Henry V by William Shakespeare. Enter Prologue. O For a Muse of Fire, that would ascend The brightest Heauen of Inuention: A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act, And Monarchs to behold the swelling Scene. Then should the Warlike Harry, like himselfe, Assume the Port of Mars, and at his heeles (Least t in, like Hounds) should Famine, Sword, and Fire Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all: The flat vnraysed Spirits, that hath dar'd, On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold The vastie fields of France? Or may we cramme Within this Woodden O, the very C askes That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt? O pardon: since a crooked Figure may Attest in little place a Million, And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt, On your imaginarie Forces worke. Suppose within the Girdle of these Walls Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies, Whose high, vp-reared, and ab utting Fronts, The perillous narrow Ocean parts asunder. Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts: Into a thousand parts diuide one Man, And make imaginarie Puissance. Thinke when we talke of Horses, that you see them Printing their prowd Hoofes i'th' receiuing Earth: For 'tis your thoughts that n ow 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 Chorus to this Historie; Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray, Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play. Enter. Actus Primus. Scoena Prima. 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 Kings reign 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 Lor d shall we resist it now? Bish.Cant. It must be thought on: if it passe against vs, We loose the better halfe of our Possession: For all the 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 to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age Of indigent faint Soules, past corporall toyle, A hundred Almes-houses, right well supply'd: And to the Coffers of the King beside, A thousand pounds by th' yeere. Thus runs the Bill Bish.Ely. This would drinke deepe Bish.Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all 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 Fathe rs body, But that his wildnesse, mortify'd in him, Seem'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 Refor mation 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 King were made a Prelate: Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires; You would say, it hath been all in all his study: List his discourse of Warre; and you shall heare A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Musique. Turne him to any Cause of Policy, The Gordian Knot of it he will vnloose, Familiar as his Gart er: that when he speakes, The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is still, And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares, To steale his sweet and honyed Sentences: So that the Art and Practique part of Life, Must be the Mistresse to this Theorique. Which is a wonder how his Grace should gleane it, Since his addictio n was to Courses vaine, His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and shallow, His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports; And neuer noted in him any studie, Any retyrement, any sequestration, From open Haunts and Popularitie B.Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle, And holesome Berryes thri ue and ripen best, Neighbour'd by Fruit of baser qualitie: And so the Prince obscur'd his Contemplation Vnder the Veyle of Wildnesse, which (no doubt) Grew like the Summer Grasse, fastest by Night, Vnseene, yet cressiue in his facultie B.Cant. It must be so; for Miracles are ceast: And therefore we must n eedes 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. He seemes 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 giue 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 haue done, The 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 gre at Grandfather B.Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off? B.Cant. The French Embassador vpon that instant 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 declar e, Before the Frenchman speake a word of it B.Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it. Exeunt. 