

The Chronicle Historie

Then heare me gracious fountaine, and you peeres,
Which owe your hues, your faith and services
To this imperiall throne.
There is no bar to lay your highnesse claim to France
But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,
No female shall succeed in falkie land,
Which falkie land the French vniuſly glaze
To be the realme of France:
And *Faramount* the founder of this law and female barre:
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme
That the land falkie lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the flouds of *Saback* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the first hauing subdued the Saxons,
There left behind, and leded certaine French,
Who holding in disdain the Germane women,
For some dishonest manners of their lues,
Established there this law. To wit,
No female shall succeed in falkie land:
Which falkie land as kyd before,
Is at this time in *Germany* called *Alsace*.
Thus doth it well appeare the falkie lawe
Was not deuised for the realme of France,
Nor did the French possesse the falkie land,
Vntill 400 one and twentie yeares
After the fuction of king *Faramount*,
Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:
Hugh Capet also that vniuerſe the crowne,
To time his rule with some shoue of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupte and naught:
Conuaid himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles*, the forsaide Duke of *Lorain*,
So that as cleare as is the formers Sun,
King *Pippin* title and *Hugh Capet* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lord: of France vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this falkie lawe

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

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



LONDON
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sold at his house in *Canter Lane*, next
the *Powle head*. 1600.

of Henry the fift.

To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather chooſe to hide them in a net,
Then amply to imbrace their crooked causes,
Vniuerſe from you and your progenitors. (claime)
K. May we with right & conscience make this
For in the booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord stand for your owne,
Vniuerſe your bloody flaggs,
Go my dread Lord to your great granullers grane,
From whom you clayme:
And your great Vnkle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedy
Making deſeate on the full power of France,
Whilſt his moſt mighty father on a hill,
Stood ſmiting to behold his Lyons whelpes,
Forging blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble English that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces the full power of France:
And let an other halfe ſtand laughing by.
All out of woe, and cold for action.
King. We muſt not onely arme vs againſt the French,
But lay downe our proportion for the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantage.
Z. The Maſtes gracious ſoueraigne, ſhalbe ſufficient
To guard your *England* from the pilfering borders.
King. We do not meanne the courting ſneakers onely,
But ſeare the mayne entredement of the Scot,
For you ſhall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vniuerſe his power for France,
But that the Scot on his vniuerſe Kingdomes,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach.
That *England* being empty of defence,
Stath ſhooke and trembled at the bane hercof.
B. She hath bin then more feared then hurt my Lord:
For

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Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldneſſe
Tell vs the Dolphin minde.
Anabaſ. Then this in ſine the Dolphin ſaith,
Whereas you clayme certaine Townes in France,
From your predeceſſor king *Edward* the third,
This he returnes.
He ſaith, theres nought in France that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: you cannot reuel into Dukedomes there:
Therefore he ſendeth meeter for your ſtudy,
This tunne of treaſure: and in lieu of this,
Deſires to let the Dukedomes that you craue
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin ſaith.
King. Whattreaſure Vnkle?
Exc. Tennis balles my Liege.
King. We are glad the Dolphin is ſo pleaſant with vs,
Your meſſage and his preſent we accept:
When we haue matched our rackets to theſe balles,
We will by Gods grace play ſuch a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with ſuch a wrangler,
That all the Courts of France ſhall be diſturbd with chafes.
And we vnderſtand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder dayes, not meaſuring what vs we made
of them.
We neuer valued this poore ſeate of England.
And therefore gaue our ſelues to barbarous licence:
As tis common ſeene that men are merrieſt when they are
from home.
But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our ſtate,
Be like a King, mightie and commaund,
When we do rowle vs in throne of France.
For this haue we laid by our Maieſtie
And plodded lide a man for working dayes.
But we will riſe there with ſo full of glory,
That we will dazell all the eyes of France,
I ſtrike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs,
And tell him this, his mock hath turnd his balles to gun



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

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

Exeter.

Shall I call in Thambassadors my Liege?
King. Not yet my Coulin, till we be reholde
Of some ferious matters touching vs and France.

And make you long become it.
Bi. God and his Angels guard your laced throne,

King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proc
Why the Lawe *Salike* which they haue in France,

Or should or should not, hop vs in our clayme:
And God forbid my wife and learned Lord,

That you should fallion, framc, or wicth the fame.
For God dorth know how many now in healih,

Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.

Therefore take heed how you impawne our perion,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:

We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this conuention, speake my Lord:

And we will iudge, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you speake, is walsh as pure
As tin in baptisme.

A 2

Bif.

The
For heare her but exemplified by her selfe,
When all her chinalty hath bene in France
And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a tray, the king of Scots,
Whom like a cayviffe the did leade to France,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise
As is the owle and boctome of the sea
With funken wrack and shiplicke realitic.
Lord. There is a laying very old and true,
If you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
To his unfurwith nest the weazel Scot
Would suck her eggs, playing the mouse in absence of the
To foyle and hauock more then she can eat.
Exr. It followes then, the cat must stay at home,
Yet that is but a curst necessitie,
Since we haue trappes to catch the petty thecues:
While the armed hand dorth fight abroad
The aduicd head controules at home:
For gouernment though high or lowe, being put into parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like mullicke.
Bi. True: therefore dorth heauen diuide the fate of man
in diuers functions.
Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience:
For to liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome:
They haue a King and officers of fort,
Wherforne like Magistrates correct at home:
Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:
Others like fouldiers armed in their flings,
Make boore vpon the lomners veluet bud:
Which pillage they with mery march bring home
To the cent royall of their Emperour,
Who builit in his maiestie, behold
The flinging malions building roofes of gold:

of Henry the fifth.

The ciuell citizens lading vp the honey,
The sad eyde Iustice with his furly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many Arrowes losed feuerall wayes, flye to one marke:
As many feuerall wayes meete in one towne:
As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea:
As many lines close in the dyall center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
Therefore my Liege to France,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Of which take you one quarter into France,
And you withall, shall make all Gallia shake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of pollicy and hardinesse.
Ki. Call in the messenger sent fro the Dolphin,
And by your ayde, the noble sinewes of our land,
France being ours, wee le bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces:
Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak
Freely of our acts,
Or else like toongleffe mutes
Not worshiupt with a paper Epitaph:
Enter Thambassadors from France.
Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.
Ambassa. Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall I sparingly shew a farre off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embaflage?
King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.

There-

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Shakespeare's *Henry the Fifth* (1600)

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The cronicle history of Henry the fift: with his battell fought at Agin
Court in France. Togither with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene
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and Iohn Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next
the Powle head, 1600. A-G⁴

This copy of *Henry the Fifth* (1600) is partly original (A-B3) and
partly a facsimile (B4-G4). Signature G2 is a misprint.

Shakespeare in Sheets Editing

In the processes of editing this playbook, an editorial note was added
at the end of the first line of B2v, due to an ink smudge that rendered
the word unreadable. The mislabeled catchword on G2 has also been
corrected to G3.

