

THE HENRIAD

Episode Three

King Henry the Fifth

by

William Shakespeare

Directed
by

Aaron Sullivan
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by

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Dramatis Personae

CAIT BODENBENDER (319) 360-5035 (309) 788-7857 artisticdirector@prenzieplayers.com	IS	Chorus, often disguised as An Anonymous Clergyman Gower, an English captain Lord Rambures, French master of the crossbows Sir Thomas Erpingham, an English knight Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy
CHRIS MOORE (309) 571-4036 c.chris.moore@gmail.com	IS	Corporal Nim, a follower of Falstaff and former wooer of Nell Quickly Louis, Dauphin of France and Duke of Guyenne, son to Charles and Isabel
JENNIFER KINGRY (309) 945-7583 (309) 762-3886 wjmcjen@geneseo.net	IS	Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canterbury King Charles the Sixth of France (Charles the Well Beloved, Charles the Mad) An Anonymous English Soldier Monsieur Le Fer, a French Gentleman Soldier
JESSICA ARMENTROUT (309) 235-4325 (309) 794-0991 ex.27 edu@qcgardens.com	IS	The Bishop of Ely Isabel, Queen of France (Isabeau de Bavièr), wife to Charles, mother to Louis and Catherine Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, lover of Edward, Duke of York
LINNEA RIDOLFI (309) 912-0999 (309) 794-0185 ritinydancer@aol.com	IS	Edward, Duke of York, the former Duke of Aumerle and favorite of King Richard the Second, now lover to the Earl of Suffolk Alice, Catherine's lady-in-waiting Alexander Court, a common English soldier
JEFF DE LEON (309) 737-7724 jeffcdeleon@gmail.com	IS	King Henry the Fifth, formerly Prince Henry of Monmouth, (called Hal and Harry)
MATT MOODY (563) 506-0945 (563) 263-2209 fullmood@moodent.com	IS	Thomas Beaufort, Duke of Exeter, Uncle to King Henry
BRYAN WOODS (309) 792-8397 skywse27@yahoo.com	IS	Ralph, Earl of Westmorland Pistol, a follower of Falstaff, husband to Nell Quickly
JILL SULLIVAN-BENNIN (309) 736-1571 bennivan@earthlink.net	IS	Prince John of Lancaster, Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry Charles d'Albret, Constable of France John Bates, a common English soldier
MELANIE RADKIEWICZ (309) 792-0957 (309) 798-8575 mradkie@hotmail.com	IS	Prince Thomas, Duke of Clarence, brother to King Henry Peto, Falstaff's page
STEPHANIE BURROUGH (309) 235-0764 stephaniesburrough@gmail.com	IS	Montjoy, the French Herald Mistress Nell Quickly, owner of the Boarshead Tavern, wife to Pistol Catherine, Princess of France, daughter to Charles and Isabel
MAGGIE WOOLLEY (309) 788-7857 batmags@hotmail.com	IS	Corporal Bardolph, a follower of Falstaff Michael Williams, a common English soldier
BETH WOOLLEY (309) 236-2731 bethwoolley@gmail.com	IS	Charles of Valois, Duke of Orléans The Governor of Harfleur An Anonymous Translator

And Introducing
DENISE YODER

as

Fluellen, a Welsh Captain
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Rehearsal Schedule

Sunday, March 18: 3pm-6pm	Tablework to III.iii. {Jennifer late, no Chris}
[Saturday, March 24: 6pm-9pm]	[Memorization Check/Jeff only]
Saturday, March 31: 2pm-5pm	MemCheck to III.iii./Table III.iv. to IV.iii./ ProdMeet {no Jessica, no Denise, no Chris}
Sunday, April 1: 6pm-9pm	Blocking: Preshow-II.ii. {no Denise}
Monday, April 2: 6pm-9pm	Blocking: II.iii-III.iii.
Saturday, April 7: 2pm-5pm	MemCheck to IV.iii./Table IV.iv to end ProdMeet {no Melanie}
Sunday, April 8: 6pm-9pm	Blocking: III.iv.-IV.iii. {no Melanie}
Monday, April 9: 6pm-9pm	Blocking: IV.iv.-end {no Jeff}
Saturday, April 14: 2pm-5pm	MemCheck whole play/ProdMeet {no Jessica, no Denise, no Jill}
	NO SCRIPTS ON STAGE FROM NOW ON
Sunday, April 15: 6pm-9pm	Run: first ½ {Denise late, Jennifer late, no Jill}
Monday, April 16: 6pm-9pm	Run: second ½ {no Jeff}
Saturday, April 21: 2pm-5pm	ProdMeet/Scenes {Jeff unknown?, no Jessica, no Denise, no Jill}
Sunday, April 22: 6pm-9pm	Scenes {Jeff unknown?, Denise unknown? Jennifer late}
Monday, April 23: 6pm-9pm	Run Show
Saturday, April 28: 2pm-5pm	ProdMeet/Scenes {no Jessica, no Chris}
Sunday, April 29: 6pm-9pm	Scenes {no Chris}
	NO PROMPTS FROM NOW ON
Monday, April 30: 6pm-9pm	Run Show
Saturday, May 5: 2pm-5pm	Scenes/ProdMeet {Denise unknown? no Chris, no Jill}
Sunday, May 6: 6pm-9pm	Scenes {Denise unknown? no Chris}
Monday, May 7: 6pm-9pm	Run Show {Denise unknown? no Chris}
	ALL COSTUMES & PROPS MUST BE GATHERED BY NOW
	HELL WEEK BEGINS
Saturday, May 12: HELL NIGHT 1pm-4pm & 6pm-???	ProdMeet/DRESS & Speed-through
Sunday, May 13: 6pm call	DRESS
Monday, May 14: 6pm call	Scenes
Tuesday, May 15: 6pm call	DRESS
Wednesday, May 16: 6pm call	DRESS
Thursday, May 17: 6pm call	DRESS
Friday, May 18: KING HENRY THE FIFTH, 6pm call	
Saturday, May 19: KING HENRY THE FIFTH, 6pm call	
Sunday, May 20: KING HENRY THE FIFTH, 6pm call	
Tuesday, May 22: Speed-through, 6pm-9pm	
Thursday, May 24: KING HENRY THE FIFTH, 6pm call	
Friday, May 25: KING HENRY THE FIFTH, 6pm call	
Saturday, May 26: KING HENRY THE FIFTH, 6pm call	

	pre	I	II			III				IV							V				
		1	1	2	3	1	2	3	4	1	2	m1	3	m2	4	m3	5	m4	6	7	1
Chorus	C	C	C		G			G	REG		E						G	G	G	GC	P
Nim	S		X		X			X													
Louis				X					X	X		X		X	X	X		X	S		S
Canterbury	X	X																			
Charles				X			X														X
English Soldier					X			S													
Fer									S	S		X	X				S	D	D	D	
Ely	X	X																			
Isabel				X			X														X
Suffolk					X			S			X	X		X		X	D	D	D	D	
York	S	S			X			S			X	X		X		X	D	D	D	D	
Alice						X															X
Court									X												
Harry		X			X			X	X		X						X		X	X	X
Exeter		X		X	X			S			X	X				X	X		X	X	X
Westmorland		X									X										X
Pistol			X		X			X	X			X	X				X			X	
John		S			X			S													S
Constable				X			X	S		X		X		X	X	X	D	D	D	D	
Bates									X												
Thomas		X			X			X	X		X										S
Peto			X									X	X	X	S	X	S	X	D	D	
Montjoy		X						X	X	X	X			X	X	X				X	X
Nell			X		X																
Catherine						X															X
Bardolph			X		X			X													
Williams									X					X		X			X	X	S
Orléans				X			X	S	X	X		X		X	X	X	S	D	D	D	
Governor					X																
Translator																					X
Fluellen					X			X	X		S			X				X	X	X	S

X=in scene or battle

S=silent scene

D=dead, corpse on stage

Preshow

7:25 PM

[Preset—the throne of England, empty. House lights dim. Elsewhere, tucked away, an altar; on the wall above it either a large framed portrait of Richard the Second, or a dead video screen; the house lights dim. CHORUS outside the door as though one of the ticket sellers. NIM joins the line outside as though an ordinary patron (his sword concealed somewhere on his person)]

7:30 PM

[CHORUS opens the door and begins handing out programs and gentle reminders to turn off cellphones and not move chairs. NIM keeps to himself and takes a bad seat deep within the audience, far from any aisle. CANTERBURY and ELY join the line outside as though ordinary priests attending the show. At the door, CANTERBURY sternly interrogates the ticket seller whether this play will contain any unseemly material like the last one. Upon entering the space, CANTERBURY and ELY sit among the audience, discussing the program and making unobtrusive small talk.]

7:35 PM

[YORK (possibly holding a boombox) joins the line outside as though an ordinary patron; he speaks to no one and seems sad and distant. As soon as YORK enters the space, CANTERBURY begins speaking.]

CANTERBURY *[to ELY]*: My lord, who do ye think that fellow is?

Know ye the face? 'Tis sure ye know the name:
That's Edward Rutland, Duke of York, and he,
Before this altar, nearly every day
Seventeen years, beseeches God his mercy
For th'soul of Richard, that was sometime King.
Sure York was one of Richard's favorites then;
The King created him Fleet Admiral,
Duke of Aumerle, with other favors too;
'Twas hissed they were—O slander vile and vicious!—
More near than friends, if you discern my drift.
But Richard and that gaudy time and world
Are almost out of recollection,
Save York's, whose soul was grappled to poor Richard
Long ere our late King Henry fast possessed
Orb, scepter, crown, all, for Plantagenet.

[Meanwhile, YORK has approached the altar and sat, not knelt, in front of it. If a painting hangs over the altar, then YORK has brought with him a boombox, and plays a bad old recording of the Fray's "Over My Head" ; if a video screen hangs above the altar, YORK switches it on and the Fray song plays to a silent video montage of Richard from the Prenzie version of King Richard the Second.]

7:40 PM

[The song concludes. YORK rises to his knees, lights a votive candle, and begins to pray. Very suddenly and without warning, CHORUS, working the door, bursts into a Latin mass, and, already moving, pulls on a frock and enters the space in the character of a monk. YORK prays as CHORUS sings.]

7:45 PM

[CHORUS falls silent. YORK stands and sadly exits.]

ELY *[to CANTERBURY]*: My lord, it cannot be you urged me here
 To speak of buried business, for I think
 That your intent concerns the House of Commons.

[From this point on, CANTERBURY and ELY take no note of anyone sitting in the audience, only those filing in (as though people cease to exist for them once they're seated). The following conversation, ostensibly private though loud enough for the whole audience to hear, begins in their seats, but as new audience members file by, CANTERBURY and ELY relocate this way and that throughout the space, trying to find a private spot to speak, but of course always inadvertently choosing a high-traffic area where they're bound to be interrupted. CHORUS can also occasionally interrupt them, if necessary. Both CANTERBURY and ELY acknowledge audience members they encounter with curt nods or benign greetings, very conscious of their superior status to parishioners. The following speeches will doubtless be interrupted many times over the next quarter-hour; actors need to play this by ear, but not interrupt their thoughts mid-sentence or mid-thought if possible—the stage directions below suggest particularly good spots for CANTERBURY and ELY to relocate.]

CANTERBURY: My lord, I'll tell you. That self bill is urged
 Which in th'eleventh year of the last king's reign
 Was like, and had indeed against us passed,
 But that the scrambling and unquiet time
 Did push it out of farther question.

ELY: But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

[CANTERBURY and ELY rise and relocate.]

CANTERBURY: It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
 We lose the better half of our possession,
 For all the temporal lands which men devout
 By testament have given to the Church
 Would they strip from us—being valued thus:

[CANTERBURY draws forth a scroll and reads.]

“As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
 Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
 And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
 Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
 A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
 And to the coffers of the King beside
 A thousand pounds by th'year.” Thus runs the bill.

ELY: This would drink deep.

CANTERBURY: 'Twould drink the cup and all.
[CANTERBURY and ELY relocate.]

ELY: But what prevention?

CANTERBURY: The King is full of grace and fair regard.

ELY: And a true lover of the holy Church.

CANTERBURY: The courses of his youth promised it not.
[CANTERBURY and ELY relocate.]

The breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seemed to die too. Yea, at that very moment
 Consideration, like an angel, came
 And whipped th'offending Adam out of him.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made;
 Never came reformation in a flood
 With such a heady currance scouring faults;
 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat—and all at once—
 As in this king.

ELY: We are blessèd in the change.
[CANTERBURY and ELY relocate.]

CANTERBURY: Hear him but reason in divinity
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
 You would desire the King were made a prelate;
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say it hath been all in all his study;
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle rendered you in music;
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter—that when he speaks,
 The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.
[CANTERBURY and ELY relocate.]

Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain,
 His companies unlettered, rude and shallow,
 His hours filled up with riots, banquets, sports,
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

ELY: The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;
 And so the Prince obscured his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness—which, no doubt,

Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

[CANTERBURY and ELY relocate.]

CANTERBURY: It must be so, for miracles are ceased,
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

ELY: But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

CANTERBURY: He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing th'exhibitors against us;
[CANTERBURY and ELY relocate.]

For I have made an offer to his majesty,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

ELY: How did this offer seem received, my lord?

CANTERBURY: With good acceptance of his majesty,
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceived his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Derived from Edward, his great-grandfather.
[CANTERBURY and ELY relocate.]

ELY: What was th'impediment that broke this off?
[Offstage, a clock begins to chime eight times.]

CANTERBURY: The French ambassador upon that instant
Craved audience—and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing. Is it eight o'clock?
[ELY has been counting the chimes of the clock.]

ELY: It is.

CANTERBURY: Then go we in, to know his embassy—
Which I could with a ready guess declare
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

ELY: I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

*[CANTERBURY and ELY start to exit and encounter CHORUS working the door.
CANTERBURY and ELY bow slightly to acknowledge her, and CHORUS bows deeply in
acknowledgement of their rank. Exeunt CANTERBURY and ELY. CHORUS sings again
the same Latin mass she performed earlier. House lights dim to pitch black.]*

Act I.

Scene 1. [256 lines /16:00]

[In the pitch dark, CHORUS turns on a flashlight, with which, throughout her speech, she proceeds to illuminate the space and herself.]

CHORUS: O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
 The brightest heaven of invention:
 A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
 And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.
 Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
 Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels,
 Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire
 Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
 The flat unraisèd spirits that have dared
 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
 So great an object. Can this cock-pit hold
 The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
 Within this wooden O the very casques
 That did affright the air at Agincourt?
 O pardon: since a crookèd figure may
 Attest in little place a million,
 And let us, ciphers to this great account,
 On your imaginary forces work.
 Suppose within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
 Whose high uprearèd and abutting fronts
 The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
 Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance.
 Think when we talk of horses, that you see them,
 Printing their proud hoofs i'th' receiving earth;
 For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
 Turning th' accomplishment of many years
 Into an hourglass—for the which supply,
 Admit me Chorus to this history,
 Who Prologue-like your humble patience pray
 Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

[SUDDENLY houselights come up blindingly bright, and the audience discovers HARRY, THOMAS, JOHN, EXETER, YORK, and WESTMORLAND already having secretly entered in the darkness and taken their places, with HARRY enthroned and the others arranged about, in the middle of a conversation which begins IMMEDIATELY.]

HARRY [*slight impatience*]: Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

EXETER: Not here in presence.

HARRY: Send for him, good uncle.

[EXETER steps toward and gestures to CHORUS, who humbly bows and exits.]

WESTMORLAND: Shall we call in th'ambassador, my liege?

HARRY: Not yet, my cousin. We would be resolved,
 Before we hear him, of some things of weight
 That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

[Enter, breathless and clearly late, CANTERBURY, with ELY and CHORUS, both of whom are overburdened by enormous stacks of hardbound books, which rise higher than their chins.]

CANTERBURY: God and his angels guard your sacred throne
 And make you long become it!

HARRY: Sure we thank you.
 My learnèd lord, we pray you to proceed,
 And justly and religiously unfold
 Why the law Salic that they have in France
 Or should or should not bar us in our claim.

[CANTERBURY gestures to ELY, who hands him a book, which CANTERBURY opens to a bookmark.]

CANTERBURY: My gracious sovereign—	HARRY: And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
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HARRY: That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
 Or nicely charge your understanding soul
 With opening titles miscreate, whose right
 Suits not in native colours with the truth;
 For God doth know how many now in health
 Shall drop their blood in approbation
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
 How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
 We charge you in the name of God take heed.
 For never two such kingdoms did contend
 Without much fall of blood, whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
 'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
 That make such waste in brief mortality.
 Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
 For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
 That what you speak is in your conscience washed
 As pure as sin with baptism.

[CANTERBURY hesitates a beat to ensure HARRY is done.]

CANTERBURY: Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
 That owe your selves, your lives, and services
 To this imperial throne. There is no bar
 To make against your highness' claim to France
 But this, which they produce from Pharamond:

[CANTERBURY shows HARRY the passage in the book.]
"In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant"—

“No woman shall succeed in Salic land”—
 Which “Salic land” the French unjustly gloze
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.

*[CANTERBURY fetches another book, an atlas, from CHORUS and opens to a
 bookmarked passage for HARRY’s perusal.]*

Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
 That the land Salic is in Germany,
 Between the floods of Saale and of Elbe,

*[CANTERBURY retrieves another book, a history, from ELY and opens to a bookmarked
 passage for HARRY’s perusal.]*

Where, Charles the Great having subdued the Saxons,
 There left behind and settled certain French;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women
 For some dishonest manners of their life,

[EXETER laughs.]

Established then this law: to wit, no female
 Should be inheritrix in Salic land—

*[CANTERBURY retrieves another atlas from CHORUS and opens to a bookmarked
 passage for HARRY’s perusal.]*

Which Salic, as I said, ’twixt Elbe and Saale,
 Is at this day in Germany called Meissen.
 Then doth it well appear the Salic law
 Was not devisèd for the realm of France.

*[CANTERBURY retrieves another history from ELY and opens to a bookmarked passage
 for HARRY’s perusal.]*

Nor did the French possess the Salic land
 Until four hundred one-and-twenty years
 After defunction of King Pharamond,
 Idly supposed the founder of this law,

*[CANTERBURY retrieves a history from CHORUS and opens to the bookmarked passage
 for HARRY’s perusal.]*

Who died within the year of our redemption
 Four hundred twenty-six;

*[CANTERBURY retrieves another history from ELY and opens to the bookmarked
 passage for HARRY’s perusal.]*

and Charles the Great

Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
 Beyond the river Saale, in the year
 Eight hundred five.

*[CANTERBURY retrieves another history from CHORUS and opens to the bookmarked
 passage for HARRY’s perusal.]*

Besides, their writers say,

King Pépin, which deposèd Childéric,
 Did, as heir general—being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clotaire—

Make claim and title to the crown of France.

[CANTERBURY retrieves another history from ELY and opens to the bookmarked passage for HARRY's perusal.]

Hugh Capet also—who usurped the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great—
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conveyed himself as heir to th'Lady Lingard,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Louis the emperor, and Louis the son
Of Charles the Great.

[CANTERBURY retrieves another history from CHORUS and opens to the bookmarked passage for HARRY's perusal.]

Also, King Louis the Ninth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengard,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid Duke of Lorraine;
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was reunited to the crown of France.

[During the following lines for maximum dramatic effect, CANTERBURY begins slamming shut the innumerable open books and piling them back into the arms of ELY and CHORUS.]

So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pépin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Louis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female;
So do the kings of France unto this day,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crookèd titles
Usurped from you and your progenitors.

[A beat of astonished bafflement through the court.]

HARRY: May I with right and conscience make this claim?

CANTERBURY: The sin upon my head, dread sovereign.

For in the book of Numbers is it writ,

[CANTERBURY gestures to ELY for a Bible, which ELY manages to provide without dropping all of his books.]

“When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter.”

[CANTERBURY shuts the Bible with a smack and drops it on top of ELY's stack. During the following lines, ELY sets the whole stack down.]

Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
 Look back into your mighty ancestors.
 Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
 Who on the French ground played a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France,
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
 Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.
 O noble English, that could entertain
 With half their forces the full pride of France,
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action.

ELY: Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
 The blood and courage that renownèd them
 Runs in your veins—and my thrice-puissant liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

EXETER: Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself
 As did the former lions of your blood.

WESTMORLAND: They know your grace hath cause; and means and might
 So hath your highness. Never king of England
 Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
 And lie pavilioned in the fields of France.

CANTERBURY: O let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
 With blood and sword and fire, to win your right.
 In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
 Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

HARRY: Call in the messenger sent from the Dolphin.
[Exit CHORUS with her stack of books.]
 Now are we well resolved, and, by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces. Or there we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample empery
 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them.

[Enter MONTJOY carrying a chest.]

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dolphin, for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

MONTJOY *[French accent]*: May't please your majesty to give me leave
Freely to render what we have in charge,
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphìn's meaning and our embassy?

HARRY: We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As is our wretches fettered in our prisons.
Therefore with frank and with uncurbèd plainness
Tell us the Dolphin's mind.

MONTJOY *[French accent]*: Thus, then, in few.
Your highness lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the Prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised, there's naught in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure,

[MONTJOY sets down the chest and steps away from it.]
and in lieu of this

Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphìn speaks.

HARRY: What treasure, uncle?

[EXETER approaches and flings open the chest.]

EXETER: Tennis balls, my liege.

HARRY: We are glad the "Dauphìn" is so pleasant with us.
His present and your pains we thank you for.
When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturbed
With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence—as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphìn I will keep my state,

Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France.
 For that I have laid by my majesty
 And plodded like a man for working days,
 But I will rise there with so full a glory
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
 Yea strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
 And tell the pleasant Prince this mock of his
 Hath turned his balls to gunstones, and his soul
 Shall stand sore chargèd for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them—for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands,
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal, and in whose name
 Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on
 To venge me as I may, and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallowed cause.
 So get you hence in peace. And tell the Dauphin
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
 [*to WESTMORLAND*—Convey them with safe conduct.

[to MONTJOY]—Fare you well.

*[WESTMORLAND escorts MONTJOY to exeunt. WESTMORLAND becomes PISTOL.
 MONTJOY becomes NELL.]*

EXETER: This was a merry message.

HARRY: We hope to make the sender blush at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
 That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
 That may with reasonable swiftness add
 More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
 We'll chide this Dolphin at his father's door.

[The court laughs at his reversion to his original pronunciation.]

Cheerly to sea, the signs of war advance:
 No king of England, if not king of France.

*[Exeunt HARRY, THOMAS, JOHN, EXETER, YORK, CANTERBURY, and ELY and
 CHORUS with all their books. THOMAS becomes PETO. JOHN becomes
 CONSTABLE. CANTERBURY becomes CHARLES. ELY becomes ISABEL.]*

Act II.

Scene 1. [117 lines /7:19]

[Enter BARDOLPH, en route somewhere.]

NIM:*[disconsolately from his seat]*: Good morrow, Lieutenant Bard-d-dolph.

[BARDOLPH spies him in the audience.]

BARDOLPH: Well met, Corporal Nim. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

[NIM stands and joins BARDOLPH.]

NIM: For my part, I care not. I say little, but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles—but that shall be as it may. I d-d-dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron.

[NIM whips out an embarrassingly small sword.]

It is a simple one; but what though? It will toast cheese, and it will end-d-dure cold, as another man's sword will—and there's an end.

[NIM sheaths his sword.]

BARDOLPH: I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let't be so, good Corporal Nim.

NIM: Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it, and when I cannot live any longer, I will d-d-do as I may. That is my rest, that is the rend-d-dezvous of it.

BARDOLPH: I'faith, Mistress Quickly did you great wrong, for you were troth-plaint to her.

NIM: I cannot tell. Things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may. Well, I cannot tell.

CHORUS *[offstage]*: Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder. I pronounce you man and wife in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

[Offstage Wedding Music. Enter PISTOL and NELL, in wedding clothes, followed by CHORUS as clergyman throwing rice on them.]

BARDOLPH:*[calling]*: Good morrow, Ancient Pistol. *[to NIM]* Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal, be patient here.

NIM:*[mockingly]*: —How now, mine “host” Pistol?

PISTOL: Base tick, call'st thou me host? Now, by Gad's lugs I swear, I scorn the term. Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

NELL: No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight.

[NIM draws his sword.]

O well-a-day, Lady! If he be not hewn now, we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

[PISTOL draws a sword longer than NIM's.]

BARDOLPH: Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

NIM: Pish.

PISTOL: Pish for thee, Iceland dog. Thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

NELL: Good Corporal Nim, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

[NIM and PISTOL cautiously sheathe their weapons.]

NIM *[to NELL]*: Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

PISTOL: “*Solus*”, egregious dog? O viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face,
 The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
 And in thy hateful lungs, yea in thy maw pardie—
 And which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
 I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels,
 For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
 And flashing fire will follow.

NIM: I have an humour to knock you ind-d-differently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms. If you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may, and that's the humour of it.

PISTOL: O braggart vile and damnèd furious wight!

The grave doth gape, and doting death is near.
 Therefore ex-hale.

[PISTOL draws his sword, and then NIM draws his sword.]

BARDOLPH: Hear me, hear me what I say.

[BARDOLPH draws a really big sword.]

He that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

PISTOL: An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.

[PISTOL sheaths his sword, and then NIM sheaths his sword, and then BARDOLPH sheaths his sword.]

