

# Henry V

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## KING HENRY V SYNOPSIS

In the Shakespearean history plays before Henry V, we learn that Henry IV, the father of Henry V, obtained his crown by taking it from Richard II. To hold on to his crown Henry IV had to fight battles and constantly deal with shifting allegiances within his kingdom. Just before he dies in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*, he tells Prince Henry to make friends of his friends, and unify his warring nobles through wars fought against foreign enemies.

At the beginning of Henry V the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely discuss the proposed law that would strip the church of great wealth and power. To counter this disastrous legislation the Archbishop plans to give King Henry V a great sum of money for the proposed war with France, as well as a legal technicality (the Salic law) that will justify Henry's claim to the throne of France. Henry accepts the logic and gold of the churchmen, and determines to take only  $\frac{1}{4}$  of his forces to France while leaving  $\frac{3}{4}$  to defend against the opportunistic Scottish. The French ambassador then enters and gives Henry a cask of tennis balls from the French Dauphin. This present is intended to remind Henry of his misspent youth and humiliate him in front of his court. Henry informs the ambassador that his wayward youth taught him to greatly value his crown. He then warns the ambassador that if the French King does not relinquish his crown he will take it by brute force. Henry then orders his nobles to prepare for war and march to Southampton.

We learn from the Chorus that all the youth of England are on fire to follow their young King and become rich fighting in France. Once Bardolfe, Nym and Pistol stop fighting amongst themselves, they also plan to go to the wars.

At Southampton we learn that Henry has discovered three traitors who have been paid by France to assassinate him. After they show no lenity to an outspoken drunk, Henry condemns them to death, not for wanting to kill him, but for plotting the ruin of his subjects and his kingdom. Before the army sets sail for France we also learn of Falstaff's death.

At the battle of Harfleur, Henry motivates his troops with his words and deeds. Pistol, Nym and Bardolfe all prove they are cowards, and we meet the enthusiastic and knowledgeable Welsh Captain, Fluellen. The Governor of Harfleur finally surrenders after Henry threatens the rape and butchery of his citizens. Henry then orders Essex to secure the town with a small force and to show mercy to all its citizens. The next day Henry leads the bulk of his sick and diminished army back towards Calais where they plan to set sail for England. Katherine, the French Princess, learns some English vocabulary from her maid and the King of France orders his troops to the field to capture Henry and destroy his weakened army.

While marching to Calais, Fluellen tells Gower of a well executed battle by the Duke of Exeter to secure a bridge. Pistol then unsuccessfully pleads with Fluellen to help save Bardolfe's life, who is to be hanged for stealing a cross out of a church. The French herald Montjoy arrives and warns Henry he and his followers will be defeated and killed if Henry doesn't ransom himself. Henry refuses to submit, admits his army is small and weak but warns the herald they will fight valiantly if attacked.

The night before the battle the confident and eager French fantasize about their assured victory while the English quietly dread the approaching dawn. Henry walks disguised amongst his troops and quarrels with one who doesn't trust the King. He realizes the terrible burdens of kingship and envies the common man with simple desires and nightly sleep. At daybreak he gives a rousing Saint Crispin's Day speech to his troops just before they head into battle. During the battle Pistol captures a French soldier, and French soldiers kill the English boys protecting the luggage. Against huge odds, and with the help of the undisciplined French, a muddy field and the English longbow, thousands of French nobility are slaughtered with almost no loss of life to the English forces. Henry then rewards the common soldier, Williams, whom he argued with the night before, and Fluellen humiliates Pistol for being a boastful coward and for denigrating the Welsh.

Henry then secures a peace with the French King and successfully woos Princess Katherine for his wife, hoping that together they will produce a warrior son who will eventually unite the two kingdoms.

## KING HENRY V

### LIST OF CHARACTERS

CHORUS	
KING HENRY V	
DUKE OF GLOUCESTER	Brother to the King
DUKE OF BEDFORD	Brother to the King
DUKE OF EXETER	Uncle to the King
DUKE OF YORK	Cousin to the King
EARL OF WESTMORLAND	
EARL OF SALISBURY	
EARL OF WARWICK	
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE	Conspirator against King Henry
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY	
BISHOP OF ELY	
LORD SCROOP	Conspirator against King Henry
LORD THOMAS GREY	Conspirator against King Henry
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM	
GOWER	English Captain
FLUELLEN	Welsh Captain
JOHN BATES	English soldier
ALEXANDER COURT	English soldier
MICHAEL WILLIAMS	English soldier
PISTOL	
NYM	
BARDOLPH	
BOY	
AN ENGLISH HERALD	
HOSTESS QUICKLY	Wedded to Pistol
KING CHARLES VI OF FRANCE	
LEWIS THE DAUPHIN	
DUKE OF BURGUNDY	
DUKE OF ORLEANS	
DUKE OF BOURBON	
DUKE OF BRITAINNE	
THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE	
RAMBURES	
GRANDPÈRE	
GOVERNOR OF HARFLEUR	
MONTJOY	A French Herald
AMBASSADOR	
MASTER FER	A French Soldier
QUEEN ISABEL	
KATHERINE	Daughter to French King and Queen
ALICE	Attendant to Katherine

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers and Attendants

Scene: England and France

## CHORUS 1

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 warlike 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, gentles all, the flat unraisèd 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, and make imaginary puissance.\*  
 Think when we talk of horses, that you see them printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth;  
 for 'tis your thoughts that now must deck\* our kings, carry them here and there;  
 jumping over times, turning the accomplishment of many years into an hourglass—  
 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 CHORUS.)*

*Muse* - poet, *port of Mars* - bearing of the god of war,  
*flat unraisèd spirits* - dull, uninspired actors and playwright, *scaffold* - stage, *casques* - helmets,  
*ciphers to this great accompt* - mere nothings to this great story, *puissance* - armed forces, *deck* - clothe

**Act 1, Scene 1    London. An ante chamber in the King's palace***(The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF ELY.)*

CANTERBURY

My lord, I'll tell you, that self\* bill is urged which in the last King's reign had indeed against us passed, but that the scrambling\* and unquiet time did push it out of farther question.

ELY

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

CANTERBURY

It must be thought on.

If it pass against us, we lose the better half of our possession:

for all the temporal\* lands which men devout have given to the church would they strip from us; and to the coffers of the King beside, a thousand pounds by the year.

Thus runs the bill.

ELY

This would drink deep.

CANTERBURY

'Twould drink the cup and all.

ELY

But what prevention?

CANTERBURY

I have made an offer to his majesty, as touching France,

to give a greater sum than ever at one time the clergy yet did to his predecessors part withal.

ELY

How did this offer seem received, my lord?

CANTERBURY

With good acceptance of his majesty;

save that there was not time enough to hear, as I perceived his grace would fain\* have done,

the severals\* and unhidden passages of his true titles to some certain dukedoms

and generally to the crown and seat of France derived from Edward, his great grandfather.

ELY

What was the impediment that broke this off?

CANTERBURY

The French ambassador upon that instant craved audience; and the hour, I think, is come to give him hearing.

*self* - same, *scrambling* - unruly; disordered, *temporal* - civil; secular, *fain* - willingly, *severals* - particulars

(Enter KING HENRY V, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND and attendants.)

WESTMORLAND

Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

KING 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.  
My gracious Lord of Canterbury.

CANTERBURY

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

KING HENRY V

Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed and justly and religiously unfold  
why the law Salic,\* that they have in France, or\* 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,  
with opening titles miscreate,\* whose right suits not in native colors with the truth;  
for God doth know how many now in health shall drop their blood in approbation\*  
of what your reverence shall incite us to.  
Therefore take heed how you impawn\* our person, how you awake our sleeping sword of war.  
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed.

