

## Act 2, Scene 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.

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

Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it;

and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may.

BARDOLPH

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

NYM

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. There must be conclusions.

*(Enter PISTOL and HOSTESS.)*

BARDOLPH

Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife.

Good corporal, be patient here.

How now, mine host Pistol!

PISTOL

Base tike, callest thou me host? Now by this hand I swear I scorn the term.

Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

HOSTESS

No, by my troth, not long;

*Ancient* - corporal; standard bearer, *troth-plight* - betrothed

for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy\* house.

*(NYM and PISTOL draw their swords.)*

PISTOL

O hound of Crete,\* thinkest thou my spouse to get?  
I have, and I will hold, my Honey Queen. And there's enough.

NYM

I would prick your guts a little, and that's the truth of it.

HOSTESS

O well-a-day, Lady, we shall see willful murder and adultery\* committed.

BARDOLPH

Good lieutenant! Good corporal! Offer nothing here.

NYM

Pish!

PISTOL

Pish for thee, Iceland dog! Thou prick eared cur of Iceland!\*

HOSTESS

Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor, and put up thy sword.

NYM *(to PISTOL.)*

Will you shog off?\* I would have you solus.\*

PISTOL

'Solus?' Egregious dog! O viper vile!  
Now Pistol's cock is up\* and flashing fire will follow!

NYM

If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, and that's the humor of it.

PISTOL

O braggart vile and damned and furious wight!\* The grave doth gape and doting death is near.

BARDOLPH *(draws his sword.)*

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.

**bawdy** - whore, **hound of Crete** - a shaggy breed of dog, **adultery** - she means battery,  
**prick eared cur of Iceland** - pointy-eared, long-haired lapdog, **shog off** - move along, **solus** - alone  
**cock is up** - cocked for firing; Pistol's blood is up, **wight** - human, **hilts** - hilt of his sword

PISTOL

An oath of mickle might,\* and fury shall abate.

*(PISTOL and NYM sheath their swords.)*

*(Enter the BOY.)*

BOY

Mine host Pistol, you must come to Sir John Falstaff, and you, hostess.

He is very sick and would to bed.

Good Bardolph, put thy nose\* between his sheets and do the office of a warming-pan.

BARDOLPH

Away, you rogue!

BOY

Faith, he's very ill.

HOSTESS

By my troth, the King has killed his heart.\*

Good husband, come home presently.

*(Exit HOSTESS and BOY.)*

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?

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 humor of it.

PISTOL

Push home.

*(They draw.)*

BARDOLPH *(Draws his sword.)*

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

**mickle might** - large strength,

**nose** - Bardolph's nose is later described as "like a coal of fire, sometimes blue and sometimes red,"

**killed his heart** - Young Prince Henry wasted much of his youth carousing with Falstaff. When he became King however, he rejected the old man. Falstaff had expected an old age of luxury and respect.

PISTOL (*Sheathing his sword.*)

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

NYM

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

PISTOL

A noble\* shalt thou have, and liquor likewise will I give you.

I'll live by Nym and Nym shall live by me. Is not this just?

NYM

I shall have my noble?

PISTOL

In cash, most justly paid.

NYM (*Sheathing his sword.*)

Well then, that's the humor of it.

(*Re-enter HOSTESS.*)

HOSTESS

As ever you came of women, come quickly to Sir John.

He is so shaked of a burning fever, that it is most lamentable to behold.

Sweet men, come to him.

(*Exit HOSTESS.*)

NYM

The King hath run bad humors on the knight.

PISTOL

Nym, thou hast spoke the right. His heart is fractured.\*

BARDOLF

The King is a good king, but it must be as it may.

PISTOL

Let us condole the knight; for lambkins\* we will live.

(*Exeunt.*)

*noble* - 6 shillings and 8 pence, *fractured* - broken, *lambkins* - term of affection; young lambs

## CHORUS

The French, advised by good intelligence of this most dreadful preparation,  
shake in their fear and with pale policy seek to divert the English purposes.

O England, what mightst thou do, that honor 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 three corrupted men, one, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second, Henry Lord Scroop of Masham,  
and the third, Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,  
have, for the gilt\* of France, (O guilt indeed) confirmed conspiracy with fearful France,  
and by their hands this grace of kings must die, if hell and treason hold their promises.  
The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed, the King is set\* from London,  
and the scene is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.\*

*gilt* - gold, *set* - left, *Southampton* - the port the fleet sails from

### Act 3, Scene 7 The French camp, near Agincourt

(CONSTABLE of France, the Lords RAMBURES, ORLEANS, and the DAUPHIN, with others.)

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

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

CONSTABLE

It is the best horse of Europe.

ORLEANS

Will it never be morning?

DAUPHIN

My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armor?

ORLEANS

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

DAUPHIN

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.  
When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk. He trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it.

ORLEANS

He's of the color of the nutmeg.

DAUPHIN

And of the heat of the ginger.  
He is indeed a horse; and all other jades\* you may call beasts.

CONSTABLE

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

DAUPHIN

It is the prince of palfreys.\*  
His neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

ORLEANS

No more, cousin.

*pasterns* - hoofs, *jades* - old or over-worked horses, *palfrey* - a saddle horse, especially one for a woman

DAUPHIN

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.

I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: 'Wonder of nature,'—

ORLEANS

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

DAUPHIN

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

ORLEANS

Your mistress bears well.

DAUPHIN

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

CONSTABLE

Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly\* shook your back.

DAUPHIN

So perhaps did yours.

CONSTABLE

Mine was not bridled.

DAUPHIN

I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

CONSTABLE

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

DAUPHIN

Thou makest use of anything.

CONSTABLE

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

RAMBURES

My Lord Constable, the armor that I saw in your tent to night, are those stars or suns upon it?

CONSTABLE

Stars, my lord.

DAUPHIN

Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

*shrewdly* - severely

CONSTABLE

And yet my sky shall not want.

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.

RAMBURES

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.

RAMBURES

He longs to eat the English.

CONSTABLE

I think he will eat all he kills.

ORLEANS

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

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

What's he?

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

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

*faced* - braved, *go to hazard* - take a wager

CONSTABLE

By my faith, sir, but it is! Never anybody saw it but his lackey.

*(Enter a MESSENGER.)*

MESSENGER

My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

CONSTABLE

Who hath measured the ground?

MESSENGER

The Lord Grandpré.

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.\*

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

CONSTABLE

Come! Now is it time to arm. Shall we about it?

ORLEANS

It is now two o'clock.

Let me see, by ten we shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

*(Exeunt.)*