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Thomas Pennant, Barton

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Received, May, 1873.

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THE Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with ancient Pißoll.

As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants.

Printed for T. P. 1608.
Carolus Hifi
ori. Haeret. 149182
May, 1873

[Signature: H. T.]
The Chronicle Historie
of Henry the fift: with his battell fought
at Agincourt in France. Together with
Ancient Pistoll.

Enter King Henry, Exeter, two Bishops, Clarence,
and other Attendants.

Exeter.

Shall I call in the Ambassadors my Liege?

King. Not yet my cousin, till we be resolvd
Of some serious matters touching vs and France.

Bysh. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thank e you: and good my Lord proceed
Why the Law Salique which they have in France,
Or should or should not stop in vs our claime:
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 what your reverence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heede how you impawne our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heede.
After this conjuration, speake my Lord:
And we will judge, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptism.
Then hear me gracious Soueraigne, & you Peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith, and services
To this imperiall Throne:
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claimes to France,
But one, which they produce from Faramount:
No female shall succeed in Salique Land;
Which Salique Land, the French unintly gloze
To be the Realme of France,
And Faramount the founder of this law and female barre.
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirm,
That the Land Salique lyes in Germany,
Betweene the floods of Sabeck and of Elme,
Where Charles the first hauing subdude the Saxons
There left behind, and settled certaine French,
Who holding in disdain the Germane women,
For some dishonest manners of their liues,
Establish there this Law. To wit,
No female shall succeed in Salique Land:
Which Salique land (as I haue sayd before)
Is at this time in Germany, call'd Mefene.
Thus doth it well appeare, the Salique law
Was not devised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possess the Salique land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares
After the function of King Faramount,
Godly suppose the founder of this Law.
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the Crowne,
To fine his Title with some shew of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and nought:
Conuey'd himselfe as heire to the Lady Inger,
Daughter to Charles the foresayd Duke of Lorain,
So that as cleere as is the summers Sun,
King Pippins Title, and Hugh Capets claime,
King Charles his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of France vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this Salique Law
To
of Henry the fifth.

To barre your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather chooie to hide them in a net,
Then amply to embrace their crooked causes,
Vfurpt from you and your progenitors.

K. May we with right and conscience make this claim?

Bi. The sin vpon my head dreed Soueraigne:
For in the booke of Numbers it is writ,
When the sonne dyes, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord, stand for your owne,
Unwilde your bloody flagge,
Go my dread Lord to your great Grandires grave,
From whom you claime:
And your great Vnckle Edward the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy,
Making defeate on the full power of France,
Whilst his most mighty father on a hill,
Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelpe,
Foraging the blood of French Nobility.
O Noble English, that could entertaine
With halfe their forces the full power of France:
And let another halfe stand laugheing by,
All out of worke, and colde for aʃtion.

King. We must not onely arme vs gainst the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.

Bi. The Marches gracious Soueraigne, halbe sufficient
To guard your England from the pilfering borderers.

King. We do not meane the coursing sneakers onely,
But feare the maaine entendment of the Scot:
For you shall read, never my great Grandfather
Unmaskt his power for France,
But that the Scot on his un furnish't kingdome,
Came pouring like the tide into a breach,
That England being empty of defences,
Hath shooke and trembled at the brute heereof.

Bi. She hath bin then more fear'd then hurt my Lord?
For heare her but examplified by her selfe,  
When all her chivalry hath bent in France,  
And she a mourning widdow of her Nobles,  
She hath her selfe not onely well defended,  
But taken and impounded (as a stray) the King of Scottes,  
VWhom like a caytiff he did leade to France,  
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise,  
As is the owse and botomme of the sea,  
VWith sunken wracke, and shiplesse treasurie.  

Lord. 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 vnfurnifht Nest the weazle Scot  
VWould sucke her Egges,  
Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat,  
To Spoyle and hauocke more then she can eat.  

Exe. It followes then, the Cat must stay at home,  
Yet that is but a curst necessity,  
Since we haue traps to catch the petty sheeues;  
VWhilst that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
The advisd head controllles at home:  
For gourernment though high or low, being put in parts,  
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke.  

Bisb. True, therefore doth heauen  
Divide the fate of man in divers functions:  
VWhere to is added as an ayme or But, Obedience:  
For so liue the hony bees, creatures that by awe  
Ordaine an act of order to a peopled Kingdome.  
They haue a King, and Officers of sort;  
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:  
Others, like Merchants venture Trade abroad:  
Others, like soldiours armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the sommers Velvet bud:  
VWhich pillage they with merry march bring home  
To the Tent-royall of their Emperor;  
Who busied in his majestie, behold  

The
of Henry the fift.
The singing Masons building roofs of Gold,
The ciuill Citizens lading vp the hony,
The sad-ey’d Justice with his surly humme,
Delivering vp to executors pale, the lazie caning drone,
This I inferre, that twenty actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many arrowes losed feuerall wayes, fly to one marke:
As many feuerall wayes meeete in one Towne:
As many fresh streames run in one selfe-sea:
As many lines close in the diall center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well born without defect.
Therefore my Liege to France,
Divide 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 us be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of policy and hardinesse.

King. Call in the messenger sent from the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble finnewes of our Land,
France being ours, weel bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in pieces:
Either our Chronicles shall with full mouth speake
Freely of our acts, or else like tongueelesse mutes,
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph:

Enter the Ambassadors from France.
Now are we well prepar’d to know the Dolphins pleasure
For we heare your comming is from him.

Ambas. 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 subject,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.
Therefore freely, and with uncured boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphin's minde.

Ambas. Then this in fine the Dolphin faith,
What whereas you claime certaine Townes in France,
From your predecessor King Edward the third,
This he returnes:
He faith, there's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne,
You cannot reuel into Dukedomes there:
Therefore he sendeth meeter for your studie
This tun of treasure: and in lieu of this,
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you crane
Hear no more from you, This the Dolphin faith.

King. What treasure Vnckle?

Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. Wee are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
Your message, and his present we accept.
When we haue matcht our Rackets to these balles,
We wil by Gods grace play him such a set,
Shal strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France shalbe disturb'd with chases.
And we understand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder daies,
Not measuring what vse we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England,
And therefore gaue our selues to barbarous License,
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, mighty, and command,
When we do rowse vs in the Throne of France.
For this we haue layd by our Maiesty,
And plodded like a man for working dayes.
But we will rise therewith so full of glory,
That we will dazzle all the eyes of France,
I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs.