CANTERBURY

Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers that owe your lives and services to this imperial throne.  
There is no bar\* to make against your highness' claim to France but this, which they produce from Pharamond,\*  
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant'; 'No woman shall succeed in Salic land.'  
Which Salic land the French unjustly gloze\* to be the realm of France,  
and Pharamond the founder of this law and female bar.  
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm that the land Salic is in Germany,  
where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons, there left behind and settled certain French;  
who, holding in disdain the German women for some dishonest manners of their life,  
established then this law; to wit, no female should be inheritrix in Salic land;  
which is at this day in Germany called Meisen.  
Then doth it well appear that Salic law was not devised for the realm of France;  
howbeit they would hold up this Salic law to bar your highness claiming from the female.

KING HENRY V

May I with right and conscience make this claim?

CANTERBURY

The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!

*law Salic* - the Salic law was actually a collection of folk laws and customs and had nothing to do with the right of succession. The French just used this law to reject Edward III's claim to the throne through his mother, Isabella, *or* - either, *opening titles miscreate* - advancing illegitimate titles, *approbation* - approval, *impawn* - engage; pledge, *bar* - obstruction, *Pharamond* - a legendary Frankish king, *gloze* - interpret

For in the Book of Numbers is it writ, when the man dies, let the inheritance descend unto the daughter.  
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, and your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince.

ELY

Awake remembrance of these valiant dead, and with your puissant arm renew their feats.  
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne; the blood and courage that renowned them runs in your veins.

EXETER

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.  
Never King of England had nobles richer and more loyal subjects.

CANTERBURY

And 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.

KING HENRY V

We must not only arm to invade the French, but lay down our proportions to defend against the Scot;  
for you shall read that my great-grandfather never went with his forces into France  
but that the Scot on his unfurnished\* kingdom came pouring, like the tide into a breach,\*  
that England, being empty of defense, hath shook and trembled at the ill neighborhood.

CANTERBURY

She hath been then more feared\* than harmed, my liege.

WESTMORELAND

But there's a saying very old and true, 'If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin.'  
For once the eagle England being in prey,\*  
to her unguarded nest the weasel Scot comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,  
playing the mouse in absence of the cat, to tear and havoc more than she can eat.

KING HENRY V

Therefore divide we our happy England into four;  
whereof take we one quarter into France, to make all Gallia\* shake.  
If you, with thrice such powers left at home, cannot defend our own doors from the dog,  
let us be worried\* and our nation lose the name of hardiness and policy.  
Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

*(Exeunt some attendants.)*

*unfurnished* - unprovided with defenses, *breach* - opening, *feared* - afraid,  
*in prey* - in pursuit of her prey, *Gallia* - France, *worried* - bitten; chewed

Now are we well resolved, and by God's help, and yours, the noble sinews of our power,  
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,\* or break it all to pieces.

(Enter the *FIRST AMBASSADOR* of France.)

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.

FIRST AMBASSADOR

May it 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?

KING HENRY V

We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,  
unto whose grace our passion is as subject as are our wretches fettered\* in our prisons.  
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness tell us the Dauphin's mind.

FIRST AMBASSADOR

Thus the Dauphin speaks:  
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 savor 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, meeter\* for your spirit, this tun\* of treasure;  
and in lieu of this, desires you let the dukedoms that you claim hear no more of you.

KING HENRY V

What treasure, uncle?

EXETER

Tennis balls, my liege.

KING HENRY V

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.  
His present and your pains we thank you for.  
When we have matched our rackets to these balls,  
we will in France, by God's grace, play a set shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.\*  
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler\*  
that all the courts\* of France will be disturbed with chases.\*  
And we understand him well,  
how he comes over us with our wilder days, not measuring what use we made of them.  
We never valued this poor seat\* of England, and therefore, did give ourself to barbarous licence.

*bend it to our awe* - bring it in awe of us, *sparingly show you far off* - discreetly indicate in general terms,  
*fettered* - shackled, *galliard* - a lively dance, *meeter* - more appropriate, *tun* - large cask, *hazard* - a goal in an Elizabethan tennis court; a source of danger, *wrangler* - opponent, *courts* - tennis, royal and law courts,  
*chases* - points in tennis; disputes over claims to the crown; hunting chases, *seat* - throne

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 turned 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.  
But this lies all within the will of God, to whom I do appeal,  
and in whose name tell you the Dauphin I am coming on, to venge me as I may  
and to put forth my rightful hand in a well hallowed cause.  
So get you hence in peace;  
and tell the Dauphin his jest will savor but of shallow wit, when thousands weep more than did laugh at it.  
Convey him with safe conduct.  
Fare you well.

*(Exeunt AMBASSADOR.)*

EXETER

This was a merry message.

KING HENRY V

We hope to make the sender blush at it.  
Therefore let our proportions\* for these wars be soon collected  
and all things thought upon that may with reasonable swiftness add more feathers to our wings;  
for, God before, we'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

*(Exeunt.)*

*proportions* - required forces

## CHORUS 2

Now all the youth of England are on fire, and silken dalliance\* in the wardrobe lies.  
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought reigns solely in the breast of every man.  
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,  
following the mirror of all Christian kings, with winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
For now sits Expectation in the air and hides a sword,\* from hilts unto the point,  
with crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets\* promised to Harry and his followers.

*(Exit CHORUS.)*

*silken dalliance* - idle pastimes; silken garments,  
*hides a sword* - i.e. completely impaled with captured crowns,  
*coronets* - small crowns that persons less than a king might wear

## 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 3

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 2, Scene 2    Southampton. A council chamber

*(Enter EXETER, BEDFORD and WESTMORELAND.)*

BEDFORD

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

EXETER

They shall be apprehended by and by.

WESTMORLAND

How smooth and even they do bear themselves, as if allegiance in their bosoms sat.

BEDFORD

The King hath note of all that they intend by interception, which they dream not of.

*(Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY V, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY and attendants.)*

KING HENRY V

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham, and you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts. Think you not that the powers we bear with us will cut their passage through the force of France?

SCROOP

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

KING HENRY V

I doubt not that.

CAMBRIDGE

Never was monarch better feared and loved than is your majesty.

There's not, I think, a subject that sits in uneasiness under the sweet shade of your government.

GREY

True. Those that were your father's enemies have steeped their galls\* in honey and do serve you with hearts create of duty and of zeal.

KING HENRY V

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness.

Uncle of Exeter, enlarge the man committed yesterday that railed against our person.

We consider it was excess of wine that set him on, and on his more advice\* we pardon him.

SCROOP

That's mercy, but too much security.\*

Let him be punished, sovereign, lest example breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.

*galls* - sources of bitterness, *more advice* - recovered judgment, *security* - overconfidence

KING HENRY V

O, let us yet be merciful.

CAMBRIDGE

So may your highness, and yet punish too.

GREY

Sir, you show great mercy if you give him life after the taste of much correction.

KING HENRY V

Alas, your too much love and care of me are heavy orisons\* against this poor wretch!  
 If little faults proceeding on distemper\* shall not be winked at,  
 how shall we stretch our eye when capital crimes, chewed, swallowed and digested, appear before us?  
 We'll yet enlarge that man,  
 though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear care 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 today.

SCROOP

So did you me, my liege.

GREY

And I, my royal sovereign.

KING HENRY V

Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;  
 there yours, Lord Scroop of Masham;  
 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?  
 Look ye, how they change!

CAMBRIDGE

I do confess my fault, and do submit me to your highness' mercy.

GREY

To which we all appeal.

KING HENRY V

The mercy that was quick\* in us but late, by your own counsel is suppressed and killed.  
 You must not dare for shame to talk of mercy.  
 See you, my princes and my noble peers, these English monsters!