[to NIM] Give me thy fist, thy forefoot to me give.
 Thy spirits are most tall.

NIM: I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms, that is the humour of it.

PISTOL *[gesturing a cut throat]*: *Couper la gorge*,

That is the word. I thee defy again.
 O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
 No, to the spital go,
 And from the powd'ring tub of infamy
 Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
 Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse.
 I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
 For the only she, and—*pauca*, there's enough.
 Go to.

[Enter PETO.]

PETO: Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess. He is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan.

BARDOLPH *[trying to strike PETO]*: Away, you rogue!

NELL: By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days.

PETO: Faith, he's very ill.

NELL: The King has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

[Exeunt NELL and PETO.]

BARDOLPH: Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

PISTOL: Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

NIM: You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

PISTOL: Base is the slave that pays.

NIM: That now I will have. That's the humour of it.

PISTOL: As manhood shall compound. Push home.

[PISTOL draws his sword, and then NIM draws his sword, and then BARDOLPH draws his sword.]

BARDOLPH: By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him. By this sword, I will.

PISTOL: Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

[PISTOL sheathes his sword.]

BARDOLPH: Corporal Nim, an thou wilt be friends, be friends. An thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

NIM: I shall have my eight shillings?

PISTOL: A noble shalt thou have, and present pay,

And liquor likewise will I give to thee,

And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.

I'll live by Nim and Nim shall live by me.

Is not this just? For I shall sutler be

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

NIM: I shall have my noble?

PISTOL: In cash, most justly paid.

NIM: Well, then that's the humour of't.

[NIM sheathes his sword, and then BARDOLPH. Enter NELL.]

NELL: As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart, he is so shaken of a burning quotidian-tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

[Exit NELL. NELL becomes MONTJOY.]

NIM: The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

PISTOL: Nim, thou hast spoke the right.

His heart is fractured and corroborate.

NIM: The King is a good king, but it must be as it may. He passes some humours and careers.

PISTOL: Let us condole the knight—for, lambkins, we will live.

[Exeunt PISTOL and NIM, with BARDOLPH starting after. NIM becomes LOUIS. CHORUS has produced a broom from somewhere and has been sweeping up the rice, but now she tosses the broom aside, whips off her beadsman costume, revealing a soldier's costume beneath it. BARDOLPH, seeing this, returns, puzzled, and during the following speech offers CHORUS booze, which she ignores, tries to figure out who she's talking to, and waves his hands before her face as CHORUS tries her best to ignore him.]

CHORUS: Now all the youth of England are on fire,

And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;

Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought

Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings
 With wingèd heels, as English Mercuries.
 Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
 The abuse of distance; force—perforce—a play.
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
 To give you gentle pass—for if we may
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.

[CHORUS pushes past BARDOLPH and exits, with BARDOLPH gazing curiously after her.]

BARDOLPH: Huh.

[Exit BARDOLPH.]

Scene 2. [106 lines /6:38]

[Enter LOUIS, ORLÉANS, and CONSTABLE.]

ORLÉANS: Thus comes the English with full power upon us.

CONSTABLE: And more than carefully it us concerns
 To answer royally in our defences.

ORLÉANS: Therefore you, Prince Dauphin, with swift dispatch,
 Must line and new repair our towns of war
 With men of courage—

[Enter on the balcony ISABEL, wearing long white gloves and a white medical mask, pushing a wheelchair with CHARLES slumped in it, his legs folded up against him: Except for his face, all of his exposed skin is wrapped in bandages or tape to keep him from shattering like glass; only one side of his face will respond to his environment during this scene, the other eye drooped shut. LOUIS, ORLÉANS, and CONSTABLE bow. ISABEL pushes the wheelchair to the front of the balcony and then retreats a few steps away from CHARLES and removes her mask. A long insufferable beat, wherein CHARLES neither stirs nor reacts to anything.]

LOUIS: My most redoubted father,
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe.

[A long beat wherein CHARLES doesn't react.]

And our defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintained, assembled, and collected,
 As were a war in expectatiön.

[CHARLES slightly turns his head, catching ISABEL's eye. ISABEL replaces her mask and approaches CHARLES, leans near him, and listens to the following.]

CHARLES *[unintelligible murmuring]*: For England his approaches makes as fierce
 As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

[ISABEL removes the mask just long enough to proclaim what CHARLES has spoken.]

ISABEL: For England his approaches makes as fierce
 As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

LOUIS: Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth.
 But let us do it with no show of fear,
 No, with no more than if we heard that England
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance.
 For, my good liege, she is so idly kinged,
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

CONSTABLE: O peace, Prince Dauphin.
 You are too much mistaken in this king.
 Question your grace the late ambassador
 With what regard he heard their embassy,
 How well supplied with agèd counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution,
 And you shall find his vanities forespent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly,
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
 That shall first spring and be most delicate.

LOUIS: Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.
 But though we think—

CHARLES [*inaudible murmuring*]: Think we King Harry strong.

ISABEL [*removing & replacing her mask*]: Think we King Harry strong.

CHARLES [*inaudible murmuring*]: And princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.

ISABEL [*removing & replacing her mask*]: And princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
 [*Exit CONSTABLE and ORLÉANS. ORLÉANS becomes GOVERNOR. Enter MONTJOY, who speaks to ISABEL as if CHARLES isn't there.*]

MONTJOY: Th'ambassador from Harry, King of England,
 Does crave admittance to your majesty.

ISABEL: We'll give him present audience.

LOUIS [*to CHARLES*]: Good my sovereign,

<p>LOUIS: Take up the English short, and let them know Of what a monarchy you are the head. Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin As self-neglecting.</p>	<p>[<i>Exit MONTJOY. MONTJOY becomes NELL. ISABEL pulls back on a curtain in the balcony and reveals the throne of France. ISABEL wheels CHARLES next to the throne. Delicately, CHARLES maneuvers himself from wheelchair into throne and straightens himself into a semblance of royal health and might. ISABEL removes the wheelchair and takes her place beside the throne: The French Court now appears somewhat normal.</i>]</p>
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[*Enter EXETER.*]

CHARLES [*his own voice, a semblance of strength*]: From our brother England?

EXETER: From him, and thus he greets your majesty:
 He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
 That you divest yourself and lay apart
 The borrowed glories that by gift of heaven,

By law of nature and of nations, 'longs
 To him and to his heirs, namely, your crown
 And kingdom, indirectly held from him,
 The native challenger.

CHARLES: Or else what follows?

EXETER: Bloody constraint. For if you hide the crown
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
 That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
 And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
 On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
 Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers, and betrothèd lovers
 That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message—
 Unless the Dolphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

CHARLES: For us, we will consider of this further.

ISABEL: Tomorrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England.

LOUIS: For the Dauphin,
 I stand here for him. What to him from England?

EXETER: Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
 And anything that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my king: an if your father's highness
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it
 That caves and womby vaultages of France
 Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
 In second accent of his ordinance.

LOUIS: Say if my father render fair return,
 It is against my will, for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England. To that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity,
 I did present him with the Paris balls.

EXETER: He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
 Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe.
 And be assured, you'll find a diff'rence,
 As we his subjects have in wonder found,
 Between the promise of his greener days

And these he masters now: now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain. That you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

CHARLES: Tomorrow shall you know our mind at full.

[CHARLES rises and dismisses EXETER, but EXETER doesn't budge.]

EXETER: Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay.

[CHARLES slumps back into the throne.]

ISABEL: A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

[EXETER, taking his time, bows and exits.]

<i>[CHARLES slumps. ISABEL fetches the wheelchair and whispers to rouse CHARLES. CHARLES unfolds himself from the throne and maneuvers into the wheelchair. ISABEL exits, pushing CHARLES in the wheelchair. CHARLES becomes ENGLISH SOLDIER ONE. ISABEL becomes SUFFOLK.]</i>	<i>[LOUIS exits and, in the show's most impossible quickchange, becomes NIM.]</i>
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Scene 3. [220 lines /13:45]

[Offstage, PISTOL, NIM, BARDOLPH, and PETO singing a sad drinking song. Then enter PISTOL, NIM, BARDOLPH, and PETO, bearing and tottering beneath the biggest coffin in the universe, followed by NELL.]

NELL: Prithce, honey, sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

PISTOL: No, for my manly heart doth erne. Bardolph,
Be blithe; Nim, rouse thy vaunting veins; boy, bristle
Thy courage up. For Falstaff he is dead,
And we must earn therefore.

[PETO stumbles and the whole coffin comes crashing down, BARDOLPH, NIM, PETO, and PISTOL staggering or collapsing in exhaustion all around it, NIM sprawling lengthwise on the coffin.]

BARDOLPH: Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

NELL: Nay, sure, he's not in hell. He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child. A parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o'th' tide—for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way. *[Now only the speech itself holds NELL from sobbing.]* For his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babbled of green fields. "How now, sir John?" quoth I. "What, man! Be o' good cheer." So a cried out "God, God, God", three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, *[NELL touches NIM's feet]* and they were as cold as any stone. Then I felt to his knees, *[NELL touches NIM's knees]* and they were as cold as any stone, and so up'ard *[NELL touches NIM's thigh]* and up'ard *[NELL's hand comes to rest on NIM's crotch]*, and all was as cold as any stone. *[NELL falls to sobbing, and NIM removes her hand.]*

NIM: They say he cried out of sack.

NELL: Ay, that a did.

BARDOLPH: And of women.

NELL: Nay, that a did not.

PETO: Yes, that a did, and said they were devils incarnate.

NELL: A could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never liked.

PETO: A said once the devil would have him about women.

NELL: A did in some sort, indeed, handle women—but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the Whore of Babylon.

PETO: Do you not remember, a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a said it was a black soul burning in hell.

BARDOLPH *[rising]*: Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire. That's all the riches I got in his service.

NIM *[rising]*: Shall we shog? The King will be gone from Southampton.

PISTOL *[rising]*: Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips.

[PISTOL embraces and kisses NELL.]

Look to my chattels and my movables.

Trust none, for oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes.

Go, clear thy crystals. *[PISTOL wipes her eyes.]*—Yokefellows in arms,

Let us to France, like horseleeches, my boys,

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

[PETO rises and moves to the coffin.]

[to BARDOLPH] Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARDOLPH: Farewell, hostess.

[BARDOLPH kisses NELL on the lips and moves to the coffin, NELL clearly not thrilled by BARDOLPH's breath. NIM approaches NELL, but morosely flinches from kissing her at the last moment, and shakes her hand instead.]

NIM: I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it, but, ad-d-dieu.

[NIM moves to the coffin.]

PISTOL: Let housewifery appear. Keep close, I thee command.

NELL: Farewell!

[BARDOLPH, NIM, PETO and PISTOL hoist up the coffin again and begin to struggle offstage with it.]

Adieu!

[Exeunt PISTOL, BARDOLPH, NIM, and PETO with the coffin. Enter CHORUS as Gower, already talking with great excitement.]

CHORUS: Thus with imagined wing—

[CHORUS notices NELL still on stage, sobbing, and stops. An awkward beat. CHORUS hands NELL a handkerchief. She blows her nose and starts to exit.]

CHORUS: Thus with imagined wing our swift scene—	NELL:	Farewell!
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[NELL has turned back to wave after the coffin again. CHORUS stops again and escorts NELL to her exit.]

NELL: Adieu!

[Exit NELL. NELL becomes CATHERINE. CHORUS once more turns to the audience.]

CHORUS: Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies

In motion of no less celerity

Than that of thought.

[CHORUS glances with some apprehension at where NELL exited.]

Suppose that you have seen
 The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
 Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
 With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning.
 Play with your fancies, and in them behold
 Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
 To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails,
 Borne with th'invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge. O do but think
 You stand upon the ravage and behold
 A city on th'inconstant billows dancing—
 For so appears this fleet majestic,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
 Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance.
 For who is he, whose chin is but enriched
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.

[CHORUS dims the lights.]

Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose th'ambassador from the French comes back,
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not, and the nimble gunner
 With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

[Offstage explosion!]

And down goes all before them!

[Offstage shouts, mounting in volume! Enter, in fast ragged retreat from the breach, JOHN, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, FLUELLEN, NIM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, PETO, and ENGLISH SOLDIER ONE, who absorb CHORUS into their number as they flow by and collapse exhausted among and behind the audience.]

CHORUS: Still be kind,
 And eke out our performance with your mind.

[Enter HARRY from the breach after them, addressing both them and the audience as his soldiers.]

HARRY: Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more,
 Or close the wall up with our English dead.
 In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness and humility,
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger.
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage.
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspèct,
 Let pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon, let the brow o'erwhelm it
 As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. On, on, you noblest English.
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
 Fathers that like so many Alexanders
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeoman,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding—which I doubt not,
 For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot.
 Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
 Cry, "God for Harry! England and Saint George!"

