

THE  
CRONICLE  
History of Henry the fift,  
With his battell fought at Agin Court in  
*France. Together with Auntient  
Pistoll.*

*As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable  
the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.*



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# The Chronicle Historie of Henry the fift: with his battel fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auncient Pistoll.

Sc.i

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Bishops, Clarence, and other  
Attendants.*

*Exeter.*

Iii.

**S**hall I call in Thambassadors my Liege?  
*King.* Not yet my Cousin, til we be resolute.  
Of some serious matters touching vs and France.  
*Bi.* God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,  
And make you long become it.

*King.* Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed  
Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in France,  
Or should or should nor, stop vs in our clayme:  
And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,  
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.  
For God doth know how many now in health,  
Shall drop their blood in approbation,  
Of whar your reuerence shall incite vs too.  
Therefore take heed how you impayne our person.  
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:  
We charge you in the name of God take heed.  
After this coniuration, speake my Lord:  
And we will iudge, note, and beleue in heart,  
That what you speake, is washt as pure  
As sin in baptisme.

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Bish.

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29 +  
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32 +  
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*The Chronicle Historie*

Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peeres,  
Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices  
To this imperiall throne.

There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*

But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,

No female shall succeed in salicke land,

Which salicke land the French vniustly gloze

To be the realme of *France*:

And *Faramont* the founder of this law and female barres

Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme

That the land salicke lyes in *Germany*,

Betweene the flouds of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,

Where *Charles* the fift hauing subdued the Saxons,

There left behind, and settled certaine French,

Who holding in disdain the Germaine women,

For some dishonest maners of their liues,

Establisht there this lawe. To wit,

No female shall succeed in salicke land:

Which salicke land as I said before,

Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mesene*:

Thus doth it well appeare the salicke lawe

Was not deuised for the realme of *France*,

Nor did the French possesse the salicke land,

Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares.

After the function of king *Faramont*;

Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:

*Hugh Capet* also that vsurpt the crowne,

To fine his title with some shoue of truth,

When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught;

Conuaid himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,

Daughter to *Charles*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorain*,

So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,

King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capet*s claime,

King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,

To hold in right and title of the female:

So do the Lords of *France* vntil this day,

Howbeit they would hold vp this salick lawe.

To

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*of Henry the fift.*

To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,  
 And rather choote to hide them in a net,  
 Then amply to imbrace their crooked causes,  
 Vsurpt from you and your progenitors. (claimes)

*K.* May we with right & conscience make this

*Bi.* The sin vpon my head dread soueraigne,

For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,  
 When the sonne dies, let the inheritance  
 Descend vnto the daughter.

Noble Lord stand for your owne,

Vnwinde your bloody flagge,

Go my dread Lord to your great graunsirs gracie,  
 From whom you clayme:

And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,

Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy

Making defeat on the full power of *France*,

Whilest his most mighty father on a hill,

Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpes,

Foraging blood of French Nobilitie.

O Noble English that could entertaine

With halfe their Forces the full power of *France*:

And let an other halfe stand laughing by,

All out of worke, and cold for action.

*King.* We must not onely arme vs against the French,

But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,

Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.

*Bi.* The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient

To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers.

*King.* We do not meane the courting sneakers onely,

But feare the inayne entendement of the Scot,

For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather

Vnmask his power for *France*,

But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht Kingdome,

Came pouring like the Tide into a breach

That *England* being empty of defences,

Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hereof.

*Bi.* She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:

92

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96 †

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100 †

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104 &lt;

108 †

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112 †

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140 †

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*The Chronicle Historie*

For heare her but examplified by her selfe,  
 When all her chiuallry hath bene in *France*  
 And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,  
 She hath her selfe not only well defended,  
 But taken and impounded as a stray, the king of Scots,  
 Whom like a caytiffe she did leade to *France*,  
 Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise  
 As is the owle and bottome of the sea  
 With sunken wrack and shipleffe treasure.  
*Eord.* There is a saying very old and true,  
 If you will *France* win,  
 Then with *Scotland* first begin:  
 For once the Eagle, England being in pray,  
 To his vn furnish nest the weazel Scot  
 Would suck her eggs, playing the moule in absence of the  
 To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat. (cat:

*Exe.* It followes then, the cat must stay at home,  
 Yet that is but a curst necessitie,  
 Since we haue trappes to catch the petty theeces:  
 Whilste that the armed hand doth fight abroad  
 The aduised head controlles at home.  
 For gouernment though high or lowe, being put into parts,  
 Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke.

*Bi.* True: therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man  
 in diuers functions.

Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience:  
 For so liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe  
 Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome:  
 They haue a King and officers of fort,  
 Where some like Magistrates correct at home:  
 Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:  
 Others like souldiers armed in their stings,  
 Make boote vpon the sommets veluet bud:  
 Which pillage they with mery march bring home  
 To the tent royall of their Emperour,  
 Who busied in his maiestie, behold  
 The singing masons building roofes of gold:

The

The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,  
 The sad eyde Iustice with his furly humme,  
 Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.  
 This infer, that 20. actions once a foote,  
 May all end in one moment.

As many Arrowes losed seuerall wayes, flye to one marke:  
 As many seuerall wayes meete in one towne:  
 As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea:  
 As many lines close in the dyall center:  
 So may a thousand actions once a foote,  
 End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.

Therefore my Liege to *France*,  
 Diuide your happy England into foure,  
 Of which take you one quarter into *France*,  
 And you withall, shall make all *Gallia* shake.  
 If we with thrice that power left at home,  
 Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,  
 Let vs be bearen, and from henceforth lose  
 The name of pollicy and hardinesse.

K<sup>e</sup>. Call in the messenger sent frō the Dolphin,  
 And by your ayde, the noble sinewes of our land,  
*France* being ours, wee leaue it to our awc,  
 Or breake it all in peeces:

Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mowth speak  
 Freely of our acts,

Or else like tooonglesse mutes  
 Not worshipsit with a paper Epitaph:

*Enter Thambassadors from France.*

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,  
 For we heare your comming is from him.

*Ambassa.* Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leaue  
 Freely to render what we haue in charge:

Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,  
 The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?

*King.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,  
 To whom our spirit is as subiect,  
 As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.

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Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse  
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

*Ambas.* Then this in fine the Dolphin saith,  
Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in *France*,  
From your predeceffor king *Edward* the third,  
This he returnes.

He saith, theres nought in *France* that can be with a nimble  
Galliard wonne: you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there:  
Therefore he sendeth meetet for your study,  
This tunne of treasure: and in lieu of this,  
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue  
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin saith.

*King.* What treasure Vncle?

*Exc.* Tennis balies my Liege.

*King.* We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,  
Your message and his present we accept:  
When we haue matchd our rackets to these bailes,  
We will by Gods grace play such a fer,  
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.  
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,  
That all the Courrs of *France* shall be disturbd with chafes.  
And we vnderstand him well, how he comes ore vs  
With our wilder dayes, not measuring what vs we made  
of them.

We neuer valued this poore seate of England.  
And therefore gaue our selues to barbarous licence:  
As tis common scene that men are merriest when they are  
from home.

But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,  
Be like a King, mightie and commaund,  
When we do rowse vs in throne of *France*:  
For this haue we laid by our Maistie  
And plodded lide a man for working dayes.  
But we will rise, there with so full of glory,  
That we will dazell all the eyes of *France*,  
I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,  
And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his balies to gun  
And

158

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Sc.i

*of Henry the fifth.*

And his soule shall sit sore charged for the waitfull  
(vengeance

That shall flye from them. For this his mocke  
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.  
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Castles downe,  
I some are yet vngotten and vnborne,  
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.  
But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we doo  
(appeale,

And in whose name tel you the Dolphin we are coming on  
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand  
In a rightfull cause: so get you hence, and tell your Prince,  
His lest will fauour but of shallow wit,  
When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it.  
Conuey them with safe conduct: see them hence.

*Exc.* This was a merry message.