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 w e call in th' Ambassador, my Liege? King. Not yet, my Cousin: 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 th anke you. My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed, And iustly and religiously vnfold, Why the Law Salike, that they haue in France, Or should or should not barre vs in our Clayme: And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord, That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading, Or nicely charge your vnder standing Soule, With opening Titles miscreate, whose right Sutes not in natiue colours with the truth: For God doth know, how many now in health, Shall drop their blood, in approbation Of what your reuerence shall incite vs to. Therefore take heed how you impawne our Person, How you awake our sleepin g Sword of Warre; We charge you in the Name of God take heed: For neuer two such Kingdomes did contend, Without much fall of blood, whose guiltlesse drops Are euery one, a Woe, a sore Complaint, 'Gainst him, whose wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords, That makes such waste in briefe mortalitie. Vnd er this Coniuration, speake my Lord: For we will heare, note, and beleeue in heart, That what you speake, is in your Conscience washt, As pure as sinne with Baptisme B.Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign, & you Peers, That owe your selues, your liues, and seruices, To this Imperiall Throne. There is n o barre To make against your Highnesse Clayme to France, But this which they produce from Pharamond, In terram Salicam Mulieres ne succedant, No Woman shall succeed in Salike Land: Which Salike Land, the French vniustly gloze To be the Realme of France, and Pharamond The founder of this Law, a nd Female Barre. Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme, That the Land Salike is in Germanie, Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue: Where Charles the Great hauing subdu'd the Saxons, There left behind and settled certaine French: Who holding in disdaine the German Women, For some dishonest ma nners of their life, Establisht then this Law; to wit, No Female Should be Inheritrix in Salike Land: Which Salike (as I said) 'twixt Elue and Sala, Is at this day in Germanie, call'd Meisen. Then doth it well appeare, the Salike Law Was not deuised for the Realme of France: Nor did the French possesse the Salike Land, Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres After defunction of King Pharamond, Idly suppos'd the founder of this Law, Who died within the yeere of our Redemption, Foure hundred twentie six: and Charles the Great Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere Ei ght hundred fiue. Besides, their Writers say, King Pepin, which deposed Childerike, Did as Heire Generall, being descended Of Blithild, which was Daughter to King Clothair, Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France. Hugh Capet also, who vsurpt the Crowne Of Charles the Duke of Loraine, sole Heire male Of the true Line and Stock of Charles the Great: To find his Title with some shewes of truth, Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught, Conuey'd himselfe as th' Heire to th' Lady Lingare, Daughter to Charlemaine, who was the Sonne To Lewes the Emperour, and Lewes the Sonne Of Charles the G reat: also King Lewes the Tenth, Who was sole Heire to the Vsurper Capet, Could not keepe quiet in his conscience, Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till satisfied, That faire Queene Isabel, his Grandmother, Was Lineall of the Lady Ermengare, Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Loraine: By the which M arriage, the Lyne of Charles the Great Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France. So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne, King Pepins Title, and Hugh Capets Clayme, King Lewes his satisfaction, all appeare To hold in Right and Title of the Female: So doe the Kings of France vnto this day. Howbeit, they w ould hold vp this Salique Law, To barre your Highnesse clayming from the Female, And rather chuse to hide them in a Net, Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles, Vsurpt from you and your Progenitors King. May I with right and conscience make this claim? Bish.Cant. The sinne vpon my head, dread So ueraigne: For in the Booke of Numbers is it writ, When the man dyes, let the Inheritance Descend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord, Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge, Looke back into your mightie Ancestors: Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandsires Tombe, From whom you clayme; inuo ke his Warlike Spirit, And your Great Vnckles, Edward the Black Prince, Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie, Making 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 could entertaine With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France, And let another halfe stand laughing by, All out of worke, and cold for action Bish. Aw ake remembrance of these valiant dead, And with your puissant Arme renew their Feats; You are their Heire, you sit vpon their Throne: The Blood and Courage that renowned them, Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puissant