*heavy orisons* - pleas that weigh heavily, *proceeding on distemper* - committed while drunk,  
*late* - lately appointed, *quick* - living

My Lord of Cambridge here, you know how apt our love was to furnish him  
 with all appertinents\* belonging to his honor;  
 and this man hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired to kill us here in Hampton;  
 to the which this knight, no less for bounty bound to us than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.  
 But O, what shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel, ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature?  
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels, that knewest the very bottom of my soul,  
 wouldst thou have practiced on me for thy use?\*

'Tis so strange that, though the truth of it stands off as gross as black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
 Show men dutiful? Why, so didst thou.  
 Seem they grave and learned? Why, so didst thou.  
 Come they of noble family? Why, so didst thou.  
 Seem they religious? Why, so didst thou.  
 Spare in diet, free from gross passion or of mirth or anger, constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood?  
 Such and so finely bolted\* didst thou seem.  
 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 practices!

#### EXETER

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
 Richard Earl of Cambridge, Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland.

#### SCROOP

Our purposes God justly hath discovered, and I repent my fault more than my death.

#### CAMBRIDGE

God be thanked for prevention, which I in sufferance 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 over myself.  
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

#### KING HENRY V

God quit you in his mercy!  
 Hear your sentence.  
 You have conspired against our royal person, joined with an enemy proclaimed  
 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, SCROOP and GREY, guarded.)*

*appertinents* - appurtenances; land, possessions, appointments, *use* - profit, *bolted* - refined

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof shall be to you, as us, like glorious.  
Let us deliver our puissance into the hand of God.  
Cheerly to sea the signs of war advance.  
No King of England, if not King of France.

*(Exeunt.)*

### Act 2, Scene 3 London. Before a tavern

(Enter PISTOL, HOSTESS, NYM, BARDOLPH and BOY.)

HOSTESS

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

PISTOL

No; for my manly heart doth earn.\*

Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins; boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead, and we must earn therefore.

BARDOLPH

Would I were with him, wheresomever he is, either in heaven or in hell!

HOSTESS

Nay sure, he's not in hell! He's in Arthur's\* bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom.

He made a finer end and went away and it had been any christom child.

He parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide.

For after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen,\* and he babbled of green fields.\*

'How now, Sir John?' quoth I. 'What, man? be of good cheer.'

So he cried out, 'God, God, God!' three or four times.

Now I, to comfort him, bid him he should not think of God;

I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet.

So he bade me lay more clothes on his feet.

I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone.

Then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone,

and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

NYM

They say he cried out of\* sack.\*

HOSTESS

Ay, that he did.

BARDOLPH

And of women.

HOSTESS

Nay, that he did not.

*Staines* - a place on the road to Southampton, *earn* - grieve, *Arthur's bosom* - she means Abraham's bosom, *his nose was as sharp as a pen* - near death, blood flows from the extremities to the heart which often leaves the person looking thin in the face, *green fields* - the hostess is likely confused about the 23rd Psalm that Falstaff was probably reciting, "...He maketh me to lie down in green fields...", *of* - against, *sack* - strong white wine from Spain and the Canary Islands

BOY

Yes, that he did; and said they were devils incarnate.

HOSTESS

He could never abide carnation; 'twas a color he never liked.

BOY

He said once, the devil would have him about women.

HOSTESS

He did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the Whore of Babylon.

BOY

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

BARDOLPH

Well, the fuel is gone\* that maintained that fire. That's all the riches I got in his service.

NYM

Shall we shog? The King will be gone from Southampton.

PISTOL

Come, let's away.

My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels and my movables.

Let senses rule. The word is 'Pitch and Pay.'\*

Trust none; for oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes, and hold-fast is the only dog, my duck.

Yoke fellows in arms, let us to France, like horse-leeches, my boys, to suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

BOY

And that's but unwholesome food they say.

PISTOL

Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARDOLPH

Farewell, hostess. (*Kissing her.*)

NYM

I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it; but, adieu!

PISTOL

Let housewifery appear. Keep close,\* I thee command.

HOSTESS

Farewell; adieu. (*Exeunt.*)

*fuel is gone* - Nym, Pistol and Bardolph lived off whatever drink and money Falstaff could steal, buy or borrow,  
*pitch and pay* - i.e. cash down, *close* - indoors

## Act 2, Scene 4 France. The King's palace

*(Flourish. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the DUKES of BERRI and BRETAGNE, the CONSTABLE and others.)*

KING OF FRANCE

Thus comes the English with full power upon us;  
and more than carefully it us concerns to answer royally in our defenses.  
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.  
It fits us to be as provident as fear may teach us out of late examples left by the fatal English upon our fields.

DAUPHIN

My most redoubted father, it is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe; but let us do it with no show of fear;  
no, with no more than if we heard that England were busied with a Whitsun\* morris-dance.  
For, my good liege, she is so idly kinged,  
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, and withal how terrible in constant resolution,  
and you shall find his vanities forespent.\*

DAUPHIN

Well, 'tis not so, my lord High Constable; but though we think it so, it is no matter.  
In cases of defense 'tis best to weigh the enemy more mighty than he seems.  
So the proportions of defense\* are filled.

KING OF FRANCE

Think we King Harry strong; and princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.  
The kindred of him hath been fleshed\* upon us;  
and he is bred out of that bloody strain that haunted us in our familiar paths.  
Witness our too much memorable shame when Crècy battle fatally was struck,\*  
and all our princes captured by the hand of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales.  
This is a stem of that victorious stock; and let us fear the native mightiness and fate of him.

*(Enter a MESSENGER.)*

MESSENGER

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.

*Whitsun* - festal week beginning the seventh Sunday after Easter, *forespent* - now done with,  
*proportions of defense* - adequate forces, *fleshed* - trained in war at our cost (hounds and hawks were trained by feeding them on flesh), *struck* - fought

*(Exeunt MESSENGER and certain lords.)*

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 lords, with EXETER and train.)*

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 borrowed glories that by gift of heaven, by law of nature and of nations, belong to him and to his heirs—namely, the crown and all wide-stretched honors that pertain by custom unto the crown of France. That you may know 'tis no sinister nor no awkward claim, he sends you this most memorable line.\*

*(EXETER gives the KING OF FRANCE a paper.)*

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, in thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove;\*

and bids you deliver up the crown,

and to take mercy on the poor souls for whom this hungry war opens his vasty jaws.

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 anything that may not misbecome the mighty sender, doth he prize you at.

*line* - line of descent, *evenly* - directly, *constraint* - force, *Jove* - God

Thus says my King:  
and if your father do not, in grant all demands at large, sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
he'll call you to so hot an answer of it, that caves and womby vaultages\* of France shall chide your trespass.

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 dispatched with fair conditions.  
A night is but small breath and little pause to answer matters of this consequence.

*(Exeunt.)*

*womby vaultages* - hollow caverns, *footed* - landed

## CHORUS 4

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.  
Play with your fancies, and in them behold upon the hempen tackle ship boys climbing;  
hear the shrill whistle which doth order give to sounds confused;  
behold the threaten sails, borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea, breasting the lofty surge.  
Follow, follow. Grapple your minds to sternage\* of this navy,  
and leave your England, as dead midnight still, guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,  
for who is he whose chin is but enriched with one appearing hair,  
that will not follow these culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?  
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege upon Harfleur.  
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;  
tells Harry that the King doth offer him Katherine 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.

*(Alarum, and chambers go off.)*

Still be kind, and eke out\* our performance with your mind.