*King.* We hope to make the sender blush at it:  
Therefore let our collectio for the wars be soone provided:  
For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers  
(doore.

Therefore let every man now taske his thought,  
That this faire action may on foote be brought.

*Exeunt omnes.*

Sc.ii

*Enter Nim and Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Godmorrow Corporall *Nim.*

*Nim.* Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* What is ancient *Pistoll* and thee friends yet?

*Nim.* I cannot tell, things must be as they may:

I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:  
It is a simple one, but what tho; it will serue to taste cheese.  
And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,  
And theres the humor of it.

*Bar.* Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,  
For thou wast troth plighted to her.

*B*

*Nim. I*

I.ii

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II.i

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*Nim.* I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare;  
Yet steel plod, and some say kniues haue edges,  
And men may sleepe and haue their throates about them  
At that time, and there is the humour of it.

*Bar.* Come yfaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*  
And thee friendes. What a plague should we carrie kniues  
To cut our owne throates.

*Nim.* Yfaith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it.  
And when I cannot hue any longer, Ile do as I may,  
And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.

*Enter Pistoll and Hostes Quickly, his wife.*

*Bar.* Godmorrow ancient *Pistoll*.

Here comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prithe *Nim* be quiet.

*Nim.* How do you my Hoste?

*Pist.* Base slaue, callest thou me hoste?

Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,  
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

*Host.* No by my troath not I,

For we cannot bed nor boord half a score honest gētlewome  
That liue honestly by the prick of their neede,  
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.

O Lord heeres Corporall *Nims*, now shall

We haue wilful adultery and murther committed:

Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,

And put vp your sword.

*Nim.* Push.

*Pist.* What dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Islands?

*Nim.* Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

*Pist.* Solus egregious dog, that solus in thy throte,  
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within  
Thy messfull mouth, I do resort that solus in thy  
Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,  
And *Pistolls* flashing fiery cock is vp.

*Nim.* I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniure me:

I haue an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well,  
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*, Ile scour you with my  
Rapier

*of Henry the first.*

Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a litle,  
 Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes,  
 And theres the humour of it.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,  
 The Graue doth gape, and groaning  
 Death is neare, therefore exall.

*They drawe.*

*Bar.* Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,  
 Ile kill him, as I am a souldier.

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

*Nim.* Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire  
 And theres the humor of it, (termes,

*Pist.* Couple gorge is the word, I thee desie agen:  
 A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?

No, to the powdering tub of infamy,  
 Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,  
 Doll Tear-sheete, she by name, and her espowse  
 I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickiy,  
 For the onely she and Peco, there it is inough.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Hostes you must come straight to my maister,  
 And you Host *Pistoll*. Good *Bardolfe*

Put thy nose betweenc the sheetes, and do the office of a  
 (warming pan.

*Host.* By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one  
 (of these dayes.

Ile go to him, husband youle come?

*Bar.* Come *Pistoll* be friends.

*Nim* prithce be friends, and if thou wilt not be  
 Enemies with me too.

*Ni.* I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you at bearing?

*Pist.* Base is the slaue that payes.

*Nim.* That now I will haue, and theres the humor of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound. *They draw.*

*Bar.* He that strikes the first blow,  
 Ile kill him by this sword.

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.

B 2

*Nim*

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104 †

*The Chronicle Historie*

*Nim.* I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at beating?

*Pist.* A noble shalt thou haue, and readie pay,  
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,  
And friendship shall combind and brotherhood:  
Ile liue by *Nim* as *Nim* shall liue by me :

Is not this iust? for I shall Surer be  
Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.

*Nim.* I shall haue my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most truly paid.

*Nim.* Why theres the humour of it.

*Enter Hostes.*

*Hostes.* As euer you came of men come in,  
Sir *Iohn* poore soule is so troubled  
With a burning rathan cortigian feuer, tis wonderfull.

*Pist.* Let vs condoll the knight: for lamkins we will liue.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Exeter and Gloster.*

*Gloft.* Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust  
these traytors.

*Exe.* They shalbe apprehended by and by.

*Gloft.* I but the man that was his bedfellow  
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours  
That he should for a forraigne purse, to sell  
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

*Exe.* O the Lord of *Massham*.

*Enter the King and three Lords.*

*King.* Now sirs the windes faire, and we wil aboard;  
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Massham*,  
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts,  
Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,  
Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France*?

*Malha.* No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

*Cam. Newes*

*of Henry the fifth.*

*Cam.* Neuer was Monarch better feared and loved then  
is your maiestie.

*Gray.* Euen those that were your fathers enemies  
Haue steeped their galles in honey for your sake.

*King.* We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,  
And shall forget the office of our hands :

Sooner then reward and merit,  
According to their cause and worthinesse.

*Masba.* So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,  
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope  
To do your Grace incessant seruice.

*King.* Vncle of *Exeter*, enlarge the man  
Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,  
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,  
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

*Masba.* That is mercie, but too much securitie :  
Let him bee punisht Soueraigne , least the example of  
(him,

Breed more of such a kinde.

*King.* O let vs yet be mercifull.

*Cam.* So may your highnesse, and punish too.

*Gray.* You shew great mercie if you giue him life,  
After the taste of his correction.

*King.* Alas you too much care and loue of me  
Are heauy orisons gainst the poore wretch,  
If litle faults proceeding on distemper should not bee  
(winked at,

How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,  
Chewed, swallowed and digested, appeare before vs :  
Well yet enlarge the man, tho Cambridge and the rest  
In their deare loues, and tender preferuation of our state,  
Would haue him punisht.

Now to our French causes.

Who are the late Commissioners ?

*Cam.* Me one my Lord, your highnesse bad me aske for  
it to day.

## The Chronicle Historic

*Masb.* So did you me my Soueraigne.

*Gray.* And me my Lord.

*King.* Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge* there is yours:  
There is yours my Lord of *Masbam*.

And fir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland*, this same is  
Read them, and know we know your worthinesse. (yours  
*Vnckle Exeter* I will aboard to night.

Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?

What see you in those papers

That hath so chased your blood out of apparances?

*Cam.* I do confesse my fault, and do submit me  
To your highnesse mercie.

*Masb.* To which we all appeale.

*King.* The mercy which was quit in vs but late,

By your owne reasons is forestald and done:

You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,

For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,

As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.

See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,

These English monsters:

My Lord of *Cambridge* here,

You know how apt we were to grace him,

In all things belonging to his honour:

And this vilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,

Lightly conspired and sworne vnto the practises of *France*:

To kill vs here in *Hampton*. To the which,

This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs

Then *Cambridge* is, haah likewise sworne.

But oh what shall I say to thee false man,

Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,

Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,

That knewst the very secrets of my heart,

That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,

Wouldest thou a practise on me for thy vse:

Can it be possible that out of thee

Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

Tis

48

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*of Henry the first.*

84      **T**is so strange, that tho the truth doth shoue as grose  
 As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.  
 Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the lawe,  
 And God acquir them of their practises.

88      *Exc.* I arrest thee of high treason,  
 By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.  
 I arrest thee of high treason,  
 By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Masbam*.  
 I arrest thee of high treason,  
 By the name of *Thomas Gray*, knight of *Northumberland*.

92      *Masb.* Our purposes God iustly hath discovered,  
 And I repent my fault more then my death,  
 Which I beseech your maiestie forgieue.  
 Altho my body pay the price of it.

96      *King.* God quit you in his mercy. Heare your sentence.  
 You haue conspired against our royall person,  
 Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed and fix'd.  
 100      And frō his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death  
 Touching our person we seeke no redresse.  
 But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender  
 Whose ruine you haue sought,  
 That to our lawes we do deliuer you.      (death,  
 104      Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your  
 The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you      (amisse:  
 Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds  
 Beare them hence.

*Exit three Lords.*

108      **N**ow Lords to *Frances*. The enterpriso whereof,  
 Shall be to you as vs, successiuly.  
 Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way  
 Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance:  
 112      **N**o King of England, if not King of *France*.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter*

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104 †  
142 †

198 †

152

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168 †

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176 †

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180 †

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185-6 †  
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*The Chronicle Historie*

*Enter Nim, Piffell, Bardolfe, Hostes and a Boy.*

*Host.* I prethy sweete heart, let me bring thee so farre as  
(*Stanes.*)

*Piff.* No fur, no fur.