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Nim. I shall have my eight shillings I wone of you. [at beating?]
Pyll. A noble thait thou haue, and readie pay,
 And liqnor likewise will I giue to thee,
 And friendship shall combind and brotherhood;
 He liue by *Nim* as *Nim* shall liue by me:
 Is not this iust? for I shall suffer be
 Vnto the Campe, and profit will occure.
Nim. I shall haue my noble?
Pyll. In call most truly paid.
Nim. Why theres the humour of it.
Enter Hostes.
Hostes. As euer you came of men come in,
 Sir *John* poore soule is so troubled
 With a burning talian conitian feuer, tis wonderfull.
Pist. Let vs condole the knight: for lamkins we will liue,
Exeunt omnes.
Enter Exeter and Gloster.
Gloster. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust
 these traitors.
Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.
Gloster. I but the man that was his bedfellow
 Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours
 That he should for a forraigne purse, to sell
 His Soueraignes life to death and trechery.
Exe. O the Lord of *Massham*.
Enter the King and three Lords.
King. Now flis the windes faire, and we will aboard;
 My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Massham*,
 And you my gentle knight, giue me your thoughts,
 Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,
 Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France*?
Massha. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.
Cam. Neuer

of Henry the fift.
Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued then
 is your maiestie.
Gry. Euen those that were your fathers enemies
 Haue receped their galleis in honey for your sake.
King. We therefore haue great cause of thankfulness,
 And shall forget the office of our hands:
 Sooner then reward and merit,
 According to their cause and worthinesse.
Massha. So seruiue shall with ftecd liues liue,
 And labour shall relecth in fctie with hope
 To do your Grace incessant seruiue.
King. Vnto of *Exeter*, enlarge the man
 Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,
 We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,
 And on his more aduice we pardon him.
Massha. That is merie, but too much securitie:
 Let him bee punisht Soueraigne, least the example of
 Brede more of such a kinde.
King. O let vs yet be mercifull.
Cam. So may your highnesse, and punish too.
Gry. You shew great mercie if you giue him life,
 After the talie of his correction.
King. Alas your too much care and loue of me
 Are heavy orisons gainst the poore wretch,
 If little fautes proceeding on dissemper should not bee
 How should we stretch our ey, when capital crimes,
 Ciewed, swallowed and digested, apppare before vs:
 Well yet enlarge the man, tho *Cambridge* and the rest
 In their deare loues, and tender presecution of our state,
 Would haue him punisht.
 Now to our French causes,
 Who are the late Commissioners?
Cam. Me one my Lord, your highnesse had me aske for
 it to day.
Massha. So

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Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostes and a Boy.

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

Pist. No fur, no fur.

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

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

He went away as if it were a cryfombd childe,

Betweene twelue and one,

Iust at turning of the tide:

His nose was as sharpe as a pen:

For when I saw him fumble with the sheetes,

And talk of floures, and smile vpo his fingers ends

I knew there was no way but one.

How now sir *John* quoth I?

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

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

I hope there was no such need.

Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feete:

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

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

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

Nim. They say he cride out on Sack.

Host. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Host. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did: and he fed they were diuels incarnat.

Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Host. Indeed he did in some fort handle women,

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

(Babylon.)

Boy. Hostes do you remeiber he saw a Flea stand

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

Burning in hell fire?

Bar.

of Henry the fift.

And his soule shall sit fore charged for the wastfull
 (vengeance)

That shall flye from them. For this his mocke

Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.

Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Castles downe,

I some are yet vngotten and vnborne,

That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.

But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we doo
 (appeale,

And in whose name tel you the Do'phin we are coming on

To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand

In a rightfull cause: so get you hence, and tell your Prince,

His left will fauour but of sha low wit,

When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it.

Conuey them with safe conduct: see them hence.

Exe. This was a merry message.

King. We hope to make the sencer blush at it:

Therefore let our collectio for the wars be soone provided:

For God before, weell check the Dolphin at his fathers

(doore.

Therefore let euer man now taske his thought,

That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Nim and Bardolfe.

Bar. Godmorrow Corporall *Nim*.

Nim. Godmorrow Lieftenant *Bardolfe*.

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

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

I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold our mine Iron:

It is a simple one, but what tho: it will serue to tosse cheefe,

And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,

And theres the humor of it.

Bar. Yfaith mistresse quickly did thee great wrong,

For thou weart troth plight to her.

B

Nim. 1.

of Henry the fifth.
 Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a little
 He prick your guts a little in good termes,
 And theres the humour of it.
Pist. O braggarde vile, and damned furious wight,
 The Graue doth gape, and growning
 Death is nere, therefore exall.
They drave.
Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
 He kill him, as I am a souldier.
Pist. An oath of wikked might, and fury shall abate.
Nim. He cut your throat at one time or an other in faire
 And theres the humour of it.
Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee delie agen:
 A damned hound, thinkst thou my spouse to get?
 No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
 Fetch forth the lazare kite of Cretides kinde,
 Doll Tear-sheete, the by name, and her espowle
 I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
 For the onely she and Jaco, there it is enough.
Enter the Boy.
Boy. Hostes you must come straight to my maniere,
 And you Host Pistoll, Good *Barbasse*
 Put thy nose betweene the sheetes, and do the office of a
 (warming pan)
Host. By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one
 (of these dayes,
 He go to him, husband youle come?
Bar. Come Pistoll be friends,
 My pricke be friends, and it thou wilt not be
 Enemies with me too.
Nim. I that haue my eight shillings I weon of you at beating?
Pist. Baste is the slau that payes.
Nim. That now I will haue, and theres the humour of it.
Pist. As manhood shall compound.
Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
 He kill him by this word.
Pist. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.
Nim.

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Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
 Yet sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges,
 And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them
 At that time, and there is the humour of it.
Bar. Come yfaith, he bestow a breakfast to make Pistoll
 And thee friendes. What a plague should we carrie kniues
 To cut our owne throates.
Nim. Yfaith he liue as long as I may, thats the certaine of it,
 And when I cannot liue any longer, he do as I may,
 And theres my rest, and the randeuous of it.
Enter Pistoll and Hostes Quickly, his wife.
Bar. Godmorrow ancient Pistoll.
 Here comes ancient Pistoll, I priethee Nim be quiet.
Nim. How do you my Hoste?
Pist. Basse slau, callest thou me hoste?
 Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
 Nor shall my Nell keepe lodging.
Host. No by my troath not I,
 For we canot bed nor boord half a score honest gentlewome
 That liue honestly by the prick of their needle,
 But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house,
 O Lord hee is Corporall Nim, now shall
 We haue wilfull adultry and murther committed:
 Good Corporall Nim shew the valour of a man,
 And put vp your sword.
Nim. Push.
Pist. What dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland?
Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.
Pist. Solus egreious dog, that solus in thy throte,
 And in thy lungs, and which is worfe, within
 Thy messull mouth, I do retort that solus in thy
 Bowels, and in thy Iaw, perdie: for I can talke,
 And Pistolls flashing firy cock is vp.
Nim. I am not *Barbasse*, you cannot coniuere me:
 I haue an humour Pistoll to knock you indifferently well,
 And you fall foule with me Pistoll, he scourge you with my
 Rapier

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Masb. So did you me my Soueraigne.
Gray. And me my Lord.
King. Then Richard Earle of Cambridge there is yours:
 There is yours my Lord of *Masbham*.
 And sir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland*, this same is
 Read them, and know we know your worthinelle. (yours
 Vnkle *Exeter* I will aboord to night.
 Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?
 What see you in those papers
 That hath so chaced your blood out of apparence?
Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
 To your highnelle mercie.
Masb. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy which was quit in vs but late,
 By your owne reasons is forsaide and done:
 You must not dare for shame to aske for mercy,
 For your owne conscience turne vpon your bolousnes,
 As dogs vpon their maisters worrying them.
 See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
 These English moniers:
 My Lord of Cambridge here,
 You know how apt we were to grace him,
 In all things belonging to his honour:
 And this wilde man hath for a fewe light crownes,
 Lightly confided and sworne vnto the practices of *France*:
 To kill vs here in *Hampton*. To the which,
 This knighe no lesse in bountie bound to vs
 Then *Cambridge* is, haath likewise sworn.
 But oh what shall I say to this false man,
 Thou cruelle ingratefull and inhumane creature,
 Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,
 That knest the very secrets of my heart,
 That almost mightest a coyned me into gold,
 Wouldst thou a practisde on me for thy vice:
 Can it be possible that out of thee
 Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?
 This

of Henry the fifth.