JOHN/EXETER/YORK/SUFFOLK/FLUELLEN/CHORUS/NIM/BARDOLPH/PISTOL
 /PETO/ ENGLISH SOLDIER ONE: God for Harry! England and Saint George!

BARDOLPH: On, on, on, on, on! To the breach, to the breach!

[Exit HARRY charging back through the breach, and exeunt JOHN, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, FLUELLEN, CHORUS, and ENGLISH SOLDIER ONE charging back through the breach after him. Offstage explosion! Offstage shouts!]

NIM: Pray thee, corporal, stay. The knocks are too hot, and for mine own part I have not a case of lives. The humour of it is too hot, that is the very plainsong of it.

PISTOL: The plainsong is most just, for humours do abound.

[Offstage screams! PISTOL, BARDOLPH, NIM, and PETO sit and huddle miserably together, sharing some of BARDOLPH's liquor.]

Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die,
[sings] And sword and shield,
 In bloody field,
 Doth win immortal fame.

[Offstage explosion! Offstage screams and shouts!]

PETO: Would I were in an alehouse in London. I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

PISTOL: And I.

[sings]: If wishes would prevail with me
PISTOL/PETO/BARDOLPH/NIM *[sings]:*
My purpose should not fail with me
But thither would I hie.

[Offstage shouts! Enter FLUELLEN, who stares incredulously at them sitting there singing.]

PISTOL/PETO/BARDOLPH/NIM *[sings]:*

As duly
But not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

FLUELLEN *[beating PISTOL, NIM, PETO, and BARDOLPH, driving them toward the breach]:* God's plud! Up to the breaches, you dogs! Avaunt, you cullions!

PISTOL: Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke! Good bawcock, bate
Thy rage. Use lenity, sweet chuck!

[FLUELLEN beats PISTOL harder. NIM laughs.]

NIM: These be good humours!

[FLUELLEN beats NIM. PETO, unnoticed by anyone, hides.]

Your honour runs bad humours.

[FLUELLEN exits, beating NIM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH offstage into the breach.

Offstage explosion and shouts! PETO emerges from hiding.]

PETO: As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they should serve me, could not be man to me, for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man.

[Enter FLUELLEN from the breach. He stands, unnoticed, directly behind PETO, waiting for the conclusion of the soliloquy.]

They will steal anything, and call it "purchase". Bardolph stole a lute case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nim and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire shovel. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchiefs. I must leave them, and seek some better service.

[PETO starts to exit one way, but FLUELLEN snatches him by the scruff of the neck and beats him back into the breach. Offstage explosion! Offstage screams! Before

FLUELLEN can exit, enter CHORUS as Gower.]

CHORUS: How now, Captain Fluellen, have the pioneers given o'er? You must come presently to the mines. The Duke of Clarence would speak with you.

FLUELLEN: To the mines? Tell you the Duke it is not so good to come to the mines. For look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war. The concavities of it is not sufficient. For look you, th'athversary, you may discuss unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself, four yard under, the countermines. By Cheshu, I think a will plough up all, if there is not better directions.

[Offstage shouts! Enter charging, from a new location, bearing two scaling ladders, JOHN, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, PISTOL, NIM, BARDOLPH, PETO, ENGLISH SOLDIER ONE. The two ladders are set on either side the parapets of Harfleur, and SUFFOLK and YORK begin climbing them. An offstage trumpet sounds.]

CHORUS: The town sounds a parley!

[SUFFOLK and YORK descend the ladders.]

EXETER: Inform the King another parley's called.

[Exit YORK. YORK becomes ALICE.]

Stand and present yourselves. The King comes hither.

[EXETER, CHORUS, JOHN, SUFFOLK, PISTOL, NIM, BARDOLPH, PETO, and ENGLISH SOLDIER ONE stand in formation. Enter HARRY.]

HARRY: How yet resolves the Governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit.
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
 Or like to men proud of destruction
 Defy us to our worst. For as I am a soldier,
 A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
 If I begin the batt'ry once again,
 I will not leave the half-achievèd Harfleur
 Till in her ashes she lie burièd.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
 And the fleshed soldier, rough and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war
 Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends
 Do with his smirched complexion all fell feats
 Enlinked to waste and desolation?
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violatiön?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 Upon th'enragèd soldiers in their spoil
 As send precepts to the leviathan
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
 Take pity of your town and of your people
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil, and villany.
 If not—why, in a moment look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
 What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroyed?

[Enter GOVERNOR on the balcony.]

GOVERNOR *[French accent]*: Our expectation hath this day an end.
 The Dauphin, whom of succors we entreated,
 Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,
 We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
 Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
 For we no longer are defensible.

HARRY: Open your gates.

[Exit GOVERNOR.]

Come, uncle Exeter,
 Go you and enter Harfleur. There remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.

[Enter GOVERNOR below. He kneels and presents HARRY with the keys to the city.]

EXETER takes them and exits into Harfleur.]

[to GOVERNOR] Tonight in Harfleur we will be your guest;

[HARRY bids GOVERNOR rise.]

[to all] Tomorrow for the march are we addressed.

[Exeunt into Harfleur HARRY, GOVERNOR, JOHN, SUFFOLK, FLUELLEN, CHORUS, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, NIM, PETO, and ENGLISH SOLDIER ONE. GOVERNOR becomes ORLÉANS. JOHN becomes CONSTABLE. SUFFOLK becomes ISABEL. NIM becomes LOUIS. ENGLISH SOLDIER ONE becomes CHARLES.]

Act III.

Scene 1. [48 lines /3:00]

[Enter CATHERINE and ALICE.]

CATHERINE: Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu bien parles le langage. [Alice, you have been in England and speak the language well.]

ALICE: Un peu, madame. [A little, my lady.]

CATHERINE: Je te prie, m'enseignez. [I pray you, teach me.] Il faut que j'apprenne à parler. [I have to learn to speak it.] Comment appelez-vous la main en anglais? [What do you call *la main* in English?]

ALICE: La main? Elle est appelée *de hand*. [It is called *de hand*.]

CATHERINE: *De hand.* Et les doigts? [And *les doigts*?]

ALICE: Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts, mais je me souviendrai. [Oh, dear, I forget *les doigts*; but I shall remember.] Les doigts—je pense qu'ils sont appelés *de fingres*. [*Les doigts*—I think they are called *de fingres*.] Oui, *de fingres*. [Yes, *de fingres*.]

CATHERINE: La main, *de hand*; les doigts, *de fingres*. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'anglais vite. [I think that I am an apt scholar; I have learned two words of English quickly.] Comment appelez-vous les ongles? [What do you call *le ongles*?]

ALICE: Les ongles? Nous les appelons *de nails*. [We call them *de nails*.]

CATHERINE: *De nails*. Écoutez—dites-moi si je parle bien: *de hand, de fingres, et de nails*. [Listen—tell me if I speak correctly: *de hand, de fingres, and de nails*.]

ALICE: C'est bien dit, madame. [Well said, my lady.] Il est fort bon anglais. [It is very good English.]

CATHERINE: Dites-moi l'anglais pour le bras. [Tell me the English for *le bras*.]

ALICE: *De arma*, madame. [De arm, my lady.]

CATHERINE: Et le coude? [And *le coude*?]

ALICE: *D'elbow*. [D'elbow.]

CATHERINE: *D'elbow*. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent. [I shall repeat all the words you have taught me so far.]

ALICE: Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense. [It is too hard, my lady, I think.]

CATHERINE: Excusez-moi, Alice. [Pardon me, Alice.] Écoutez: *d'hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arma, de bilbow*. [Listen: *d'hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arma, de bilbow*.]

ALICE: *D'elbow*, madame.

CATHERINE: O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! [O dear lord, I forget!] *D'elbow*.

Comment appelez-vous le col? [What do you call *le col*?]

ALICE: *De nick*, madame. [De nick, my lady.]

CATHERINE: *De nick*. Et le menton? [And *le menton*?]

ALICE: *De chin*.

CATHERINE: *De sin*. Le col, *de nick*; de menton, *de sin*.

ALICE: Oui. [Yes.] Sauf votre honneur, en vérité vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre. [By your leave, indeed you pronounce the words just like a native of England.]

CATHERINE: Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grâce de Dieu, et en peu de temps. [I have no doubt that I shall learn, with God's help, and in little time.]

ALICE: N'avez-vous y déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné? [Have you not already forgotten what I taught you?]

CATHERINE: Non, je réciterai à vous promptement: *d'hand, de fingre, de mailès*— [No, I shall recite to you now: *d'hand, de fingre, de mailès*—]

ALICE: *De nails*, madame. [De nails, my lady.]

CATHERINE: *De nails, de arma, de ilbow*—

ALICE: Sauf votre honneur, *d'elbow*. [By your honor, *d'elbow*.]

CATHERINE: Ainsi dis-je. [That's what I said.] *D'elbow, de nick, et de sin*. [D'elbow, *de nick*, and *de sin*.] Comment appelez-vous les pieds et la robe? [What do you call *le pied* and *la robe*?]

ALICE: *De foot*, madame; et *de cown*. [The foot, my lady; and the cown.]

CATHERINE: *De foot et de cown!* [De foot and de cown!] O Seigneur Dieu! [O dear lord!] Ils sont les mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. [Those are bad words, wicked, vulgar, and indecent, and respectable ladies don't use them.] Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. [I wouldn't utter those words before French gentlemen for the whole world.] Foh! [Fie!] *De foot et de cown!* [De foot and de cown!] Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble. [Still, I shall recite once more my whole lesson.] *D'hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arma, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de cown.*

ALICE: Excellent, madame! [Excellent, my lady!]

CATHERINE: C'est assez pour une fois. [That's enough for one session.] Allons-nous à dîner. [Let's go to dinner.]

[*Exeunt CATHERINE and ALICE. CATHERINE becomes ENGLISH SOLDIER TWO. ALICE becomes YORK.*]

Scene 2. [56 lines/3:30]

[*Enter LOUIS, the CONSTABLE, and ORLÉANS, agitated.*]

ORLÉANS: 'Tis certain he hath passed the river Somme—

[*ORLÉANS breaks off to bow long and low with LOUIS and the CONSTABLE as ISABEL, in her medical mask, enters on the balcony, wheeling CHARLES before her. She positions him and retreats a few steps away. CHARLES sits slumped, motionless, perhaps unconscious.*]

CONSTABLE: And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

LOUIS: O living God! Shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds
And over-look their grafters?

ORLÉANS: Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Death of my life, if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom
To buy a slobb'ry and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

CONSTABLE: O God of battles, where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom as in despite the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reined jades—their barley-broth—
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O for honour of our land
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields.

LOUIS: By faith and honour,
 Our madams mock at us and plainly say
 Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
 Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
 To new-store France with bastard warriors.

[CHARLES makes a guttural noise. A startled beat among the court, then ISABEL replaces her mask, approaches, and leans close to hearken to CHARLES' words.]

CHARLES: Where is Montjoy the herald? Speed him hence.	ISABEL: Where is Mont—.
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[CHARLES doesn't wait for ISABEL's translation, his voice growing in power and focus; by the end of his speech CHARLES has become vocally formidable and physically powerful.]

CHARLES: Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
 Up, princes, *[CHARLES stands]* and with spirit of honour edged
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.

[CHARLES comes to the front of the balcony.]

Charles Delabret, High Constable of France,

[CONSTABLE kneels upon his allegiance.]

You Dukes of Orlèans, *[ORLÉANS kneels upon his allegiance as CHARLES begins singling out audience members as French peers]* Bourbon, and of Berri,

Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy,

Jaques Châtillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,

Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconbridge,

Foix, Lestrelles, Boucicualt, and Charolois,

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,

For your great seats now quit you of great shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur;

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow

Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.

Go down upon him, you have power enough,

And in a captive chariot into Rouen

Bring him our prisoner.

CONSTABLE: This becomes the great.

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,

His soldiers sick and famished in their march,

For I am sure, when he shall see our army,

He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear

And for achievement offer us his ransom.

CHARLES: Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all,

And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[CHARLES exits without his wheelchair, ISABEL following, as ORLÉANS, CONSTABLE, and LOUIS rise together with a cheer and exeunt. CHARLES becomes ENGLISH SOLDIER. ISABEL becomes SUFFOLK.]

Scene 3. [135 lines/8:26]

[At regular intervals throughout the following scene, the bright light of the French court gradually descends to the murky dim of dusk. Enter CHORUS as Gower, sick, bedraggled, running, then enter, from another entrance, FLUELLEN, sick, bedraggled.]

CHORUS: How now, Captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?

FLUELLEN: I assure you there is very excellent services committed at the bridge.

CHORUS: Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

FLUELLEN: The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honour with my soul and my heart and my duty and my life and my living and my uttermost power. He is not, God be praised and blessed, any hurt in the world, but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

CHORUS: What do you call him?