*Bar.* Well sir *John* is gone. God be with him.

*Host.* I, he is in *Arthurs* bosom, if euer any were:

He went away as if it were a crylombd childe,

Betweene twelue and one,

Iust at turning of the tide:

His nose was as sharpe as a pen:

For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,

And talk of floures, and smile vpo his fingers ends

I knew there was no way but or .

How now sir *John* quoth I?

And he cryed three times, God, God, God,

Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,

I hope there was no such need.

Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:

And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone:

And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone.

And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any storm.

*Nim.* They say he cride out on Sack.

*Host.* I that he did.

*Boy.* And of women.

*Host.* No that he did not.

*Boy.* Yes that he did: and he sed they were diuels incarnate.

*Host.* Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

*Nim.* Well he did cry out on women.

*Host.* Indeed he did in some sort handle women,

But then he was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of

(*Babylon.*)

*Boy.* Hostes do you remember he saw a Flea stand

Vpon *Bardolfes* Nose, and sed it was a black soule

Burning in hell fire?

*Bar.*



II.iii.

Sc. iv'

*of Henry the fifth.*

**Bar.** Well, God be with him,  
That was all the wealth I got in his service,

*Nim.* Shall we shog off?  
The king wil be gone from Southampton.

**Pist.** Cleare vp thy cristalles,  
**Looke** to my chattels and my moueables.  
**Trust** none: the word is pitch and pay:

**Mens words are wafer cakes,  
And holdfast is the only dog my dreare.  
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,  
Touch her soft lips and part.**

**Bar. Farewell hostcs.**

*Nim.* I cannot kiss: and thence the humor of it.  
But adieu.

**Pist.** Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

**Exit omnes.**

*Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,  
and others.*

Sc.v.

**King.** Now you Lords of *Orleanse,*  
*Of Bourbon,* and of *Berry,*  
You see the King of England is not slack,  
For he is footed on this land alreadie.

*Dolphin.* My gracious Lord, tis meet we all goe  
And arme vs against the foe: (foorth,  
And view the weak & sickly parts of *France*:

But let vs do it with no show of feare,  
No with no more, then if we heard  
England were busied with a Mois dance.  
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,  
Her scepter so fantastickly borne,  
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,  
Thar feare attends her not.

**Con, O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceive your self,**

• C

### Question

II iv. †

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*The Chronicle Historie*

Question your grace the late Embassador,  
 With what regard he heard his Embassage,  
 How well supplied with aged Counsellours,  
 And how his resolution answered him,  
 You then would say that *Harry* was not wilde.

*King.* Well thinke we *Harry* strong:  
 And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.

*Com.* My Lord here is an Embassador  
 From the King of England.

*King.* Bid him come in.

You see this chase is hotly followed Lords:

*Dol.* My gracious father, cut vp this English short.  
 Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing,  
 As selfe neglecting.

*Enter Exeter.*

*King.* From our brother England?

*Exc.* From him, and thus he greets your Maiesties  
 He wils you in the name of God Almighty,  
 That you deuest your selfe and lay apart  
 That borrowed tittle, which by gift of heauen,  
 Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs  
 To him and to his heires, namely the crowne  
 And all wide stretched titles that belongs  
 Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know  
 Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claime,  
 Pickt from the worm holes of old vanisht dayes,  
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion rackte,  
 He sends you these most memorable lynes,  
 In euery branch truly demonstrated:  
 Willing you ouerlooke this pedigree,  
 And when you finde him euently deriued  
 From his most famed and famous ancestors,  
*Edward* the third, he bids you then resigne  
 Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held  
 From him, the natue and true challenger.

*King.*

## of Henry the fifth.

*King.* If not, what follows?

*Exc.* Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown

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

Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,

In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Toue*,

That if requiring faile, he will compell it:

And on your heads turnes he the widowes teares,

The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,

The pining maydens groanes,

For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,

Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.

This is his claime, his threatening, and my message,

Vnles the *Dolphin* be in presence here,

To whom exprestly we bring greeting too.

*Dol.* For the *Dolphin*? I stand here for him,

What to heare from England.

*Exc.* Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,

And any thing that may not misbecome

The mightie sencer, doth he prise you at:

Thus saith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse

Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,

Heele call you to so loud an answer for it,

That caues and wombely vaultes of *France*

Shall chide your trespassse, and return your mock,

In second accent of his ordenance.

*Dol.* Say that my father render faire reply,

It is against my will:

For I desire nothing so much,

As oddes with England.

And for that cause according to his youth

I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

*Exc.* Heele make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,

Were it the mistresse Court of mightie *Europe*,

And be assured, youle finde a difference

As we his subjects haue in wonder found:

96 +

100

108 +

112 +

116 +

120 +

124 +

128 +

132

*The Chronicle Historie*

Betweene his yonger dayes and these he musters now,  
Now he wayes time euen to the latest graine,  
Which you shall finde in your owne losses  
If he stay in *France*.

*King.* Well for vs, you shall retorne our answere backe  
To our brother England.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, Boy.*

*Nim.* Before God here is hote seruice.

*Pist.* Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,  
Gods vassals drop and die.

*Nim.* Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.

*Boy.* Would I were in London:

Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

*Pist.* And I. If wishes would preuaile,  
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

*Enter Flewellen and beates them in.*

*Flew.* Godes plud vp to the breaches  
You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches?

*Nim.* Abate thy rage sweete knight,  
Abate thy rage.

*Boy.* Well I would I were once from them:

They would haue me as familar  
With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their  
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.

*Bardolfe* stole a Lute case, carryed it three mile,  
And sold it for three hapence.

*Nim* stole a fier shouell.

I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:

Well, if they will not leaue me,  
I meane to leaue them.

*Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the Boy.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Gower.* Captain *Flewellen*, you must come strait  
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloster*.

Looke

*of Henry the first.*

*Flew.* Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good  
To come to the mines : the conuaueties is otherwise.  
You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is digd  
Himselfe five yardes vnder the countermynes :  
By *Iesus* I thinke heele blowe vp all  
If there be no better direction.

*Enter the King and his Lords alarums.*

*King.* How yet resolues the Gouvernour of the Towne ?  
This is the latest parley weeke admit :  
Therefore to our best mercie giue your selues,  
Or like to men proud of destruction, defie vs to our worst,  
For as I am a souldier, a name that in my thoughts  
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe  
I will not leaue the halfe archieued Harflew,  
Till in her ashes she be buried,  
The gates of mercie are all shut vp.  
What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,  
Or guiltie in defence be thus destroyd?

*Enter Gouvernour.*

*Gouer.* Our expectation hath this day an end :  
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,  
Returnes vs word, his powers are not yet ready,  
To raise so great a siege : therefore dread King,  
We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercie :  
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,  
For we no longer are defensiuie now.

*Enter Katherine, Alice,*

*Kate.* *Alice* venecia, vous auez cates en,  
Vous patts fort bon Angloys englatara,  
Coman sac palla vou la main en francoy.

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*The Chronicle Historie*

*Alice.* La main madam de han.

*Kate.* E da bras.

*Alice.* De arma madam.

*Kate.* Le main da han la bras de arma.

*Alice.* Owy e madam.

*Kate.* E Coman sa pella vow la menton a la coll.

*Alice.* De neck, e de cin, madam.

*Kate.* E de neck, e de cin, e de code.

*Alice.* De cudie ma foy le oblye, mais le remembre,  
Le tude, o de elbo madam.

*Kate.* Ecowte le reherfere, towte cella que Iac apoandre,  
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.

*Alice.* De elbo madam.

*Kate.* O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute le recontera  
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.

*Alice.* Ma foy madam, vow parla au se bon Angloys  
Asie vous aues ertue en Englatara.