It is so strange, that tho the truth doth shoue as grose
 As black from white, mine eye wil scarcely see it.
 Their faults are open, arrest them to the answer of the laws,
 And God acquit them of their practises.
Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,
 By the name of *Richard*, Earle of *Cambridge*.
 I arrest thee of high treason,
 By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Masbham*.
 I arrest thee of high treason,
 By the name of *Thomas Gray*, knight of *Northumberland*.
Masb. Our purposes God iustly hath discovered,
 And I repent my fault more then my death,
 Which I beseech your maiestie forgieue,
 Altho my body pay the price of it.
King. God quit you in his mercy. Heare your sentence.
 You haue conspired against our royall person,
 Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixed.
 And fro his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death
 Touching our person we seeke no redresse.
 But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender
 Whose ruine you haue fought,
 That to our lawes we do deliuer you. (death,
 Get ye therefore hence: poore miserable creatures to your
 The taste whereof, God in his mercy giue you (amisse:
 Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
 Beare them hence.
Exit three Lords.
 Now Lords to *France*. The enterprise whereof,
 Shall be to you as vs, successiue.
 Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way
 Cheerly to sea, the signes of war aduance:
 No King of England, if not King of *France*.

Exit omnes.

Enter

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 Betwene his yonger dayes and these he muliers now,
 Now he wayes time euen to the latest graine,
 Which you shall finde in your owne losses
 If he stay in France.
King. Well for vs, you shall retorne our anfwere backe
 To our brother England.
Exit omnes.
Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, Boy.
Nim. Before God here is hore seruice.
Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
 Gods vassals drop and die.
Nim. Tis honor, and theres the humor of it.
Boy. Would I were in London:
 Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.
Pist. And I. If wihes would preuaile,
 I would not stay, but thither would I nie.
Enter Flewellen and beates them in.
Flew. Godes piud vp to the breaches
 You rascals, will you not vp to the breaches?
Nim. Abate thy rage, sweete knight,
 Abate thy rage.
Boy. Well I would I were once from them:
 They would haue me as familiar
 With mens pockets, as their giouses, and their
 Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.
Bardolfe. Steale a Lute case, carryed it three mile,
 And sold it for three hapence.
Nim. Steale a fier shouell.
 I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:
 Well, if they will not leaue me,
 I meane to leaue them.
Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the Boy.
Enter Gower.
Gower. Captain Flewellen, you must come trait
 To the Mines, to the Duke of Glouster.

Looke

of Henry the fift
Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
 To come to the mines: the conuauities is otherwile.
 You may discolle to the Duke, the enemy is digd
 Him selfe fure yarde vnder the countermines:
 By *Iesus* I thinke heele blowe vp all
 If there be no better direction.
Enter the King and his Lords alarum.
King. How yet resolues the Gouernour of the Towne?
 This is the latest parley wele admit:
 Therefore to our best mercie giue your felues,
 Or like to men proud of destruction, dese vs to our worlt,
 For as I am a souldier, a name that in my thoughts
 Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe
 I will not leaue the halfe atchieued Harlew,
 Till in her ashes she be buried,
 The gates of mercie are all shut vp.
 What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
 Or guilte in defence be thus destroyed?
Enter Gouernour.
Gower. Our expectation hath this day an end:
 The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,
 Returns vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
 To raise so great a siege: therefore dread *King*,
 We yeeld our towne and liues to thy soft mercie:
 Enter our gates, dispoise of vs and ours,
 For we no longer are defendible now.
Enter Katherine, Alice.
Kate. Alice venecia, vous aues cates en,
 Vou partie fort bon Angloys englatara,
 Coman lae pallia vou la main en trancoy.
Alice. La

C 3

of Henry the fift.

Bar. Well, God be with him,
 That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.
Nim. Shall we shog off?
 The king wil be gone from Southampton,
Pist. Cleare vp thy cristalles,
 Looke to my chattels and my moueables.
 Trust none: the word is pitch and pay:
 Mens words are wafer cakes,
 And holdfast is the only dog my deare.
 Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
 Touch her soft lips and part.
Bar. Farewell hostes.
Nim. I cannot kis: and theres the humor of it.
 But adieu.
Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.
Exit omnes.

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

King. Now you Lords of Orleance,
 Of Bourbon, and of Berry,
 You see the King of England is not slack,
 For he is footed on this land alreadie.
Dolphin. My gracious Lord, tis meet we all goe
 And arme vs against the foe: (foorth,
 And view the weak & sickly parts of France:
 But let vs do it with no show of feare,
 No with no more, then if we heard
 England were busied with a Moris dance.
 For my good Lord, she is so idely kingd,
 Her scepter so fantastically borne,
 So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
 That feare attends her not.
Con. O peace Prince Dolphin, you deceiue your selfe,
 C Question

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

Enter Ancient Pistoll.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man.
Pist. Captaine, I thee beseech to do me fauour,
 The Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.
Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merried some loue at
 (his hands.
Pist. *Bardolfe* a souldier, one of buxsome valour,
 Hath by furious fate
 And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,
 That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse
 (stone.
Flew. By your patience ancient *Pistoll*,
 Fortune, looke you is painted,
 Plind with a muffler before her eyes,
 To signifie to you, that Fortune is plind:
 And she is moreouer painted with a wheele,
 Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
 And inconstant, and variation; and mutabilities:
 And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone
 Which rouses, and rouses, and rouses:
 Surely the Poet is make an excellēt descriptiō of Fortune,
 Fortune looke you is and excellent morall.
Pist. Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
 For he hath stolne a packs, and hanged must he be:
 A damned death, let gallows gape for dogs,
 Let mango free, and let not death his windpipe stop.
 But

King. 'Tis certaine he is past the River Some.
Con. Mordieu mavia : Shall a few spranes of vs

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

Exil omnes.

Kate. Aloues a diner.
Alice. C'est fort bon madam.
De neck, de cîn, le foot, e de con.
Kate. O et ill aill, e coute Alice, de han, de arma.
Alice. Madam, de foot, e le con.
Pur one million ma foy,
Sie plus deuant le che cheuaires de franca,
Kate. Le foot, e le con, o Jesu ! Le ne vew point par le,
Alice. Le foot, e le con.
Coman se pella vou le peid e le robe.
Kate. Par la grace de deu an petite rane, le parle milleur
A le vous aues ectue en Englatara.
Alice. Ma foy madam, vov par la au le bon Angloys
De han, de arma, de neck, de cîn, e de elbo, e ca bon.
Kate. O Jesu, lea obloye ma foy, e coute le recontera
Alice. De elbo madam.
De han, de arma, de neck, du cîn, e de bilbo.
Kate. E coute le rehertera, coute cella que Iacapoandre,
Le tude, o de elbo madam.
Alice. De cudin ma foy le obloye, mais le remembre,
Kate. E de neck, e de cîn, e de code.
Alice. De neck, e de cîn, madam.
Kate. E Coman sa pella vov la menton a la coll.
Alice. Owe madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma.
Alice. De arma madam.
Kate. E da bras.
Alice. La main madam de han.