*(Exit.)*

*celerity* - quickness, *sternage* - the wake, *linstock* - lighting stick, *eke out* - add to

### Act 3, Scene 1 France. Before Harfleur

*(Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER and soldiers with scaling ladders.)*

KING 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 favored rage;  
then lend the eye a terrible aspect: let it pry through the portage\* of the head like the brass cannon;  
let the brow overwhelm it as fearfully as doth a gallèd\* rock overhang and jutty his confounded base,  
swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,  
hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit to his full height.

On, on, you noblest English, whose blood is fet\* from fathers of war-proof!  
Fathers that like so many Alexanders have in these parts from morn till even\* fought  
and sheathed their swords for lack of argument.

Dishonor not your mothers; now attest that those whom you called 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.)*

*breach* - opening, *portage* - portholes, *gallèd* - eroded (at base), *fet* - fetched; derived, *even* - evening,  
*mettle of your pasture* - quality of your rearing, *slips* - leashes, *Saint George* - England's patron saint

**Act 3, Scene 2      The same**

*(Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL and BOY.)*

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.

BOY

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

PISTOL

And I.

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

BOY

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

*(Enter FLUELLEN.)*

FLUELLEN

*(Driving them forward.)* Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt,\* you cullions!\*

PISTOL

Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!\*

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage, abate thy rage, great duke!

Use lenity, sweet chuck!

*(Exeunt all but BOY.)*

BOY

As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers.  
I am boy to them all three; but all they three, could not be man to me;  
for indeed three such antics\* do not amount to a man.  
Pistol hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword;  
Nym's few bad words are matched with as few good deeds;  
Bardolph is white-livered\* and red-faced,  
and he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk.  
They will steal anything, and call it purchase.  
Bardolph stole a lute case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half pence.  
They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their handkerchers;\*

*case* - set, *Avaunt* - be gone, *cullions* - base fellows, *men of mould* - mere mortals, *antics* - buffoons,  
*white-livered* - cowardly i.e. no blood in his liver, *handkerchers* - handkerchiefs

which makes much against\* my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine;  
for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs.

I must leave them, and seek some better service.

Their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

*(Exit BOY.)*

**Act 3, Scene 3    The same. Before the gates**

*(The GOVERNOR and some citizens on the walls; the English forces below.  
Enter KING HENRY V and his train.)*

KING HENRY V

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 fleshed 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 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 people whiles yet my soldiers are in my command.  
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 dashed to the walls;  
your naked infants spitted upon pikes, 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 destroyed?

GOVERNOR

Our expectation hath this day an end.  
The Dauphin, whom we entreated, returns us that his powers are not yet 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.

KING HENRY V

Open your gates.  
Come, uncle Exeter, go you and enter Harfleur; there remain, and fortify it strongly against 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 we will be your guest; to-morrow for the march are we address.

*(Flourish. KING HENRY V and his train enter the town.)*

*latest parle* - last negotiation, *proud of* - who glory in, *raise* - halt

**Act 3, Scene 4 The palace of the King of France**

*(KATHERINE and ALICE.)*

KATHERINE

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

ALICE

Un peu, madame.

KATHERINE

Je te prie, m'enseignez: il faut que j'apprenne à parler.  
Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

ALICE

La main? elle est appelée de hand.

KATHERINE

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 appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres.

KATHERINE

La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres.  
Je pense que je suis le bon ecolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vite.  
Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

ALICE

Les ongles? Nous les appelons de nails.

KATHERINE

De nails.  
Écoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

ALICE

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

KATHERINE

Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

ALICE

De arm, madame.

KATHERINE

Et le coude?

ALICE  
De elbow.

KATHERINE  
De elbow.  
Je m'en fais la repetition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris des a present.

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

KATHERINE  
Excusez-moi, Alice; ecoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

ALICE  
De elbow, madame.

KATHERINE  
O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow.  
Comment appelez-vous le col?

ALICE  
De neck, madame.

KATHERINE  
De nick.  
Et le menton?

ALICE  
De chin.

KATHERINE  
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.

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

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

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

ALICE  
De nails, madame.

KATHERINE

De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

ALICE

Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

KATHERINE

Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin.

Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

ALICE

De foot, madame; et de coun.

KATHERINE

De foot et de coun!

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 coun!

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 coun.

ALICE

Excellent, madame!

KATHERINE

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

*(Exeunt.)*

## Act 3, Scene 5 The palace of the King of France

(The KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the Duke of BOURBON,  
the CONSTABLE of France and others.)

KING OF FRANCE

'Tis certain he hath passed 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.

BOURBON

Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!  
Mort de ma vie!\* if they march along unfought withal,  
I will sell my dukedom, to buy a slobbery\* and a dirty farm in that nook shotten\* isle of England.

DAUPHIN

By faith and honor, 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 him hence. Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.  
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honor edged 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.  
Go down upon him, you have power enough, and in a captive chariot into Rouen bring him our prisoner.

CONSTABLE

This becomes the great.  
Sorry am I his numbers are so few, his soldiers sick and famished in their retreat,  
for I am sure, when he shall see our army, he'll drop his heart into the sink of fear and offer us his ransom.

KING OF FRANCE.

Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all, and quickly bring us word of England's fall.

(*Exeunt.*)

*passed the river Somme* - (in the withdrawal to Calais), *Mort de ma vie* - death of my life,  
*slobbery* - sloppy, *nook shotten* - full of nooks i.e. the ragged English coastline, *mettle* - courage,  
*for your great seats* - for the sake of the great positions you occupy, *quit* - acquit, *pennons* - long flags (often tapered)

## Act 3, Scene 6      The English camp in Picardy

(Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting.)

GOWER

How now, Captain Fluellen! Come you from the bridge?

FLUELLEN

I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.\*

GOWER

Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

FLUELLEN

The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous\* as Agamemnon;  
and a man that I love and honor 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 blessed!—any hurt in the world;  
but keeps the pridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline.  
There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge,  
I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony.

GOWER

What do you call him?

FLUELLEN

He is called Aunchient Pistol.

GOWER

I know him not.

(Enter PISTOL.)

FLUELLEN

Here is the man.

PISTOL

Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors.  
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLUELLEN

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

PISTOL

Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart, and of buxom valor, hath stolen a pax,\* and hanged must he be.  
A damned death!

**pridge** - Fluellen's Welsh accent causes him to pronounce the letter (b) as a (p), **magnanimous** - noble,  
**pax** - a metal disc engraved with a crucifix, kissed during celebration of mass

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free 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;  
 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.\*

FLUELLEN

Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

PISTOL

Why then, rejoice.

FLUELLEN

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

PISTOL

Die and be damned! and figo\* for thy friendship!

FLUELLEN

It is well.

PISTOL

The fig of Spain! (*Exit PISTOL.*)

FLUELLEN

Very good.

GOWER

Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal!  
 I remember him now; a bawd,\* a cutpurse.

FLUELLEN

I'll assure you, he uttered as prave words at the pridge 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.

GOWER

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 sconce,\* 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 con\* perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new tuned\* oaths.

*requite* - repay, *figo* - Spanish for fig (a gesture of contempt), *bawd* - pimp,  
*sconce* - fort; earthwork, *convoy* - transport of troops, *what...on* - what was the condition of the enemy,  
*con* - memorize, *new tuned* - newly invented

You must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvelously mistook.

FLUELLEN

I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is.  
I tell you what, Captain Gower, 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 pridge.

*(Drum and colors. Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER and soldiers.)*

God pless your majesty!

KING 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 pridge.  
The French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages.\*  
The Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge.  
I can tell your majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

KING HENRY V

What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLUELLEN

The perdition\* of the 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 of fire.  
His nose is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red;  
but his nose is executed and his fire's out.

KING 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.

*(Horns. Enter MONTJOY.)*

MONTJOY

You know me by my habit.

*a hole in his coat* - i.e. a means of exposing him, *passages* - i.e. of arms, *perdition* - casualties

KING HENRY V

Well then I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

MONTJOY

My master's mind.