*Kate.* Par la grace de deu an pettie tanes, le parle millous  
Coman se pella vou le peid e le robe.

*Alice.* Le foort, e le con.

*Kate.* Le fort, e le con, ô Iesu! le ne vew pointet parle,  
Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,  
Pur one million ma foy.

*Alice.* Madam, de foote, e le con.

*Kate.* O et ill ausie, ecowte Alice, de han, de arms,  
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.

*Alice.* Cet fort bon madam.

*Kate.* Aloues a diner.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter King of France Lord Constable, the Dolphin,  
and Burbon.*

*King.* Tis certaine he is past the Riuer Some.

*Con.* Mordeu ma via: Shall a few spranes of vs,

*The*

## of Henry the fifth.

The emptying of our fathers luxurie,  
Outgrow their grafters.

*Bur.* Normanes, balsterd Normanes, mor du  
And if they passe vnfought withall,  
He sell my Dukedome for a foggy farme  
In that short nooke Ile of England.

*Const.* Why whence haue they this mettrall?  
Is not their clymate raw, foggy and colde,  
On whom as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?  
Can barley broath, a drench for swolne lades  
Their sodden water decockt such lively blood?  
And shall our quick blood spirited with wine  
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,  
Let vs not hang like frozen Icesickles  
Vpon our houses tops, while they a more frosty clymate  
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

*King.* Constable dispatch, send Montioy forth,  
To know what willing raunsome he will giue?  
*Sonne.* Dolphin you shall stay in *Reue* with me.

*Del.* Not so I do beseech your Maiestie.

*King.* Well, I say it shalbe so.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Gower.*

*Go.* How now Captain *Flewellen*, come you fro the bridge?

*Flew.* By Iesus thers excellēt seruice cōmisted at y bridge.

*Gowr.* Is the Duke of *Exeter* safe?

*Flew.* The duke of *Exeter* is a mā whom I loue, & I honor,  
And I worship, with my soule, and my heart, and my life,  
And my lands and my liuings,  
And my vttermoſt powers.

The Duke is looke you,  
God be praised and pleased for it, no harne in the worrell.  
He is maintain the bridge very gallently: there is an Ensigne  
There,

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There, I do not know how you call him, but by Iesus I think  
 He is as valient a man as *Marke Anthonie*, he doth maintain  
 the bridge most gallantly : yet he is a man of no reckoning:  
 But I did see him do gallant seruice.

*Gener.* How do you call him?

*Flew.* His name is ancient *Pistoll*.

*Gener.* I know him not.

*Enter Ancient Pistoll.*

*Flew.* Doyou not know him, here comes the man.

*Pist.* Capitaine, I thee beseech to do me fauour,  
 The Duke of *Exeter* doth loue thee well.

*Flew.* I, and I praise God I haue merited some loue at  
 (his hands.

*Pist.* *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxsome valour,  
 Hath by furious fate

And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,  
 That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse  
 (stone.

*Flew.* By your patience ancient *Pistoll*,  
 Fortune, looke you is painted,  
 Plind with a muffer before her eyes,  
 To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind :  
 And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,  
 Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,  
 And inconstant, and variation; and mutabilites :  
 And her fate is fixed at a spherickall stone  
 Which rouses, and rouses, and rouses :  
 Surely the Poet is make an excellēt descriptiō of Fortune.  
 Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.

*Pist.* Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,  
 For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:  
 A damned death, let gallows gape for dogs,  
 Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.

But



## of Henry the fifth.

But *Exeter* hath given the doome of death,  
 For packs of pettie price :  
 Therefore go speake the Duke will heare thy voyce,  
 And let not *Bardolfs* vitall threed be cut,  
 With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.  
 Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

*Flew.* Captain *Pistol*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.

*Pist.* Why then reioyce therefore.

*Flew.* Certainly Antient *Pistol*, tis not a thing to reioyce at,  
 For if he were my owne brother, I would with the Duke  
 To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,  
 Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.

*Pist.* Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.

*Flew.* That is good.

*Pist.* The figge of *Spaine* within thy lawe.

*Flew.* That is very well.

*Pist.* I say the fig within thy bowels and thy dirty maw.

*Exit Pistol.*

*Fle.* Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder?

*Gour.* Why is this the Ancient you told me of?

I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurse.

*Flew.* By Iesus hee is viter as prauce words vpon the bridge  
 As you shall desire to see in a sommers day, but its all one,  
 What he hath sed to me, looke you, is all one.

*Go.* Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars  
 Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London :  
 And such fellows as he,

Are perfect in great Commaunders names,  
 They will learne by rote where seruices were done,  
 At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,

At such a conuay : who came off brauely, who was shot,  
 Who disgraced, what termes the enemie stood on.  
 And this they con perfectly in phraze of warre,  
 Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & whataberd  
 Of the Generalls cut, and a horid shout of the campe

D

Will

*The Chronicle Historie*

Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits  
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne  
To know such slaunders of this age,  
Or else you may maruellously be mistooke.

*Flew.* Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,  
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serue,  
I shall tell him a litle of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.

*Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.*

*King.* How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

*Flew.* I and it shall please your Maiestie,  
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

*King.* What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

*Flew.* And it shall please your Maiestie,  
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,  
Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,  
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one  
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie  
Know the man, his face is full of wheelkes and knubs,  
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose  
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes plew:  
But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.

*King.* We would haue all offenders so cut off,  
And we here giue expresse commaundment;  
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,  
None of the French abused,  
Or abraided with disdainfull language:  
For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,  
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

*Enter French Herald.*

*Hera.* You know me by my habit.

*Ki.* Well the, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?

*Hera.* My maisters minde,

*King.* Vnfold it.

*Hera.* Go thee vnto *Harry of England*, and tell him,  
Aduanrage is a better souldier then rashnesse:

**Altho**

## of Henry the fift.

108 **Altho** we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.  
**Now** we speake vpon our kue, and our voyce is imperiall,  
**England** shall repent her folly : see her rashnesse,  
**And** admire our sufferance, Which to raunsome,  
 112 **His** pettinesse would bow vnder:  
**For** the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:  
**For** the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe  
**Kneeling** at our feete, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.  
 116 **To** this, adde defyaunce: So much from the king my maister.

*King.* What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.

*Herauld, Montjoy.*

120 *King.* Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,  
**And** tell thy King, I do not seeke him now :  
**But** could be well content, without impeach,  
**To** march on to *Callis* : for to say the sooth,  
**Though** tis no wisdom to confesse so much  
 124 **Vnto** an enemy of craft and vantage.  
**My** souldiers are with sicknesse much infeebled.  
**My** Army lessened, and those fewe I haue,  
**Almost** no better then so many French :  
 128 **Who** when they were in heart, I tell thee *Herauld*,  
**I** thought vpon one paire of English legges,  
**Did** march three French mens.  
**Yet** forgiue me God, that I do brag thus :  
 132 **This** your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.  
**I** must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,  
**My** raunsome is this frayle and worthlesse body,  
**My** Army but a weake and sickly garde.  
 136 **Yet** God before, we will come on,  
**If** *France* and such an other neighbour stood in our way :  
**If** we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,  
**We** shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour.  
 140 **So** *Montjoy* get you gone, there is for your paines :  
**The** sum of all our answere is but this,  
**We** would not seeke a battell as we are :

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Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it,

*Herauld.* I shall deliuer for thanks to your Maicstie.

*Gloſ.* My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

*King.* We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs:  
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,  
And on to morrow bid them march away.

*Enter* Burbon, Constable, Orleansce, Gebona.

*Const.* Tut I haue the best armour in the world.

*Orleansce.* You haue an excellent armour,  
But let my horse haue his due.

*Burbon.* Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the  
Palfrey of the sun nothing but pure ayre and fire,  
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

*Orleansce.* He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

*Bur.* And of the heate as the Ginger.  
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,  
And my horse is argument for them all:  
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,  
And began thus. Wonder of nature.

*Con.* I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,  
In the praise of ones Mistresse.

*Bur.* Why then did they immitate that  
Which I writ in praise of my horse,  
For my horse is my mistresse.