Liege Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth, Ripe for Exploits an d m ig htie Enterprises Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth Doe all expect, that you should rowse your selfe, As did the former Lyons of your Blood West. They know your Grace hath cause, and means, and might; So hath your Highnesse: neuer King of England Had Nobles rich er, a nd more loyall Subiects, Whose hearts haue left their bodyes here in England, And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France Bish.Can. O let their body es follow my deare Liege With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right: In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie Will rayse your Highnesse s uc h a mightie Summe, As neuer did the Clergie at 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 roade vpon vs, With all aduantages Bish.Can. They of those Marches, grac io us Soueraign, Shall be a Wall sufficient to defend Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers King. We do not meane the coursing snatchers onely, B ut feare the maine intendment of the Scot, Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to vs: For you shall read, that my great Grandfather Neuer wen t with his forces into France, But that the Scot, on his vnfurnisht Kingdome, Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach, With ample and brim fulnesse of his force, Galling the gleaned Land with hot Assayes, Girding with grieuous siege, Castles and Townes: That England being emptie of defence , H ath shooke and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood B.Can. She hath bin the[n] more fear'd the[n] harm'd, my Liege: For heare her but exampl'd by her selfe, When all her Cheualrie hath been in France, And shee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles, Shee hath her selfe not onely well defended, But ta ke n and impounded as a Stray, The King of Scots: whom shee did send to France, To fill King Edwards fame with prisoner Kings, And make their Chronicle as rich with prayse, As is the Owse and bottome of the Sea With sunken Wrack, and sum-lesse Treasuries Bish.Ely. But there's a saying v ery old and true, If that you will France win, then with Scotland first begin. For once the Eagle (England) being in prey, To her vnguarded Nest, the Weazell (Scot) Comes sneaking, and so sucks her Princely Egges, Playing the Mouse in absence of the Cat, To tame and hauocke more then she can eate Exet. It followes then, the Cat must stay at home, Yet that is but a crush'd necessity, Since we haue lockes to safegard necessaries, And pretty t raps to catch the petty theeues. While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad, Th' aduised head defends it selfe at home: For Gouernment, though h ig h, and low, and lower, Put into parts, doth keepe in one consent, Congreeing in a full and natural close, Like Musicke Cant. Therefore doth heaue n diuide The state of man in diuers functions, Setting endeuour in continual motion: To which is fixed as an ayme or butt, Obedience: for so worke th e Hony Bees, Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome. They haue a King, and Officers of sorts, Where som e like Magistrates co rrect at home: Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad: Others, like Souldiers armed in their stings, Make boote vpon the S umm ers Veluet buddes: Which pillage, they with merry march bring home To the Tent-royal of their Emperor: Who busied in his Ma iesties surueyes T he singing Masons building roofes of Gold, The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony; The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in Their heauy bu rthens a t his narrow gate: The sad-ey'd Iustice with his surly humme, Deliuering ore to Executors pale The lazie yawning Drone: I this in ferre, That many th ings hauing full r eference To one consent, may worke contrariously, As many Arrowes loosed seuerall wayes Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne, As many fresh streames meet in one salt sea; As many Lynes close in the Dials center: So may a thousand actions once a fo ote, And in one pur pose, and be all we ll borne Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege, Diuide your happy England into foure, Whereof, take y ou one quarter into France, And you withall shall make all Gallia shake. If we with thrice such powers left at home, Cannot de fend our owne doo res from the dogge, L et vs be worr ied, and our Nation lose The name of hardinesse and policie King. Call in the Messengers sent from the Dol phi n. Now are we well resolu'd, and by Gods helpe And yours, the noble sinewes of our power, France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe, Or breake it all to p eeces. Or the re wee'l sit, (Ruling in