KING 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.

Tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced.

So far my King and master; so much my office.

KING HENRY V

What is thy name? I know thy quality.

MONTJOY

Montjoy.

KING 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 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,

who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,

I thought upon one pair of English legs did march three Frenchmen.

Go therefore, tell thy master here I am; my ransom is this frail and worthless trunk.

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.

So tell your master.

MONTJOY

I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

*(Exit MONTJOY.)*

**bruise** - squeeze (as in treating a boil), **admire our sufferance** - wonder at our patience,

**ransom** - it was common practice for nobles to save their lives by paying huge ransoms. They were often treated like honored guests until the ransom was paid and they received their freedom, **impeachment** - challenge, **sooth** - truth

GLOUCESTER

I hope they will not come upon us now.

KING 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, march away.

*(Exeunt.)*

### 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.)*

*to mope...knowledge* - to wander aimlessly with his stupid followers using so little common sense,  
*apprehension* - intelligence; fear

## CHORUS 5

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 fixed 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 umbered\* face.

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs piercing the night's dull ear;

and from the tents the armorers, 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.

O now, who will behold the royal captain of this ruined 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 countrymen.

Upon his royal face there is no note how dread an army hath enrouned him;

nor doth he dedicate one jot of color unto the weary and all-watched night,

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.

A largess\* universal like the sun his liberal eye doth give to every one, thawing cold fear,

that mean\* and gentle\* all behold, as may unworthiness define,\* a little touch of Harry in the night.

*(Exit CHORUS.)*

*entertain conjecture of* - imagine, *stilly* - quietly, *paly* - pale, *umbered* - shadowed; earth colored,

*accomplishing* - completing the armoring of; equipping, *tardy-gaited* - slow footed,

*over bears attaint* - masters fatigue, *largess* - generosity of spirit, *mean* - low born,

*gentle* - high born, *as may unworthiness define* - as far as our unworthy selves can present it

**Act 4, Scene 1 The English camp at Agincourt**

*(KING HENRY, BEDFORD and GLOUCESTER.)*

KING HENRY V

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

*(Enter SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM.)*

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.

A good soft pillow for that good white head, were better than a churlish turf of France.

ERPINGHAM

Not so, my liege. This lodging likes me better, since I may say, 'Now lie I like a king.'

KING HENRY V

'Tis good for men to love their present pains, so the spirit is eased.

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.

GLOUCESTER

We shall, my liege.

ERPINGHAM

Shall I attend your grace?

KING HENRY V

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.

ERPINGHAM

The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

*(Exeunt all but KING HENRY.)*

KING HENRY V

God-a-mercy, old heart! Thou speakest cheerfully.

*(Enter PISTOL.)*

PISTOL

Qui va la?

KING HENRY V

A friend.

PISTOL

Art thou officer; or art thou base, common and popular?

KING HENRY V

I am a gentleman of a company.

PISTOL

Trailest thou the puissant pike?

KING HENRY V

Even so. What are you?

PISTOL

As good a gentleman as the emperor.

KING 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?

KING HENRY V

Harry le Roy.

PISTOL

Le Roy! A Cornish name. Art thou of Cornish crew?

KING HENRY V

No, I am a Welshman.

PISTOL

Knowest thou Fluellen?

KING HENRY V

Yes.

PISTOL

Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate upon Saint Davy's day.\*

KING HENRY V

Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

PISTOL

Art thou his friend?

KING HENRY V

And his kinsman too.

*bawcock* - fine fellow, *Saint Davy's day* - the Welsh national holiday

PISTOL

The figo for thee, then!

KING HENRY V

I thank you. God be with you!

PISTOL

My name is Pistol called.

*(Exit PISTOL.)*

KING HENRY V

It sorts well with your fierceness.

*(Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.)*

GOWER

Captain Fluellen!

FLUELLEN

So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower.

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 toddle 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.

GOWER

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

FLUELLEN

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?

GOWER

I will speak lower.

FLUELLEN

I pray you and beseech you that you will.

*(Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.)*

KING HENRY V

Though it appear a little out of fashion, there is much care and valor in this Welshman.

*(Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT and MICHAEL WILLIAMS.)*

*tiddle toddle nor pibble pebble* - chatter, *meet* - appropriate

COURT

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

BATES

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

WILLIAMS

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

KING HENRY V

A friend.

WILLIAMS

Under what captain serve you?

KING HENRY V

Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILLIAMS

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

KING HENRY V

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

BATES

He hath not told his thought to the King?

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;

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.

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.

*affections* - emotions; desires, *are higher mounted* - soar higher (falconry),

*stoop* - descend (falconry), *possess him with* - induce in him

KING HENRY V

By my troth, I will speak my conscience\* of the King:  
I think he would not wish himself anywhere 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.

KING HENRY V

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 anywhere so contented as in the King's company;  
his cause being just and his quarrel honorable.

WILLIAMS

That's more than we know.

BATES

Ay, or more than we should seek after, for we know enough if we know we are the Kings subjects.  
If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

WILLIAMS

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,'  
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 anything,\* 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;  
who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.\*

KING HENRY V

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 irreconciled\* 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.  
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.

*my conscience* - what I inwardly believe to be true, *charitably dispose of anything* - settle anything "in love and charity", *blood is their argument* - they are shedding blood, *proportion of subjection* - due obedience, *irreconciled* - unabsolved, *iniquities* - morally objectionable behavior, *mote* - small impurity, *advantage* - a gain (in that he dies prepared)

WILLIAMS

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

BATES

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

KING HENRY V

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

WILLIAMS

Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully;  
but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we never the wiser.

KING HENRY V

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

WILLIAMS

That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun,\* that a poor and 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.

KING HENRY V

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

WILLIAMS

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

KING HENRY V

I embrace it.

WILLIAMS

How shall I know thee again?

KING HENRY V

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.

WILLIAMS

Here's my glove. Give me another of thine.

KING HENRY V

There.

WILLIAMS

This will I also wear in my cap.

*That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun* - that's as much to as expect a deadly bullet from a pop-gun,  
*poor and private displeasure* - the displeasure of a poor, private man, *gage* - token of challenge

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.

KING HENRY V

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

WILLIAMS

Thou darest as well be hanged.

KING HENRY V

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

WILLIAMS

Keep thy word. Fare thee well.

BATES

Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

KING HENRY V

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.

*(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!  
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 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?

What kind of god art thou, that sufferest more of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? What are thy comings in? O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

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 feared than they in fearing?

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, but poisoned flattery?

O, be sick, great greatness, and bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out with titles blown from adulation?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee, command the health of it?

No, thou proud dream, that playest 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, the sword, the mace,  
the crown imperial, the intertissued robe of gold and pearl, the farced title running 'fore the king,

*crowns* - gold pieces, *crowns* - heads, *wringing* - suffering, *soul of adoration* - reason for worship,

*balm* - consecrated oil used in coronation

the throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp 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,  
 who with a body filled and vacant mind gets him to rest, crammed with distressful\* bread;  
 never sees horrid night, the child of hell,  
 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 with profitable labor 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.  
 The slave, a member of the country's peace, enjoys it;  
 but in gross\* brain little knows what watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 whose hours the peasant best advantages.

*(Enter SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM.)*

ERPINGHAM

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

KING HENRY V

Good old knight, collect them all together at my tent.  
 I'll be before thee.

ERPINGHAM

I shall do it, my lord.

*(Exit ERPINGHAM.)*

KING HENRY V

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.

*(Enter GLOUCESTER.)*

GLOUCESTER

My liege!