And
And tell him this,
His mocke hath turn’d his balles to gun-stones,
And his soule shall forercharged, for the waftfull
Vengeance that shall flye from them,
For this his mocke,
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands,
Mocke mothers from their fonnes, mocke Castles down.
I, some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom we do appeale : and in whose name,
Tell you the Dolphin we are comming on,
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a right cause : to get you hence,and tell your Prince,
His ieft will fauour but of shallow wit,
When thousands wepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with safe conduct; see them hence.
Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the fender blush at it:
Therefore let our collection for the wars be soon prounded
For God before, weel check the Dolphin at his fathers
Doore: therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire action may on foote be brought.
Exeunt omnes.

Enter Nim and Bardolfe.

Bar. Good morrow Corporall Nim.
Nim. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe.
Bar. What, is Ancient Pifoll 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,
Tis a simple one, but what tho’ twil serue to toste cheese,
And it will endure cold as another mans sword will,
And thers the humour of it.
Bar. Ifaith Mistrefse Quicly did thee great wrong,
For thou went troth-plight to her.

Nim.
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Nim. I must do as I may, tho' patience be a tired mare,
Yet steel plod, and some say knives have edges,
And men may sleepe and have their throates about them
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

Bar. Come ifaith, I'll be bellow a breakfast to make Pistoll
and thee friends. What a plague should we carry knives
to cut our owne throates.

Nim. Ifaith, I'll live as long as I may, that's the certaine
Of it. And when I cannot live any longer, I'll do as I may,
And there's my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll, and Hostes quickly his wife.

Bar. Good morrow ancient Pistoll,
Here comes ancient Pistoll, I prethee Nim be quiet.

Nim. How do you my host?

Pist. Safe slave, callest thou me host?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my Nell keepe lodging.

Host. No by my troth not I,
For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen
That live honestly by the pricke of their needle,
But it is thought strait we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord, here's Corporall Nim, now shall
We have wilfull 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 prick'ard cur of Iseland

Nim. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus
In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,
And Pistolls flashing fiery cocke is vp.

Nim. I am not Barbafom, you cannot conjure me;
I have an humor Pistoll to knocke you indifferentely well,
And you fall foule with me Pistoll,
Ile scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.

If
If you will walke off a little,
Ile pricke your guts a little in good termes;
And there's the humor of it.

Piff. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The graue doth gape, and groaning death is neere,
Therefore exall. They draw.

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

Piff. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.
Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or another
In faire termes: and there's the humor of it.

Piff. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen;
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch sooth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheeete, she by name, and her espowse
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is enough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes, you must come straight to my Master,
And you host Piffoll.

Good Bardolfe put thy nose betwixt the sheetes,
And do the office of a warning pan.

Host. By my troth hee'ld yeeld the Crow a pudding one of
these dayes.

Ile go to him, husband you'll come?

Bar. Come Piffoll be friends.

Nim, prethee be friends, and if thou wilt not,
Be enemies with me too.

Nj. I shall haue my eight shillings I won of you at betting

Piff. Base is the slave that payes.

Nj. That now I will haue, and there's the humor of it.

Piff. As manhood shall compound. They draw.

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

Piff. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.
Nim. I shall haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at betting.

Pist. A noble shalt thou haue, and ready pay,
And liquor likewise will I giue to thee,
And friendship shal combinde out brotherhood,
Ile liue by Nim, as Nim shall liue by me:
Is not this iust? for I shall Sutler be
Vnto the Campe, and profit will occure.
Nim. I shall haue my noble?
Pist. In cash most truely paid.
Nim. Why thers the humor of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
Sir John, poore foule is so troubled
With a burning rahan contigian feuer, tis wonderfull.
Pist. Let vs condole the knight, for lamkins we wil liue.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

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

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

Gloster. I but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath cloyed and graced with Princely favours,
That he should for a forreigne purfe, to sell
His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.

Exe. O the Lord of Massham.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now firs, the winde is faire, and we will aboord;
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?

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

Cam.
of Henry the fift.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then is your Maieft"y.

Grey. Euen those that were your fathers enemies Haue steeped their gals in hone"y for your fake.

King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulnesse, And shall forget the office of our hands; According to their cause and worthinesse.

Mas. So service shall with steeled fine"wes shine; And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope To do your Grace incessant service.

King. Vnkle of Exeter, enlarg"e the man Committed yester"day, that rai"l against our per"fon, We consider it was the heat of wine that set him on, And on his more aduice we pardon him.

Mas. That is mercy, but too much security; Let him be punish"t 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.

Grey. You shew great mercy if you giue him life, After the taste of his correction.

King. Alas, your too much care and loue of me, Are heavy orifons against the poore wretch, If little faults proceeding on distemper, Should not be 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 reft In their deare loues, and tender preseruation of our state, Would hate him punish"t.

Now to our French causes.

Who are the late Commissi"one"rs?

Cam. Me one my Lord, Your highnesse bad me ask"e for it to day.

Mas. So did you me my Soueraigne,

Grey. And me my Lord.
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King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge, there is yours.
There is yours, my Lord of Masham:
And Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,
This same is yours;
Reade them, and know we know your worthinesse.
Vnckle Exeter, I will aboord to night:
Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
What see you in those papers,
That hath so chased your blood out of apparence?
Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercy.
Mash. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy which was quit in vs, but late,
By your owne reasons is fore-stald and done:
You must not dare for shame to ask for mercy,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bofomes,
As dogs vpon their masters worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
These englitti Monstres:
My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt we were to grace him
In all things belonging to his honor;
And this wilde man hath for a few light crownes,
Lightly conspir'd and sworne vnto the practises of France,
To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
This knight, no leffe in bounty bound to vs
Then Cambridge is, hath 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 mightst haue coyn'd me into gold;
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy vse?
Can it be possible, that out of thee
Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?
Tis so strange, that tho the truth doth shew as grosse
As blacke from white, mine eye will scarcely see it,
Their faults are open,
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their praife.

Exit. 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 Masham,
I arrest thee of high treason,
By the name of Thomas Grey,
Knight of Northumberland.

Masp. Our purposes God justly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more than my death,
Which I beseech your Majesty forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.

King. God quit you in his mercy.
Heare your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royall Person,
Joyned with an enemy proclaim'd and fixed.
And from his Coffers received the golden earnest of our death,
Touching our person we secke no redresse,
But we our kingdoms safety must so tender,
Whose ruine you haue sought,
That to our lawes we do deliver you.
Get you hence, poore miserable creatures to your death,
The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you patience
To endure, and true repentance of all your deeds amisst.
Bcare them hence.

