```
confin'd two mightie Monarchies, Whose high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts, The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder. Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts: Into a thousand parts divide one Man, And make imaginarie Puissance. Thinke when we talke of h
            ou see them Printing their prowd Hoofes i'th' receiuing Earth: For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our Kings, Carry them here and there: lumping o're Times; Turning th' accomplishment of many yeeres Into an Howre-glasse: for the which supplie, Admit me Chor
 to this Historie; Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray, Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play. Enter the two Bishops of Canterbury and Ely. Bish.Cant. My Lord, Ile tell you, that selfe Bill is vrg'd, Which in th' eleue[n]th yere of y last
          Was like, and had indeed against vs past, But that the scambling and vnquiet time Did push it out of farther question Bish. Ely. But how my Lord shall we resist it now? Bish. Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs, We loose the better halfe of our l
       Temporall Lands, which men deuout By Testament haue giuen to the Church, Would they strip from vs; being valu'd thus, As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor, Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights, Six thousand and two hundred good Esquires: And
           Bish.Ely. But what preuention? Bish.Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard Bish.Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church Bish.Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not. The breath no sooner left his Fathers body, But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him, Se
  d to dye too: yea, at that very moment, Consideration like an Angell came, And whipt th' offending Adam out of him; Leauing his body as a Paradise, T' inuelop and containe Celestiall Spirits. Neuer was such a sodaine Scholler made: Neuer came Reformation in a Flood, With such
 a heady currance scowring faults: Nor neuer Hidra-headed Wilfulnesse So soone did loose his Seat; and all at once; As in this King Bish. Ely. We are blessed in the Change Bish. Cant. Heare him but reason in Diuinitie; And all-admiring, with an inward wish You would desire the k
                his facultie B.Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast: And therefore we must needes admit the meanes, How things are perfected B.Ely. But my good Lord: How now for mittigation of this Bill, Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maiestie Incline to it, or no? B.Cant.
          indifferent: Or rather swaying more vpon our part, Then cherishing th' exhibiters against vs: For I haue made an offer to his Maiestie, Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation, And in regard of Causes now in hand, Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large, As touching France, to
  ue a greater Summe, Then euer at one time the Clergie yet Did to his Predecessors part withall B.Ely. How did this offer seeme receiu'd, my Lord? B.Cant. With good acceptance of his Maiestie: Saue that there was not time enough to heare, As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine ha
          ne seueralls and vnhidden passages Of his true Titles to some certaine Dukedomes, And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France, Deriu'd from Edward, his great Grandfather B.Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off? B.Cant. The French Embassador vpon the
        Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come, To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock? B.Ely. It is B.Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embassie: Which I could with a ready guesse declare, Before the Frenchman speake a word of it B.Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to h
          eunt. Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter. King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury? Exeter. Not here in presence King. Send for him, good Vnckle Westm. Shall we call in th' Ambassador, my Liege? King. Not yet, my Cou
   we would be resolu'd, Before we heare him, of some things of weight, That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France. Enter two Bishops. B.Cant. God and his Angels guard your sacred Throne, And make you long become it King. Sure we thanke you. My learned Lord, we p
  you to proceed, And iustly and religiously vnfold, Why the Law Salike, that they have in France, Or should or should not barre vs in our C
                                                                                                                                                    layme: And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord, That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading, Or nicely charge your vnderstan
           With opening Titles miscreate, whose right Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth: For God doth know, how many now in
                                                                                                                                                          alth, Shall drop their blood, in approbation Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to. Therefore take heed how you impawne our Pers
          u awake our sleeping Sword of Warre; We charge you in the Name of God take heed: For neuer two such Kingdomes did
                                                                                                                                                       en d, Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops Are euery one, a Woe, a sore Complaint, 'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues ec
          e Swords, That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie. Vnder this Coniuration, speake my Lord: For we will heare, note, an
                                                                                                                                                            ue in heart, That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt, As pure as sinne with Baptisme B.Can. Then heare me gracious S
ueraign, & you Peers, That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices, To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre To make against you
                                                                                                                                                           nesse Clayme to France, But this which they produce from Pharamond, In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant, No Woman shall
            like Land: Which Salike Land, the French vniustly gloze To be the Realme of France, and Pharamond The founder of this
         Vhere Charles the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons, There left behind and settled certaine French: Who holding in disdaine
 efunction of King Pharamond, Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law, Who died within the yeere of our Redemption, Foure hundred tw
  , and Lewes the Sonne Of Charles the Great: also King Lewes the Tenth, Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper Capet
                                          your b loody Flagge, Looke back into your mightie Ancestors: Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandsires Tombe, From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit, And your Great Vnckl es, Ed