KING HENRY V

My brother Gloucester's voice?  
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee.  
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

*(Exeunt.)*

*distressful* - hard earned, *Phoebus* - the sun god, *Elysium* - classical abode of the virtuous dead,  
*Hyperion* - charioteer of the sun, *gross* - common, *sense of reckoning* - ability to count

## Act 4, Scene 2 The French camp

*(The DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES and others.)*

ORLEANS

The sun doth gild\* our armor! Up, my lords!

DAUPHIN

My horse, varlet!

ORLEANS

O brave spirit!

*(Enter CONSTABLE.)*

DAUPHIN

Now, my Lord Constable?

CONSTABLE

Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

DAUPHIN

Mount them, and make incision in their hides, that their hot blood may spin in English eyes, and dout\* them with superfluous courage,\* ha!

RAMBURES

What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?  
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

*(Enter MESSENGER.)*

MESSENGER

The English are embattled\* you French peers.

CONSTABLE

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.

There is not work enough for all our hands;  
scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins to give each naked curtle-axe a stain,  
that our French gallants shall today draw out, and sheathe for lack of sport.

*(Enter GRANDPRE.)*

GRANDPRE

Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?  
Yond island carrions,\* desperate\* of their bones, ill-favoredly become the morning field.

*gild* - brighten, *dout* - extinguish, *superfluous courage* - i.e. over-flowing blood,  
*embattled* - in formation, *shales* - shells, *carrions* - cadavers, *desperate* - in despair of saving

The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks, with torch-staves in their hand;  
and their poor jades lob down their heads, the gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes  
and in their pale dull mouths the gimmaled\* bit lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless.  
Description cannot suit itself in words to demonstrate the life of such a battle in life so lifeless as it shows itself.

CONSTABLE

They have said their prayers, and they stay\* for death.

DAUPHIN

Shall we go send them dinners and give their fasting horses provender, and after fight with them?

CONSTABLE

To horse, you gallant princes, straight to horse! To the field!  
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.)*

*gimmaled* - jointed, *stay* - wait

### Act 4, Scene 3 The English camp

*(Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, with all his host; SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND.)*

GLOUCESTER  
Where is the King?

BEDFORD  
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.

SALISBURY  
God's arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds.  
God be with 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,  
my dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter, and my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

BEDFORD  
Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

EXETER  
Farewell, kind Lord.

*(Exit SALISBURY.)*

BEDFORD  
He is full of valor 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 today!

KING HENRY V  
What's he that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland?  
No, my fair cousin. If we are marked to die, we are enough to do our country loss;  
and if to live, the fewer men, the greater share of honor.  
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;  
it yearns me not if men my garments wear; such outward things dwell not in my desires:

*five to one* - if the French have three score thousand, or 60,000 soldiers, that means the English have 12,000 men

but if it be a sin to covet\* honor, I am the most offending soul alive.  
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.  
 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 neighbors,  
 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.  
 Then shall our names familiar in his mouth as household words—  
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester—  
 be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.  
 This story shall the good man teach his son;  
 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;  
 for he today 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 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 SALISBURY.)*

SALISBURY

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

KING HENRY V

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WESTMORELAND

Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

KING 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!

KING HENRY V

Why, now thou hast unwished twelve thousand men; which likes me better than to wish us one.  
 You know your places. God be with you all!

*(Horns. Enter MONTJOY.)*

*covet* - crave, *convoy* - transport, *fellowship* - fraternal right, *vigil* - night before,  
*advantages* - embellishments, *vile* - low born, *gentle his condition* - ennoble his rank

MONTJOY

Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry, if for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,\*  
before thy most assured overthrow.  
For certainly thou art so near the gulf, thou needs must be englutted.\*

KING HENRY V

Who hath sent thee now?

MONTJOY

The Constable of France.

KING HENRY V

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?  
The man that once did sell the lion's skin while the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.  
Let me speak proudly.  
Tell the Constable we are but warriors for the working day.  
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched with rainy marching in the painful field.  
There's not a piece of feather in our host—good argument, I hope, we will not fly—  
and time hath worn us into slovenry.\*  
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;  
and my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night they'll be in fresher robes,\*  
or they will pluck the gay new coats over the French soldiers' heads and turn them out of service.\*  
Herald, save thou thy labor. Come thou no more for ransom!  
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;  
which if they have as I will leave 'em them, shall yield them little.  
Tell the Constable.

MONTJOY

I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well.  
Thou never shalt hear herald anymore.

*(Exit MONTJOY.)*

KING HENRY V

I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

*(Enter YORK.)*

YORK

My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg the leading of the vanguard.

KING HENRY V

Take it, brave York.  
Now, soldiers, march away; and how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! *(Exeunt.)*

*compound* - come to terms, *englutted* - swallowed up, *slovenry* - negligence; dirty, unkempt,  
*fresher robes* - i.e. new-garbed in heaven, *turn them out of service* - i.e. dismiss them, stripped of their uniforms

**Act 4, Scene 4 The field of battle**

*(Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, FRENCH SOLDIER and BOY.)*

PISTOL

Yield, cur!

FRENCH SOLDIER

Je pense que vous etes le gentilhomme de bonne qualite.

PISTOL

Qualitie calmie custure me!\*

Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss.

FRENCH SOLDIER

O Seigneur Dieu!

PISTOL

O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman. Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark.

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, except, O signieur, thou do give to me egregious\* ransom.

FRENCH SOLDIER

O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitie de moi!

PISTOL

Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys; or I will fetch thy rim\* out at thy throat in drops of crimson blood.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?

PISTOL

Brass, cur?

Thou damned and luxurious\* mountain goat, offerest me brass?

FRENCH SOLDIER

O pardonnez moi!

PISTOL

Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?

Come hither, boy. Ask me this slave in French what is his name.

BOY

Escoute. Comment estes-vous appele?

FRENCH SOLDIER

Monsieur le Fer.

*Qualitie calmie custure me!* - gibberish, *egregious* - Pistol probably means huge, *rim* - belly-lining, *luxurious* - lecherous

BOY

He says his name is Master Fer.

PISTOL

Master Fer? I'll fer him, and firk\* him and ferret\* him!

Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Que dit-il, monsieur?

BOY

Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest;  
car ce soldat ici est dispose tout asture de couper vostre gorge.

PISTOL

Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy, peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns,  
o'er-mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

FRENCH SOLDIER

O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner!

Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison. Gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents ecus.

PISTOL

What are his words?

BOY

He prays you to save his life.

He is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

PISTOL

Tell him my fury shall abate, and I the crowns will take.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

BOY

Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier,  
neantmoins, pour les ecus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner le liberte,  
le franchisement.

FRENCH SOLDIER

Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercimens;  
et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombe entre les mains d'un chevalier,  
je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et tres distingue seigneur d'Angleterre.

PISTOL

Expound unto me, boy.

firk - beat, ferret - worry like a ferret

BOY

He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks;  
and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks,  
the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

PISTOL

As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.  
Follow me!

BOY

Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.

*(Exeunt PISTOL, and FRENCH SOLDIER.)*

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart.  
But the saying is true, 'The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.'  
Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil but they are both hanged;  
and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously.  
I must stay with the lackeys with the luggage of our camp.  
The French might have good prey of us, if they knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys.

*(Exit BOY.)*

**Act 4, Scene 5 Another part of the field**

*(Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN and RAMBURES.)*

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.

*(A short alarum.)*

CONSTABLE

All our ranks are broke.

DAUPHIN

Be these the wretches that we played at dice for?

ORLEANS

Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOURBON

Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die in honor. Once more back again!

CONSTABLE

Disorder, that hath spoiled us, friend us now!

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

ORLEANS

We are enough yet living in the field to smother up the English in our throngs,  
if any order might be thought upon.

BOURBON

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

*(Exeunt.)*

**Act 4, Scene 6 Another part of the field**

*(Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and forces, EXETER, and others.)*

KING 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.