*Con.* Ma foy the other day, me thought  
Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

*Bur.* I bearing me, I tell thee Lord Constable,  
My mistresse weares her owne haire.

*Con.* I could make as good a boast of that,  
If I had had a sow to my mistresse.

*Bur.* Tut thou wilt make vse of any thing.

*Con.* Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.

*Bur.* Will it neuer be morning?

He ride too morrow a mile,  
And my way shalbe paved with English faces.

*Com. By*

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Sc.xi.

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*of Henry the fift.*

*Con.* By my faith so will not I,  
For feare I be outfaced of my way.

*Bur.* Well ile go arme my selfe, hay.

*Gebon.* The Duke of *Burben* longs for morning

*Or.* I he longs to eate the English.

*Con.* I thinke heele eate all he killes,

*Orle.* O peace, ill will neuer said well.

*Con.* Ile cap that prouerbe,  
With there is flattery in friendship.

*Or.* O fir, I can answere that,

With giue the diuel his due.

*Con.* Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,  
With a logge of the diuel.

*Or.* Well the Duke of *Burben*, is simply,  
The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.

*Con.* Doing his actiuitie, and heele stil be doing.

*Or.* He neuer did hurt as I heard off.

*Con.* No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

*Or.* I hold him to be exceeding valiant.

*Con.* I was told so by one that knows him better the you

*Or.* Whose that?

*Con.* Why he told me so himselfe:  
And said he cared not who knew it.

*Or.* Well who will go with me to hazard,  
For a hundred English prisoners?

*Con.* You must go to hazard your selfe,  
Before you haue them.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lords, the English lye within a hundred  
Paces of your Tent.

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord *Granpeere*.

*Con.* A valiant man, a, an expert Gentleman.

Come, come away:

The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter*

*The Chronicle Historie*

*Enter the King disguised, to him Pistoll.*

*Pist.* Kevela?

*King.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discus vnto me, art thou Gentleman  
Or art thou common, base, and popeler?

*King.* No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

*Pist.* Trailes thou the puissant pike?

*King.* Euen so sir. What are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the Emperour.

*King.* O then thou art better then the King?

*Pist.* The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.

*Pist.* A lad of life, an impe of fame:

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kis his durtie shoe: and from my hart strings

I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?

*King.* Harry le Roy.

*Pist.* Le Roy, a Cornish man:

Art thou of Cornish crew?

*King.* No sir, I am a Wealchman.

*Pist.* A Wealchman: knowst thou *Flewellant*?

*King.* I sir, he is my kinsman.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend?

*King.* I sir.

*Pist.* Figa for thee then: my name is *Pistoll*.

*King.* It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

*Pist.* *Pistoll* is my name.

*Exit Pistoll.*

*Enter Gower and Flewellen.*

*Gowr.* Captaine *Flewellen*.

*Flew.* In the name of Iesu speake lewer.

It is the greatest folly in the worrell, when the auncient

Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.

I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,

You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bible bable there:

But

*of Henry the first.*

But you shall finde the cares, and the feares.  
And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.

*Gowr.* Why the enemy is loud, you heard him all night.

*Flew.* Godes sollud, if the enemy be an Ass & a Foole,  
And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a foole,  
And a prating cocks-come, in your conscience now?  
*Gowr.* Ile speake lower.

*Flew.* I beseech you do, good Captaine *Gowr.*

*Exit Gowr, and Flewellen.*

*Kin.* Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,  
Yet theres much care in this.

*Enter three Souldiers.*

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul.* I we see the beginning,

God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could wish himselfe  
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,  
And so I would he were, at all adventures, and I with him.

*Kin.* Now matters god morrow, what cheare?

3. *S.* I faith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,  
Ere this day ende.

*Kin.* Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike,

2. *S.* I he may be, for he hath no such cause as we

*Kin.* Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.

The Violet smells to him as to vs:

Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.

2. *Sol.* But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,

If his cause be not good: when all those soules

Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,

Shall ioyne together at the latter day,

And say I dyed at such a place, Some swearing:

Some their wiues rawly left:

Some leauing their children poore behind them.

Now

*The Chronicle Historie*

Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a greuous matter  
(to him)

*King.* Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant  
As Factor into another Countrey,

And he by any meanes miscarry,

You may say the businesse of the maister,

Was the author of his seruants misfortune,

Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,

And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father

Was the author of his sonnes damnation.

But the master is not to answer for his seruants,

The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects:

For they purpose not their deaths, whē they craue their ser-

Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated (uices:

Murder on them:

Others the broken scale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens,

Now if these outstrip the lawe,

Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.

War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:

Euery mans seruice is the kings:

But euery mans soule is his owne.

Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,

And wath euery moath out of his conscience:

That in so doing, he may be the readier for death:

Or not dying, why the time was well spent,

Wherein such preparation was made.

3. *Lord.* Yfaith he saies true:

Euery mans fault on his owne head,

I would nor haue the king answer for me.

Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

*King.* Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ranfomde.

2. *L.* I he said so, to make vs fight:

But when our throates be cut, he may be ranfomde,

And we neuer the wiser.

*King.* If I hue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe.

2. *Lord,*



*of Henry the fifth.*

2. Sol. Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure  
That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,  
Or a subiect against a monarke,  
Youle nere take his word again, your a nasse goe.

King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter:  
Were it not at this time I could be angry.

2. Sol. Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

King. How shall I know thee?

2. Sol. Here is my glouc, which if euer I see in thy hat,  
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.

King. Here is likewise another of mine,  
And assure thee ile wear it.

2. Sol. Thou dar'st as well be hangd.

3. Sol. Be friends you fooles,  
We haue French quarrels anow in hand:  
We haue no need of English broyles.

King. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,  
For to morrow the king himselfe will be a clipper.  
*Exit the souldiers.*

*Enter the King, Glister, Epingam, and  
Attendants.*

K. O God of battels Steele my souldiers harts,  
Take from them now the sence of reckoning,  
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,  
May not appall their courage.  
O nor to day, not to day ô God,  
Thinke on the fault my fathernade,  
In compassing the crowne.  
I Richards bodie haue interred new,  
And on it hath bestowd more contrite teares,  
Then from it issued forced drops of blood:  
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,

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Which

## IV.i.

*The Chronicle Historie*

Which euery day their withered hands hold vp  
To heauen to pardon blood,  
And I haue built two chanceries, more wil I doe.  
Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.

*Enter Gloster.*

*Gloster.* My Lord.

*King.* My brother *Glosters* voyce.

*Gloster.* My Lord, the Army stayes vpon your presence.

*King.* Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,  
The day my friends, and all things stayes for me.

*Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisburie,*

*War.* My Lords the French are very strong.

*Exe.* There is fiue to one, and yet they all are fresh.

*War.* Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.

*Sal.* The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords;  
*Braue Clarence,* and my Lord of *Gloster*,  
My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.

*Clar.* Farewell kind Lords; fight valiantly to day,  
And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,  
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

*Enter King.*

*War.* O would we had but ten thousand men  
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.

*King.* Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen *Warwick*,  
Gods will, I would not loose the honour  
One man would share from me,  
Nor for my Kingdome.

No faith my Cousen, with not one man more,  
Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,  
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,  
Let him depart, his passport shall bee drawne,  
And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,

We

*of Henry the fift.*

We would not die in that mans company,  
That feares his fellowship to die with vs.

This day is called the day of Cryspin,  
He that outliues this day, and sees old age,  
Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,  
And rowse him at the name of Cryspin.

He that outliues this day, and comes safe home,  
Shall yearly on the vygill feast his friends,  
And say, to morrow is S. Crispines day:

Then shall we in their flowing bowles  
Be newly remembered. *Harry the King,*  
*Bedford and Exeter, Clarence and Gloster,*  
*Warwick and Torke.*

Familiar in their mouths as household words.

This story shall the good man tell his sonne,  
And from this day, vnto the generall doome:  
But we in it shall be remembered.