Exit three Lords.

Now Lords to France: The enterprize whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successufully.
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our
Cheerly to sea, the signes of war advance;
No King of England, if not King of France.

Exit omnes.
Enter *Nim*, *Pistol*, *Bardolph*, *Host*, and a boy.

_Hoft._ I prethee sweet heart,
_Let._ Let me bring thee so farre as _Stanes._
_Pist._ No fur, no fur.
_Bar._ Well, sir _John_ is gone, God be with him.
_Hoft._ I, he is in _Arthur'_s bosome, if ever any were,

He went away as if it were a cryombd childe,
Betweene twelve and one,
Just at turning of the tide;
His nose was as sharpe as a pen;
For when I saw him fumble with the sheets,
And talke of flowers, and smile vpon his fingers ends,
I knew there was no way but one.
_How now sir _John_, quoth I?
And he cryed three times, _God, God, God,_
Now I to comfort him, bad him not thinke of _God,_
I hope there was no such need.
Then he _bad_ me put more cloathes on 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 upward, &c upward, and all was as cold as stone.

_Nim._ They say he cride out on _Sacke._
_Hoft._ I that he did.
_Boy._ And of women.
_Hoft._ _No_ that he did _not._
_Boy._ _Yes_ that he _did,_ &c _fed_ they _were_ diuels incarnste.
_Hoft._ Indeed _carnation_ was a colour he _never_ loued.
_Nim._ Well, he _did_ cry _out_ on _women._
_Hoft._ Indeed he _did_ in some _sort_ handle women
But then he was rumaticke,
And talkt of the _whore_ of Babilon.

_Boy._ _Hostes,_ do you remember he _saw_ a _Flea_ stand
Upon _Bardolfose_ nose, and _fed_ it _was_ a blacke _soule
Burning in _hell_?

_Bard._
of Henry the fift.

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

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

Pift. Cleare vp thy cristals,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables;
Trust none; the word is pitch and pay:
Mens words are wafer cakes,
And hold fast is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostesse.

Nim. I cannot kiss, and theris the humor of it,
But adieu.

Pift. Keepe fast thine bugge boe.

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

King. Now you Lords of Orleance,
Of Bourbon, and of Berry,
You see the King of England is not slacke,
For he is footed on this Land already.

Dolphin. My gracious Lord,
Tis meete we all go foorth,
And armes against the foe:
And view the weake and sickly parts of France:
But let vs do it with no shew of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were troubled with a Morris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
Her scepter so fantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.

Con. O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceiue your selfe,

C Question
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Question your Grace the late Embassador,
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
How well supplied with aged Counsellors,
And how his resolution answer'd him,
You then would say, that Harry was not wilde.

King. Well, thinke we Harry strong,
And strongly arme vs to prevent the foe.

Con. My Lord, heere is an Ambassador
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,
Selfe-love my Liege is not so vile a thing
As selfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Majesty;
He wils you in the name of God Almighty,
That you deuete your selfe, and lay apart
That borrowed title, which by gift of heauen,
Of law, 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 finifter, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht daies
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackt,
He sends you these most memorabile lines,
In euery branch truely demonstrated:
Willing you overlooke this pedigree,
And when you finde him euently derived
From his most famed and famous Ancestors,
Edward the third; he bids you then resigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the native and true Challenger.

King.
of Henry the fifth.

King. If not, what follows?
Ex. Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a lone,
That if requiring fail, he will compell it:
And on your heads turns he the widows teares
The orphans cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maidens groans,
For husbands, fathers, and distressed lovers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controversie.
This is his claime, his threatning, & my message,
Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence heere,
To whom expressly we bring greeting too.

Dol. For the Dolphin? I stand here for him,
What to heare from England.
Exe. Scorn & defiance, flight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not mis-become
The mighty fender, doth he prize you at:
Thus faith my King. Vnles your fathers highnes
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiesty,
Hee'll call you to so loud an answer for it,
That Caues and wombly Vaults of France
Shall chide your trespasse, & returne your mock.
In second accent of his Ordinance.

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 balkes.

Exe. Hee'll make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the Miftresse Court of mighty Europe.
And be assured, you'll finde a difference,
As we his subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene his yonger daies, and these he musters now;

C 2

Now
The Chronicle History

Now he weighs time even to the latest graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne lostes,
If we stay in France.

King. Well, for vs you shall returne our answer backe To our brother of England.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and Boy.

Nim. Before God here be no service.
Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come, Gods vassals drop and dye.

Nim. Tis honor, and there's the humor of it.

Boy. Would I were in London, Ide giue all my honour for a pot of Ale.
Pist. And I; if wishes would preuaile, I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewelen, and beats them in.

Flew. Gods 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 familiar With men's pockets, as their Gloues and their Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.

Bardolfe stole a Lute-case, carried it three mile, And sold it for three halfpence.

Nim stole a fire-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 Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine Flewelen you must come strait To the Mines, to the Duke of Glofter.
of Henry the fift.

Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the Mines: the conuaueties is otherwise,
You may discoufe to the Duke, the enemy is digd
Himfelfe five yards under the countermines;
By lefhu I thinke heel blow vp all,
If there be no better direction.

Alaruns. Enter the King and his Lords.

King. How yet resolues the Gouernor of the Towne?
This is the latest parley weel admit;
Therefore to our best mercy give your felues,
Or like to men proud of defftrution, deffe vs to our worft,
For as I am a fouldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the halfe atchieued Harflew,
Till in her afhes she be buried,
The gates of mercy are all shut vp.
What fay you, will you yeele and this auoid,
Or guilty in defence be thus deftroid?

Enter Gouernor.

Gouern. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of succout we entreated,
Returns vs word, his powers are not yet ready
To raife fo great a siege: therefore dread King,
We yeele our towne and liues to thy soft mercy:
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenflue now.

Enter Katherine and Alice.

Kate. Alice venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
Coman fae palla vou la main en francaoy.

Alice.
The Chronicle History

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 col.
Alice. De neck, e de cin, Madam.
Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.
Alice. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo Madam.
Kate. Ecowte Ie rehersera, towt cella que Iac a poandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.
Alice. De elbo Madam.
Kate. O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
Alice. May foy Madam, vou parla au se bon Angloy,
Asie vous aues ettue en Englatara.
Kate. Par la grace de deu an petty tanes. Ie parle milieu;
Coman se pella vou le peid e le robe.
Alice. Le foot, e le con.
Kate, Le foot, e le con, O Iesu! Iene veu point et 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 auxie, ecoute Alice, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.
Alice. Cet fort bon Madam.
Kate. A loues a diner.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Lord Constable, the
Dolphin, and Bourbon.