                                               Ma king defeat on the full Power of France: Whiles his most mightie Father on a Hill Stood smiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie. O Noble English, that co ul d ente
                                               not her halfe stand laughing by, All out of worke, and cold for action Bish. Awake remem brance of these valiant dead, And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats; You are their He ire,
                                                    Runs in your Veines; and my thrice-puissant Liege Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth, Ri
                                                     er Lyons of your Blood West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and might; So ha th your Highnesse: neuer King of England Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subie
                                                     i on'd in the fields of France Bish.Can. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege With Bloo ds, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right: In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie Wil I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                avse v our Highnesse such a mig
                                                     one time Bring in to any of your Ancestors King. We must not onely arme t' inuade the French. But lay downe our proportions, to defend Against the Scot, who will make road e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            he Sc_ot. Who_hath been still a giddy
                                                         v great Grandfather Neuer went with his forces into France, But that the Scot, on his vinfurnisht Kingdome, Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach. With ample and br
  phbour to vs: For you shall reade. that
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           fulne sse of his force, Galling the glear
                                                           grieuous siege, Castles and Townes: That England being emptie of defence, Hath shook e and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood B.Can. She hath bin the[n] more fear'd t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  arm'd, my Liege: For heare her
                                                             Cheual ie hath been in France, And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles, Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended, But taken and impounded as a Stray, The
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  na of Scots: whom shee did sen
                                                           ith prisoner Kings, And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse, As is the Ow se and boottome of the Sea With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries Bish. Ely. Bu t th
                                          otland f
                                                          rst begin. For once the Eagle (England) being in prey, To her vinguarded Nest, the We aze II (Scot) Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges, Playing the Mous e
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              nce of the Cat. To tame and hauock
                                                         he Cat must stay at home, Yet that is but a crush'd necessity, Since we have loc kes to safegard necessaries, And pretty traps to catch the petty theeves. While that the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             hand doth fight abroad. Th' aduised h
                                                   tho ugh high, and low, and lower, Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent, Congres
                                                                                                                                                         no in a full and natural close. Like Musicke Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
                                                                butt, Obedience: for so worke the Hony Bees, Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome. They have a King, and Officer
                                                                 Souldiers armed in their stings, Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes: Whic h pillage, they with merry march bring home To the Tent-royal of their E
                                                                   ing vp the hony: The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in T
                                                                                                                                                                   heir heauy burthens at his narrow gate: The sad-ey'd lustice
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        with his surly humme, Deliuering ore to Executors pale T
                                                                                                                                                                         any Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes Come to one mar
                                                                                                                                  in one purpose, and be all
                                                                                                                                                                             orne Without defeat. Therefore to France, my L
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    vs be worried, and our Nation lose The name of hardinesse a
                                                                                                                                                                                 end our owne doores from the doage. Let
                                                                                                                     e An d yours, th
                                                                                                                    se bones in an vnw orth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              em: Either our History shall with full mouth Speake freely of our A
                                                                                         ly to render what we have in charge: Or shall we spa
                                                                                                                                                                  shew you farre off The Dolphins meaning
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          nd our Embassie King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King, Vnto wh
                                                                                                                                                                ell vs the Dolphins minde Amb. Thus that
  grace our passion is as subject As is our wretches fettred in our prisor
    Dukedomes, in the right Of your great Predecessor, King Edward the third.
                                                                                                                                                             es, that you sauour too much of yo ur youth.