FLUELLEN: He is called Ancient Pistol.

CHORUS: I know him not.

[Enter PISTOL, sick, bedraggled.]

FLUELLEN: Here is the man.

PISTOL: Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours.

The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

FLUELLEN: Ay, I praise God; and I have merited some love at his hands.

PISTOL: Bardolph and Nim, two soldiers sound of heart,

And of buxom valor, have by cruel fate

And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,

That goddess blind

That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

FLUELLEN: By your patience, Ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind. And she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you—which is the moral of it—that she is turning and inconstant and mutability and variation. And her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls and rolls and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it; Fortune is an excellent moral.

PISTOL: Fortune on Bardolph and on Nim doth frown

For they have stol'n a pax, [For they have stol'n a pax, and must forthwith]

And hangèd must they be. A damnèd death— [To execution go. A damnèd death—]

Let graveyards gape for dogs, let men go free,

And let not hemp their windpipes suffocate. [cut]

But Exeter hath given the doom of death

For pax of little price.

[PISTOL slips money into FLUELLEN's hand.]

Therefore go speak, the Duke will hear thy voice,

Let not these fellows' vital threads be cut [And let not Nim's nor Bardolph's vital thread]

With edge of penny cord and vile reproach. [Be cut by powder flash and vile reproach.]

Speak, captain, for their lives, and I will thee requite.

FLUELLEN *[eyeing the money]*: Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

PISTOL: Why then rejoice therefore.

FLUELLEN: Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at. [*FLUELLEN returns the money.*] For if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions. For discipline ought to be used.

PISTOL: Die and be damned! and *fico* for thy friendship! [*PISTOL bites his thumb.*]

FLUELLEN: It is well.

PISTOL [*bites his thumb again*]: The fig of Spain!

FLUELLEN: Very good.

PISTOL [*thrusting his thumb between his middle and index fingers*]: I say the fig
Within thy bowels and thy dirty maw.

[*Exit PISTOL.*]

FLUELLEN: Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?

CHORUS: Why, is this the ancient you told me of? I remember him now. A bawd, a cutpurse.

FLUELLEN: I'll assure you, a uttered as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well. What he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

CHORUS: Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done—at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy, who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on—and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths. And what a beard of the General's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

FLUELLEN: I tell you what, Captain Gower, I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is. If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind.

[*Offstage sound of a drum beating out a death march. Enter from one way, sick and bedraggled all, ENGLISH SOLDIER beating the drum, and EXETER guarding BARDOLPH and NIM, both hooded, and followed at a distance by PISTOL.*]

Hark you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

[*Enter from another way HARRY, THOMAS, YORK, and SUFFOLK, all sick and bedraggled.*]

God pless your majesty.

HARRY: How now, Fluellen, com'st thou from the bridge?

FLUELLEN: Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge. The French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages. Marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

HARRY: What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLUELLEN: The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great. Marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man . . . but one or two that

are like to be executed for robbing a church, one so named, true to his humor, Nim, the other Bardolph—if your majesty know the man—

[EXETER pulls the hoods off BARDOLPH and NIM, both beaten, sick, and sorrowful, with their noses slit and bleeding. HARRY spies them for the first time and visibly reacts.

Everyone on stage watches HARRY to see how he will act.]

his face is all bubuncles and whelks and knobs and flames o'fire, and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red. But his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

[FLUELLEN laughs quietly at his own joke; HARRY sadly regards BARDOLPH and NIM, who stare imploringly back at him. A long silent beat.]

HARRY *[to the whole army]*: We would have all such offenders so cut off.

[ENGLISH SOLDIER ONE beats the drum as EXETER and CHORUS drags NIM and BARDOLPH behind a screen and up onto a scaffold behind it. CHORUS fastens nooses about NIM and BARDOLPH's necks. ENGLISH SOLDIER ONE begins a drumroll. NIM and BARDOLPH drop away. Offstage sounds of their strangling, then silence.

NIM becomes LOUIS. BARDOLPH becomes WILLIAMS.]

OR

[CHORUS draws a pistol and shoots first NIM, then BARDOLPH, in the back of the head. Each falls, convulsing, and dies. FLUELLEN, CHORUS, and ENGLISH SOLDIER ONE bow, then drag the corpses of BARDOLPH and NIM offstage. NIM becomes LOUIS. BARDOLPH becomes WILLIAMS. ENGLISH SOLDIER ONE becomes FER.]

And we here give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language. For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

[HARRY stumbles, sick, and is caught by THOMAS and JOHN. HARRY straightens up again and stands alone.]

HARRY: My dear friends, let's encamp us for the night.

[At the back of the English part of the stage, the army, sick, exhausted, and discouraged, collapses out of formation, some sitting upon the ground, some doubling over coughing, all too weary for words. Suddenly, offstage, a trumpet sounds, and ORLÉANS, CONSTABLE, LOUIS, and MONTJOY enter from behind the French part of the audience, MONTJOY continuing on into the main space. Simultaneously, HARRY addresses the English part of the audience as MONTJOY addresses the French part of the audience.]

HARRY: Upon your feet, my friends. We must seem strong.	MONTJOY <i>[French accent]</i> : Arise, ye worthy Frenchmen. Show these English What soldiers be.
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[The English army and the whole audience stands.]

MONTJOY *[French accent]* *[cont'd]*:

You know me by my habit.

HARRY: Well then, I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

MONTJOY *[French accent]*: My master's mind.

HARRY:

Unfold it.

MONTJOY *[French accent]*:

Thus says my King:

"Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep. Now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness,

and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom, which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested—which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for th'effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person kneeling at our feet but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance, and tell him for conclusion he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced."

So far my king and master; so much my office.

HARRY: What is thy name? I know thy quality.

MONTJOY [*French accent*]: Montjoy.

HARRY: Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back

And tell thy king I do not seek him now,
 But could be willing to march on to Calais
 Without impeachment, for, to say the sooth,
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
 My numbers lessened, and those few I have
 Almost no better than so many French;
 Who when they were in health—I tell thee herald,
 I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus. This your air of France
 Hath blown that vice in me. I must repent.
 Go, therefore, tell thy master here I am;
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
 My army but a weak and sickly guard.
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself and such another neighbour
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

[*HARRY tosses MONTJOY a tennis ball.*]

Go bid thy master well advise himself.
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hindered,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
 Discolour. And so, Montjoy, fare you well.
 The sum of all our answer is but this:
 We would not seek a battle as we are,
 Nor as we are we say we will not shun it.
 So tell your master.

MONTJOY [*French accent*]: I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*MONTJOY suddenly reveals the INTERMISSION sign and retreats through the French audience to rejoin ORLÉANS, CONSTABLE, and LOUIS, who all settle down to rest.*]

THOMAS: I hope they will not come upon us now.

HARRY: We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

[*By now the lights are dim as the night comes on. As HARRY and THOMAS retreat behind the English part of the audience, and the whole English army settles down to rest, CHORUS suddenly reveals the INTERMISSION sign and throws open the main doors to the bright lobby. During the INTERMISSION, the cast remains on stage, individuals in*

both armies improvising with each other, the French boisterous and cocksure, dicing for English prisoners, the English resigned, terrified, or praying.]

Scene 4. [380 lines /23:45]

[Night. The lobby light goes out or a bell rings to summon the audience back into the space. A single light comes on, illuminating the French camp, where, bored and restless, CONSTABLE and ORLÈANS sit together, waiting for dawn. Some distance away, even more bored and unstoppably restless, sits LOUIS. Enter CHORUS, a huge cloak disguising her as a French lord. CHORUS quietly disposes of the INTERMISSION sign and joins the other French.]

CONSTABLE: Tut, I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day.

ORLÈANS: You have an excellent armour. But let my horse have his due.

CONSTABLE: It is the best horse of Europe.

ORLÈANS: Will it never be morning?

LOUIS: My lord of Orlèans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour?

ORLÈANS: You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

LOUIS: What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ah ha! He bounds from the earth as if his entrails were hares—the fiery horse, the Pegasus, with nostrils of fire! When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air, the earth sings when he touches it, the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

ORLÈANS: He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

[CONSTABLE and ORLÈANS quietly laugh together.]

LOUIS: And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus. He is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him. He is indeed a horse, and all other jades you may call beasts.

CONSTABLE: Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent *horse*.

[CONSTABLE and ORLÈANS quietly laugh together.]

LOUIS: It is the prince of palfreys. His neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

ORLÈANS: No more, cousin.

LOUIS: Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb vary deserved praise on my palfrey. It is a theme as fluent as the sea. Turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on, and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of nature!—"

ORLÈANS: I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

LOUIS: Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

ORLÈANS: Your mistress bears well.

LOUIS: *Me* well, which is the prescribed praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

CONSTABLE: Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

LOUIS: So perhaps did yours.

CONSTABLE: Mine was not bridled.

LOUIS: O then belike she was old and gentle. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

CONSTABLE: I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

LOUIS: I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

CONSTABLE: I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

LOUIS: "We shall see the dog return to his vomit, and the cleansed sow to her mire." Thou makest use of anything.

CONSTABLE: Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

CHORUS: My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent tonight, are those stars or suns upon it?

CONSTABLE: Stars, my lord.

LOUIS: Some of them will fall tomorrow, I hope.

CONSTABLE: And yet my sky shall not want.

LOUIS: That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

CONSTABLE: Even as your horse bears your praises, who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

LOUIS: Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot tomorrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

CONSTABLE: I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

[CHORUS sits with LOUIS and ORLÈANS.]

CHORUS: Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

CONSTABLE: You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

LOUIS: 'Tis midnight. I'll go arm myself.

[Exit LOUIS.]

ORLÈANS: The Dauphin longs for morning.

CHORUS: He longs to eat the English.

CONSTABLE: I think he will eat all he kills.

[ORLÈANS, CONSTABLE and CHORUS laugh together.]

ORLÈANS: He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

CONSTABLE: Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

ORLÈANS: He never did harm that I heard of.

CONSTABLE: Nor will do none tomorrow. He will keep that good name still.

ORLÈANS: I know him to be valiant.

CONSTABLE: I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

ORLÈANS: What's he?

CONSTABLE: Marry, he told me so himself, and he said he cared not who knew it.

ORLÈANS: He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

CONSTABLE: By my faith, sir, but it is. Never anybody saw it but his lackey.

[Enter MONTJOY, who bows.]

MONTJOY: My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

CONSTABLE: Who hath measured the ground?

[ORLÈANS, CONSTABLE, and CHORUS laugh together. MONTJOY stiffly bows and exits.]

Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England. He longs not for the dawning as we do.

ORLÈANS: What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge.

CONSTABLE: If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

CHORUS: That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. *[CONSTABLE and ORLÈANS look at CHORUS incredulously.]* Their—*mastiffs* are of unmatched courage.

ORLÈANS: Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples.

CONSTABLE *[rising]*: Now is it time to arm. Come, shall we about it?

ORLÈANS *[rising]*: It is now two o'clock. But let me see—by ten

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

[Exeunt ORLÈANS and CONSTABLE. CONSTABLE becomes JOHN. CHORUS rises, enters the main playing area, and throws back her cloak, revealing her English uniform and persona of Sir Thomas Erpingham. Sudden darkness, and CHORUS lights a flashlight.]

CHORUS: Now entertain conjecture of a time

When creeping murmur and the poring dark

Fills the wide vessel of the universe.

From camp to camp through the foul womb of night

The hum of either army stilly sounds,

That the fixed sentinels almost receive

The secret whispers of each other's watch.

Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames

Each battle sees the other's umbered face.

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs

Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,

With busy hammers closing rivets up,

Give dreadful note of preparation.

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll

And the third hour of drowsy morning name.

Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,

The confident and overlusty French

Do the low-rated English play at dice,

And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,

Who like a foul and ugly witch doth limp

So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English,

Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires

Sit patiently and inly ruminatèd

The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,

Investing lank lean cheeks and war-worn coats,

Presented them unto the gazing moon

[Enter HARRY and THOMAS, with a flashlight, into the English part of the audience. During the following lines, HARRY moves through the aisles, shaking the hands of the English audience members as his own soldiers, bidding them good morrow with a modest smile, calling them brothers, friends, and countrymen.]

So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruined band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
 Let him cry "Praise and glory on his head!"
 For forth he goes and visits all his host,
 Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
 And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
 Upon his royal face there is no note
 How dread an army hath enrouned him;
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
 Unto the weary and all-watchèd night,
 But freshly looks and overbears attaint
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty,
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
 A largess universal, like the sun
 His liberal eye doth give to everyone,
 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,
 A little touch of Harry in the night.

[CHORUS kills her flashlight. HARRY and THOMAS enter the main playing space.]
 HARRY: Clarence, 'tis true that we are in great danger;

The greater therefore should our courage be.