King. Tis certaine he is past the River Some.
Con. Mordu ma via! Shall a few spranes of vs.
(The emptying of our fathers luxery)
Outgrow their grafters.

But Normanes, bastard Normanes, nor du,
And if they passe vnsought withall,
Iesell, my Duke dome for a foggy Farme
In that short nooke Ile of England,

Con. Why whence haue they this mettal?
Is not their Climate raw, foggy, and cold.
On whom, as in disdaine, the Sunne lookes pale?
Can barley broth, a drench for swolne Iades,
Their sodden water decockt such liuely blood?
And shall our quicke blood, spirited with wine,
Seeme frosty? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Icesickles
Vpon our houfes top's, while they (a more frosty Climate)
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

King. Constable dispatch, send Montjoy foorth,
To know what willing ranfome he will giue;
Sonne Dolphin, you shall stay in Rhone with me.

Dol. Not so, I do beseech your Maiefty.

King. Well, I say it shall be so.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower and Flewells.

Gower. How now Captaine Flewel, how?
Come you from the bridge?

Flew. By Iesus there's excellent seruice committed at
the bridge?

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flew. The Duke of Exeter is a man whom I loue,
And I honour, and I worship with my soule,
And my heart, and my life,
And my lands, and my livings,
And my uttermost powers,
The Duke is looke you,
God be praised and pleased for it,
No harme in the worell.

He
The Chronicle History

He is maintaine the Bridge very gallantly:
There is an Ensigne there,
I do not know how you call him,
But by Ieshu I thinke he is as valiant as Marke Anthony,
He doth maintaine the Bridge most gallantly;
Yet he is a man of no reckoning;
But I did see him do gallant service.

Gower. how do you call him?
Flew. his name is ancient Pistoll.
Gower. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.
Pist. Captain, I thee befeech to do me a fauour,
The Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.
Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merited some loue at his hands.
Pist. Bardolf is a soouldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fate, and giddy Fortunes sticke wheele,
That God's blinde that stands upon the rowling restless stone.

Flew. By your patience Ancient Pistoll,
Fortune looke you is painted plinde,
With a musler before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is plinde:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
Which is the Morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a spherial stone,
Which rolles, and rolles, and rolles;
Surely the Poet is make an excellent description of Fortune.

Fortune looke you is an excellent Morall.
Pist. Fortune is Bardolfes foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hangd must he be;
A damned death, let gallowes gape for dogs,
Let man go free, and let not death his windpipe stop.
But Exeter hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of petty price:
Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voice.
And let not Bardolfs vitall thred be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requeite.
Flew. Captaine Pistoll, I partly vnderstand your meaning.
Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.
Flew. Certainly Ancient Pistoll,
Tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would wish the Duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions;
For looke you, disciplines ought to be kept,
They ought to be kept.
Pist. Die and be damned, and a fig for thy friendship.
Flew. That is good.
Pist. The figge of Spaine within thy law.
Flew. That is very well.
Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels & thy dyrtie maw.

Flew. Captaine Gower, cannot you heare it lighten and thunder?
Gower. Why is this the Ancient you told me of?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cut-purse.
Flew. By Iefus he is vitter as prauc words vpon the bridge
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day;
But tis all one, what he hath fed to me,
Looke you, is all one.

Gower. 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 fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commanders names.
They will learne by rote where services were done,
At such and such a scone, at such a breach,
At such a conuoy, who came off brauely, who was shot,  
Who disgraced, what termes the enemy fodder on,  
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,  
Which they tricke vp with new tun'd oathes,  
And what a beard of the Generals cut,  
And a horrid shout of the Campe  
Will do among the foming bottles and alewash't wits  
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne  
To know such flanders of this age,  
Or else you may merruellously be mistooke.  

Flew. Certaine Captaine 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 little  
Of my desires: heere comes his Maiesty.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster, and others.

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

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

King. What men haue you lost Flewellen?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiesty,  
The partition of the aduersary hath beene great,  
Very reasonably great, but for our owne parts,  
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one  
For robbing of a Church, one Bardolfe, if your Maiesty  
Know the man, his face is full of whelks, and knubs,  
And pumplis, and his breath blowes at his nose  
Like a coale, sometimes red, sometimes plew;  
But God be praised, now his nose is executed,  
And his fire out.

King. We would haue all offendors so cut off,  
And here we giue expresse commandement,  
That there be nothing taken from the villages  
But paid for; none of the French abused,  
Or vpbraided with disdainfull language:  
For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome,  
The gentleft gamester is the sooner winner.
of Henry the Ift.

Enter the French Herald.

Herald. You know me by my habit.e.

King. Well then, we know thee,

What should we know of thee?

Her. My Masters minde.

King. Unfold it.

Her. Go thee unto Harry of England, and tell him,

Advantage is a better souldier than rashnesse:

Although we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.

Now we speake vpon our kube, & our voyce is imperiall,

England shall repent her folly, see her rashnesse,

And admire our sufferance.

Which to ransom,

His pettiness 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 worthless satisfaction.

To this, adder defiance.

So much from the King my Master.

King. What is thy name? we know thy quality.

Herald. Montjoy.

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 truth,

(Thougb tis no wisedome to confesse so much

Vnto an enemy of craft and vantage)

My souldiers are with sicknesse much enfeebled,

My Army leffened, and those few I haue,

Almost no better then so many French:

VVho when they were in heart, I tell thee Herald,

I thought vpon one paire of English legs,

Did march three Frenchmens.

Yet God forgive me, that I do brag thus;

Your aire of France hath blowne this vice in me.

I must repent, go tell thy Matter here I am,

My ransome is this fraile and worthless body,

My Army but a weake and sickly guard.
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Yet God before, we will come on,
If France and such another neighbor stood in our way;
If we may passe, we will; if we be hindered,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood discolor.
So Montjoy get you gone, there's for your pains:
The sum of all our answer is but this,
We would not seeke a battle as we are;
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it.

Herald. I shall deliver so: thanks to your Majesty.
Gloft. My Liege, I hope they will not come upon us now.

King. We are in God's hand brother, not in theirs;
To-night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away. Exit.

Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleance, and Gebon.