We fewe, we happie fewe, we bond of brothers,  
For he to day that sheads his blood by mine,  
Shalbe my brother: be he nere so base,  
This day shall gentle his condition.

Then shall he strip his fleeces, and shew his skars,  
And say, these wounds I had on Crispines day:

And Gentlemen in England now a bed,  
Shall thinke themselves accurt,

And hold their manhood cheape,  
While any speake that fought with vs  
Vpon Saint Crispines day.

*Gloster.* My gracious Lord,

The French is in the field.

*King.* Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.

*War.* Perish the man whose mind is backward now.

*King.* Thou dost not wish more help from England cousel?

*War.* Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,

Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.

E. 2

*King.* Why

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*The Chronicle Historie*

Why well said. That doth please me better,  
Then to wish me one. You know your charge,  
God be with you all.

*Enter the Herald from the French.*

*Herald.* Once more I come to know of thee king *Henry*,  
What thou wilt giue for raunsome?

*Kin.* Who hath sent thee now?

*Her.* The Constable of *France*.

*Kin.* I prethy beare my former answer backe:  
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.  
Good God, why should they mock good fellows  
The man that once did sell the Lion's skin, (thus?  
While the beaſt liued, was kild with hunting him,  
A many of our bodies ſhall no doubt  
Finde graues within your realme of *France*:  
Tho buried in your dunghils, we ſhalbe famed,  
For there the Sun ſhall greeete them,  
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,  
Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme:  
The ſmel wherof, ſhall breed a plague in *France*:  
Marke then abundant valour in our Engliſh,  
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,  
Breakes forth into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,  
Killing in relaps of mortalitie:  
Let me ſpeake proudly,

Ther's not a peece of feather in our campe,  
Good argument I hope we ſhall not flye:  
And time hath worne vs into ſlouendry.  
But by the maſ, our hearts are in the trim,  
And my poore ſouldiers tel me, yet ere night  
Thayle be in freſher robes, or they will plucke  
The gay new cloathes ore your French ſouldiers eares,  
And turne them out of ſeruiſe. If they do this,  
As if it pleaſe God they ſhall,  
Then ſhall our ranſome ſoone be leuied.

*Sauie*

## of Henry the first.

Saue thou thy labour Herald:  
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle Herald:  
They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones:  
Which if they haue, as I wil leaue am them,  
Will yeeld them liue, tell the Constab'le.

*Her.* I shall deliuer so.

*Exit Herald.*

*Torke.* My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue,  
The leading of the vaward.

*Kim.* Take it braue *Torke*. Come souldiers lets away:  
And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

*Exit.*

## Enter the foure French Lords.

*Ge.* O diabello.

*Const.* Mor du ma vie.

*Or.* O what a day is this!

*Bur.* O lour dei houre all is gone, all is lost.

*Com.* We are inough yet liuing in the field,  
To smother vp the English,  
If any order might be thought vpon.

*Bur.* A plague of order, once more to the field,  
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,  
Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,  
Like a bace ieno hold the chamber doore,  
Why least by a slaue no gentler then my dogs,  
His fairest daughter is contramuracke.

*Com.* Disorder that hath spoyld vs, right vs now,  
Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our lues  
Vnto these English, or else die with fame.

Come, come along,  
Lets dye with honour, our shame doth last too long.

*Exit omnes.*

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## IV. iv

Sc. xv.

Sc. xv.

*The Chronicle Historie**Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.**Pist.* Eyld cur, eyld cur.*French.* O Monfire, ie vous en pree anes petie de moy.*Pist.* Moy shall not serue. I will haue fortie moys.*Boy* aske him his name.*Boy.* Comant ettes vous apelles?*French.* Monfier Fer.*Boy.* He saies his name is Master *Fer*.*Pist.* He Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him.*Boy* discus the same in French.*Boy.* Sir I do not know, whats French  
For fer, ferit and fearkt.*Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I wil cut his throate.*Boy.* Feate, vou preat, ill voullies couplee votre gage.*Pist.* Onye ma foy couple la gorge.*V*olelle thou giue to me egregious raunsome, dye.  
One poynt of a foxe.*French.* Qui dit ill monfiere.*Ill* ditye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.*Boy.* La gran ranfome, all vou rueres.*French.* O. lee vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle*A* cee, gran capataine, pour auez mercie*A* moy, ey lee donerees pour mon ranfome*C*inquante ocres. le fuyes vingtelhome de *France*.*Pist.* What sayes he boy?*Boy.* Marry sir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great  
*H*ouse, of *France*: and for his ranfome,  
He will giue you 500. crownes.*Pist.* My fury shall abate,*A*nd I the Crownes will take.*A*nd as I suck blood, I will some mercie shew.*F*ollow me cur.*Exit omnes.**Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll.**King.* What the French retire?

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Sc. xvi.

IV. iv.

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† IV. vi.

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*of Henry the first.*

Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.

*Exe.* The Duke of Yorke commends him to your Grace.

*King.* Liues he good Vnckle, twise I sawe him downe,

Twise vp againe:

From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.

*Exe.* In which aray, braue souldier doth he lye,

Larding the plaines and by his bloody side,

Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,

The noble Earle of *Suffolke* also lyes.

*Suffolke* first dyde, and *Yorke* all hasted ore,

Comes to him where in blood he lay stept,

And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes

That bloodily did yane vpon his face,

And cryde aloud, tary deare cousin *Suffolke*:

My soule shall thune keep company in heauen:

Tary deare soule awhile, then flie to rest:

And in this glorious and well foughten field,

We kept together in our chiuallry.

Vpon these words I came and cheerd them vp,

He tooke me by the hand, said deare my Lord,

Commend my seruice to my soueraigne.

So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolke's* necke

He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death,

With blood he sealed. An argument

Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and sweet maner of it,

Forst those waters from me, which I would haue slopt,

But I not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes.

And gaue me vp to teares.

*King.* I blame you not: for hearing you,

I must conueit to teares.

*Alarum soundes.*

What new alarum is this?

Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.

*Pist.* Couple gorge.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter*

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*The Chronicle Historie**Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.*

*Flew.* Godes plud kil the boyes and the luyge,  
Tis the atrants peece of knauery as can be desired,  
In the worrell now, in your conscience now.

*Gowr.* Tis certaine, there is not a Boy left aliue,  
And the cowerdly rafcals that ran from the battell,  
Themselues haue done this slaughter:  
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,  
All that was in the kings Tent:  
Wherupon the king caused euery prisoners  
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy king.

*Flew.* I he was borne at *Monmorith*.

Captaine *Gower*, what call you the place where  
*Alexander* the big was borne?

*Gowr.* *Alexander* the great.

*Flew.* Why I pray, is nat big great?  
As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,  
I hope it is all one reconing,  
Saue the frase is a litle variation.

*Gowr.* I thinke *Alexander* the great  
Was borne at *Macedon*.  
His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,  
As I take it.

*Flew.* I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*  
Was borne: looke you captaine *Gower*,  
And if you looke into the mappes of the worrell well,  
You shall finde litle difference betweene  
*Macedon* and *Monmorith*. Looke you, there is  
A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer  
In *Monmorith*, the Riuer's name at *Monmorith*,  
Is called *Wye*.

But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:  
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,  
And there is *Samons* in both.

Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,

You



## of Henry the fifth.

You shall finde our King is come after *Alexander*.  
 God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his  
 Bowles, and his alles, and his wrath, and his displeasures,  
 And indignations, was kill his friend *Clitus*.

*Gower*. I but our King is not like him in that,  
 For he neuer killd any of his friends.

*Flew*. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out  
 Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished:  
 I speake in the comparitons as *Alexander* is kill  
 His friend *Clitus*: so our King being in his ripe  
 Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite  
 With the great belly double: I am forget his name.

*Gower*. Sir *Iohn Falstaffe*.

*Flew*. I, I thinke it is Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* indeed,  
 I can tell you, theres good men borne at *Monmouth*.

*Enter King and the Lords.*

*King*. I was not angry since I came into *France*,  
 Vntill this houre.