[Enter JOHN with a flashlight.]

Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
 Would men observingly distil it out—
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry.
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all, admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end.

[CHORUS comes forward.]

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.
 A good soft pillow for that good white head
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

CHORUS: Not so, my liege. This lodging likes me better,
 Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king."

HARRY: Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.

[CHORUS gives HARRY her cloak and flashlight.]

—Brothers both,

Commend me to the princes in our camp.

Do my good morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

THOMAS: We shall, my liege.
[Exeunt THOMAS and JOHN. JOHN becomes BATES.]

CHORUS: Shall I attend your grace?

HARRY: No, my good knight.
 Go with my brothers to my lords of England.
 I and my bosom must debate awhile,
 And then I would no other company.

CHORUS: The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry.

HARRY: God-a-mercy, old heart, thou speak'st cheerfully.
[Exit CHORUS one way as PISTOL, with a flashlight, enters another and approaches HARRY with drawn sword.]

PISTOL: Qui vous là?

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: A friend.
[PISTOL sheaths his blade.]

PISTOL: Discuss unto me: art thou officer,
 Or art thou base, common, and popular?

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: I am a gentleman of a company.

PISTOL: Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: Even so. What are you?

PISTOL: As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: Then you are a better than the King.

PISTOL: The King's a bawcock and a heart-of-gold,
 A lad of life, an imp of fame,
 Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
[suddenly near tears] I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heartstring
 I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: Harry *le roi*.

PISTOL: Leroi? A Cornish name. Art thou of Cornish crew?

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: No, I am a Welshman.

PISTOL: Know'st thou Fluellen?

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: Yes.

PISTOL: Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate
 Upon Saint Davy's day.

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he
 knock that about yours.

PISTOL: Art thou his friend?

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: And his kinsman too.

PISTOL: The *fico* for thee, then! *[bites his thumb]*

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: I thank you. God be with you!

PISTOL: My name is Pistol called.

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: It sorts well with your fierceness.
[Exit PISTOL. Enter FLUELLEN from one way, CHORUS as Gower from another, as HARRY sits in the audience.]

CHORUS: Captain Fluellen!

FLUELLEN: So! In the name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer. It is the greatest admiration of the universal world, when the true and ancient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp. I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

CHORUS: Why, the enemy is loud. You hear him all night.

FLUELLEN: If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? In your own conscience now?

CHORUS: I will speak lower.

FLUELLEN: I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[Exeunt CHORUS and FLUELLEN one way as BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS enter.]

COURT: Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

[BATES turns on a single dim light and BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS sit.]

BATES: I think it be. But we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

WILLIAMS: We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it.

[HARRY stands from the audience and BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS stand and draw.]

Who goes there?

HARRY*[Welsh accent]*: A friend.

WILLIAMS: Under what captain serve you?

HARRY*[Welsh accent]*: Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

[WILLIAMS sheathes his weapon.]

WILLIAMS: A good old commander and a most kind gentleman.

[BATES and COURT sheath their weapons. HARRY sits with BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS.]

I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

HARRY*[Welsh accent]*: Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

BATES: He hath not told his thought to the King?

HARRY*[Welsh accent]*: No, nor it is not meet he should. For though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am. The violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me. All his senses have but human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man, and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are. Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

BATES: He may show what outward courage he will, but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck. And so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

HARRY*[Welsh accent]*: By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King. I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

BATES: Then I would he were here alone. So should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

HARRY [*Welsh accent*]: I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds. Methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

WILLIAMS: That's more than we know.

BATES: Ay, or more than we should seek after. For we know enough if we know we are the King's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

WILLIAMS: But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle shall join together at the latter day, and cry all "We died at such a place"—some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle, for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it—who to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

HARRY [*Welsh accent*]: So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father, that sent him. Or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so. The King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant, for they purpose not their deaths when they propose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrament of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle. War is his vengeance. So that here men are punished for before-breach of the King's laws, in now the King's quarrel. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed: wash every mote out of his conscience. And dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained.

BATES: 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head. The King is not to answer it. I would not have the King answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

HARRY [*Welsh accent*]: I myself heard the King say he would not be ransomed.

WILLIAMS: Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully, but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

HARRY [*Welsh accent*]: If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

WILLIAMS *[rising]*: You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: Your reproof is something too round. I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

WILLIAMS: Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

HARRY *[Welsh accent]* *[rising]*: I embrace it.

WILLIAMS: How shall I know thee again?

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet. Then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

WILLIAMS: Here's my glove. *[throws down his gage]* Give me another of thine.

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: There. *[HARRY throws down his gage.]*

WILLIAMS: This will I also wear in my cap. If ever thou come to me and say, after tomorrow, "This is my glove," by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

[WILLIAMS and HARRY square off.]

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WILLIAMS: Thou darest as well be hanged.

HARRY *[Welsh accent]*: Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

WILLIAMS: Keep thy word. Fare thee well.

[BATES and COURT separate WILLIAMS and HARRY.]

BATES: Be friends, you English fools, be friends! We have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

[Exeunt BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS. BATES becomes CONSTABLE. COURT becomes YORK.]

HARRY: Upon the King!

"Let us our lives, our souls, our debts, our care-full wives,

Our children, and our sins, lay on the King!"

We must bear all. O hard condition,

Twin-born with greatness: subject to the breath

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel

But his own wringing. What infinite heartsease

Must kings neglect that private men enjoy?

And what have kings that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? What are thy comings-in?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth.

Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy, being feared,

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

But poisoned flattery? O be sick, great greatness,

And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
 I am a king that find thee, and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farcéd title running fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world—
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave
 Who with a body filled and vacant mind
 Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread;
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But like a lackey from the rise to set
 Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave.
 And but for ceremony such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the forehand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

[Enter CHORUS as Sir Thomas Erpingham.]

CHORUS: My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
 Seek through your camp to find you.

HARRY: Good old knight,
 Collect them all together at my tent:
 I'll be before thee.

CHORUS: I shall do't, my lord.

[Exit CHORUS. HARRY falls to his knees.]

HARRY: O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts.
 Possess them not with fear. Take from them now
 The sense of reck'ning, ere th'opposèd numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them. Not today, O Lord,
 O not today, think not upon the fault

My father made in compassing the crown.
 I Richard's body have interrèd new,
 And on it have bestowed more còntrite tears
 Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.
 Five hundred poor have I in yearly pay
 Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
 Toward heaven to pardon blood. And I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do,
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after ill,
 Imploring pardon.

[Enter THOMAS with a flashlight.]

THOMAS: My liege!

HARRY *[rising]*: My brother Clarence's voice? Ay.
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee.
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

[Exeunt HARRY and THOMAS.]

Act IV.

Scene 1. [39 lines /2:26]

[Morning sunlight. Enter LOUIS and ORLÈANS.]

ORLÈANS *[to audience]*: The sun doth gild our armour. Up, my lords!

DAUPHIN: To horse! My horse! Varlet, lackey! Ha!

ORLÈANS: O brave spirit!

DAUPHIN: Begone, water and earth—

ORLÈANS: Will you ride further? To air and fire.

DAUPHIN: Heaven, cousin Orléans.

[Enter CONSTABLE.]

Now, my Lord Constable!

CONSTABLE: Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

DAUPHIN: Mount them and make incision in their hides,

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,

And dout them with superfluous courage. Ha!

ORLÈANS: What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?

How shall we then behold their natural tears?

[Enter MONTJOY and FER.]

MONTJOY: The English are embattled, you French peers.

CONSTABLE: Do but behold yon poor and starvèd band.

There is not work enough for all our hands,

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins

To give each naked curtle-axe a stain

That our French gallants shall today draw out

And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,

The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.

ORLÈANS: Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,

Ill-favouredly become the morning field.

The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks

With torchstaves in their hands, and their poor jades

Lob down their heads, drooping the hides and hips,

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,

And in their palled dull mouths the gimmaled bit

Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless.

And their executors, the knavish crows,

Fly o'er them all impatient for their hour.

CONSTABLE: Th'English have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

ORLÈANS: Why do we stay so long, my lords of France?

CONSTABLE: To horse, you gallant princes, straight to horse!

A very little little let us do

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

The tucket sonance and the note to mount,

For our approach shall so much dare the field

That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

[Exeunt CONSTABLE, LOUIS, ORLÈANS, MONTJOY, and FER.]

Scene 2. [97 lines /6:04]

[Enter THOMAS, EXETER, CHORUS as Sir Thomas Erpingham, YORK, SUFFOLK, and WESTMORLAND.]

THOMAS: Where is the King?

YORK: He rode to view their battle.

WESTMORLAND: Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

EXETER: There's five to one. Besides, they all are fresh.

THOMAS: God's arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds.

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then joyfully, my noble Lord of York,

My dear Lord Suffolk, and my good Lord Exeter,

And *[to WESTMORLAND]* my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

YORK: Farewell, good Clarence; good luck go with thee!

EXETER: Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly today.

[Exit THOMAS. THOMAS becomes PETO.]

YORK: He is full of valour as of kindness,

Princely in both.

[Enter HARRY, behind, unseen, with FLUELLEN, now wearing a leek in his cap.]

WESTMORLAND: O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England

That do no work today!

HARRY: What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Westmorland? No, my fair cousin.

If we are marked to die, we are enough

To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.

God's peace, I would not lose so great an honour

As one man more methinks would share from me

For the best hope I have. O do not wish one more.

Rather proclaim it, Westmorland, through my host,

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart. His passport shall be made

And crowns for convoy put into his purse.

We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us.

This day is called the Feast of Crispian.

He that outlives this day and comes safe home,

Will stand a-tiptoe when the day is named

And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He that shall live this day and live t'old age

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours

And say, "Tomorrow is Saint Crispian."

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars
 And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot
 But he'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words—
 Harry the King, his uncle Exeter,
 Westmorland, Suffolk, York, and Erpingham,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
 This story shall the good man teach his son,
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
 From this day to the ending of the world
 But we in it shall be remembered,
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.
 For he today that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 And gentlemen in England now abed
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

SUFFOLK: My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed.

The French are bravely in their battles set
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

HARRY: All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WESTMORLAND: Perish the man whose mind is backward now.

HARRY: Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

WESTMORLAND: God's will, my liege, would you and I alone,
 Without more help, could fight this royal battle.

HARRY: Why now thou hast unwished five thousand men,
 Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
 You know your places. God be with you all.

*[WESTMORLAND bows and exits. WESTMORLAND becomes PISTOL. HARRY and
 FLUELLEN start to exit. Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.]*

MONTJOY *[French accent]*: Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound
 Before thy overthrow. Besides, in mercy
 The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
 Thy followers of repentance, that their souls
 May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
 From off these fields where, wretches, their poor bodies
 Must fester.

HARRY: Bear my former answer back!
 Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
 Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus?
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt

Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills
 They shall be famed. For there the sun shall greet them
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald.
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints—
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little. Tell the Constable.

MONTJOY [*French accent*]: I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well.
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

[Exit MONTJOY. YORK kneels.]

YORK: My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward.

HARRY: Take it, brave York.

[Exeunt HARRY and FLUELLEN while CHORUS as herself speaks to the audience and YORK, SUFFOLK, and EXETER kneel, make the sign of the cross and kiss the earth.]

CHORUS: And so our scene must to the battle fly,
 Where O for pity, we shall much disgrace,
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
 Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
 Minding true things by what their mock'ries be.

[Exit CHORUS as YORK, SUFFOLK, and EXETER rise charging—]

YORK/SUFFOLK/EXETER: Now God for Harry! England and St. George!
[—to meet the oncoming charge of ORLÈANS, LOUIS, CONSTABLE and FER.]