Con. Tur, I haue the best armour in the world.
Orleance. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.
Bur. Now you talke of a horse,
I haue a steed like the Palfrey of the Sunne,
Nothing but pure aire and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orleance. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.
Bur. And of the heate of 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 imitate
That which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my Mistresse.

Con. Mafoye the other day, me thought
Your Mistresse shooke you shrewdly.
of Henry the fift.

Bur. I, bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,
My Mistresse weares her owne haire.
Con. I could make as good a boaste of that,
If I had a Sow to my Mistresse.
Bur. Tut, thou wilt make use of any thing.
Con. Yet I do not use my horse for my Mistresse.
Bur. Will it never be morning?
Ile ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shall be paus'd with english faces.
Con. By my faith so will not I,
For feare I be out-faced of my way.
Bur. Well, Ile go arme myselfe; hay,
Gebon. The Duke of Bourbon longs for morning.
Orleague. I, he longs to eate the English.
Con. I thinke hee'le eate all he kills.
Orlean. O peace, ill will never said well.
Con. Ile cap that Proverbe,
With there's flattery in friendship.
Orle. O sir, I can answer that,
With giue the Diuell his due.
Con. Haue at the eye of that Proverbe,
With a jogge of the Diuell.
Orle. Well, the Duke of Bourbon is simply
The most active Gentleman of France.
Con. Doing his actiuitie, and hee'le still be doing.
Orle. He never did hurt as I heard off.
Con. No I warrant you, nor never will.
Orle. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
Con. I was told so by one that knowes him better then you.
Orle. Whose that?
Con. Why he told me so himselfe.
And said he cared not who knew it.
Orle. Well, who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred English prisoners?
Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,
Before you have them.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Granpeere.

Con. A valiant man, an expert Gentleman.

Come, come away, The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day. Exit omnes.

Enter the King disguise, to him Pestoll.

Pist. Ke ve la?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discus vnnto me, art thou a 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. VVhat are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

King. O then thou art better then the King.

Pist. The Kings a bago, and a hart of gold,

A lad of life, an impe of fame,

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kis his durty shooe, and from my heart strings

I Ioue the lovely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy, a Cornifh man;

Art thou of Cornifh crew?

King. No sir, I am a Welchman.

Pist. A Welchman; knowft thou Flewelen?

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 fierceness.

Pist.
Pistoll is my name.  

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gower. Captaine Flewellen.

Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lower.

It is the greatest folly in the worrell, when the ancient Prerogatiues of the warres be not kept.

I warrant you, if you looke into the wars of the Romans,

You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bibble babble there,

But you shall finde the cares, and the fears,

And the ceremonies to be otherwise.

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

Flew. Goddes sould, if the enemy be an ass & a foole,

And a prating cocks-combe, is it meet that we be also Afoole, and a prating cocks-combe,

In your conscience now?

Gower. Ille speake lower.

Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine Gower.

King. Though it appeare a little out of fashion,

Yet there's 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 Up to the necke in the middle of the Thames,

And so I would he were, at all adventures, and I with him.

King. Now masters good morrow, what cheare?

3. Soul. Ifaith small cheere some of vs is like to haue,

Ere this day to an end.

King. Why feare nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. Soul. He may be, for he hath no cause as we.

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

The Violet smels to him as vnto vs;

Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.
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2. Soul. But the King hath a heavy reckoning to make, If his cause be not good; when all those souls Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here, Shall joyn together at the latter day, And say I dyed at such a place. Some swearing; Some their wives rawly left; Some leaving their children poor behind them. Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a grievous matter to him. King, Why so you may say, if a man send his servant As Factor into another Country, And he by any means miscarry, You may say the businesse of the Master Was the author of his servants mis-fortune. Or if a sonne be employed by his father, And he fall into any leud action, you may say the father Was the author of his sonnes damnation. But the master is not to answer for his servant, The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subjects; For they purpose not their deaths, When they craue their services; Some there are that have the gift Of premeditated murder on them; Others the broken scale of Forgery, in beguiling maidens Now if these out-strip the law, Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment. War is Gods Beadle. War is Gods vengeance: Every mans service is the Kings: But every mans soule is his owne. Therefore I would have every soildier examine himselfe, And wash every moth 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. Soul. I faith he saies true, Every mans fault is on his owne head,
of Henry the fift.
I would not haue the king answer for me,
Yet I intend to fight luftily for him.
   King. Well, I heard the king wold not be ransomd.
   2. Soul. He said fo, to make vs fight;
But when our throats be cut, he may be ransomd,
And we ner the wiser.
   King. If I liue to see that, ile ner the wiser trust his word againe.
   2. Soul. Maffe you'll pay him then,
Tis a great displeasure that an elder
Gun can do againft a Cannon,
Or a subiect againft a Monarch.
You'll ner the wiser, you are a maffe, goe.
   King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter;
Were it not at this time I could be angry.
   2. Soul. Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.
   King. How shall I know thee?
   2. Soul. Here's my gloue, which if euere I see in thy hat,
Ile chalenge thee, and strike thee.
   King. Here is likewise another of mine,
And affure thee ile weare it.
   2. Soul. Thou darst as well be hang'd.
   3. Soul. Be friends you foole,
We haue French quarrels enow in hand,
We haue no need of English broyles.
   King. Tis no treason to cut French Crownes,
For tomorrow the King himselfe will be a clipper.
Exit the fouldiers.

Enter to the King, Gloucester, Spingham,
and Attendants.

   King. O God of battels steele my fouldiers harts,
Take from them now the fence of reckoning,
That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
May not appale their courage.
O not too day, not too day O God,
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Thinke on the fault my father made,
In compassing the Crowne.
I Richards body have interred new,
And on it hath bestow'd more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood;
A hundred men haue I in yearely pay,
Which every day their withered hands hold vp
To heauen, to pardon blood,
And I haue built two Chanceries, more will I do:
Though all that I can do is all too little.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. My Lord.
King. My brother Glosters voice.
Glo. My Lord, the army stayes upon 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, & Salisbury.

War. My Lords, the French are very strong,
Ex. There's five to one, and yet they are all fresh.
War. Of fighting men they haue full forty thousand.
Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farwell kinde Lords:
Braue Clarence, and my Lord of Gloster,
My Lord of Warwick, and to all farewell.
Cla. Farewell kinde Lords, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honor.

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 cousin Warwick?
Gods will I would not lose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my kingdom.
of Henry the fift.

