Enter MONTJOY

WESTMORELAND

Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

HENRY V

How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?

MONTJOY

No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes--woe the while!--
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

HENRY V

I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

MONTJOY

The day is yours.

HENRY V

Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts.

Exit WESTMORELAND and MONTJOY

HENRY V

Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me: when
Alencon and myself were down together, I plucked this
from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a
friend to Alencon, and an enemy to our person; if thou
encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me
love.

FLUELLEN

Your grace dose me as great honours as can be desired
in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the
man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself
aggrieved at this glove.

HENRY V

Call yonder fellow hither.

NYM Enters

EXETER

Soldier, you must come to the king.

HENRY V

Soldier, why wearest thou that glove?

NYM

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

HENRY V

An Englishman?

NYM

An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with
me last night; who, if alive and ever dare to challenge
this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear:

HENRY V

What think you, Captain Fluellen? Is it fit this
soldier keep his oath?

FLUELLEN

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

NYM

Sir, know you this glove?

FLUELLEN

Know the glove! I know the glove is glove.

NYM

I know this; and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him

FLUELLEN

'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

NYM

Do you think I'll be forsworn?

FLUELLEN

Stand away, I will give treason his payment into ploughs, I warrant you.

NYM

I am no traitor.

HENRY V

How now! what's the matter?

FLUELLEN

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

NYM

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

FLUELLEN

Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty will bear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alencon, that your majesty is give me?

HENRY V

Give me thy glove, soldier: Look, here is the fellow of it. 'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

FLUELLEN

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

HENRY V

How canst thou make me satisfaction?

NYM

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

HENRY V

It was ourself thou didst abuse.

NYM

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

HENRY V

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

FLUELLEN

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

Enter WESTMORELAND

HENRY V

Now are the dead number'd?

WESTMORELAND

Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

HENRY V

This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain:
Of nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?

WESTMORELAND shows him another paper

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

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE V. PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

CHORUS

As yet the lamentation of the French
 Invites the King of England's stay at home;
 The emperor's coming in behalf of France,
 To order peace between them; and omit
 All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
 Till Harry's back-return again to France:

Exit

SCENE V.1

France. A royal palace. Enter, at one door KING HENRY,
 EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the
 FRENCH KING and his train, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE,
 and BURGUNDY

HENRY V

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

KING OF FRANCE

Right joyous are we to behold your face,
 Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
 So are you, princes English, every one.
 We are now glad to behold your eyes;
 Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
 Against the French, that met them in their bent,
 The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
 The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
 Have lost their quality, and that this day
 Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

HENRY V

To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

BURGUNDY

My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have
labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Should not in this best garden of the world
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
I entreat that I may know why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

HENRY V

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

BURGUNDY

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

HENRY V

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

KING OF FRANCE

I have but with a cursorary eye
O'er glanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

HENRY V

Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto.
Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:

(MORE)

HENRY V (cont'd)

She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

KING OF FRANCE

She hath good leave.

Exeunt all except HENRY, KATHARINE, and ALICE

HENRY V

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

KATHARINE

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

HENRY V

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

KATHARINE

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

HENRY V

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

KATHARINE

Que dit-il? que je suis semblable a les anges?
(What does he say? That I am like an angel?)

ALICE

Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.
(Yes, your, Grace, that's what he says)

HENRY V

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

KATHARINE

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

HENRY V

What says she? That the tongues of men are full of
deceits?

ALICE

Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceit.

HENRY V

I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding:
I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say
'I love you:' then if you urge me farther than to say
(MORE)

HENRY V (cont'd)

'do you in faith?' I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

KATHARINE

Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

HENRY V

If you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, I should quickly leap into a wife. But, before God, Kate, I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. A speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? Speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATHARINE

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

HENRY V

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

KATHARINE

I cannot tell vat is dat.

HENRY V

No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi, -let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed! -donc votre est France et vous etes mienne. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move the in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATHARINE

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

HENRY V

No, faith, is't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand this much English, canst thou love me? Because I love thee. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon tres cher et devin deesse?

KATHARINE

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

HENRY V

Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Take me by the hand, and say 'Harry of England I am thine:' which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud 'England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Harry Plantagenet is thine;' Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, wilt thou have me?

KATHARINE

Dat is as it sall please de roi mon pere.

HENRY V

Nay, it will please him well, Kate it shall please him, Kate.

KATHARINE

Den it sall also content me.

HENRY V

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

KATHARINE

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

(MORE)

KATHARINE (cont'd)

(Stop, my lord, stop, stop! In faith, I do not want you to lower your greatness by kissing the hand of-dear Lord-an unworthy servant. Excuse me, I beg you my most powerful lord.)

HENRY V

Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATHARINE

Les dames et demoiselles pour etre baisees devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

HENRY V

Madam my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE

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

HENRY V

To kiss.

ALICE

Your majesty entendre bettre que moi.

HENRY V

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate;

Kissing her

You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs.

BURGUNDY

(Off Stage)

God save your majesty!

HENRY V

Here comes your father.

Re-enter the FRENCH KING, BURGUNDY, and other Lords

BURGUNDY

My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

HENRY V

I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English. Now do I have my cousin's consent? Shall Kate be my wife?

KING OF FRANCE

So please you. We have consented to all terms of reason.

HENRY V

Is't so, my lords of England?

WESTMORELAND

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

HENRY V

I pray you then, in love and dear alliance, give me your daughter.

KING OF FRANCE

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

BURGUNDY

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

HENRY V

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

Sennet. Exeunt