                ou cannot reuell into Dukedomes there. He therefore sends
 Vhat Treasure Vncle? Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege Kin. We are glad the Dolp h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      tcht our Rackets to these Balles. We will in France (by Gods grace) play a s
                                                                                                                                                                                                      aue
 Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard. Tell him, he hath made a match
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   tand him well. How he comes o're vs with our wilder daves. Not measuring wh
  vse we made of them. We neuer valew'd this p oore seate of England, An
                                                                                                         uing hence, did giue our selfe To bar
                                                                                                                                                                                                  . T hat
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       are merriest, when they a re from home. But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe
                                                                                            fore
                                                                                                               one of France. For that I have la
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 will rise there with so full a glorie. That I will daz
 State, Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Gre
                                                                                 ro wse m e in my T
                                                                                                                                                                                                  a man
all the eves of France. Yea strike the Dolphin blinde
                                                            to looke on vs. An
                                                                                                                                                                                                  stones, and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              and sore charged, for the wastefull vengeance Tha
     flve with them: for many a thousand widows Sha
                                                                                          mocke out o
                                                                                                                  their deer husbands: Mocke
                                                                                                                                                  mother
                                                                                                                                                                                             ck Castles d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           e yet vngotten and vnborne, That shal haue cause to
irse the Dolphins scorne. But this Ives all within the wil
                                                                                                                  nd in who se name Te I vou t
                                                                                                                                                                      m commin g o n
                                                                                                                                                                                                To venge
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ut forth My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cause. So ge
                                                                                              t. When t
                                                                                                                               e more then did
                                                                                                                                                                      C onuey the m wit
                                                                                                                                                                                             h safe con
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          xeunt, Ambassadors, Exe. This was a merry Message
                                                                                                           wre. That may
    We hope to make the Sender blush at it: Therefore, mv Lo rd s. omit no
                                                                                                    ho
                                                                                                                               ai ue furt h'ranc
                                                                                                                                                            o our E x
                                                                                                                                                                          pedition: For w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      u ght in vs but France, Saue those to God, that runne befo
 our businesse. Therefore let our proportions for these Warr es
                                                                                                            d. and all thin
                                                                                                                                   thou ght vp
                                                                                                                                                             Th at may
                                                                                                                                                                         with reasonab
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Fe athers to our Wings: for God before, Wee'le chide this D
                                                                               houg
                                                                                                                                                            e bro ugh t. Exeunt. Flouri
                                                                                                  hat t
                                                                                                             his faire Actio
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    Now all the Youth of England are on fire. And silken Dallian
                                                                                                                                  n may on foo
                                                                                                                                                                                             sh. En
                                                                                         t Re ig nes so
 in the Wardrobe Ives: Now thriue the Armorers, and Ho n o rs t h
                                                                                                              lely in the bre
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             the Horse: Following the Mirror of all Christian Kings, With wing
                                                                                                                                                             They
                                                                             Av re. An
                                                                                                                rd. from Hil
                                                                                                                                    ts vn to the
                                                                                                                                                                        With Crowne
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              s a nd Co ronets. Promis'd to Harry, and his followers. The Frencl
  neeles, as English Mercuries. For now sits Expectation in the
                                                                                                ides a Swo
                                                                                                                                                                                                          purposes. O
aduis'd by good intelligence Of this most dreadfull preparation
                                                                            ke in their
                                                                                                                  pale Po
                                                                                                                                    i cy See
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   and: Modell to thy inward Greatnesse, Like little Body with a n
                                                                                       fea
                                                                                             re , and with
                                                                                                                                                                          o diuert
                                                                                e all th y c hi
            What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do, W
                                                                                                  Idren k in
                                                                                                                                    natu ra
                                                                                                                                                                                           thy faul
                                                                                                                                                                                                     tF ra nce hat h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    thee found out, A nest of hollow bosomes, which he filles Wit
                                                                                                                                                              d Henry Lo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ham, and the third Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland
                                                                                                                                                                                                rd Sc ro
                                                                                    h fearefull France
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        s must d ye. If Hell and Treason hold their promises, Ere he take ship for
laue for the Gilt of France (O quilt indeed) Confirm'd Conspiracy
 rance; and in Southampton. Linger your patience on, and wee'l d
                                                                                    est Th' abuse of distance; force a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 eed. The King is set from London, and the Scene Is now transp
                                                                                                                                                     play: The summe is
                                                                                                                                       sha II we conuey you safe, And br
                                                                                         t vou sit. And thence to
                                                                                                                                                                                                          ing you backe
                                                                                                                                    out ham pt on
                                                                                                                               o S
                                                                                                                                                                                                    Enter Corporall Nym
           ieutenant Bardolfe Bar, What, are Ancient Pistoll and vo
                                                                                       ri ends vet? Nvm . F
                                                                                                                                                                 ot:
                                                                                                                                                                                          ttl e:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be as it may. I dare no
                                                                                                  wi II to ste Che ese
                                                                                                                                                           d, as ano ther
 iht, but I will winke and holde out mine vron; it is a simple one, but
                                                                                 Nym. Faith, I will liue so long
                                                                                                                                                      as I may, that's the
                                                                                                                                                                                    ce rtaine of it : a nd when I ca n
                                                                                        y, and certainly she di
                                                                                                                                                                                                       ou were troth - p
                                                                                                                                                      d you wrong, for y
  eepe, and they may haue their throats about them at that time, an d so
                                                                                        me sav. kniues haue e
                                                                                                                                                          s: it must be a
                                                                                                                                                                                                        s it may, tho ugh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             patience be a tyred name, yet shee will plodde, there must be Concl
 ons, well, I cannot tell. Enter Pistoll, & Quickly, Bar, Heere comes
                                                                                                                                                       wife: good Corpo
                                                                                                                                                                                                        rall be patie
                                                                                        Ancient Pistoll and his
                                                                                                                                                      No by my troth, no
                                                                                                                                                                                                        t long: For
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liu
ee Hoste. now by this hand I sweare I scorne the terme: nor shall my N
                                                                                        el keep Lodgers Host.
nonestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keep
                                                                                                                                                                                                        dv. if he be
                                                                                        e a Bawdy-house stra
                                                                                                                                                        ge: thou prickea
Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing heere Nym. Pish Pist. F
                                                                                         ish for thee, Island do
                                                                                                                                                                                                        rd cur of Is
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          and Host. Good Corporall Nym shew thy valor, and put vp your sword N
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          us face, the solus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lur
m. Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus Pist. Solus, egregiou
                                                                                        s dog? O Viper vile: T
                                                                                                                                                       ne solus in thy m
                                                                                                                                                                                                        ost meruailo
gs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth.
                                                                                          I do retort the solus
                                                                                                                                                      in thy bowels, fo
                                                                                                                                                                                                        r I can take
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          and Pistols cocke is vp, and flashing fire will follow Nym. I am not Barba
son, you cannot conjure mee: I haue an humor to knocke you indiffere
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          coure you with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke
off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as I may, and tha
                                                                                         t's the humor of it Pist
                                                                                                                       O Braggard vile, and
                                                                                                                                               damned furious wight, The Gra
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          nd doting death is neere, Therefore exhale Bar. Heare me, heare me wha
                                                                                                                                                                                                       doth gape, a
 I say: Hee that strikes the first stroake. He run him up to the hilts, as
                                                                                       so Id ie r Pis t. A n o ath
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          v fist, thy fore-foote to me give: Thy spirites are most tall Nym, I will cut
by throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it Pi
                                                                                        Couplea gorge , th at i s th ew ord . I
                                                                                                                                                   de fi e th
                                                                                                                                                                 ee a gai
                                                                                                                                                                                                     hound of Cr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                             eet, think'st thou my spouse to get? No, to the spittle goe, and from the
                                                                          n de, Doll Tea re- she ete, s he by name, and her e spouse. I haue, and I will hold the Quond am Quic kely for the onely s he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              e: and Pauca, there's enough to go to. Enter the Boy. Boy. Mine Hoa
he Poudring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of Cressids ki
                                                                              very sicke, & would to bed. Good Bardolfe, put thy
st Pistoll, you must come to my Mayster, and your Hostesse: He is
                                                                                                                                          face betw
                                                                                                                                                                eene his sheets, and do the Office of a Warmin g- p an:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              Faith, he's very ill Bard. Away you Rogue Host. By my troth he'l yee
ld the Crow a pudding one of these dayes: the King has kild his hear t.