No faith my Cofen, with not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently through our camp
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 would not dye in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to dye with vs.
This day is called the day of Crispin:
He that out-liues this day, and fees olde age,
Shall stand a tipto when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of Crispin.
He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is S. Crispins day:
Then shall we in their flowing boules
Be newly remembred. Harry the King,
Bedford and Exeter, Clarence, and Gloster,
Warwicke, and Yorke,
Familiar in their mouths as household wordes.
This story shall the good man tell his son,
And from this day vnto the generall doome,
But we in it shall be remembred.
We few, we happy few, we bond of brothers,
For he to day that sheds his blood by mine
Shall be my brother. Be he nere so base
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shal he strip his sleeues, & shew his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispins day.
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselves accurft,
They were not there, when any speakes
That fought with vs upon S. CrispinEs day.
Glo. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.
Kin. Why all things are ready if our mindes be so.
War. Perish the man whose minde is backward now.
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King. Thou dost not wish more helpe from England, Cousen?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battell out.
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.

Her. Once more I come to know of thee king Henry,
What thou wilt give for ransome?
King. Who hath sent thee now?
Her. The Constable of France.
King. I prethee beare my former answer backe,
Bid them atchieue me, and then fell my bones.
Good God, why should they mocke good fellowes thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
VWhile the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.
And many of our bodies shal no doubt
Finde graues within your Realme of France:
Though buried in your dunghils, we shall be famed,
For there the Sunne shall greete them,
And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heaven,
Leaueing their earthly parts to choake your clime;
The smell whereof, shall breed a plague in France;
Marke then abundant valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullets crashe,
Breakes foorth into a second course of mischeife,
Killing in relaps of mortality.
Let me speake proudly,
There's not a piece of feather in our Campe,
Good argument I hope we shal not flye,
And time hath wore vs into fliouendry.
But by the maffe, our hearts are in the trim,
And my poore soildiers tell me, yet ere night
of Henry the fift.
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloaths ore your French soldiers eares;
And turne them out of service. If they do this,
As if it please God they shall,
Then shall our ransome soone be leuied;
Saué thou thy labour Herauld,
Come thou no more for ransome, gentle Herauld.
They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones;
Which if they haue, as I will leave vm them,
VWill yeeld them little, tell the Constable.
Her. I shall deliver so.

Exit Herald.

Yorke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue
The leading of the vaward.
King. Take it braue Yorke.
Come soldiers let's away,
And as thou pleases God, dispose the day.

Exit.

Enter the foure French Lords.

Gebon. O diabello.
Con. Mor du mavie.
Orle. O what a day is this!
Bur. O Iour dei houte all is gone, all is loft.
Con. VVe are enow 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,
Leth him go home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a bafe lano hold the chamber doore,
VWhy leaft by a flauë no gentler then my dog,
His fairest daughter is contamuracke.
Con. Disorder that hath spoild vs, right vs now,
Come we in heapes, wee'll offer vp our liues
Vnto these English, or else die with fame.
Come, come along,
Let's dye with honor, our shame doth last too long.

Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the boy.

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monsieur, ie vou en pree aues petie de moy.
Pist. Moy shall not serue, I will haue forty moys.

Boy, aske his name,
Boy. Comant ettes v vous apelles ?
French. Monsieur Fer.
Boy. He sayes his name is master Fer.
Pist. Ile Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him,

Boy discusse the same in French.
Boy. Sir I do not know whats French for Fer, ferite, and fearke.
Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.
Boy. Feate, vou pret, ill voules couple votre gorge.
Pist. Onye ma foy couple la gorge,
Vnleffe thou giue to me egregious ransome, dye.

One point of a fox.

French. Qui dit ill monsieur,
Ill ditye si vou ny vouly pa domy luy.
Boy. La gran ransome, ill voutueres.
French. O ie vous en pri petit gentelhome, parle
A cee, gran Captaine, pour auez mercie
A moy, sy iee doneres pour mon ransome
Cinquante ocios. ie suyes vngentelhome de France.
Pist. What sayes he boy ?
Boy. Marry sir he sayes he is a gentleman of a great
House of France, and for his ransome,
He will giue you 500. Crownes.
Pist. My fury shall abate,
And I the Crownes will take,
And as I sucke blood, I will some mercie shew.
Enter the King, his Nobles, and Pistol.

King. What the French retire?

Yet als not done, the French keepes still the field.

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

King. Liues he good vnkle, twice I saw him downe,

Twice vp againe:
From helmet to the spur, all bleeding ore.

Exe. In which array, braue soouldier 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 dyed, and Yorke all wounded ore.
Comes to him where in blood he lay all steept,
And takes him by the beard, kisst the gashes
That bloudily did yawne vpon his face,

And cryed alowd, tarry deere cousin Suffolke:

My soule shall thine keepe company in heauen:

Tarry deere soule awhile, then flye to rest:

And in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept togethier in our Chivialry:

Vpon these words I came and cheer'd them vp,

He tooke me by the hand, saide deere my Lorde,

Commend my seruice to my Soueraigne,

So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke

He threw his wounded arm, and so espous'd to death

With blood he sealed. An argument,

Of neuer-ending loue.

The pretty and sweete manner of it,

For'd those waters from me, which I would haue stoppt,

But I had not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gave me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not: for hearing you,

I must convert to teares.
Alarum sounds.

What new alarum is this?
Bid every soouldier kill his prisoner.

Exit omnes.

Enter Flowerden, and Captaine Gower.

Flowerden. Godes plud kill the boyes and the lugyge,
Tis the arrants piece of knauery as can be defired
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

Gower. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left alieue,
And the cowardly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselves haue done this slaughter;
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt
All that was in the Kings Tent:
Whereupon the king caused every prisoners
Throat to be cut. Oh he is a worthy King.

Flowerden. I, he was borne at Monmouth;
Captaine Gower, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

Gower. Alexander the great.

Flowerden. Why I pray, is not big great?
As if I say, big, or great, or magnanimous,
I hope tis all one reckoning,
Saue the phrase is a little variation.

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

Flowerden. I thinke it was Macedon indeed
Where Alexander was borne:
Looke you Captaine Gower,
And if you looke into the Maps of the worell well,
You shall finde little difference betweene
Macedon and Monmouth. Looke you, there is
A River in Macedonia, and there is also a River
In Monmouth, the River's name at Monmouth
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 fingers,
And there is Samons in both.
Looke you Captaine Gower, and you marke it,
You shall finde our King is come after Alexander,
God knowes, and you know, that Alexander in his
Bowles, and his Ales, and his wrath, & his displeasures
And indignations, was kill his friend Cius.