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of Henry the fift.

King. If not, what followes?
Exe. Bloody constraint, for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therfore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jone,
That if requiting faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widows teares,
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens bones,
The pining maydens groanes,
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controuerie.
This is his claime, his threatening, and my mellage.
Vnles the Dolphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly we bring greeting too.
Dol. For the Dolphin? I stand here for him,
What to heare from England.
Exe. Scorn & defiance, light regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie tender, doth he prile you at:
Thus saith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse
Sweeten the bitter mocke you lent his Maiestie,
Heele call you to so loud an answer for it,
That causes and wombelly vaultes of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock,
In second accent of his ordennance.
Dol. Say that my father render faire reply,
It is againt my will:
For I desire nothing so much,
As odde with England.
And for that cause according to his youth
I did present him with those Paris balles.
Exe. Heele make your Paris Louer shake for it,
Were it the mightie Court of mightie Europe.
And be assured, youle finde a difference
As we his subiects haue in wonder found:

Betweene

C 2

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

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

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

Kim. Bid him come in.
You see this chafe is hotly followed Lords.

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

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother England?
Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:
He wils you in the name of God Almightye,
That you deuelt your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne
And all wide stretched titles that belongs
Vnto the Crowne of France, that you may know
Tis no sinister, nor no awkeward claime,
Pickt from the worme holes of old vanisht dayes,
Nor from the dust of old obliuion rackte,
He sends you these most memorable lynes,
In euery branch truly demonstrated:
Willing you ouerlooce this pedigree,
And when you finde him euently deriued
From his most famed and famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the natie and true challenger.

King.

of Henry the fift.

The emptying of our fathers luxerie,
Outgrow their grafters.

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

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

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

Dol. Not so I do beseech your Maiestie.

King. Well, I say it shalbe so.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

Go. How now Captain Flewellen, come you fro the bridge?
Flew. By Iesus thers excellēt seruice comitted at þ bridge.
Gour. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?
Flew. The duke of Exeter is a mā whom I loue, & I honor,
And I worship, with my soule, and my heart, and my life,
And my lands and my liuings,
And my vttermost powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praised and pleased for it, no harme in the worrell.
He is maintain the bridge very gallently: there is an Ensigne
There,

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Nor as we are, we say we will not thunn it.
Herwald. I shall deliuer for thanks to your Maestie.
Glof. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now.
King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs:
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them march away.
Enter Burbon, Constable, Orleanes, Geron.
Conf. Tut I haue the best armour in the world.
Orleanes. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.
Burbon. Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the sun nothing but pure ayre and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.
Orleanes. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.
Bur. And of the heate, a the Ginger.
Turne all the lands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:
I once writ a Sonnet in the praise of my horse,
And began thus. Wonder of nature.
Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so.
In the praise of ones Mistresse.
Bur. Why then did they imitate that
Which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my mistresse.
Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought
Your mistresse thooke you strangely.
Bur. I beaue me, I tell thee Lord Constable,
My mistresse wears her owne haire.
Con. I could make as good a boate of that,
If I had had a slow to my mistresse.
Bur. Tut thou wilt make vse of any thing.
Con. Yet I do not vie my horse for my mistresse.
Bur. Will it neuer be morning?
The ride too morrow a mile,
And my way shalbe paved with English faces.
Con. By

of Henry the fift.
Con. By my faith so will not I.
For feare I be out faced of my way.
Bur. Well Ile go arme my selfe, hay.
Geron. The Duke of Burbon longs for morning
Or. I he longs to eate the English.
Con. I thinke heele eate all he kills.
Orle. O peace, ill will neuer said well.
Con. The cap that prouerbe,
With there is Hatery in friendship.
Or. O fir, I can answere that,
With giue the diuel his due.
Con. Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,
With a logge of the diuel.
Or. Well the Duke of Burbon, is simply,
The most active Gentleman of France.
Con. Doing his actiuite, and heele fill be doing.
Or. He neuer did hurt as I heard off.
Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.
Or. I hold him to be exceeding valiant.
Con. I was told so by one that knows him better the you.
Or. Whose that?
Con. Why he told me so himselfe:
And said he cared not who knew it.
Or. Well who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred English prisoners?
Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,
Before you haue them.
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.
Con. Who hath measured the ground?
Mess. The Lord Grompeere.
Con. A valiant man, a. an expert Gentleman.
Comes, come away:
The Sun is hie, and we weare out the day.
Exit omnes.
Enter

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Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a greuous matter
(to him.)
King. Why so you may say, if a man send his seruant
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the maister,
Was the author of his seruants misfortune.
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the maister is not to answere for his seruants,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subiects:
For they purpose not their deaths, whē they craue their ser-
Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated (uices:
Murder on them:
Others the broken seale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens,
Now if these outstrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
War is Gods Beadel. War is Gods vengeance:
Euery mans seruice is the kings:
But euery mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue euery souldier examine himselfe,
And wash euery moath out of his conscience:
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death:
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.
3. Lord. Yfaith he saies true:
Euery mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king answere for me.
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.
King. Well, I heard the king, he wold not be ranfomde.
2. L. I he said so, to make vs fight:
But when our throates be cut, he may be ranfomde,
And we neuer the wiser.
King. If I liue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe.
2. Lord,

of Henry the fift.
But *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death,
For packs of pettie price:
Therefore go speake; the Duke will heare thy voyce,
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall threed be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.
Flew. Captain *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.
Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.
Flew. Certainly *Antient Pistoll*, tis not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would with the Duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,
Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.
Pist. Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.
Flew. That is good.
Pist. The figge of *Spaine* within thy lawe.
Flew. That is very well.
Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durty maw.
Exit Pistoll.
Fle. Captain *Gour*, cannot you hear it lighten & thunder?
Gour. Why is this the *Ancient* you told me of?
I remember him now, he is a bawd, a cutpurse.
Flew. By Iesus hee is vtter as prauē words vpon the bridge
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day, but its all one,
What he hath sed to me, looke you, is all one.
Go. Why this is a guil, a foole, a rogue that goest to the wars
Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London:
And such fellows as he,
Are perfect in great Commanders names.
They will learne by rote where seruices were done,
At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,
At such a conuoy: who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemie stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they trick vp with new tuned oathes, & whata berd
Of the Generalls cut, and a horid shout of the campe
D Will