Prenzie Players
Present

Agincourt

The Complete Famous Battle in Four Meleés, Fisticuffs, and a Thrashing

Character of Combatants

York: should possess the most singular & most attention-getting fighting style on the field, something totally unique to York and perhaps evocative of King Richard's love of display and ostentation; York's style should be based on grace, speed, flair, and dash, and seem closer to dance than combat; York should be the center of attention whenever fighting and clearly a highly formidable opponent

Suffolk: Suffolk is all about defense, not only his own but York's; York and Suffolk have fought side-by-side for almost twenty years and can anticipate anything the other one does infallibly; Suffolk uses the attention York attracts on the battlefield to both of their advantage, parrying blows meant for York to allow York to strike opponents unguarded; a quiet, sturdy fighter

Exeter: Exeter is a tank; he's slow, strong, doesn't stop when wounded or for much else either; Exeter prefers cuts to pointwork, and slashes over everything; Exeter likes to beat and kick fallen opponents to make sure they're dead; there is nothing subtle about Exeter; a loud fighter; lots of guttural vocalizations

Pistol: most of Pistol's sword skills come from watching too many plays; like the Dauphin, he tends to strike poses, let out epic vocalizations, and showboat for the audience; unlike the Dauphin, Pistol is deepdown 100% terrified of getting hurt

Peto: not really a fighter, with only basic training, but can stand his ground surprisingly well when cornered; never seeks a fight

Fluellen: a solid fighter, more strategic than hand-in-hand; not scared, but not foolhardy either; a practical fighter, but unable to stop himself from speaking his fight choreography out-loud as he fights ("cut to left shoulder/stomach slash/point to left leg, etc."); sometimes congratulates his opponents on their execution

Williams: a solid dependable soldier, half-persuaded he's going to die here and fully intending to take as many French down with him before he goes; not especially subtle, basically a cut and slash man; just as brave as he needs to be, but very loyal to his friends

Chorus: insanely brave; believes as an Englishman and the narrator, he is invincible; perhaps this is so

Orléans: this fighter is the living embodiment of the French style of fighting (perhaps he invented it); like York, an attention-getting combatant fond of executing the most difficult moves with ease; fights as much as to bolster his reputation with any spectators as he does to defeat his opponents, but a true master nonetheless; York's fighting style will provoke jealousy in him, and overwhelm his common sense with the desire to personally dispatch him for the glory

Louis: the Dauphin fights like most of his training was spent watching movies of Hotspur fighting, without really understanding what made him a good fighter; basically, Louis is in the battle for glory and scorns even effective moves that aren't showy; fond of epic vocalizations and striking heroic poses mid-battle; showboats for the audience; wants nothing more than to personally defeat York and bask in the adulation of women

Constable: a purely intellectual fighter who only wants to win; always thinking strategically and unimpressed and unmoved by anything an adversary brings to bear against him—his weakness being a habit of underestimating anyone fighting him; passionless in battle; wishes to kill York simply to remove a skilled fighter from the field
Montjoy: Montjoy's strength on the field is his perfect estimation of his own abilities; he fights in the French style, with equal parts competence and caution; not adverse to withdrawing if hard-pressed, but no coward; fights for his country and his King, not for glory

Fer: probably fights in the French style, but not especially good at it; Fer is only too aware that all of these English are better fighters than he, and would far prefer to be home in bed with his mistress; no coward, but not particularly brave either

Meleé One

YORK, SUFFOLK, and EXETER (and, later, PISTOL and PETO) vs. ORLÈANS, LOUIS, CONSTABLE, and FER

- 1) LOUIS and ORLÈANS initially engage EXETER, presuming him to be the most worthy opponent, as CONSTABLE and FER fight YORK and SUFFOLK, SUFFOLK parrying everything directed at YORK.
- 2A) FER almost immediately realizes he's outmatched and begins fighting retreat, necessarily pulling CONSTABLE along with him, CONSTABLE meanwhile coolly analyzing twinned fighting styles of YORK and SUFFOLK for later advantage; FER wounded by YORK.
- 2B) Meanwhile, EXETER totally engaged in fighting two opponents; ORLÈANS and LOUIS, noticing YORK's style, realize they're not engaging the most skilled opponent on the battlefield and look for opportunities to leave to their companion the battle with EXETER
- 3) ORLÈANS and LOUIS both simultaneously desert EXETER to charge YORK, both believing the other one will fight EXETER, but ORLÈANS, LOUIS and CONSTABLE crash into each other all attempting to fight YORK; YORK wounds FER again, dropping him, and an instant later disarms LOUIS, but CONSTABLE trips YORK, who drops; EXETER engages ORLÈANS and CONSTABLE from the rear as SUFFOLK bestrides the fallen YORK
- 4) Enter PISTOL and PETO, inadvertently into the thick of the meleé, who both take cover; LOUIS recovers his weapon and rejoins the fight; YORK manages to stand; LOUIS, ORLÈANS, CONSTABLE vs. YORK, SUFFOLK, EXETER battle spins offstage, leaving PISTOL, PETO, and FER cowering onstage
- 5) PISTOL, first to realize the situation, pops up and threatens FER

Scene 3. [51 lines /3:11]

PISTOL: Yield, cur.

FER: *O prenez miséricorde! [O have mercy!] Ayez pitié de moi! [Take pity on me!]*

PISTOL: "Moy" shall not serve, I will have forty "moys",

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat

In drops of crimson blood.

FER: *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras? [Is there no way to escape the strength of your arm?]*

PISTOL: Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,

Offer'st me brass?

FER: *O pardonnez moi! [O pardon me!]*

PISTOL: Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?—

Come hither, boy.

[PETO approaches FER.]

Ask me this slave in French

What is his name.

PETO: *Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?*

FER: *Monsieur le Fer.*

PETO: He says his name is Master Fer.

PISTOL: Master Fer? I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him. Discuss the same in French unto him.

PETO: I do not know the French for fer and ferret and firk.

PISTOL: Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

FER: *Que dit-il, monsieur? [What does he say, sir?]*

PETO: *Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prêt, car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge. [He bids me tell you that you must prepare yourself, for this soldier intends to cut your throat immediately.]*

PISTOL: *Oui, couper la gorge, par ma foi,*

Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;

Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

FER: *O je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner. [O I pray you, for the love of God, to pardon me.] Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison. [I am a gentleman of good house.] Gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus. [Preserve my life, and I will give you two hundred écus.]*

PISTOL: What are his words?

PETO: He prays you to save his life. He is a gentleman of a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

PISTOL: Tell him my fury shall abate, and I

The crowns will take.

FER: *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

PETO: *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier [I say again that it is against his oath to spare any prisoner]; néanmoins, pour les écus que vous lui ci promettez, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le franchisement. [nevertheless, because of the écus you have promised him, he is willing to give you liberty, freedom.]*

FER [*kneeling to PISTOL*]: *Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remerciements, et je m'estime heureux que j'ai tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, comme je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et treis-distingué seigneur d'Angleterre. [On my knees I give you a thousand thanks, and I count myself happy that I have fallen into the hands of a knight, as I think, the bravest, most valiant, and eminent gentleman in England.]*

PISTOL: Expound unto me, boy.

PETO: He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks, and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

PISTOL: As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.

Follow me!

PETO: *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.*

[Exeunt PISTOL and FER.]

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart. But the saying is true: "the empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Bardolph and Nim had ten times more valour than this roaring devil, and they are both hanged, and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously.

Meleé Two

YORK, SUFFOLK, FLUELLEN, and WILLIAMS (plus PETO on stage) vs. ORLÈANS,
LOUIS, CONSTABLE, and MONTJOY

1) LOUIS and MONTJOY enter and spy PETO and start to move to engage him, but FLUELLEN and WILLIAMS enter and intercept them; PETO takes cover as LOUIS and MONTJOY simultaneously engage FLUELLEN and WILLIAMS—about an even fight

2) Enter, via fighting withdrawal, CONSTABLE, assaulted by YORK, supported by SUFFOLK; LOUIS, noticing YORK, looks for opportunity to engage him

3A) LOUIS leaves MONTJOY to fight FLUELLEN and WILLIAMS and charges into the other meleé; YORK immediately disarms LOUIS and SUFFOLK snatches up LOUIS' only weapon

3B) MONTJOY now overwhelmed by steady flanking assault of WILLIAMS and FLUELLEN

4A) Exit LOUIS, crying in French, "A sword, a sword, my kingdom for a sword!"

4B) Enter, with a battlecry, ORLÈANS to engage YORK; as SUFFOLK parries the unexpected attack from ORLÈANS, CONSTABLE wounds YORK in the leg and YORK drops

4C) MONTJOY flees, pursued by FLUELLEN

5) SUFFOLK bestrides YORK, defending, as WILLIAMS joins the battle, engaging ORLÈANS and CONSTABLE, but outmatched by both

6) YORK regains his feet and in one astonishing sequence wounds ORLÈANS and CONSTABLE

7) YORK, SUFFOLK, WILLIAMS vs. ORLÈANS and CONSTABLE moves offstage as ORLÈANS and CONSTABLE retreat

Scene 4. [22 lines /1:23]

[Enter LOUIS, with a ridiculous new sword, one way, and MONTJOY, from another.]

MONTJOY: O sir! The day is lost—nay, all is lost!

LOUIS: Death of my life! All is confounded, all!

Reproach and shame sits mocking in our plumes.

O evil fortune!

[Enter, fleeing, ORLÈANS and CONSTABLE.]

Do not run away!

CONSTABLE: Why, all our ranks are broke!

LOUIS:

O devil shame!

O perdurable shame! Let's stab ourselves!

LOUIS: Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!	<i>[MONTJOY prevents LOUIS from stabbing himself.]</i>
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CONSTABLE: Be these the wretches that we played at dice for?

ORLÈANS: Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

MONTJOY: Let's die in honor! Once more back again!

LOUIS: Yea, he that will not follow honor now,

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand

Like a base leno hold the chamber door

Whilst by a slave no gentler than my dog

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

ORLÈANS: Disorder that hath spoiled us friend us now.

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

CONSTABLE: We are enough yet living in the field

To smother up the English in our throngs,

If any order might be thought upon.

LOUIS: The devil take order now! I'll to the throng.

Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

Meleé Three

YORK, SUFFOLK, EXETER, and WILLIAMS (plus PETO on stage) vs. ORLÈANS, LOUIS, CONSTABLE, and MONTJOY

1) Enter, charging with a battlecry, YORK, SUFFOLK, EXETER, and WILLIAMS, with a glove in his cap; YORK immediately disarms LOUIS and SUFFOLK snatches up his weapon again; WILLIAMS engages MONTJOY one-on-one

2A) LOUIS exits, crying, O diable! Mort de ma vie! [O devil! Death of my life!]

2B) Meanwhile, CONSTABLE and ORLÈANS fighting at the peek of their powers vs. EXETER, YORK, and SUFFOLK

3A) ORLÈANS wounds EXETER in his swordarm simultaneously with CONSTABLE wounding YORK again; YORK stumbles down, but leaps up back up again as EXETER withdraws to change to an offhand grip

3B) Meanwhile, MONTJOY flees, pursued by WILLIAMS offstage

4) CONSTABLE and ORLÈANS both redouble attacks on YORK, but CONSTABLE's attack is a feint actually intended for SUFFOLK; CONSTABLE runs SUFFOLK through and SUFFOLK dies horribly

5A) EXETER attacks ORLÈANS, but ORLÈANS wounds EXETER in the other swordhand, EXETER forced to retreat

5B) Meanwhile, YORK goes berserk and attacks CONSTABLE like a whirlwind: in a single attack sequence, YORK wounds CONSTABLE four times, in both legs and both arms, beating him to one knee, and elegantly dispatching him—CONSTABLE dies

6) ORLÈANS, unthought on by YORK, stabs YORK through with a single thrust; YORK reels, mortally wounded but not yet dead

7) EXETER, disarmed, tackles ORLÈANS and beats him into unconsciousness

Scene 5. [28 lines /1:45]

[YORK, dying, staggers to SUFFOLK and begins to kiss his wounds.]

YORK: Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk! Tarry, cousin!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven.
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.

[EXETER approaches and offers YORK his hand. YORK feebly takes it, but doesn't rise, smiling up at EXETER.]

EXETER: Cheerly, brave York, I'll help thee.

YORK: Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.

[YORK kisses SUFFOLK's lips and dies. EXETER weeps. Enter HARRY, CHORUS as Gower, and PISTOL with FER his prisoner. ORLÈANS moans and stirs, and CHORUS drags him to his feet, a prisoner.]

HARRY: Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen.
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

[EXETER stands, still weeping.]

EXETER: The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

HARRY: Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again and fighting.
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

[EXETER reveals the corpses of YORK and SUFFOLK.]

EXETER: In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain. And by his bloody side,

Yokefellow to his honour-owing wounds,
 The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies,
 A testament of noble-ending love
 Sealed in their blood. The manner of it forced
 Those waters from me which I would have stopped.
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 And all my mother came into mine eyes
 And gave me up to tears.

HARRY [*moved to tears*]: I blame you not,
 For seeing this, I must perforce compound
 With mixed-full eyes, or they will issue too.

[Offstage shouts of alarm. Enter, running, FLUELLEN.]

FLUELLEN: The French have reinforced their scattered men!

HARRY: Then every soldier kill his prisoners!
 Give the word through.

[Exit HARRY. Without hesitation, EXETER strides over and slits ORLÈANS' throat. ORLÈANS falls and dies. FER looks imploringly at PISTOL, who hesitates. CHORUS and FLUELLEN draw on PISTOL. PISTOL shrugs apologetically to FER.]

PISTOL: *Coup' la gorge.*

[PISTOL slits FER's throat. FER falls and dies. Exeunt EXETER and CHORUS, with FLUELLEN following.]

PISTOL [*muttering*]: Durst threaten me, thou scurrilous mountain squire?
[FLUELLEN stops.]

FLUELLEN: In this place and at this time I cannot breed no contention with you,
 Ancient Pistol.