KING 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 honor-owing wounds, the noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.  
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled\* over, comes to him, 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.'  
I came and cheered him up.  
He smiled me in the face, raught me\* his hand, and with a feeble grip, says,  
'Dear my lord, commend my service to my sovereign,' and so died.

KING HENRY V

Heaven, take his soul.

*(Alarum.)*

But, hark, what new alarum is this?  
The French have reinforced their scattered men.  
Then every soldier kill his prisoners. Give the word through.

*(Exeunt.)*

*larding* - fattening; fertilizing, *haggled* - hacked, *Tarry* - Wait, *raught me* - reached me

## Act 4, Scene 7 Another part of the field

*(Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.)*

FLUELLEN

Kill the poys and the luggage? 'Tis expressly against the law of arms.  
'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience, now, is it not?

GOWER

'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle have done this slaughter.  
Besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent.

*(Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, and forces; WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER and others.)*

KING HENRY V

I was not angry since I came to France until this instant.  
Take a trumpet, herald; 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.  
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.

*(Enter MONTJOY.)*

EXETER

Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

GLOUCESTER

His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

KING HENRY V

How now? What means this, herald? Comest thou again for ransom?

MONTJOY

No, great King.  
I come to thee that we may wander over this bloody field to book\* our dead, and then to bury them;  
to sort our nobles from our common men.  
For many of our princes—woe the while—lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood;  
and their wounded steeds with wild rage yerk\* out their armed heels at their dead masters, killing them twice.  
O give us leave, great King, to view the field in safety and dispose of their dead bodies!

KING HENRY V

I tell thee truly, herald, I know not if the day be ours or no;  
for yet many of your horsemen peer\* and gallop over the field.

MONTJOY

The day is yours.

*book* - register, *yerk* - kick, *peer* - appear

KING HENRY V

Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!  
What is this castle called that stands hard by?

MONTJOY

They call it Agincourt.

KING HENRY V

Then call we this the field of Agincourt, fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLUELLEN

Your grandfather and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

KING HENRY V

They did, Fluellen.

FLUELLEN

Your majesty says very true.

If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honorable padge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Davy's day.

KING HENRY V

I wear it for a memorable honor; for I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLUELLEN

All the water in Wye\* cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

KING HENRY V

Thanks, good my countryman.

FLUELLEN

By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world. I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

KING HENRY V

God keep me so.

Our heralds go with him. Bring me just notice of the numbers dead on both our parts.

*(Exeunt Herald's with MONTJOY.)*

Call yonder fellow hither. *(Points to WILLIAMS.)*

*Wye* - a sacred river in Wales

EXETER

Soldier, you must come to the King.

KING HENRY V

Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

WILLIAMS

And it please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

KING HENRY V

An Englishman?

WILLIAMS

And it 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 of the ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

KING HENRY V

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

FLUELLEN

He is a craven\* and a villain else, and it please your majesty, in my conscience.

KING HENRY V

It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.\*

FLUELLEN

Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain as ever his black shoe trod upon.

KING HENRY V

Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

WILLIAMS

So I will, my liege, as I live.

KING HENRY V

Who servest thou under?

WILLIAMS

Under Captain Gower, my liege.

FLUELLEN

Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literated\* in the wars.

*craven* - coward, *from the answer of his degree* - above responding to a challenge from one of his rank,  
*literated* - well read

KING HENRY V

Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILLIAMS

I will, my liege

*(Exit WILLIAMS.)*

KING HENRY V

Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favor for me and stick it in thy cap.  
When Alencon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove 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, as thou dost me love.

FLUELLEN

Your grace doo's me as great honors 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, that is all.

KING HENRY V

Knowest thou Gower?

FLUELLEN

He is my dear friend, and please you.

KING HENRY V

Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

FLUELLEN

I will fetch him.

*(Exit FLUELLEN.)*

KING HENRY V

My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester, follow Fluellen closely at the heels.  
The glove which I have given him for a favor may haply purchase him a box of the ear.  
It is the soldier's. I by bargain should wear it myself.  
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge by his blunt bearing he will keep his word,  
some sudden mischief may arise of it.  
I do know Fluellen valiant and, touched with choler,\* hot as gunpowder, will quickly return an injury.  
Follow and see there be no harm between them.  
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

*(Exeunt.)*

*choler* - anger

**Act 4, Scene 8 Before King Henry's pavilion**

*(GOWER and WILLIAMS.)*

WILLIAMS

I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*(Enter FLUELLEN.)*

FLUELLEN

God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the King.  
There is more good toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

WILLIAMS

Sir, know you this glove?

FLUELLEN

Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

WILLIAMS

I know this; and thus I challenge it.

*(Strikes FLUELLEN.)*

FLUELLEN

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

GOWER

How now, sir! You villain!

WILLIAMS

Do you think I'll be forsworn?

FLUELLEN

Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment, I warrant you.

WILLIAMS

I am no traitor.

FLUELLEN

That's a lie in thy throat.  
I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him. He's a friend of the Duke Alencon's.

*(Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER.)*

WARWICK

How now, how now? What's the matter?

FLUELLEN

My Lord of Warwick, here is—praised be God for it—a most contagious treason come to light.  
Here is his majesty.

*(Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.)*

KING HENRY V

How now? What's the matter?

FLUELLEN

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

WILLIAMS

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 in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

FLUELLEN

Your majesty hear now, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave it is.  
I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and that this is the glove of Alencon,  
that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now?

KING HENRY V

Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it.  
'Twas I indeed thou promised 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.

KING HENRY V

How canst thou make me satisfaction?

WILLIAMS

All offenses, my lord, come from the heart.  
Never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

KING HENRY V

It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WILLIAMS

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.

*lowliness* - humble bearing

KING HENRY V

Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, and give it to this fellow.  
Keep it, fellow; and wear it for an honor 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 God,  
and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions.

WILLIAMS

I will none of your money.

FLUELLEN

It is with a good will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes.  
Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so good.  
'Tis a good shilling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*(Enter an English HERALD.)*

KING HENRY V

Now, herald, are the dead numbered?

HERALD

Here is the number of the slaughtered French.

KING HENRY V

What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

EXETER

Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King; John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt.  
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires, full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

KING HENRY V

This note doth tell me of ten thousand French that in the field lie slain.  
Of princes, in this number, and 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 dubbed 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?

*(HERALD shows him another paper.)*

Edward 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!

EXETER

'Tis wonderful!

KING HENRY V

Come, go we in procession to the village.

And be it death proclaimed through our host to boast of this or take the praise from God which is his only.

FLUELLEN

Is it not lawful, and please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

KING HENRY V

Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgement, that God fought for us.

FLUELLEN

Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

KING HENRY V

Do we all holy rites.

Let there be sung 'Non nobis' and 'Te Deum.'\*

*(Exeunt.)*

*Non nobis' and 'Te Deum* - Psalm CXV (beginning in English,  
'Not unto us, oh Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory.')

## Act 5, Scene 1 France. The English camp

(Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.)

GOWER

Nay, that's right. But why wear you your leek today? Saint Davy's day is past.

FLUELLEN

I will tell you as my friend, Captain Gower.

The rascally, peggarly, lousy, praggng knave, Pistol,  
which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,  
he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek.

It was in place where I could not preed no contention with him;  
but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again,  
and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

(Enter PISTOL.)

GOWER

Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey cock.

FLUELLEN

'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey cocks.  
God pless you, Aunchient Pistol, you scurvy, lousy knave. God pless you!

PISTOL

Ha! art thou bedlam? \*Dost thou thirst, base Trojan,\* to have me fold up Parca's fatal web? \*  
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLUELLEN

I peseech you heartily, scurvy, lousy knave, to eat, look you, this leek.  
Because, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it,  
I would desire you to eat it.