large and ample Emperie, Ore France, and all her (almost) Kingly Dukedomes) Or lay these bones in an vnworthy Vrne, Tomblesse, with no remembrance ouer them: Either our History shall with fu ll mouth Speake freely of our A cts, or else our graue Li k e Turk is h m ute, shall haue a tongueless mouth, Not worshipt with a waxen Epitaph. Enter Ambassadors of Fr ance. No w a re we well prepar'd to know the pleasure Of our faire Cosin Dolphin: for we heare, Your greeting is fro m him, n ot from the King Amb. May't please your Maies tie to g i u e vs leaue Freely to render what we haue in charge: Or shall we sparingly shew you farre off The Do lphins me aning, and our Embassie King. We are no Tyrant, but a Christian King, Vnto whose grace our pas si o n is a s s ubiect As is our wretc hes fettred in our prisons , T here f ore with franke and with vncurbed plainnesse, Tell vs the Dolphins minde Amb. Thus than in few: Your H ighnesse lately sending into France, Did claime some certaine Dukedomes, in the right Of your grea t Pre dec essor, King Edward the t hird. In answer of whi ch c lai m e , the Prince our Master Sayes, that you sauour too much of your youth, And bids you be aduis' d: There's no ught in France, That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne: You cannot reuell into Dukedomes the re . H e th erefore sends you m eeter for your spirit Thi s Tun o f Treasure; and in lieu of this, Desires you let the dukedomes that you claime Heare no more of you. Th is t he Dolphin speakes King. What Treasure Vncle? Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege Kin. We are gla d t he Dol phin is so pleasant wi h vs, His Present, an d your paines we thanke you for: When we haue matcht our Rackets to these Balles, We will in France (by Gods grace) play a set, Shall strike his fathers Crowne into the hazard. Tell him, he hath made a match with s uc h a Wrangler, That all the Courts of France will be disturb'd With Cha c e s. And we vnderstand him well, How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes, Not measuring w hat vse we made of them. We neuer valew'd this poore seate of England, And therefore liuing hence, did gi u e ou r selfe To barbarous license: A s 'tis euer common, That m en are m e r ri est, when they are from home. But tell the Dolphin, I will keepe my State, Be like a King, and shew my sayle of Greatnesse, When I do rowse me in my Throne of France. For that I haue layd by m y M a iestie, An d plodd ed like a man for w orking dayes: But I will rise t h ere w i th so full a glorie, That I will dazle all the eyes of France, Yea strike the Dolphin blinde to lo oke on vs , And tell the pleasant Prince, this Mocke of his Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-stones, and h i s sou l e Shall st and sore charged, f or the wastefull vengeance Tha t s ha l l flye with them: for many a thousand widows Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer husbands; Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mock Castles downe: And some are yet vngotten and v n bo rne , That shal haue cause to cur se the Dolphins scorne. But th i s l yes all within the wil of God, To whom I do appeale, and in whose name Tel you the Dolphi n, I am co mming on, To venge me as I may, and to put forth My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd caus e. S o get you hence in peace: And tell the Dolphin, His lest will sa uou r but of shallow wit, When thousands weepe more then did laugh at it. Conuey them with s afe con du ct. Fare you well. Exeunt. Ambassadors. Exe. This was a merry Message King. We hope to m ak e the Sender blush at it: Ther efore, my Lords, omit no happy ho wre, T hat may giue furth'rance to our Expedition: For we haue now no thought in vs but France. Saue those to God, that runne before our businesse. Therefore let our proportions for these Warres B e soo ne collected, and all things thoug ht vpon, That may with reasonable sw iftnesse adde More Feathers to our Wings: for God before, Wee'le chide this Dolphin at his fathers d oore. T he refore let euery man now taske his thought, That this faire Action may on foot be brought. Exeunt. F lourish. Enter Chorus. Now all the Y outh of England are on fire, And silken D allia nce in the Wardrobe lyes: Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought Reignes solely in the breas t of euery man. They sell the Pasture now, to buy the Horse; Following the Mirror of all Christia n Ki ngs, With winged heeles, as English M ercuries. For now sits Expectation in the Ayre, And hid es a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point, With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets, Pro mis'd to H arry, and his followers. The French aduis'd by good intelligence Of this most