Take a trumpet Herauld,  
 And ride vnto the horsmen on yon hill:  
 If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,  
 Or leaue the field, they do offend our sight:  
 Will they do neither, we will come to them,  
 And make them skyr away, as fast  
 As stones enforst from the old *Affrian* slings.  
 Besides, wee cle cut the throats of those we haue,  
 And not one aliue shall taste our mercy.

*Enter the Herauld.*

Gods will what meanes this? knowst thou not  
 That we haue fined the bones of ours for ranfome?

*Herauld*. I come great king for charitable fauour,  
 To for our Nobles from our common men,  
 We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,  
 Which in the field lye spoyled and troden on.

*King*. I tell thee truly Herauld, I do not know whether

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*The Chronicle Historie*

The day be ours or no:

For yet a many of your French do keep the field.

*Hera.* The day is yours.

*Kin.* Praised be God therefore.

What Castle call you that?

*Hera.* We call it *Agincourt*.

*Kin.* Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*.

Fought on the day of *Cryspin*, *Cryspin*.

*Flew.* Your grandfather of famous memorie,

If your grace be remembred,

Is do good seruice in *France*.

*Kin.* Tis true *Flewellen*.

*Flew.* Your Maiestie sayes verie true.

And it please your Maiestie,

The Wealchmen there was do good seruice,

In a garden where Leekes did grow.

And I thinke your Maiestie wil take no scorne,

To weare a Leake in your cap vpon *S. Danies* day.

*Kin.* No *Flewellen*, for I am wealch as well as you.

*Flew.* All the water in *VVye* wil not wash your wealch

Blood out of you, God keep it, and preserue it,

To his graces will and pleasure.

*Kin.* Thankes good countryman.

*Flew.* By Iesus I am your Maiesties countryman:

I care not who know it, so long as your maiefty is an honest

*K.* God keep me so. Our Herald go with him, (man.

And bring vs the number of the scattred French.

*Exit Herald.*

Call yonder souldier hither.

*Flew.* You fellow come to the king.

*Kin.* Fellow why doost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

*Soul.* And please your maiefty, tis a rascals that swagard

With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,

Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him.

So

*of Henry the fift.*

So hath he sworne the like to me.

*K.* How think you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull he keep his oath?

*Fl.* And it please your maiesty, tis lawfull he keep his vow.  
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,  
As treads vpon too blacke shues.

*Kin.* His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.

*Flew.* And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer  
And Belzebub, and the diuel himselfe,  
Tis meete he keepe his vowe.

*Kin.* Well sir, ha keep your word.  
Vnder what Captain seruest thou?

*Soul.* Vnder Captaine *Gower*.

*Flew.* Captaine *Gower* is a good Captaine  
And hath good literature in the warres.

*Kin.* Go call him hither.

*Soul.* I will my Lord.

*Exit souldier.*

*Kin.* Captain *Flewellen*, when *Alonson* and I was  
Downe together, I tooke this gloue off from his helme,  
Here *Flewellen*, weare it. If any do challenge it,  
He is a friend of *Alonsons*,  
And an enemy to mee.

*Fle.* Your maiestie doth me as great a fauour  
As can be desired in the hart of his subiects.  
I would see that man now that should chalenge this gloue:  
And it please God of his grace, I would but see him,  
That is all.

*Kin.* *Flewellen* knowst thou Captaine *Gower*?

*Fle.* Captaine *Gower* is my friend.  
And if it like your maiestie, I know him very well.

*Kin.* Go call him hither.

*Flew.* I will and it shall please your maiestie.

*Kin.* Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,  
The gloue he weares, it was the souldiers:

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*The Chronicle Historie*

It may be there will be harme betweene them,  
 For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,  
 And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder:  
 And quickly will returne an iniury.  
 Go see there be no harme betweene them.

*Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier.*

*Flew.* Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,  
 Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,  
 Then you can dreame off.

*Soul.* Do you heare you sir? do you know this glouc?

*Flew.* I know the the glouc is a glouc.

*Soul.* Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.

*He strikes him.*

*Flew.* Gode plut, and his. Captain *Gower* stand away:  
 He giue treason his due presently.

*Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.*

*Kim.* How now, what is the matter?

*Flew.* And it shall please your Maiestie,  
 Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,  
 As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.  
 Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall, is strike the glouc,  
 Which your Maiestie tooke out of the helmet of *Alansons*:  
 And your Maiestie will beare me witnes, and testimony,  
 And aouchments, that this is the glouc.

*Soul.* And it please your Maiestie, that was my glouc.  
 He that I gaue it too in the night;  
 Promised me to weare it in his har:  
 I promised to strike him if he did.

Imet that Gentleman, with my glouc in his har,  
 And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.

*Flew.* Your Maiestie heares, vnder your Maiesties  
 Manhood, what a beggerly lowlie knaue it is.

*Kim.* Let me see thy glouc. Looke you,  
 This is the fellow of it.

It was I indeed you promised to strike.

And

*of Henry the first.*

28 And thou thou hast giuen me most bitter words.  
How canst thou make vs amends?

*Flew.* Let his necke answer it,  
If there be any marshals lawe in the worrell.

32 *Soul.* My Liege, all offences come from the heart;  
Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maiesttie.  
You appeard to me as a common man:

36 Witnesse the night, your garments, your lowlinesse,  
And whatsoeuer you receiued vnder that habit,  
I beseech your Maiesttie impute it to your owne fault  
And not mine. For your selfe came not like your selfe:  
Had you bene as you seemed, I had made no offence.  
40 Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.

*Kin.* Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes,  
And giue it to the souldier. Weare it fellow.  
As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.  
44 Giue him the crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,  
I must needs haue you friends.

*Flew.* By Iesus, the fellow hath mettall enough  
In his belly. Harke you souldier, there is a shilling for you,  
48 And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & dissentiōs,  
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.

*Soul.* Ile none of your money sir, not I.

*Flew.* Why tis a good shilling man,  
52 Why should you be queamish? Your shoes are not so good:  
It will serue you to mend your shoes.

*Kin.* What men offort are taken vnckle?

*Exe.* *Charles Duke of Orleance*, Nephew to the King.

56 *John Duke of Burbon*, and Lord *Bomchiquall*,  
Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,  
Full fiftene hundred, besides common men.

60 This note doth tell me of ten thousand  
French, that in the field lyes flaine.  
Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,

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*The Chronicle Historie**Charles de le Brute*. his Constable of France,*Jaques de Chatillan*, Admirall of France,The Maister of the crosbows, *John Duke Aloson*.Lord *Ranbieres*, his Maister of France.The braue sir *Gwigzard*, *Dolphin*. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,*Gran Prie*, and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,*Gerard* and *Verton*. *Vandemant* and *Leftra*.

Here was a royall fellowship of death.

Where is the number of our English dead?

*Edward* the Duke of *Torke*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquier:

And of all other, but fise and twentie.

O God thy arme was here,

And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise.

When without strategem,

And in euen shock of battle, was euer heard

So great, and litle losse, on one part and an other.

Take it God, for it is onely thine.

*Exe.* Tis wonderfull.*King.* Come let vs go on proceffion through the camp:

Let it be death proclaimed to any man,

To boast hereof, or take the praise from God,

Which is his due,

*Flew.* Is it lawful, and it please your Maiestie,

To tell how many is kild?

*King.* Yes *Flewellen*, but with this acknowledgement,

That God fought for vs.

*Flew.* Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.*King.* Let there be sung, *Nououes* and *te Deum*.

The dead with charitie entered in clay:

Weele then to *Calice*, and to England then,

Where nere from France, attuide more happier men.

*Exit omnes.**Enter Gomer, and Flewellen.**Gomer.* But why do you weare your Lecke to day?

Saint

*of Henry the fifth.*

*Saint Damies day is past?*

*Flew.* There is occasion *Captaine Gower*,  
 Looke you why, and wherefore,  
 The other day looke you, *Pistolles*  
 Which you know is a man of no merites  
 In the worrell, is come where I was the other day,  
 And brings bread and fault, and bids me  
 Eate my Lecke: twas in a place, looke you,  
 Where I could moue no discentions:  
 But if I can see him, I shall tell him,  
 A litle of my desires.