PISTOL

Not for Cadwallader\* and all his goats.\*

FLUELLEN

There is one goat for you. (FLUELLEN strikes PISTOL.)  
Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

PISTOL

Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLUELLEN

You say very true, lousy knave, when God's will is.

*bedlam* - mad, *Trojan* - slang for a person of low character, *fold up Parca's fatal web* - complete the design of Parcae (fate) by ending your life, *Cadwallader* - last of the British kings, *goats* - associated with Welsh poverty

I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce\* for it.

*(FLUELLEN strikes PISTOL.)*

If you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

GOWER

Enough, captain. You have astonished\* him.

FLUELLEN

I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate\* four days.

Bite, I pray you. It is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.\*

PISTOL

Must I bite?

FLUELLEN

Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

PISTOL

By this leek, I will most horribly revenge.

Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

FLUELLEN

Nay, pray you throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb.

Hold you, there is a groat\* to heal your pate.

PISTOL

Me a groat!

FLUELLEN

Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket which you shall eat.

PISTOL

I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

FLUELLEN

If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels.

God be with you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

*(Exit FLUELLEN.)*

PISTOL

All hell shall stir for this!

GOWER

Go, go. You are a counterfeit cowardly knave.

*sauce* - i.e. Pistol's blood, *astonished* - dazed, *pate* - head, *coxcomb* - fool's head, *groat* - fourpenny piece

Will you mock at an ancient tradition?  
I have seen you gleeking and galling\* at this gentleman twice or thrice.  
You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb,\*  
he could not therefore handle an English cudgel.  
You find it otherwise.  
Fare ye well.

*(Exit GOWER.)*

PISTOL

Doth Fortune play the huswife\* with me now?  
News have I, that my Nell is dead of malady of France;\* and there my rendezvous is quite cut off.  
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs honor is cudgelled.  
Well, bawd I'll turn, and something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.  
And patches\* will I get unto these cudgelled scars, and swear I got them in the Gallia\* wars.  
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal.

*(Exit PISTOL.)*

**Act 5, Scene 2 France. A royal palace**

*(Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND and other lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHERINE, ALICE and other French.)*

KING HENRY V

Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.  
Unto our brother France, and to our sister, health and fair time of day.  
Joy and good wishes to our most fair and princely cousin Katherine.  
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.

QUEEN ISABEL

So happy be the issue, brother England, of this gracious meeting,  
that shall this day change all griefs and quarrels into love.

KING HENRY V

To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

QUEEN ISABEL

You English princes all, I do salute you.

KING HENRY V

If you would the peace, 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.

KING OF FRANCE

I have but with a cursitory\* eye overglanced 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, and we will suddenly pass our accept\* and peremptory\* answer.

KING HENRY V

Brother, we shall.  
Go, uncle Exeter, and brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester, Warwick and Huntingdon,  
go with the King; and take with you free power to ratify, augment, or alter,  
as your wisdoms best shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
anything in or out of our demands, and we'll consign\* thereto.  
Will you, fair sister, go with the princes or stay here with us?

QUEEN ISABEL

Our gracious brother, I will go with them.

*cursitory* - cursory, *accept* - accepted, *peremptory* - authoritative, *consign* - consent

Haply a woman's voice may do some good when articles too nicely urged be stood on.\*

KING HENRY V

Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us.  
She is our capital\* demand, comprised within the fore rank of our articles.

QUEEN ISABEL

She hath good leave.

*(Exeunt all except HENRY, KATHERINE and ALICE.)*

KING HENRY V

Fair Katherine, and most fair, will you teach a soldier terms such as will enter at a lady's ear and plead his love suit to her gentle heart?

KATHERINE

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

KING HENRY V

O fair Katherine, 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?

KATHERINE

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

KING HENRY V

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

KATHERINE

Que dit-il? Que je suis semblable a les anges?

ALICE

Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit il.

KING HENRY V

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

KATHERINE

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

KING HENRY V

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

ALICE

Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits. Dat is de princess.

*when articles too nicely urged be stood on* - when trivialities are insisted upon, *capital* - chief

KING HENRY V

In faith, Kate, I am glad thou canst speak no better English;  
for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king  
that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown.  
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, 'Do you in faith?' I wear out my suit.\*  
Give me your answer, in faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain.  
How say you, lady?

KATHERINE

Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

KING HENRY V

Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me.  
If I could win a lady at leapfrog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back,  
I should quickly leap into a wife.  
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 anything 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.  
And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined\* constancy;  
for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places.  
For these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favors,  
they do always reason themselves out again.  
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, a full eye will wax hollow;  
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.

KATHERINE

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

KING 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.

KATHERINE

I cannot tell wat is dat.

*wear out my suit* - exhaust my terms of courtship, *uncoined* - not prepared for circulation, *pate* - head

KING HENRY V

No, Kate? I will tell thee in French;  
which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck,  
hardly to be shook off.

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 thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

KATHERINE

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

KING HENRY V

No, faith, it is not, Kate.

But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

KATHERINE

I cannot tell.

KING HENRY V

Can any of thy neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them.

If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt,  
thou must needs prove a good soldier-breeder.

Shall not thou and I, compound a boy, half French, half English,  
that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not?  
What sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

KATHERINE

I do not know dat.

KING HENRY V

No; 'tis hereafter to know.

But by mine honor, I love thee, Kate; by which honor I dare not swear thou lovest me;  
yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor effect of my visage.

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 can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst.  
And therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me?

Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress;  
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, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken English.

Wilt thou have me?

KATHERINE

Dat is as it sall please de roi mon pere.

KING HENRY V

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

KATHERINE

Den it sall also content me.

KING HENRY V

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

KATHERINE

Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez!

Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur enbaisant la main  
d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon tres-puissant seigneur.

KING HENRY V

Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATHERINE

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

KING 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.

KING HENRY V

To kiss.

ALICE

Your majesty entendre bettere que moi.

KING HENRY V

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

ALICE

Oui, vraiment.

KING HENRY V

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; and the liberty that follows our places\* stops the mouth of all find-faults,  
as I will do yours for upholding the nice\* fashion of your country in denying me a kiss.

Therefore, patiently and yielding. (*HENRY kisses KATE.*)

*list* - barrier, *follows our places* - attends our rank, *nice* - fastidious

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.  
 Here comes your father.

*(Re enter the FRENCH KING and his QUEEN, EXETER, WESTMORLAND and other lords.)*

FRENCH KING

Gracious King, we have consented to all terms of reason.

KING HENRY V

Is it 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.

KING HENRY

Shall Kate be my wife?

FRENCH KING

So please you.

KING HENRY

I am content.

FRENCH KING

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 neighborhood and Christian-like accord in their sweet bosoms,  
 that never war advance his bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

ALL

Amen!

KING HENRY V

Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all, that here I kiss her as my sovereign Queen.  
 Prepare we for our marriage;  
 on which day, we'll take our 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!

*(Horns.)*

*(Exeunt.)*

*surety of our leagues* - guarantee of our treaties

## CHORUS 6

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen, our bending\* author hath pursued the story,  
in little room confining mighty men, mangling by starts\* the full course of their glory.  
Small time; but in that small most greatly lived this star of England.

Fortune made his sword, by which the world's best garden\* he achieved, and of it left his son imperial lord.  
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands\* crowned King of France and England, did this King succeed;  
whose state so many had the managing that they lost France and made his England bleed:  
which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,\* in your fair minds let this\* acceptance take.

*(Exit CHORUS.)*

*bending* - bowing; humble, *mangling by starts* - misrepresenting in fragments, *best garden* - France,  
*infant bands* - swaddling clothes, *for their sake* - inasmuch as they have pleased you, *this* - this play