of Henry the fifth.
 Altho we did seeme dead, we did but lumber.
 Now we speake vpon our knee, and our voyce is imperiall,
 England shall repent her folly: see her rashnesse,
 And admire our sufferance. Which to raunsome,
 His pettynesse would bow vnder:
 For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weak: e
 For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
 Kneeling at our feete, a weak and worllesse satisfaction.
 To this adde dyance. So much from the king my maister.
 King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.
 Herald. Montjoy.
 King. Thou dost thy office faire, returne thee backe,
 And tell thy King, I do not seeke him now:
 But could be well content, without impeach,
 To march on to Calles: for to lay the foot,
 Though tis no wildome to confesse so much
 Vnto an enemye of craft and vantage.
 My souldiers are with sicknesse much infiebled,
 My Army lessened, and those fewe I haue,
 Almost no better then to many French:
 Who when they were in heart, I tell thee Herald,
 I thought vpon one paire of English legges,
 Did march three French mens.
 Yet forgive me God, that I do brag thus:
 This your heire of France hath blowne this vice in me.
 I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,
 My raunsome is this fraye and worllesse body,
 My Army but a weak and sickly garde.
 Yet God before, we will come on,
 If France and such an other neyghbour stood in our way:
 If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,
 We shall your rawnny ground with your red blood discolor.
 So Montjoy get you gone, there is for your paines:
 The sum of all our answer is but this,
 We would not seeke a battle as we are:
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 Will do among the foming bottles and alewafht wits
 Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
 To know such slaunders of this age,
 Or else you may maruellously be mistooke.
 Flew. Certain captain Gower, it is not the man, looke you,
 That I did take him to be: but when time shall serue,
 I shall tell him a litle of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.
 Enter King, Clarence, Gloster and others.
 King. How now Flewellen, come you from the bridge?
 Flew. I and it shall please your Maiestie,
 There is excellent seruice at the bridge.
 King. What men haue you lost Flewellen?
 Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
 The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
 Very reasonably great: but for our own parts, like you now,
 I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
 For robbing of a church, one Bardolfe, if your Maiestie
 Know the man, his face is full of whelkes and knubs,
 And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose
 Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes blew:
 But god be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.
 King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
 And we here giue expresse commaundment,
 That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
 None of the French abused,
 Or abraided with disdainfull language:
 For when cruelty and lenitie play for a Kingdome,
 The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.
 Enter French Herald.
 Hera. You know me by my habit.
 Ki. Well the, we know thee, what shuld we know of thee?
 Hera. My maisters minde,
 King. Vnfold it.
 Hera. Go thee vnto Harry of England, and tell him,
 Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:
 Altho

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 Enter the King disguised to him Pitoll.
 Pist. Keve la?
 King. A friend.
 Pist. Dicitus vnto me, art thou Gentleman?
 O art thou common, balde, and popeler?
 King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.
 Pist. Trailes thou the pusliant pike?
 King. Euen so sir, what are you?
 Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperour.
 King. O then thou art better then the King?
 Pist. The kings a bago, and a hart of gold.
 Pist. A lad of office, an impe of fame:
 Of parents good, of fitt most valiant:
 I kis his durie shoc: and from my hart bring
 I loue the louely bully. What is thy name?
 King. Harry le Roy.
 Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man:
 Art thou of Cornish crew?
 King. No sir, I am a Wealechman.
 Pist. A Wealechman: knowst thou Flewellen?
 King. I sir.
 Pist. Art thou his friend?
 King. I sir, he is my kinsman.
 Pist. Figas for thee then: my name is Pistoll.
 Kim. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.
 Pist. Pistoll is my name.
 Exit Pitoll.
 Enter Gower and Flewellen.
 Gour. Capitaine Flewellen.
 Flew. In the name of Iesu speake lewer.
 It is the greatest folly in the worlde, when the auncient
 Prerogatives of the warres be not kept.
 I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,
 You shall finde no litle rattle, nor bible bable there:
 But

of Henry the fifth.
 But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,
 And the ceremonies, to be ootherwise.
 Gour. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.
 Flew. Godes sollud, if the enemy be an Ass & a Foole,
 And a prating cocks-come, is it meet that we be also a foole,
 And a prating cocks-come, in your conscience now?
 Gour. Ile speake lower.
 Flew. I beseech you do, good Capitaine Gower.
 Exit Gower, and Flewellen.
 Kim. Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,
 Yet theres much care in this.
 Enter three Souldiers.
 1. Soul. Is not that the morning yonder?
 2. Soul. I we see the beginning,
 God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.
 3. Soul. Well I thinke the king could wifh himselfe
 Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
 And so I would he were, at all aduentures, and I with him.
 Kim. Now masters god morrow, what cheare?
 3. S. Ifaith small cheer some of vs is like to haue,
 Ere this day ende.
 Kim. Why fear nothing man, the king is frolike.
 2. S. I he may be, for he hath no such cause as we
 Kim. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.
 The Violet smells to him as to vs:
 Therefore if he see reasons, he feares as we do.
 2. Sol. But the king hath a heauy reckoning to make,
 If his cause be not good: when all those foules
 Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
 Shall ioyn together at the latter day,
 And say I dyed at such a place, Some swearing:
 Some their wiues rawly left:
 Some leauing their children poore behind them.
 Now

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 Why well said, That doth please me better,
 Then to wish me one. You know your charge,
 God be with you all.
Enter the Herald from the French.
Herald. Once more I come to know of thee king Henry,
 What thou wilt give for ransom me?
Kim. Who hath sent thee now?
Her. The Constable of France.
Kim. I prethy beare my former answer backe:
 Bid them archieue me, and then sell my bones.
 Good God, why should they mock good fellows
 The man that once did sell the Lions skin, (thus)
 While the beast liued, was kild with hunting him.
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt
 Finde graues within your realme of France:
 Tho buried in your dung hills, we shall be famed,
 For there the Sun shall gicte them,
 And draw vp their honors reaking vp to heauen,
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clyme:
 The smell whereof, shall breed a plague in France:
 Marke then abundant valour in our English,
 That being dead, like to the bullets crawing,
 Breakes forth into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relaps of mortallitie:
 Let me speake proudly,
 Thers not a peece of feather in our campe,
 Good argument I hope we shall not flye:
 And time hath worne vs into Honendry,
 But by the mas, our hearts are in the trim,
 And my poore souldiers tel me, yet ere night
 They be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
 The gay new cloathes ore your French souldiers eares,
 And turne them out of seruiue. If they do this,
 As it please God they shall,
 Then shall our ransom soone be leuid.

Exit omnes.
 Lets dye with honour, our shame doth last too long.
 Come, come along,
 Vnto these English, or else die with fame.
 Come we in heapes, weele offer vp our liues
 Con. Disorder that hath spoyld vs, right vs now,
 His fairest daughter is contamuracke.
 Why least by a llaue no gentler then my dog,
 Like a bace ieno hold the chamber doore,
 Let him go home, and with his cap in hand,
 And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Bur. A plague of order, once more to the field,
 If any order might be thought vpon.
 To smother vp the English,
 Con. We are inough yet liuing in the field,
Bur. O our del houie all is gone, all is lost.
Or. O what a day is this!
Conf. Mor du ma vie,
Ge. O diabello.
Enter the foure French Lords.
Exit.
 And as thou pleasest God, dispole the day.
Kim. Take it braue *York.* Come souldiers lets away:
 The leading of the vaward.
York. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue,
Exit Herald.
Her. I shall deliuer so.
 Will yeeld them liues, rell the Constable.
 Which if they haue, as I will leaue am them,
 They shall haue nought I sweare, but these my bones:
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle Herald.
 Saue thou thy labour Herald:
of Henry the fift.