                                                                                   G ood H us
                                                                                                    b a nd co m e h
                                                                                                                                                                  ese nt ly. Exi t B ar. Come, shall I mak
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            you two friends. Wee must to France together: why the diuel should w
                                                                                                                                          ome pr
e keep kniues to cut one anothers throats? Pist. Let floods ore-swell, and fiends for foo d
                                                                                                    ho wl
                                                                                                                                                                       paymet he e i ght sh illings
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  I won of you at Betting? Pist. Base is the Slaue that payes Nym. That now I wil
                                                                                                                                       N ym. Y ou
haue: that's the humor of it Pist. As manhood shal compound: push home. Draw Bard. By this sword, hee that makes the f
                                                                                                                                                                       ll him: By this sword, I wil Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course Bar. Coporall Nym, & thou wilt be friends
                                                                                                                                     irst t hrust
be frends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: prethee put vp Pist. A Noble shalt thou haue, and present
                                                                                                                                                                        wise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe shall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by Nymme, & Nymme shall liue by me,
                                                                                                                                    pay, and Li qu
                                                                                                                                                           or like
                                                                                                                                 oble? Pist. In c as
                                                                                                                                                                         stly payd Nym. Well, then that the humor of t. Enter Hostesse. Host. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to si
is not this just? For I shal Sutler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee thy hand Nym. I shall haue my N
                                                                                                                                                           most iu
r Iohn: A poore heart, hee is so shak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet me
                                                                                                                               n, come to him N ym
                                                                                                                                                           he King h
                                                                                                                                                                            ath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fracted and
                                                                                                                                                                              ekins) we will liue. Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Westmerland. Bed. Fore God his Grace is bold to trust these traitors I
corroborate Nym. The King is a good King, but it must bee as it may: he passes some humors, and carreeres Pist.
                                                                                                                             Let vs condole the Kn igh t, for (Lamb
xe. They shall be apprehended by and by West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves, As if allegeance
                                                                                                                            in their bosomes sa te Cro
                                                                                                                                                          wned with fait
                                                                                                                                                                                h, and constant loyalty Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend, By interception, which they dreame not of
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours; That he s
                                                                                                                                                                                 eraignes life to death and treachery. Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray. King. No
                                                                                                                         hould for a forraigne p urse,
                                                                                                                                                            so sell His Sou
w sits the winde faire, and we will aboord. My Lord of Cambridge, and my kinde Lord of Masham, And you my
                                                                                                                                                                                     you not that the powres we beare with vs Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doing the exe
                                                                                                                       gentle Knight, giu e me your
                                                                                                                                                            thoughts: Thinke
cution, and the acte, For which we haue in head assembled them Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do
                                                                                                                    his best King. I doub t not that,
                                                                                                                                                            since we are well p
                                                                                                                                                                                      erswaded We carry not a heart with vs from hence, That growes not in a faire consent with ours: Nor leave
not one behinde, that doth not wish Successe and Conquest to attend on vs Cam. Neuer was Monarch be
                                                                                                                   tter fear'd and lou'd, Then is your
                                                                                                                                                            Maiesty; there's not l
                                                                                                                                                                                        thinke a subject That sits in heart-greefe and vneasinesse Vnder the sweet shade of your gouernment k
                                                                                                                                                           e King. We therefore hau
ni. True: those that were your Fathers enemies, Haue steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you Wit
                                                                                                                h hearts create of duty, and of zeal
                                                                                                                                                                                         e great cause of thankfulnes, And shall forget the office of our hand Sooner then quittance of desert ar
d merit, According to the weight and worthinesse Scro. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes toyle, A