Gow. I but our King is not like him in that,
For he never kild 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 comparifions, as Alexander is kill
His friend Cius: so our King being in his ripe
Wits and judgements, is turne away the fat Knite
With the great belly doublet:
I am forget his name.

Gower, Sir John Falstaffe.

Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir John Falstaffe indeed,
I can tell you, there's good men borne at Monmouth.

Enter the King and his Lords.

King. I was not angry since I came in France,
Vntill this houre,
Take a Trumpet Herauld,
And ride vnto the horsemens on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or leave the field, they do offend our fight.
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skyr away, as fast
As stones enforc'd from the old Assyrian slings.
Befides, weel cut the throats of those we haue,
And not one alieue shall taste our mercy.
Gods will what means this? know'st thou not
That we have fined these bones of ours for ransom?

Her. I come great King for charitable favour,
To sort our Nobles from our common men,
We may have leave to bury all our dead,
Which in the field lie spoilt and troden on.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I do not know whether the day be ours or no:
For yet a many of your French do keep the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praised be God therefore:

What Castle call you that?

Her. We call it Agincourt.

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

Flew. Your Grandfather of famous memory,
If your Grace be remembred,
Is do good service in France.

King. Tis true Flewellen.

Flew. Your Majesties sayes very true.

And it please your Majestie,
The Welshmen there was do good service,
In a Garden where Leekes did grow,
And I thinke your Majestie will take no scorne,
To weare a Lecke in your cap upon S. Dauies day.

King. No Flewellen, for I am Welsh as well as you.

Flew. All the water in Wye will not wash your welch
Blood out of you. God keepe it, and preserve it,
To his graces will and pleasure.

King. Thankes good Countrey-man.

Flew. By Iesu I am your Majesties Countreyman, (man.
I care not who kno it, so long as your majesty is an honest

King. God keepe me so. Our Herald go with him,
And bring vs the number of the scattered French.

Exit Heralds
of Henry the fift.

Call yonder souldier hither.

_Flew._ You fellow, come to the King.

_Kin._ Fellow, why doft thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

_Soul._ And please your maiestye, tis a rascalles that swaggard with me the other day: and he hath one of mine, the which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him: so hath he the like to mee.

_Kin._ How thinke you Flewellen, is it lawfull to keep his Oath?

_Flew._ And it please your Maiestye tis lawful to keep his vow
If he be periu'ed once, he is as arrant a beggarly knaue, as treads vpon too blacke shoors.

_King._ His enemy may be a Gentleman of worth.

_Flew._ And if he be as good a Gentleman as Lucifer and Belzebub, and the diuell himselfe,
Tis meeete he keepe his vow.

_King._ Well sirrha keepe your word,

_Under what Captaine seruest thou?

_Soul._ Under Captaine Gower.

_Flew._ Captaine Gower is a good Captaine,
And hath good litterature in the warres.

_Kin._ Go call him hither.

_Soul._ I will my Lord.

Exit souldier.

_Kin._ Captaine Flewellen, when Alanson and I
Were dowe together, I tooke this gloue from's helmet,
Heere Flewellen weare it.

If any challenge it, he is a friend of Alonsons,
And an enemy to me.

_Flew._ Your Maiestye doth me as great a fauour,
As can be desiered in the hearts of his subiects.
I would see that man now that wold challenge this gloue
And it please God of his grace I would but see him,
That is all.)

_King._ Flewellen know'st thou Captaine Gower?

_Flew._ Captaine Gower is my friend.

_Fa_
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And if it like your maiefty, I know him very well.

King. Go call him hither.

Flew. I will and it shall please your maiefty.

King. Follow Flewelling closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the soldiers:
It may be there will be harme betwenee them,
For I do know Flewelling valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as Gun-powder:
And quickly will returne an injury.
Go see there be no harme betwenee them.

Enter Captaine Gower, Flewelling, and the Soldier.

Flew. Captaine Gower, in the name of Iefu
Come to his maiefty, there is more good towards you
Then you can dreame of.

Soul. Do you heare, you sir,
Do you know this gloue?

Flew. I know the gloue is a gloue.

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

He strikes him.

Flew. Gods plut, and his Captaine Gower stand away,
Ile giue treason his due presently.

Enter the King, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.

King. How now? Whats the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your maiefty,
Here is the notablest pecece of treason come to light:
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Here is a rascal, beggerly rascal is strike the gloue,
Which your maiefty in person
Tooke out of the Helmet of Alansou:
And your maiefty will beare me witnesses.
And testimonies, and avouchments,
That this is the gloue.
Soul. And it please your majesty,
That was my gloue.
He that I gaue it to in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat:
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman with my gloue in's hat,
And I think I have bene as good as my worde.
Flew. Your Majesty heares,
Vnder your Majestyes man-hoode,
What a beggerly lowlie knaue it is.
King. Let me see thy gloue.
Looke you, this is the fellow of it.
It was I indeede you promised to strike.
And thou haft giuen me most bitter words,
How canft thou make vs amends?
Flew. Let his necke answer it,
If there be any marshals law in the worrell.
Soul. My Liege,
All offences come from the heart:
Neuer came any from mine
To offend your Majestie.
You appeard to me but as a common man:
Witnessc the night, your garments,
Your lowliness: and whatsoeuer
You receiued vnder that habite,
I beseech your majestie, impute it
To your owne fault, and not to mine.
For your selfe came not like your selfe:
Had you beene as you seemed then to mee,
I had made no offence, my gracious Lord,
Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.
King. Vackle, 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.
Give him the Crownes. Come Captaine Elemellen,
I must needs haue you friends.

Flow. By Iesus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his belly.
Harke you souldier, There is a filling for you,
And keepe your selfe out of brawles,
And prabbles, and dissentions,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.
Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.
Flow. Why is a good filling man:
Why should you be queamish?
Your shooes are not so good.
It will serue you to mend your shooes.

Kin. What men of sort are taken vuckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchquall.
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squyres.
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French, that in the feldye lyes slaine.
Of Nobles bearing banniers in the feldye,
Charles de le Brute, high Constable of France,
Jaques of Chatillian, Admirall of France,
The master of the Crosse-bowes, John Duke Alonson,
Lord Kambieres, high Master of France.
The braue Sir Gwizzard, Dolphin. Of Nobelle Charillas,
Gran Prie and Rosse, Fawconbridge and Foy,
Gerard and Verton, Vandemant and Leftra.

King. Heeres was a royall fellowship of death,
Where is the number of our English dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam Esquire,
And of all the other, but fiue and twenty.