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Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

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

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

Flew. He was borne at *Monmorth*.
 Captain *Gower*, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

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

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

Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*
 Was borne: looke you captaine *Gower*,
 And if you looke into the mappes of the worell well,
 You shall finde litle difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmorth*. Looke you, there is
 A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer
 In *Monmorth*, the Riuers name at *Monmorth*,
 Is called *Wye*.
 But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
 But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
 And there is Samons in both.
 Looke you captaine *Gower*, and you marke it,

You

of Henry the fift.

2. Sol. Mas youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure
 That an elder gun, can do against a cannon,
 Or a subiect against a monarke.

Youle nere take his word again, your a raffe goe.
King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter:
 Were it not at this time I could be angry.

2. Sol. Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.
King. How shall I know thee?

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

Kim. Here is likewise another of mine,
 And assure thee ile weare it.

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

3. Sol. Be friends you fooles,

We haue French quarrels anow in hand:

We haue no need of English broyles.

Kim. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
 For to morrow the king himselfe wil be a clipper,

Exit the souldiers.

Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and
Attendants.

K. O God of battels steale my souldiers harts,
 Take from them now the fence of rekconing,
 That the apposed multitudes which stand before them,
 May not appall their courage.
 O not to day, not to day O God,
 Thinke on the fault my father made,
 In compassing the crowne
Richards bodie haue interred new,
 And on it hath bestowed more contrite teares,
 Then from it issued forced drops of blood:
 A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,

E

Which

of Henry the fift.
 We would not die in that mans company,
 That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
 This day is called the day of Crypin,
 He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
 Shall stand a tipoe when this day is named,
 And rowle him at the name of Crypin.
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Shall yearely on the vygill feast his friends,
 And say, to morrow is S. Crypines day:
 Then shall we in their howing bowles
 Be newly remembered. *Harry* the King,
Bedford and *Exeter*, *Clarence* and *Gloster*,
Warwick and *Torke*,
 Familiars in their moutnes as howld words.
 This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
 And from this day, vnto the generall doome:
 But we in it shall be remembered.
 We fewe, we haplie fewe, we bond of brothers,
 For he to day that heads his blood by mine,
 Shall be my brother: be he nere so bale,
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 Then shall he strip his sleeves, and shew his scars,
 And say, these wounds I had on Crypines day:
 And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
 Shall thinke themselves accurt,
 While they speake that fought with vs
 Vpon Saint Crispines day.
Gloster. My gracious Lord,
 The French is in the field.
Kim. Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.
War. Perill the man whose mind is backward now.
King. Thou dost not with more help to England and coulers?
War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.
King. Why

The Chronicle Historie
Enter Pistoll, the French man, and the Boy.
Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.
French. O Monlie, ie vous en pree aues petite de moy.
Pist. Moy shall not letue, I will haue fortie moys.
Boy. Comant estes vous apelles?
French. Monlieur Fer.
Boy. He fates his name is *Master Fer*.
Pist. He Fer him, and ferit him, and ferke him:
Boy. I do not know, whas French
For fer, ferit and feark.
Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throate.
Boy. Feare, you preat, ill vouilles couple votre gage.
Pist. Onye ma toy couple la gorge.
Vnlie thou giue to me egregeious ranfome, dye.
French. Qui dit ill monlieur,
 Ill ditte si you ny youly pa domy luy.
Boy. La gan ranfome, ill vou ueres.
French. O lee vous en pri petitte gentille home, parle
 A ce, gan captaine, pour auez merce
 A moy, ie le donees pour mon ranfome
 Cinquante octos. Le luyes vngentille home de France.
Pist. What faves he boy?
Boy. Mary fir he faves he is a Gentie man of a great
 Houle, of France: and for his ranfome,
 He will giue you 500. crownes.
Pist. My fury shall abate,
 And I the Crownes will take.
 And as I luck blood, I will some merce shew.
 Follow me cur.
Exit omnes.
Enter the King and his Nobles, Pistoll.
King. What the French retire?
 Yet

The Chronicle Historie
 Whicheuery day their withered hands hold vp
 To heauen to pardon blood,
 And I haue built two chanceries, more wil I do:
 Tho all that I can do, is all too litle.
Enter Gloster.
Gloster. My Lord.
King. My brother *Glosters* voyce.
Gloster. My Lord, the Army staves vpon your presence.
King. Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will go with thee,
 The day my friends, and all things staves for me.
Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisburie.
War. My Lords the French are very strong.
Exe. There is fise to one, and yet they all are fresh.
War. Offighting men they haue full fortie thousand.
Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords:
 Braue *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,
 My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.
Clar. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
 And yet in truth, I do thee wrong,
 For thou art made on the rruer sparkes of honour.
Enter King.
War. O would we had but ten thousand men
 Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.
King. Whose that, that wishes so, my Cousen *Warwick*?
 Gods will, I would not loose the honour
 One man would share from me,
 Not for my Kingdome.
 No faith my Cousen, with not one man more,
 Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,
 That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,
 Let him depart, his passport shall bee drawne,
 And crownes for conuoy put into his purse,
 We

of Henry the fift.
 Yet all is not done, yet keepe the French the field.
Exe. The Duke of *Torke* commends him to your Grace.
King. Liues he good Vnckle, twise I sawe him downe,
 Twise vp againe:
 From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.
Exe. In which aray, braue souldier doth he lye,
 Larding the plaines and by his bloody side,
 Yoake fellow to his honour dying wounds,
 The noble Earle of *Suffolke* also lyes.
Suffolke first dyde, and *Torke* all halted ore,
 Comes to him where in blood he lay steept,
 And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes.
 That bloodily did yane vpon his face,
 And cryde aloud, tary deare coulin *Suffolke*:
 My soule shall thine keep company in heauen:
 Tary deare soule awhile, then fie to rest:
 And in this glorious and well foughten field,
 We kept together in our chiualdry.
 Vpon these words I came and cheerd them vp,
 He tooke me by the hand, said deare my Lord,
 Commend my seruice to my soueraigne.
 So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolkes* necke
 He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death,
 With blood he sealed. An argument
 Of neuer ending loue. The pretie and sweet maner of it,
 Forst those waters from me, which I would haue stopt,
 But I not so much of man in me,
 But all my mother came into my eyes,
 And gaue me vp to teares.
Kim. I blame you not: for hearing you,
 I must conuert to teares.
Alarum soundes.
 What new alarum is this?
 Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.
Pist. Couple gorge. *Exit omnes.*
Enter

And thou thou hast giuen me most bitter words,
Flew. Let his necke answer it,
 If there be any man that is laue in the world.
Soul. My Liege, all offences come from the heart:
 Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maiestie.
 You appeared to me as a common man:
 Witnesse the night, your garments, your lowlinesse,
 And what euer you receiued vnder that habit,
 I beseech your Maiestie impute it to your owne fault:
 And not mine. For your selfe came not like your selfe:
 Had you bene as you seemed, I had made no offence.
 Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.
Kim. Vncke, all the gloue with crownes,
 And giue it to the souldier. Weare it fellow,
 As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
 Giue him the crownes. Come Capitaine *Flewellen*,
 I must needs haue you friends.
Flew. By Iesus, the fellow hath mettall enough
 In his belly. Hark you souldier, there is a shilling for you,
 And keep your selfe out of braules & brables, & differēces,
 And looke you, it shall be the better for you.
Soul. The none of your money Sir, not I.
Flew. Why tis a good shilling man.
 Why should you be queasie with it? Your shoes are not so good:
 It will serue you to mend your shoes.
Kim. What men of fort are taken vncke?
Exe. Charles Duke of *Orleanes*, Nephew to the King.
John Duke of *Burbon*, and Lord *Bowchuall*,
 Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squiers,
 Full fiftene hundred, besides common men,
 This note doth tell me of ten thousand
 French, that in the field lyes slaine.
 Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,

of Henry the fifth.