                                                                                                                                                                                            sant seruices King. We ludge no lesse. Vnkle of Exeter, Inlarge the man committed yesterday, That
                                                                                                              nd labour shall refresh it selfe wighth
                                                                                                                                                          ope To do your Grace ince
                                                                                                                                                                                             him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example Breed (by his sufferance) more of such a kind King. O
ayl'd against our person: We consider It was excesse of Wine that set him on, And on his more adul
                                                                                                            ce, We pardon him Scro. That's me rcy
                                                                                                                                                           but too much security: Let
et vs yet be mercifull Cam. So may your Highnesse, and yet punish too Grey. Sir, you shew great
                                                                                                          mercy if you give him life, After the t aste
                                                                                                                                                           of much correction King. Ala
                                                                                                                                                                                               s, your too much love and care of me, Are heavy Orisons 'gainst this poore wretch: If little faults
proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye When capitall cri
                                                                                                                                                          eare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge
                                                                                                                                                                                                  that man, Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their deere care And tender preseruation
                                                                                                        mes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, App
of our person Wold haue him punish'd. And now to our French causes, Who are the late Com
                                                                                                      missioners? Cam. I one my Lord, Your Highne
                                                                                                                                                                                                     So did you me my Liege Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne King. Then Richard Earle of Cam
                                                                                                                                                           sse bad me aske for it to day Scro
bridge, there is yours: There yours Lord Scroope of Masham, and Sir Knight: Gray of North
                                                                                                                                                                                                       Lord of Westme land, and Vnkle Exeter, We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen
                                                                                                    umberland, this same is yours: Reade them, an
                                                                                                                                                          d know I know your worthinesse. My
? What see you in those papers, that you loose So much complexion? Looke ye how they
                                                                                                   change: Their cheekes are paper. Why, what rea
                                                                                                                                                          de you there, That haue so cowarded a
                                                                                                                                                                                                        nd chac'd your blood Out of apparance Cam. I do confesse my fault, And do submit me
o your Highnesse mercy Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale King. The mercy that was
                                                                                                quicke in vs but late, By your owne counsaile is su
                                                                                                                                                          pprest and kill'd: You must not dare (fo
                                                                                                                                                                                                           shame) to talke of mercy, For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes, As dogs v
pon their maisters, worrying you: See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres, These E
                                                                                                                                                                                                            nish with all appertinents Belonging to his Honour; and this man, Hath for a few ligh
                                                                                                glish monsters: My Lord of Cambridge heere, You k
                                                                                                                                                          now how apt our loue was, to accord To f ur
Crownes, lightly conspired And sworne vnto the practises of France To kill vs heer ei
                                                                                                                                                                                                           h I ikewise sworne. But O, What shall I say to thee Lord Scroope, thou cruell, Ingrated
                                                                                             n Hampton. To the which, This Knight no lesse for b
                                                                                                                                                          ounty bound to Vs Then Cambridge is, hat
ull, sauage, and inhumane Creature? Thou that didst beare the key of all my cou
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Would'st thou have practis'd on me, for thy vse? May it be possible, that forraig
                                                                                        ns ailes, That knew'st the very bottome of my soule, T ha
                                                                                                                                                          t (almost) might'st haue coyn'd me into Gold e,
                                                                                          Tis so strange, That though the truth of it stands off as
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 s ee it. Treason, and murther, euer kept together, As two yoake diuels sworne
ne hyer Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill That might annoy my fing er
                                                                                                                                                           grosse As black and white, my eye will scarse
o eythers purpose, Working so grossely in an naturall cause, That admir ati on
                                                                                         did not hoope at them. But thou (gainst all proportion) d
                                                                                                                                                           idst bring in Wonder to waite on treason, and o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      mu rther: And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was That wrought vpon thee so
preposterously, Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence: And other diu els that s
                                                                                        uggest by treasons, Do botch and bungle vp damnatio n,