King. O God, thy arme was heere,
And into thee alone, ascribe we praise:

When
of Henry the fift.
When without stratageme,
And even in shocke of battells, was euere heard
So great and little losse, on one part and another?
Take it O God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. Tis wonderfull.

Kin. Come, let vs go on procession through the camp:
Let it be death proclaim'd to any man
To boast thereof, or take the praise from God,
Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawfull, and it please your Maiestie,
To tell how many is kild?

Kin. Yes Flewollen,
But with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.

Kin. Let there be sung Nououes and Te Deum,
The dead with charity enter'd in clay:
Weel then to Calice, and to England then,
Where nere from France, arriu'd more happier men.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gower and Flewollen.

Gower. But why do you weare your Leeke to day?
Saint Davies is passe:

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 worell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and salt, and biddes mee
Eate my Leeke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where I could moue no diffentions,
But if I can see him, I shall tell him
A little of my desires.

Gow. Heere he comes swelling like a Turky-cocke.

Enter
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Enter Pistoll.

Flownell. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turk-cockes.

God plesse you Ancient Pistoll, you scall,
Beggerly, lowly knaue, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou Bedlem?

Doft thou thurst base Troyan,
To haue me solde vp Parcis fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmishe at the smell of Leeke.

Flew. Ancient Pistoll,
I would desire you because it doth not agree
With your stomackes, and your appetites,
And your digestions, to eate this Leeke.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his Goats.

Flew. There is one Goate for you, ancient Pistoll.

He Strikes him.

Pist. Base Troyan, thou shalt dye.

Flownell. I, I know I shall dye:
But in the meane time, I would desire you
To liue and eate this Leeke.

Gower. Enough Captaine,
You haue astonisht him, it is enough.

Flewel. Astonisht him,

By Iefu, Ile beate his head foure dayes
And foure nights too, but Ile make him
Eate some part of my Leeke.

Pist. Well must I bite?

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

He makes Ancient Pistoll bite of the Leeke.

Pistol. Good, good.
of Henry the fift.

Flewellen. I Leekes are good, ancient Pistoll.

Looke you now, there is a shilling for you
To heale your bloody coxcombe.

Pist. Me a shilling.

Flew. If you will not take it,
I haue another Leek for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reckoning.

Flew. If I owe you any thing,
I will pay you in Cudgelles:
You shall be a Wood-monger,
And buy Cudgels. And so God be with you
Ancient Pistoll, God plesse you,
And heale your broken pate.
Ancient Pistoll, if you see Leekes another time,
Mocke at them, that is all: God bewy you.

Exit Flewellen,

Pist. All hell Shall stirre for this.
Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike loynes?
Well France farewell, newes have I certainly
That Doll is sicke. One malady of France
The warres affoordeth nought, home will I trug,
Baud will I turne, and use the flight of hand;
To England will I steale,
And there Ile steale:
And patches will I get vnto these scarres,
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, Queen Katherine, the Duke of Barbon, and others.
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Harry. Peace to this meeting,
Wherefore we are met,
And to our brother France, faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely cousin Katherine,
And as a branch, and member of this Locke,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy.

Fran. Brother of England,
Right joyous are we to behold your face,
So are we Princes English every one.

Duke. With pardon vnto your mightinesse:
Let it not displease you, if I demaund
What rub or barre hath thus farre hindred you
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?

Har. If Duke of Burgundy you would haue peace,
You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our Articles.

Fran. We haue but with a cursorary eye
One-view'd them; pleaseth your Grace,
To let some of your Counsell fit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory answer.

Har. Go Lords, and fit with them,
And bring vs answer backe.
yet leaue our cousin Katherine heere behind.

Fran. Withall our hearts.

Exit French King and the Lords.

Manet, king Henry, Katherine, and the
Gentlewoman.

Har. Now Kate,
You haue a blunt wooer heere left with you.
If I could winne thee at Leape-frog,
Or with vauting with my armour on my backe
Into my saddle,
Without bragge be it spoken;
Ide make compare with any.

But
of Henry the sitt.

But leaving that Kate,
If thou takeft me now,
Thou shalt haue me at the worst,
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 Denis and Saint George,
Shall get a boy, that shall go to Constantinople,
And take the great Turke by the beard?
Ha, Kate.

Kate. Is it possible dat me fall
Loue de enemy de France.

Harry. No Kate,
It is vnpossible you should loue the enemy of France:
For Kate I loue France fo 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 you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married husband.
Let me see, Saint Dennis be my speede.
Quan France & 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 ie suyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.

Harry. Wilt belecue me Kate ? Tis easier for me.
To conquer the kingdom,
Then to speake so much more French.

Kate. A your Maiesty
Has false France enough, to deceive.
De best Lady in France.

Harry. No faith Kate not I.
But Kate prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,
Dost thou loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.

Harry. No: Can of any your Neighbours tel,
Ile ask them.
Come Kate, I know you loue me.
And soone when you are in your Clofser,
Youle question this Lady of me:
But I pray thee sweet Kate, vfe 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 grow crooked,
A round eye will grow hollow,
A great legge will waxe small,
A curld pate proue bald:
But a good heart Kate is the Sun and the Moon,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore Kate take me,
Take a fouldier, take a fouldier,
Take a king:
Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou haue mee?

Kate. Dat is as please de king my Father.

Harry. Nay it will please him,
Nay it shal please him Kate,
And vpon that condition Kate, ile kiffe thee.

Kate. O mon du iene voudroy faire quelk choife
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt voctee fashion en favor.

Harry
Enter the Kings of France, and the Lords.

How now my Lords?

Fran. Brother of England,
We have ordered the Articles,
And have agreed to all that we in sedule had.

Exec. Onely he hath not subscribed this,
Where your Majestie demands,
That the King of France having any occasion
To write for matter of grant,
Shall name your Highnesse in this forme:
And with this addition in French,

Nostre trescher filz, Henry Roy d' Angleterre;
Et heare de France. And thus in Latine:

Preclarissimus filius uoster Henricus Rex Anglie,
Et heres Franciæ.

Fran. Nor this have we so nicely stooed vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the same.
Harry. Why then let this among the rest
Have his full course: And with all,
Your daughter Katherine in marriage.
Fran. This and what else
your Majesty shall crave:
God that disposeth all, give you much joy.
Har. Why then faire Katherine,
Come give me thy hand:
Our marriage will we present solemnize,
And end our hatred by a bond of love.
Then will I sweare to Kate, and Kate to me,
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken be.

FINIS.