The Chronicle Historie

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

Pist. Good good.

Flew. I Leekes are good, Antient *Pistoll*.

There is a shilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.

Pist. Me a shilling.

Flew. If you will not take it,

I haue an other Leeke for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reoning.

Flew. If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,

You shalbe a woodmonger,

And by cudgels, God bwy you,

Antient *Pistoll*, God blesse you,

And heale your broken pate.

Antient *Pistoll*, if you see Leekes an other time,

Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.

Exit Flewellen.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Doth Fortune play the huswyc with me now?

Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?

Well *France* farwell, newes haue I certainly

That Doll is sicke. One mallydie of *France*,

The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.

Bawd will I turne, and vse the flyte of hand:

To England will I steale,

And there Ile steale.

And patches will I get vnto these skarres,

And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.

Exit Pistoll.

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

Harry. Peaceto this meeting, wherefore we are met.

And

And

It was I indeed you promised to strike.
 This is the fellow of it.
Kim. Let mee see thy gloue. Look you,
 Manhood, what a beggerly low he knaue it is.
Flew. Your Maiestie heares, vnder your Maiesties
 And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.
 I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
 I promised to strike him if he did.
 I promised me to weare it in his hat:
 He that I gaue it too in the night,
Soul. And it please your Maiestie, that was my gloue.
 And a ouchment, that this is the gloue.
 And your Maiestie will beare me witness, and testimony,
 Which your Maiestie took out of the helmet of *Alonso*:
 Here is a rascal, beggerly rascal, is strike the gloue,
 As you shall desire to see in a comers day.
 Here is the notablest pecece of treason come to light,
Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
Kim. How now, what is the matter?
Enter the King, Warwick, Clarence, and Exeter.
 The giue treason his due presently.
Flew. Gode pluraud his. Captain *Gower* stand away:
He strikes him.
Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it.
Flew. I know the the gloue is a gloue.
Soul. Do you heare you Sir? do you know this gloue?
 Then you can dreame off.
 Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,
Flew. Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,
Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the souldier.
 Go see there be no harme betwene them.
 And quickly will returne an injury.
 And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder:
 For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
 It may be there will be harme betwene them,
The Chronicle Historie

of Henry the fifth.

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

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

Flew. Look you, tis not well done to take the tale out
 Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished:

I speake in the comparifons, as *Alexander* is kill
 His friend *Clitus*: so our King being in his ripe
 Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite
 With the great belly doublet: I am forget his name.

Gower. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

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

Enter King and the Lords.

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

Take a trumpet Herauld,

And ride vnto the horsmen on yon hill:

If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,

Or leaue the field, they do offend our fight:

Will they do neither, we will come to them,

And make them skyr away, as fast

As stones enforst from the old *Assirian* slings.

Besides, wee le cut the throats of those we haue,

And not one aliue shall taste our mercy.

Enter the Herauld.

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

Herauld. I come great king for charitable fauour,
 To sort our Nobles from our common men,

We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,

Which in the field lye spoyled and troden on.

Kim. I tell thee truly Herauld, I do not know whether

F

The

So hath he sworne the like to me.
K. How thinke you *Flewellen*, is it lawfull he keep his oath?
Fl. And it please your maiestie, tis lawfull he keep his vow.
 If he be perjur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,
 As treads vpon too blacke shues.
Kin. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.
Flw. And if he be as good a gentleman as *Lucifer*
 And *Belzebub*, and the diuell himselfe,
 Tis meeete he keepe his vowe.
Kin. Well sir, ha keep your word.
 Vnder what Captain seruelt thou?
Soul. Vnder *Captaine Gower*.
Flw. *Captaine Gower* is a good *Captaine*.
 And hath good literature in the warres.
Kin. Go call him hither.
Soul. I will my Lord.
Exit souldier.
Kin. *Captaine Flewellen*, when *Alonso* and I was
 Downe together, I tooke this gloue off from his helmet,
 Here *Flewellen*, weare it, if any do challenge it.
 He is a friend of *Alonsos*,
 And an enemy to mee.
Fl. Your maiestie doth me as great a fauour
 As can be desired in the hart of his subjects.
 I would see that man now that shoud challenge this gloue:
 And it please God of his grace, I would but see him,
 That is all.
Kin. *Flewellen* knowst thou *Captaine Gower*?
Fl. *Captaine Gower* is my friend.
 And if it like your maiestie, I know him very well.
Kin. Go call him hither.
Flw. I will and it shall please your maiestie.
Kin. Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
 The gloue he weares, it was the souldiers:

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The day be ours or no:
 For yet a many of your French do keep the field.
Hera. The day is yours.
Kin. Praised be God therefore.
 What Castle call you that?
Hera. We call it *Agincourt*.
Kin. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*.
 Fought on the day of *Cryspin*, *Cryspin*.
Flw. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
 If your grace be remembred,
 Is do good seruice in *France*.
Kin. Tis true *Flewellen*.
Flw. Your Maieftie sayes verie true,
 And it please your Maieftie,
 The Wealchmen there was do good seruice,
 In a garden where Leekes did grow.
 And I thinke your Maieftie wil take no scorne,
 To weare a Leake in your cap vpon *S. Davies* day.
Kin. No *Flewellen*, for I am wealch as well as you.
Flw. All the water in *VVye* wil not wash your wealch
 Blood out of you, God keep it, and preferue it,
 To his graces will and pleasure.
Kin. Thankes good countryman.
Flw. By Iesus I am your Maiefties countryman:
 I care not who know it, so long as your maiefty is an honest
K. God keep me so, Our Herald go with him, (man)
 And bring vs the number of the scattred French.

Exit Heralds.

Call yonder souldier hither.
Flw. You fellow come to the king.
Kin. Fellow why doost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?
Soul. And please your maiestie, tis a rascals that swagard
 With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,
 Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him.