                                                                                                                                                           With patches, colours, and with formes being fe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 tcht Fro m glist'ring semblances of piety: But he that temper'd thee, bad thee s
and vp, Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason, Vnles s e to du
                                                                                     b thee with the name of Traitor. If that same Daemon that ha
                                                                                                                                                          th gull'd thee thus, Should with his Lyon-gate walke
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     the w h ole world, He might returne to vastie Tartar backe, And tell the Leg
ons, I can neuer win A soule so easie as that Englishmans. Oh, ho we hast t
                                                                                      hou with lealousie infected The sweetnesse of affiance? Sh
                                                                                                                                                          ew men dutifull, Why so didst thou: seeme they gr
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     aue a n d learned? Why so didst thou. Come they of Noble Family? Why s
o didst thou. Seeme they religious? Why so didst thou. Or are the y spare
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       arnish'd and deck'd in modest complement, Not working with the eye, with
                                                                                        in diet, Free from grosse passion, or of mirth, or anger,
                                                                                                                                                          Constant in spirit, not sweruing with the blood, G
hout the eare, And but in purged judgement trusting neither, Suc h and s
                                                                                     o finely boulted didst thou seeme: And thus thy fall hath left
                                                                                                                                                         a kinde of blot, To make thee full fraught man, and b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         est ind ued With some suspition, I will weepe for thee. For this revolt of
hine, me thinkes is like Another fall of Man. Their faults are open, Arre
                                                                                   st them to the answer of the Law, And God acquit them of thei
                                                                                                                                                          r practises Exe. I arrest thee of High Treason, by the n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ame of Richard Earle of Cambridge. I arrest thee of High Treason, by
he name of Thomas Lord Scroope of Marsham. I arrest thee of High
                                                                                   Treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, Knight of Nort humber
                                                                                                                                                          land Scro. Our purposes, God iustly hath discouer'd,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              nd I repent my fault more then my death, Which I beseech your High
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ank ed for preuention, Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce, B
nesse to forgiue, Although my body pay the price of it Cam. F or m
                                                                              e, the Gold of France did not seduce, Although I did admit i t as a
                                                                                                                                                         motiue, The sooner to effect what I intended: But God be the
eseeching God, and you, to pardon mee Gray. Neuer did fait hfu
                                                                          Il subiect more reioyce At the discouery of most dangerous Tr eason,
                                                                                                                                                         Then I do at this houre ioy ore my selfe, Preuented from a dam
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ned enterprize; My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne K
ng. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your sentence You hau e c
                                                                      onspir'd against Our Royall person, loyn'd with an enemy proclaim 'd, and
                                                                                                                                                         from his Coffers, Receyu'd the Golden Earnest of Our death: Wher
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ein you would haue sold your King to slaughter, His Princes,
and his Peeres to seruitude, His Subjects to oppression, a nd
                                                                    contempt, And his whole Kingdome into desolation: Touching our p erson,
                                                                                                                                                         seeke we no reuenge, But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes We do deliuer yo
u. Get you therefore hence, (Poore miserable wretches) to your death: The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue You patience to in dure, a
                                                                                                                                                         nd true Repentance Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. Enter.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Now Lords for France: the enterprise whereof Shall be to
you as vs, like glorious. We doubt not of a faire and luck i 🕒 e Warre, Since God so graciously hath brought to light This dangerous Tre ason, lu
                                                                                                                                                         rking in our way, To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now, But euery R ubbe is smoothed on our way. Then forth, deare Count
eymen: Let vs deliuer Our Puissance into the hand of G od, Putting it straight in expedition. Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre adua nce, No
                                                                                                                                                          King of England, if not King of France. Flourish. Enter Pistoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hostesse. Hostesse. 'Prythee honey sweet
Husband, let me bring thee to Staines Pistoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. Bardolph, be blythe: Nim, rowse thy vaunting Veines: Boy, bri
                                                                                                                                                         ssle thy Courage vp: for Falstaffe hee is dead, and wee must erne therefore Bard. Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is, eyther
n Heauen, or in Hell Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthurs Bosome, if euer man went to Arthurs Bosome: a made a fine r end, a
                                                                                                                                                         nd went away and it had beene any Christomé Childe: a parted eu'n iust betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th' Tyde: for a
fter I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Nose was a
                                                                                                                                                         s sharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir Iohn (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: so a cryed out, God, God, G
od, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not thinke of God; l hop'd there was no neede to trouble himselfe with 🛮 any su
                                                                                                                                                        ch thoughts yet: so a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any ston
e: then I felt to his knees, and so vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone Nim. They say he cryed out of Sack Hostesse . I, that
                                                                                                                                                         a did Bard. And of Women Hostesse. Nay, that a did not Boy. Yes that a did, and said they were Deules incarnate Woman. A could neu
er abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he neuer lik'd Boy. A said once, the Deule would haue him about Women Hostesse. A did in some so rt (
                                                                                                                                                        deed) handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon Boy. Doe you not remember a saw a Flea sticke
vpon Bardolphs Nose, and a said it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the
                                                                                                                                                        ches I got in his seruice Nim. Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from Southampton Pist. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy
ippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oathes are Strawes, men
                                                                                                                                                        iths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-fast is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Caueto bee thy Counsailor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yok
efellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horseleeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke Boy. And that's but vnwho
                                                                                                                                                      ome food, they say Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march Bard. Farwell Hostesse Nim. I cannot kisse, that is the humor of it: but adieu
Pist. Let Huswiferie appeare: keepe close, I thee command Hostesse. Farwell: adieu. Exeunt. Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dolphi
                                                                                                                                                      he Dukes of Berry and Britaine. King. Thus comes the English with full power vpon vs, And more then carefully it vs concernes, To answ
er Royally in our defences. Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth, And you Prince Do
                                                                                                                                                    hin, with all swift dispatch To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre With men of courage, and with meane's defendant: For England
his approaches makes as fierce, As Waters to the sucking of a Gulfe. It fits vs then to be as prouident, As feare may teach vs, out of late ex a mples Left by the fatall and neglected English, Vpon our fields Dolphin. My most redoubted Father, It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the l
oe: For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome, (Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question) But that Defences, Musters, Pr eparations, Should be maintain d, assembled, and collected, As were a Warre in expectation. Therefore I say, 'tis meet we all goe forth, To were the contraction of the contraction 
iew the sick and feeble parts of France: And let vs doe it with no shew of feare, No, with no more, then if we heard that England Were busied with a Whitson Morris-dance: For, my good Liege, shee is so idly King'd, Her Scepter so phantastically borne, By a vaine giddle shallow hum
orous Youth, That feare attends her not Const. O peace, Prince Dolphin, You are too much mistaken in this King: Question your Grace the late Embassadors, With what great State he heard their Embassie, How well supply'd with Noble Councellors, How modest in exception; and w
thall, How terrible in constant resolution: And you shall find, his Vanities fore-spent, Were but the out-side of the Roman Brutus, Couering Discretion with a Coat of Folly; As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide those Roots That shall first spring, and be most delicate Dolphin. Well, 'tis
not so, my Lord High Constable. But though we thinke it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh The Enemie more mightie then he seemes, So the proportions of defence are fill'd: Which of a weake and niggardly projection, Doth like a Miser spoyle his Coat, with so
anting A little Cloth King. Thinke we King Harry strong: And Princes, looke you strongly arme to meet him. The Kindred of him hath beene flesht vpon vs: And he is bred out of that bloodie straine, That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes: Witnesse our too much memorable shame, W
hen Cressy Battell fatally was strucke, And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand Of that black Prince of Wales: Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine standing Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne, Saw his Heroicall Seed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare The Natiue mightinesse and fate of him. Enter a Messenger. Mess. Embassadors from Harry King of Er
gland, Doe craue admittance to your Maiestie King. Weele give them present audience. Goe, and bring them. You see this Chase is hotly followed, friends Dolphin. Turne head, and stop pursuit: for coward Dogs Most spend their mouths, whe[n] what they seem to threaten Runs farr e before them. Good my Soueraigne Take vp the English short, and let them know Of what a Monarchie you are the Head: Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not so vile a sinne, As selfe-neglecting. Enter Exeter. King. From our Brother of England? Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maies
tie: He wills you in the Name of God Almightie, That you deuest your selfe, and lay apart The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen, By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs To him and to his Heires, namely, the Crowne, And all wide-stretched Honors, that pertaine By Custome, an
d the Ordinance of Times, Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know 'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward Clayme, Pickt from the dust of old Obliuion rakt, He sends you this most memorable Lyne, In euery Branch truly demonstration
e; Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree: And when you find him euenly deriu'd From his most fam'd, of famous Ancestors, Edward the third; he bids you then resigne Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held From him, the Natiue and true Challenger King. Or else what followes?
Exe. Bloody constraint: for if you hide the Crowne Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it. Therefore in fierce Tempest is he comming, In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a loue: That if requiring faile, he will compell. And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord, Deliuer vp the Crow
ne, and to take mercie On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre Opens his vastie lawes: and on your head Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes, The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes, For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers, That shall be sw
allowed in this Controuersie. This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Message: Vnlesse the Dolphin be in presence here; To whom expressely I bring greeting to King. For vs, we will consider of this further: To morrow shall you beare our full intent Back to our Brother of England
Dolph. For the Dolphin, I stand here for him: what to him from England? Exe. Scorne and defiance, sleight regard, contempt, And any thing that may not mis-become The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at. Thus sayes my King: and if your Fathers Highnesse Doe not, in graunt of
all demands at large, Sweeten the bitter Mock you sent his Maiestie; Hee'le call you to so hot an Answer of it, That Caues and Wombie Vauitages of France Shall chide your Trespas, and returne your Mock In second Accent of his Ordinance Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne
ne, It is against my will: for I desire Nothing but Oddes with England. To that end, as matching to his You'le find a d
iff'rence, As we his Subiects haue in wonder found, Betweene the promise of his greener dayes, And these he masters now: now he weighes Time Euen to the vtmost Graine: that you shall reade In your owne Losses, if he stay in France King. To morrow shall you know our mind at t
ull. Flourish. Exe. Dispatch vs with all speed, least that our King Come here himselfe to question our delay; For he is footed in this Land already King. You shalbe soone dispatcht, with faire conditions. A Night is but small breathe, and little pawse, To answer matters of this consequ
ence. Exeunt. Actus Secundus. Flourish. Enter Chorus. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift Scene flyes, In motion of no lesse celeritie then that of Thought. Suppose, that you have seene The well-appointed King at Douer Peer, Embarke his Royaltie: and his brave Fleet, With silken St
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