*Gow.* Here a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke.

*Enter Pistoll.*

*Flew.* Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkecocks,  
 God plesse you Antient *Pistoll*, you scall,  
 Beggerly, lowsie knaue, God plesse you.

*Pist.* Ha, art thou bedlem?  
 Dost thou thurst base *Troyan*,  
 To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?  
 Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Lecke.

*Flew.* Antient *Pistoll*. I would desire you because  
 It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,  
 And your digestions, to eate this Lecke.

*Pist.* Not for *Cadmalleder* and all his goates.

*Flew.* There is one goate for you Antient *Pistol*.

*He strikes him,*

*Pist.* Base *Troyan*, thou shall dye.

*Flew.* I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would  
 Desire you to liue and eate this Lecke.

*Gower.* Inough *Captaine*, you haue astonisht him:

*Flew.* Astonisht him, by Iesu, he beate his head  
 Foure dayes, and foure nights, but Ile  
 Make him eate some part of my Lecke.

*Pist.* Well must I byte?

*Flew.* I

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*Flew.* I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities  
You must byte.

*Pist.* Good good.

*Flew.* I Leekes are good, *Antient Pistoll.*  
There is a shilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.

*Pist.* Me a shilling.

*Flew.* If you will not take it,  
I haue an other Leeke for you.

*Pist.* I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.

*Flew.* If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,  
You shal be a woodmonger,  
And by cudgels, God bwy you,  
*Antient Pistoll,* God blesse you,  
And heale your broken pate.  
*Antient Pistoll,* if you see Leekes an other time,  
Mocke at them, that is all : God bwy you.

*Exit Flewellen.*

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

Doth Fortune play the hufwyce with me now ?  
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?  
Well *France* farwell, newes haue I certainly  
That Doll is sicke. One mally die of *France*,  
The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.  
Bawd will I turne, and vse the flyte of hand :  
To England will I steale,  
And there lle steale.  
And patches will I get vnto these skarres,  
And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.

*Exit Pistoll.*

*Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords. And at  
the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the  
Duke of Burbon, and others.*

*Harry.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.  
And



*of Henry the fifth.*

And to our brother *France*, Faire time of day,  
 Faire health vnto our louely cousen *Katherine*.  
 And as a branch, and member of this stock:  
 We do Glute you Duke of *Burgondie*.

*Fran.* Brother of *England*, right ioyous are we to behold  
 Your face, so are we Princes English euery one,

*Duk.* With pardon vnto both yout mightines.  
 Let it not displease you, if I demaund  
 What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,  
 To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?

*Har.* If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,  
 You must bay that peace,  
 According as we haue drawne our articles.

*Fran.* We haue but with a cursenary eye,  
 Oreviewd them pleaseh your Grace;  
 To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,  
 We shall retuine our peremptory answere.

*Har.* Go Lords, and fit with them,  
 And bring vs answere backe.  
 Yet leaue our cousen *Katherine* here behind.

*France.* Withall our hearts.

*Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Hrry, Katherine,  
 and the Gentlewoman.*

*Hate.* Now *Kate*, you haue a blunt wooer here  
 Left with you.

If I could win thee at leapfrog,  
 Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,  
 Into my saddle,

Without brag be it spoken,  
 Ide make compare with any.

But leauing that *Kate*,

If thou takest me now,

Thou shalt haue me at the worst:

G

And

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And in wearing, thou shalt haue me better and better,  
Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sun-burning,  
But doest thou thinke, that thou and I,

Betweene Saint *Dennis*,  
And Saint *George*, shall get a boy,

That shall goe to *Constantinople*.  
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*

*Kate*. Is it possible dat me fall  
Loue de enemie de *France*.

*Harry*. No *Kate*, tis vnpossible  
You should loue the enemie of *France*:

For *Kate*, I loue *France* so well,

That Ile not leaue a Village,

Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,

When *France* is mine,

And I am yours,

Then *France* is yours,

And you are mine.

*Kate*. I cannot tell what is dat.

*Harry*. No *Kate*,

Why Ile tell it you in French,

Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride

On her new married Husband.

Let me see, Saint *Dennis* be my speed.

Quan *France* et mon.

*Kate*. Dat is, when *France* is yours.

*Harry*. Et vous ettes amoy.

*Kate*. And I am to you.

*Harry*. Douck *France* ettes a vous:

*Kate*. Den *France* fall be mine.

*Harry*. Et le suyues a vous.

*Kate*. And you will be to me.

*Har*. Wilt belecue me *Kate*? tis easier for me  
To conquer the kingdome, the to speak so much  
More French.

*of Henry the fift.*

*Kate.* A your Maicesty has false France inough  
To deceiue de best Lady in France,

*Harry.* No faith *Kate* not I. But *Kate*,  
In plaine termes, do you loue me?

*Kate.* I cannot tell.

*Harry.* No, can any of your neighbours tell?  
He aske them.

Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.

And soone when you are in your cloffet,

Youle question this Lady of me.

But I pray thee sweete *Kate*, vse me mercifully,

Because I loue thee cruelly.

That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure:

But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.

What Wench,

A straight backe will growe crooked.

A round eye will growe hollowe.

A great leg will waxe small,

A curld pate proue balde:

But a good heart *Kate*, is the sun and the moone,

And rather the Sun and not the Moone:

And therefore *Kate* take me,

Take a souldier, take a souldier,

Take a King.

Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?

*Kate.* Dat is as please the King my father.

*Harry.* Nay it will please him:

Nay it shall please him *Kate*.

And vpon that condition *Kate* He kisse you.

*Ka.* O mon du Je ne vouldroy faire quelke chosse

Pour toute le monde,

Ce ne poynt votree fasion en four.

*Harry.* What saies she Lady?

*Lady.* Dat it is not de fasion en France,

For de maidens, before da be married to

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May foy ie oblye, what is to bassic ?

*Har.* To kis, to kis. O that tis not the  
Fashion in *France*, for the maydes to kis  
Before they are married.

*Lady.* Owee see votree grace.

*Har.* Well, weelebreake that custome.  
Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld.  
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft  
In your kisses:

And may perswade with me more,  
Then all the French Councell.  
Your fater is returned.

*Enter the King of France, and  
the Lordes.*

How now my Lords ?

*France.* Brother of England,  
We haue oreded the Articles,  
And haue agreed to all that we in sedule had.

*Exe.* Only he hath not subscribed this,  
Where your maiestie demaunds,  
That the king of *France* hauing any occasion  
To write for matter of graunt,  
Shall name your highnesse, in this forme:  
And with this addition in French.

*Nostre tresher fiz, Henry Roy D'anglaterre.  
E beare de France.* And thus in Latin:  
*Precclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,  
Et heres Francie.*

*Fran.* Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,  
But you faire brother may intreat the same.

*Har.* Why then let this among the rest,  
Haue his full course: And withall,  
Your daughter *Katherine* in marriage.

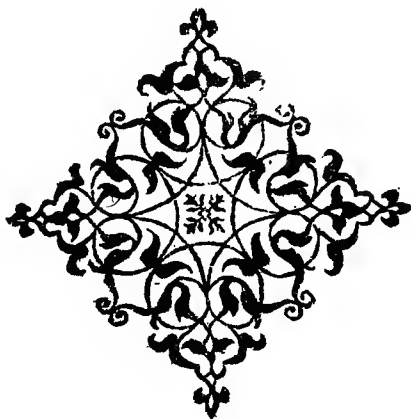
*France.*

*of Henry the fifth.*

*Fran.* This and what else,  
Your maiestie shall craue.  
God that disposeth all, giue you much ioy,

*Har.* Why then faire *Katherine*,  
Come giue me thy hand:  
Our marriage will we present solemnise,  
And end our hatred by a bond of loue.  
Then will I sweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee:  
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

FINIS.



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