dreadfull pre paration, Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy Se eke to diuert the English purposes. O England: Modell t o thy inward Greatnesse, Like little Body with a mightie Heart: What mightst thou do , that honour would thee do, Were all thy children kinde and naturall: But see, thy fa ult France hath in thee found out, A nest of hollow bos omes, which he filles With treacherous Crownes, and thre e corrupted men: One, Richard Earle of Cambridge, and the second Henry Lord Scroope of Masham, and the third Sir Thomas Grey Knight of Northumberland, Haue for the Gilt of F rance (O guilt indeed) Confirm'd Conspiracy with fearefu ll France, And by their hands, this grace of Kings must dye. If Hell and Treason hold their promises, Ere he take ship for France; and in Southampton. Linger your patience on, and wee'l digest Th' a buse of distance; force a play: The summe is payde, the Tr aitors are agreed, The King is set from London, and the Scen e Is now transported (Gentles) to Southampton, There is the P la y-ho use n ow, there must you sit, And thence to France shall we conuey you safe, And bring you backe: Charming the narrow seas To giue you gentle Passe: for if we may, Wee'l not offend one st omacke with our Play. But till the King come forth, and no t till then, Vnto So uthampton do we shift our Scene. Exit Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieuten ant Bardolfe. Bar. Well met Corporall Nym Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant Bardolfe Bar. What, are Ancient Pistoll and you friend s yet? Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little: bu t whe n tim e sh all serue, there shall be smiles, but that shall be a s it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out mine yron : it is a simple one, but what though? It will toste Cheese, and it wil l endure cold, as another mans sword will: a nd t here's a n en d Bar. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friendes, an d wee'l bee all three sworne brothers to France: Let't be so good C orporall Nym Nym. Faith, I will liue so long as I may, that's the certain e of it: and when I cannot liue any longe r, I w ill doe as I may: Tha t is my rest, tha t i s the rendeuous of it Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is marryed to Nell Quickly, and certainly she did y ou wrong, for you were troth-plight to her Nym. I cannot tell, Things mu st be as they may: men may sleepe, a nd they may haue th eir thro at s about them at th at time, and some say, kniues haue e dges: It must be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet shee will plodde, there must be Conclusions, well, I cannot tell. Enter Pistoll, & Quickly. Bar. Heere comes Ancient P istoll and his wife: goo d Corpor all be patient heere. How now mine Hoaste Pistoll? Pist. Base Tyke, cal'st thou mee Hoste, now by this hand I sweare I scorne the ter me: nor shall my Nel keep Lodgers Host. No by my troth, not long: For we ca nnot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen tha t l iue honestly by the pricke of their Needles, but it wil l bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-house straight. O welliday Lady, if he be n ot hewne now, we shall see wilful adultery and murther committed Bar. Good L ieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing heere Nym . P ish P ist . Pish for thee, Island dogge: thou prickeard cur o f I sland Host. Good Corporall Nym shew thy valor, and put vp your sword Ny m. Will you shogge off? I would haue you solus Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O Vip er v ile; The solus in thy most meruailous fac e, the so lu s in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in t hy ha te f ull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worse, within thy nastie mouth. I do retort the solus in thy bowels, for I can take, and Pistols cocke is vp, and flashi n g f ire will follow Nym. I am not Barbason, you can not coni ur e mee: I haue an humor to knocke you in dif fe ren tly well: If you grow fowle with me Pistoll, I will scoure you with my Rapier, as I m ay, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in g oo d t earmes, as I may, and that's the humor of it Pist. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight , T he Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere, Therefore exhale Bar. Heare me, h eare me what I say: Hee that strikes the first stroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, a s I am a s oldier Pist. An oath of mickle might , and fur y s hall abate. Giue me thy fist, thy fore-fo ot e to me giu e: Thy spirites are most tall Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire t ermes, that is the humor of it Pistoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee aga ine . O h o und o f Creet, think'st thou my spouse to get? No , to the spittle goe, and from the Poudrin g t ub o f i nfamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of Cressids kinde, Doll Teare-sheete, she by name, and her espouse. I haue, and I will hold the Qu ondam Quickely for the onely s hee: an d Pa uca , there's enough to go to. Enter th e Boy. B oy. Mine Hoast Pistoll, you must come to m y M ayst er , an d your Hostesse: He is very si cke, & would to bed. Good Bardolfe, put thy fa ce betweene his sheets, and do the Office of a W arming-pan: Faith, he' s v ery il l Bard. Awa y you Rogue Host. By my trot h he'l ye eld the Cr ow a pudding one of these d ay es: the K in g ha s k ild his heart. Good H usband come home presently. Exit Bar. Come, shall I make you two friends. Wee must to France t ogether: why the diuel sh ould w e k eep kniues to cut one ano thers th roats? Pis t. Let floods ore-swell, a n d fiends fo r f ood howle on Nym. Y ou'l pay me the eight shillings I won of you at Betti ng? Pist. Base is the Slaue that payes Nym. That now I wil haue: that's th e humor of it P is t. As manhood shal com pound: push hom e. Draw Bard. By this swor d, hee that mak e s the first thrust, Ile kill him: By this sword, I wil Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths must haue their course Bar. Coporall Nym, & tho u wilt be friends b e fr en d s, an d thou w ilt not , why then be enemies w ith me t o: prethe e put vp Pist. A Noble s halt t hou h aue, a nd pre sent pay, and Liq uor likewise will I giue to thee, and friendshippe shall co mbyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by Nymme, & Nymme sh all liue by me, is n ot thi s i us t? For l shal Sutler be vnto th e Camp e, and profits wi ll accrue. G i ue mee thy ha n d Nym . I shall haue my Noble? Pist. In cash, most iustly payd Nym. Well, then tha t the humor of't. Enter Hostesse. Host. As euer you come of women, come in qu ic kl y to sir loh n: A poore heart, h ee is so shak'd of a bur ning qu ot idian Tertian, that it is most la m entab le to behold. S weet men, come to him Nym. The King hath run bad hum ors on the Knight, that's the euen of it Pist. Nym, thou has t s pok e the r i g h t, h is h eart is fracted a nd corroborate N ym . The Kin g is a good King, bu t it m u s t bee as it m ay: he passes some humors, and carreeres Pist. Let vs c ondole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will liue. Enter Exet er , Be dford , & Wes t me rl and . Bed. Fore God hi s Gra ce is bo ld to tr ust thes e traitors Exe. T he y s ha ll b e appre hend ed by a nd by West. How smooth and euen they do bear themsel ues, As if allegeance in their bosomes sate Crowned wit h fa it h, and con st ant l oyalt y Bed. The King h a th note of all th at t hey in ten d, By interception, w hich t hey d re am e no t o f Ex e. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he ha th dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours; That he shou l d for a f orr ai gne p ur se, so sell His Soueraig nes life t o death an d treach ery. Sound Trump ets. En te r the Ki n g, Scr o o pe, Cambridge, and Gray. King. Now sits the winde faire , and we will aboord. My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind e Lord of M a sh am , A nd you my gen tle Knight, giu e me y our tho ug hts: Th inke you not th at the p ow re s w e be a r e with vs Will cut their passage through the force of France? Doin g the execution, and the acte, For which we haue in head ass em bled them Scro. N o do ubt my Liege, if e ach man do his be st King. I do ubt no t tha t, s ince we are well per swaded We carry not a heart with vs from hence, That gro wes not in a faire consent with ours: Nor leaue not one behinde, th at dot h n ot wish S ucce sse an d C on quest to att end on vs C am. Ne uer w as Mo nar c h a subiect That sits in heart-greefe and vneasinesse Vnder the sw eet shade of y ou r gouern m en t Kni. True: those that w ere your Fa the rs enemies, Hau e steep'd their gauls in hony, and do serue you With hearts creat e of duty, and of zeale King. We therefore haue great cause of tha nkfu l nes, An d s hall f orget the offic e of our hand Soone r then qu it tan ce of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthinesse Scro. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes toyle, And labour shal l re fr esh it selfe with hope T o do your Grace inces sant serui ces King. W e ludge no lesse. Vnkle of Exeter, Inlarge the man committed yesterday, That rayl'd against our person: We consider It was excesse of Wine t hat set him on, And on his more aduice , We pardon him Scro . That's me r cy, but too m uch securit y: Let him be punish'd Soueraigne, least example Breed (by his s ufferance) more of such a kind King. O let vs yet be mercifull Cam . S o may your Highnesse, and yet p un ish too Grey. Sir, you shew gre at m ercy i f you giue him life, After the taste of much correction King. Alas, yo ur too much loue and care of me, Are heauy Orisons 'gainst this po or e wretch: If little faults proceed ing on d istemper, Shall not be wink'd at, h ow shall we stretch ou r ey e When capitall crim es, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man, Though Cambridge, Scroope, and Gray, in their de ere care And tender pre ser uat ion o f ou r per son W ol d ha ue hi m p uni sh'd. And now to ou r F r ench causes, Who are the late Commissioners? Cam. I one my Lor d, Your Highnesse bad me aske for it to day Scro. So did you me my Li e ge G ra y. And I my Roy all S ouer aig ne Kin g . T he n R ich ar d E ar le of Ca mb ridge , ther e is yours: There yours Lord Scroope of Masham, and Sir Knight: Gra y of Northumberland, this same is yours: Reade them, and know I know y o u r w ort hin ess e. My L ord of W estmerland, and Vnkle Exeter, We w ill aboord to night. Why how now G ent le me n? W hat s ee yo u in those papers, that you loose So much complexion? Looke ye ho w they change: Their cheekes are paper. Why, what read you there, T ha t haue so cowarded and chac'd you r blood Out of appara nce Cam. I do confesse m y f a ult, And do submit me to your Highnesse mercy Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late, By yo u r own e counsaile is suppresst and kill'd: You must not dare (for sh ame) t o talke of mercy, For your owne reasons turne into your bosomes, As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying you: See you my Princes, and m y Nob le Peeres, These English monsters: My Lord of Cambridge heere, You know how apt our loue was, to accord To furnish with all appertin ents Belonging to his Honour; and this man, Hath for a few light Cro wnes, lightly conspir'd And sworne vnto the pr actises of Fra nc e To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which, This Knight no lesse for b ounty bound to Vs Then Cambridge is, hath likewise sworne. But O, Wh at shall I say to thee Lord , Ingratefull, sauage, and inhumane Creature? Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsailes, That knew'st the very bottome of my soule, That (almost) m ight'st haue coyn'd me int o ou haue prac tis'd on me, for thy vse? May it be possible, that forraigne hyer Could out of thee extract one sparke of euill That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so st range, That though the tru grosse As bla ck and white, my eye will scarsely see it. Treason, and murther, euer kept together, As two yoake diuels sworne to eythers purpose, Working so gr ossely in an naturall caus id not hoope at them. But thou (gainst all proportion) didst bring in Wonder to waite on treason, and on murther: And whatsoeuer cunning fiend it was That wro ught vpon thee so prepo the voyce in hell for excellence: And other diuels that suggest by treasons, Do botch a nd bungle vp damnation, With patches, colours, and with formes being f etcht From glist'ring sem ut he that tem per'd thee, bad thee stand vp, Gaue thee no instance why thou shouldst d o treason, Vnlesse to dub thee with the name of Traitor. If that same Dae mon that hath gull'd thee e walke the whole world, He might returne to vastie Tartar backe, And tell the Legions, I can neuer win A soule so easie as that Englishmans. Oh, h ow hast thou with ealous ie infe cted The sweetnesse of affianc e? Shew men dutifull, Why so didst thou: seeme they graue and learned? Why so didst t hou. Come they of Noble Family? Why so didst thou. Seeme they religio us ? Why so d ids t tho u. Or are they spare in d iet, Fre e f ro m gr oss e passio n , or o f m irth, or anger, Constant in spirit nt, Not working with the eye, without the eare, And but in purged iudgem e nt t ru sti ng ne ither , Su ch an d s o fi ne ly b o ult ed d id st t ho u se em e: A nd th , not sweruing with the blood, Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compleme t indued With some suspition, I will weepe for thee. For this reuolt of t hi ne , me thin kes is l ike An othe r fai l of Man . T heir fa ults are o pen , A rr e s t t he m to t he an sw e us thy fall hath left a kinde of blot, To make thee full fraught man, and bes of High Treason, by the name of Richard Earle of Cambridge. I arres t th ee of High Trea son , by th e name of Thomas Lord Scroope of Marsham. I arrest thee of High Treason , by t he name of Thomas Grey , K n r of the Law, And God acquit them of their practises Exe. I arrest thee r'd, And I repent my fault more then my death, Which I beseech you r Highnesse to forgiue, Although my body pay the price of it C am. For me , the Gold of France did not seduce, Although