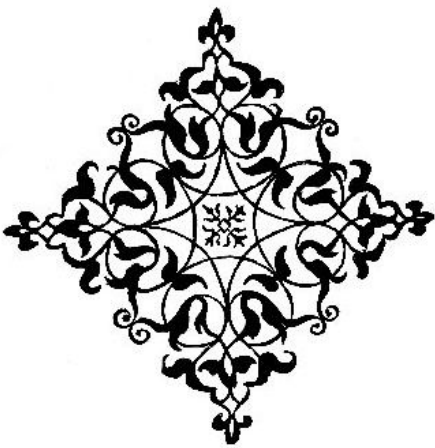
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The Chronicle Historie
Charles de la Bruie, his Conftable of *France*.
Jaques of Chastellain, Admirall of *France*.
 The Maister of the crossbows, *John Duke Alojon*.
 Lord *Kambieres*, his Maister of *France*.
 The braue sir *Gwizard*, *Dophin*, *OENobelle Charwillas*,
 Gran *Prie*, and *Roffe*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*.
Gervand and *Verton*, *Vandennant* and *Leffra*.
 Here was a royall fellow ship of death,
 Where is the number of our English dead?
Edward the Duke of *York*, the Earle of *Suffolke*,
 Sir *Ryghard Ketty*, *Dany Gam Elquier*:
 And of all other, but five and twentie.
 O God thy arme was here,
 And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise.
 When without stragagem,
 And in euen thock of battle, was euer heard
 So great, and litle losse, on one part and another.
 Take it God, for it is onely thine.
Ere. Tis wonderfull.
Kin. Come let vs go on procellion through the camp:
 Let it be death proclaimed to any man,
 To boast hereof, for take the praise from God,
 Which is his due.
Flw. Is it lawfull, and it please your Maieftie,
 To tell how many is killd?
Kin. Yes *Flewellen*, but with this acknowledgement,
 That God fought for vs.
Flw. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.
Kin. Let there be sung, Nonoues and te Deum.
 The dead with charitie entered in clay:
 Weele then to *Cathice*, and to *England* then,
 Where nere from *France*, attitude more happier men.
Exit omnes.
Enter Gower, and Flewellen.
Gower. But why do you weare your Lecke to day?
 Saint

of Henry the fifth.

Saint *Dauies* day is past?
Flw. There is occasion *Captaine Gower*,
 Looke you why, and wherefore,
 The other day looke you, *Pistoll*
 Which you know is a man of no merites
 In the worell, is come where I was the other day,
 And brings bread and fault, and bids me
 Eate my Lecke: twas in a place, looke you,
 Where I could moue no discentions:
 But if I can see him, I shall tell him,
 A litle of my desires.
Gow. Here a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke.
Enter Pistoll.
Flw. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkecocks,
 God plesse you Antient *Pistoll*, you scall,
 Beggerly, lowlie knaue, God plesse you.
Pist. Ha, art thou bedlem?
 Dost thou thrust base *Troyan*,
 To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
 Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Lecke.
Flw. Antient *Pistoll*. I would desire you because
 It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,
 And your digestion, to eate this Lecke.
Pist. Not for *Cadmalleder* and all his goates.
Flw. There is one goate for you Antient *Pistol*.
 He strikes him,
Pist. Bace *Troyan*, thou shall dye.
Flw. I, I know I shall dye, meane time, I would
 Desire you to liue and eate this Lecke,
Gower. Inough *Captaine*, you haue astonisht him.
Flw. Astonisht him, by Iesu, Ile beate his head
 Foure dayes, and foure nights, but Ile
 Make him eate some part of my Lecke.
Pist. Well must I byte?

Flw. I



FINIS.

of Henry the fifth.
Fran. This and what else,
Your maiestie shall craue.
God that disposeth all, giue you much ioy.
Har. Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come giue me thy hand:
Our marriage will we present so iolemnly,
And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Then will I sweare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee:
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

How now my Lords?
Fran. Brother of England,
We haue ored the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in iedule had.
Exe. Only he hath not subscribed this,
Where your maiestie demaunds,
That the king of *France* hauing any occasion
To write for matter of graunt,
Shall name your highnesse, in this forme:
And with this addition in French.
Notre tresber filz, Henry Roy D'angleterre,
Beaure de France. And thus in Latin:
Prclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,
Et beres France.
Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the same.
Har. Why then let this among the rest,
Haue his full courte: And withall,
Your daughter *Katherine* in marriage,
France.

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

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May toyie oblye, what is to battie?
Har. To kis, to kis. O that is not the
Fallion in *France*, for the maydes to kis
Before they are married.
Lady. Owee vnto mee grace.
Har. Well, weele breake that custome,
Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeld.
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
In your kisses:
And may perwade with me more,
Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned.

of Henry the fifth.

And to our brother *France*, Faire time of day.
Faire health vnto our louely cousen *Katherine*.
And as a branch, and member of this stock:
We do salute you Duke of *Burgondie*.
Fran. Brother of England, right ioyous are we to behold
Your face, so are we Princes English euery one.
Duk. With pardon vnto both your mightines.
Let it not displease you, if I demaund
What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,
To keepe you from the gentle speech of peace?
Har. If Duke of *Burgondy*, you wold haue peace,
You must buy that peace,
According as we haue drawne our articles.
Fran. We haue but with a cursenary eye,
Oreviewd them pleaseth your Grace,
To let some of your Counsell sit with vs,
We shall returne our peremptory answere.
Har. Go Lords, and sit with them,
And bring vs answere backe.
Yet leaue our cousen *Katherine* here behind.
France. Withall our hearts.

*Exit King and the Lords Manet, Hrry, Kathe-
rine, and the Gentlewoman.*

Hate. Now *Kate*, you haue a blunt wooer here
Left with you.
If I could win thee at leapfrog,
Or with vawting with my armour on my backe,
Into my saddle,
Without brag be it spoken,
Ide make compare with any.
But leauing that *Kate*,
If thou takest me now,
Thou shalt haue me at the worst:

of Henry the fifth.
Kate. A your Maieſty has falſe *France* inough
To deceiue de beſt Lady in *France*.
Harry. No faith *Kate* not I. But *Kate*,
I in plaine termes, do you loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell?
He aſke them.
Kate. I know you loue me.
And ſoone when you are in your cloſſet,
Youle queſtion this Lady of me.
But I pray thee ſweete *Kate*, vie me mercifully,
Beccaue I loue thee cruelly.
That I ſhall dye *Kate*, is ſure:
But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.
What Wench,
A ſtraight backe will growe crooked.
A round eye will growe hollowe.
A great leg will waxe ſmall,
A curld pate proue balde:
But a good heart *Kate*, is the ſun and the moone,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore *Kate* take me,
Take a ſouldier: take a ſouldier,
Take a King.
Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?
Kate. Dat is as pleaſe the King my father.
Harry. Nay it will pleaſe him:
Nay it ſhall pleaſe him *Kate*.
And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kiſſe you.
Kate. O mon du Ile ne voudroy faire quelke choſſe
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree ſaſhion en ſouor.
Harry. What ſaies the Lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de ſaſhion en *France*,
For de malides, beſore da be married to

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And in wearing, thou ſhalt haue me better and better,
Thou ſhalt haue a face that is not worth ſun-burning.
But dooſt thou thinke, that thou and I,
Betweene Saint *Denis*,
And Saint *George*, ſhall get a boy,
That ſhall goe to *Conſtantinople*,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*?
Kate. Is it poſſible dat me ſall
Loue de enemie de *France*.
Harry. No *Kate*, tis vnpoſſible
You ſhould loue the enemie of *France*:
For *Kate*, I loue *France* ſo well,
That Ile not leaue a Village,
Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours,
Then *France* is yours,
And you are mine.
Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.
Harry. No *Kate*,
Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married Husband.
Let me ſee, Saint *Denms* be my ſpeed.
Quan *France* et mon.
Kate. Dat is, when *France* is yours.
Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.
Kate. And I am to you.
Harry. Douck *France* ettes a vous:
Kate. Den *France* ſall be mine.
Harry. Et le ſuyues a vous.
Kate. And you will be to me.
Har. Wilt beleeue me *Kate*? tis eaſier for me
To conquer the kingdome, thē to ſpeak ſo much
More French.

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