I did admit i t a ight of Northumberland Scro. Our purposes, God iustly hath discoue for preuention, Which in sufferance heartily will reioyce, Beseeching G od, and y ou, to p ard on mee Gra y. Neuer d id fa it hfull su biect m ore reioy ce A t the discou er y o f mo st s a motiue, The sooner to effect what I intended: But God be thanked d from a damned enterprize; My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne King. Go d q uit y o u i n hi s mercy : H ea r y our se nte nc e You ha ue con s pir'd against Our Royall person, loyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers, Receyu'd the Golden Earnest of Our death: Wherein you would haue sold your King to slaughter, His Pr inces, and his P eer es to se ru itud e, His Su biects to oppression, and contempt, And his whole Kingdome into desolation: Touching our person, seeke we no reue nge, But we our Kingdomes safety must so tender, Whose ruine you sought, that to her Lawes We do deliuer you. Get you therefor e henc e, (Po or e mis erable wretches) to your death: The taste whereof, God of his mercy giue You patience to indure, and 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 d oubt not of a fa ire and lu ckie Warre, Since God so graciously hath brought to light This dangerous Treason, lurking in our way, To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now, But euery Rubbe is smoothed on our way. Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer Our Puissance int o the hand of G od , Putting it straight in expedition. Chearely to Sea, the signes of Warre aduance, 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 man h y hear t d oth erne. Bard olph, be blythe: Nim, rowse thy vaunting Veines: Boy, brissle thy Courage vp: for Falstaffe hee is dead, and wee must erne th erefore Bard. Would I were with him, wheresomere hee is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell Hostesse. Nay sure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in Arthu rs Bo so me, if euer man w ent to Arthurs Bosome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Christome Childe: a parted eu'n iust betwe ene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th' Tyde: for after I saw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and smile vpon his fi ngers e nd, I knew there wa s but one way: for his Nose was as 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, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not think e of God; I hop'd there w as no neede to trouble h imselfe with any such 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 stone: then I felt to his knees, and so vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone Nim. They sa y he cr yed o ut 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 incarn ate Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he neuer lik'd Boy. A said once, the Deule would haue hi m about Women Hoste sse. A did i n some sort (indeed) 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 th at maintain'd that fire: th at's all the Riches I got in his serui ce Nim. Shall wee shogg? the King will be gone from Southampton Pist. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy L ippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: trust none: for Oa thes are Strawes, mens Fa iths are Wa fer-Cakes, and hold-fast i s the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore Caueto bee thy Counsailor. Goe, cleare thy Chrystalls. Yokefellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horseleeches my Boyes, to sucke, to sucke, the very blood to sucke Boy. And tha t's but vnwholesome 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 appe are: keepe close, I thee command Hostesse. Farwell: adieu. Exeunt. Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dol phin, the Dukes of Berry and B ritaine , Kin g. Thus comes the English wit h full power vpon vs, And more then carefully it vs concernes, To answer Royally in our defences. Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine, Of Brabant and of Orleance, shall make forth, And you Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch To lyne a nd ne w rep ayre our Townes of Warre With men of courage, and with meanes defendant: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As Waters to t he sucking of a Gulfe. It fits vs then to be as prouident, As feare may teach vs, out of late examples Left by the fatall and neglected English , Vpon our fields Dolphin. My most redoubte d Father, It is most meet we arme vs 'gainst the Foe: For Peace it selfe should not so dull a Kingdome, (T hough War nor no knowne Quarrel were in question) But that Defences, Musters, Preparations, Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected, A s we re a Warre in expectation. Ther