PISTOL [*boldly*]: Perpend, thou twin-hoofed goat of Wales, for I,
 When next we cross, shall cram thy dirty maw
 With yon vile leek thou wears't ridiculous!

FLUELLEN [*exiting*]: It is well.

PISTOL: With salt and bread upon same leek thoul't feed!

FLUELLEN: Very good.

[FLUELLEN exits. PISTOL exits another way. PISTOL becomes WESTMORLAND. PETO, having seen all, emerges from hiding and investigates the body of FER for signs of life.]

Meleé Four

PETO (and, later, FLUELLEN and CHORUS as Gower) vs. LOUIS

- 1) Enter running, still disarmed, LOUIS. LOUIS and PETO regard one another.
- 2) PETO, his small sword out, begins a wary retreat. LOUIS snatches up a sword left on the field and charges PETO.
- 3) PETO puts up a valiant little fight, but can't defend against the superior reach of LOUIS' weapon

4) LOUIS kills PETO

5) Enter FLUELLEN and CHORUS (as Gower); they charge LOUIS

6) FLUELLEN and CHORUS flank LOUIS. FLUELLEN wounds LOUIS in the arm.

7) LOUIS flees

Scene 6. [132 lines /8:15]

[FLUELLEN tends to PETO's corpse.]

FLUELLEN: Kill the poys and the luggage! 'Tis expressly against the law of arms. 'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offert. In your conscience now, is it not?

CHORUS: 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive. And the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter. Besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant king!

FLUELLEN: Ay, he was porn at Monmouth. Captain Gower, what call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

CHORUS: Alexander the Great.

FLUELLEN: Why, I pray you, is not "pig" great? The pig or the great or the mighty or the huge or the magnanimous are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

CHORUS: I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon. His father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

FLUELLEN: I think it is e'en Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth. It is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river—but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well. For there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages and his furies and his wraths and his cholers and his moods and his displeasures and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers look you, kill his best friend Cleitus—

CHORUS: Our King is not like him in that. He never killed any of his friends.

FLUELLEN: It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth ere it is made an end and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it. As Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great-belly doublet—he was full of jests and gipes and knaveries and mocks—I have forgot his name.

CHORUS: Sir John Falstaff.

FLUELLEN: That is he. I'll tell you, there is good men porn at Monmouth.

CHORUS: Here comes his majesty.

[Enter HARRY, EXETER, WESTMORLAND, with LOUIS his prisoner, and WILLIAMS, still with the glove in his cap.]

HARRY: I was not angry since I came to France
 Until this instant. Take a trumpet, uncle;
 Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill.
 If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
 Or void the field: They do offend our sight.
 If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them skirr away as swift as stones
 Enforcèd from the old Assyrian slings.
 Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,
 And not a man of them that we shall take
 Shall taste our mercy.

[WESTMORLAND holds his sword to LOUIS' throat.]

Go and tell them so.

[EXETER starts to exit as MONTJOY enters.]

EXETER: Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

WESTMORLAND: His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

HARRY: How now, what means this, herald? Know'st thou not
 That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
 Comest thou again for ransom?

MONTJOY *[French accent]*: No, great King.

I come to thee for charitable licence,
 That we may wander o'er this bloody field
 To look our dead and then to bury them,
 To sort our nobles from our common men—
 For many of our princes, woe the while,
 Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood.
 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
 In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds
 Fret fetlock-deep in gore, and with wild rage
 Yerk out their armèd heels at their dead masters,
 Killing them twice. O give us leave, great King,
 To view the field in safety and dispose
 Of their dead bodies.

HARRY: I tell thee truly, herald,
 I know not if the day be ours or no,
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer
 And gallop o'er the field.

MONTJOY *[French accent]*: The day is yours.

HARRY: Praisèd be God, and not our strength, for it.
 What is this castle called that stands hard by?

MONTJOY *[French accent]*: They call it Agincourt.

HARRY: Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
 Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.
 Bring me just notice of the numbers dead.

[to CHORUS and WESTMORLAND] Go you with him.

[Exit CHORUS, MONTJOY, WESTMORLAND and LOUIS. HARRY notices WILLIAMS.]

[to EXETER]—Call yonder fellow hither.

EXETER: Soldier, you must come to the King.

HARRY: Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy cap?

WILLIAMS: An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

HARRY: An Englishman?

WILLIAMS: An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swaggered with me last night—who, if a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap—which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if a live—I will strike it out soundly.

HARRY: What think you, Captain Fluellen? Is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

FLUELLEN: He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

HARRY: It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

FLUELLEN: Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a jack-sauce as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, law.

HARRY: Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow.

WILLIAMS: So I will, my liege, as I live.

HARRY: Who serv'st thou under?

WILLIAMS: Under Captain Gower, my liege.

FLUELLEN: Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literated in the wars.

HARRY: Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILLIAMS: I will, my liege.

[Exit WILLIAMS.]

FLUELLEN: Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

HARRY: They did, Fluellen.

FLUELLEN: Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your majesty know to this hour is an honourable badge of the service. And I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

HARRY: I wear it for a memorable honour,

For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLUELLEN: All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

HARRY: Thanks, good my countryman.

FLUELLEN: By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman. I care not who know it, I will confess it to all the world. I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

HARRY: God keep me so.

[HARRY takes out WILLIAMS' glove.]

Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap. When Orléans and I were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm. If any man challenge this, he is a friend to Orléans and an enemy to our person. If thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

FLUELLEN: Your grace does me as great honours as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once. An't please God of his grace, that I might see.

HARRY: Knowest thou Gower?

FLUELLEN: He is my dear friend, an't please you.

HARRY: Pray thee, go seek him and bring him to my tent.

FLUELLEN: I will fetch him.

[Exit FLUELLEN with the glove in his cap.]

HARRY: My noble kinsman, come along with me.

[Exeunt HARRY and EXETER, after them.]

Scene 7. [139 lines /8:41]

[Enter WILLIAMS, leading CHORUS as Gower.]

WILLIAMS: I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

[Enter FLUELLEN from another way.]

FLUELLEN: God's will and his pleasure, captain, I beseech you now, come apace to the King. There is more good toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

WILLIAMS: Sir, know you this glove?

FLUELLEN: Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

WILLIAMS: I know this *[plucks the glove from FLUELLEN'S cap]*, and thus I challenge it.

[WILLIAMS strikes FLUELLEN. FLUELLEN strikes WILLIAMS. They roll about on the ground, beating one another, as CHORUS attempts to pull WILLIAMS away.]

FLUELLEN: 'Sblood, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

CHORUS *[to WILLIAMS]*: How now, sir! You villain!

WILLIAMS: Do you think I'll be forsworn?

FLUELLEN: Stand away, Captain Gower. I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

WILLIAMS: I am no traitor.

FLUELLEN: That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him. He's a friend of the Duke Orléans.

[Enter HARRY and EXETER. EXETER and CHORUS pull FLUELLEN and WILLIAMS apart.]

HARRY: How now, how now, what's the matter?

FLUELLEN: My liege, here is a villain and a traitor that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Orléans.

WILLIAMS: My liege, this was my glove—here is the fellow of it—and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap. I promised to strike him, if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

FLUELLEN: Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant rascally beggarly lousy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Orléans that your majesty is give me, in your conscience, now?

HARRY: Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

[EXETER, FLUELLEN, and CHORUS draw their weapons on WILLIAMS.]

FLUELLEN: An't please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

HARRY: How canst thou make me satisfaction?

WILLIAMS: All offences, my lord, come from the heart. Never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

HARRY: It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WILLIAMS: Your majesty came not like yourself. You appeared to me but as a common man. Witness the night, your garments, your lowliness. And what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault, and not mine, for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence. Therefore, I beseech your highness pardon me.

[A beat.]

HARRY: Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns
And give it to this fellow.

[EXETER fills the glove with crowns and hands the glove to WILLIAMS.]

—Keep it, fellow;

And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.

—And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

FLUELLEN: By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly.—Hold, there is—*[FLUELLEN counts the change in his pocket.]*—twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles and quarrels and dissensions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

WILLIAMS: I will none of your money.

FLUELLEN: It is with a good will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so pashful? Your shoes is not so good.

[WILLIAMS doesn't take the money and exits as enter WESTMORLAND and MONTJOY.]

HARRY: Now, herald, are the dead numbered?

MONTJOY *[French accent]*: Here is the number of the slaughtered French.

[MONTJOY gives HARRY a letter.]

HARRY: This note doth tell me of ten thousand French

That in the field lie slain. Of princes in this number
 And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
 One hundred twenty six; added to these,
 Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
 Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
 Five hundred were but yesterday dubbed knights.
 Here was a royal fellowship of death.
 Where is the number of our English dead?

[WESTMORLAND gives HARRY a second letter.]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
 Sir Richard Keighly, Davy Gam Esquire;
 None else of name; and of all other men
 But five and twenty.

[A beat of astonishment.]

EXETER: 'Tis wonderful!

HARRY: O God, thy arm was here, and not to us,
 But to thy arm alone, ascribe we all.
 O take it, God, for it is none but thine.
 Come, go we in procession to the village,
 And be it death proclaimed through our host
 To boast of this, or take the praise from God
 Which is his only.

FLUELLEN: Is it not lawful, an't please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

HARRY: Yes, captain, but with this acknowledgement,
 That God fought for us.

FLUELLEN: Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

HARRY: Do we all holy rites:

Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*,
 The dead with charity enclosed in clay.

[Exeunt HARRY, EXETER, WESTMORLAND, MONTJOY and FLUELLEN.]

WESTMORLAND becomes PISTOL. MONTJOY becomes CATHERINE. CHORUS starts to go with them, but removes her uniform, revealing a clerical collar beneath, and begins to sing her Latin mass from the preshow. As she sings, she moves from corpse to corpse, administering last rites so that souls and actors are free to depart. PETO becomes THOMAS. YORK becomes ALICE. SUFFOLK becomes ISABEL. ORLÈANS becomes TRANSLATOR. CONSTABLE becomes JOHN. FER becomes CHARLES.

CHORUS puts on her uniform again, becoming Gower, as the song ends with her positioned right beside an exit, from which enters FLUELLEN, still with a leek in his cap, and carrying a cudgel, already in conversation with him as though they've been walking together for a time.]

CHORUS: Nay, that's right. But why wear you your leek still?

FLUELLEN: There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.

[Enter PISTOL reading a letter.]

CHORUS: Why, here comes Pistol, swelling like a turkey-cock.

FLUELLEN: 'Tis no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you,
 Ancient Pistol, you scurvy rascally scald beggarly lousy praggings knave, God pless you.

PISTOL: Ha, art thou bedlam? Dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

FLUELLEN: I peseech you heartily, scurvy lousy knave, at my desires and my requests and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek. Because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

PISTOL: Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

FLUELLEN: There is one goat for you.

[FLUELLEN strikes PISTOL.]

Will you be so good, scald knave, as eat it?

PISTOL: Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLUELLEN: You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it.

[FLUELLEN strikes PISTOL.]

You called me yesterday "mountain-squire", but I will make you today "a squire of low degree".

[FLUELLEN beats PISTOL to his knees.]

I pray you, fall to. If you can mock a leek you can eat a leek.

CHORUS: Enough, captain, you have astonished him.

FLUELLEN: By Jesu, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days and four nights.—Bite, I pray you. It is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

PISTOL: Must I bite?

FLUELLEN: Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

PISTOL: By this leek, I will most horribly revenge—

[FLUELLEN raises the cudgel; PISTOL takes a bite of the leek.]

I eat and eat—I swear—

FLUELLEN: Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? There is not enough leek to swear by.

PISTOL: Quiet thy cudgel, thou dost see I eat.

FLUELLEN: Much good do it you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away. The skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em, that is all.

PISTOL: Good.

FLUELLEN: Ay, leeks is good. Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

[FLUELLEN offers PISTOL a small coin.]

PISTOL: Me, a groat?

FLUELLEN: Yes, verily and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket which you shall eat.

[FLUELLEN takes out of his pocket the biggest leek in the world, and offers PISTOL the choice of giant monster leek in one hand, groat in the other.]

PISTOL: I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

FLUELLEN: If I owe you anything, I will pay you in cudgels. You shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b'wi'you, and keep you, and heal your pate.

[Exit FLUELLEN. PISTOL moans on the ground.]

PISTOL: All hell shall stir for this.

CHORUS: Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel. You find it otherwise. Fare ye well.

[Exit CHORUS. PISTOL stands.]

PISTOL: Doth Fortune play the hussy with me now?

[PISTOL recovers his letter.]

News have I that my Nell is dead
I'th'spital of a malady of France,
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, France farewell,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal.

[Exit PISTOL. PISTOL becomes WESTMORLAND.]

Act V.

Scene 1. [171 lines /10:41]

[Enter from one way HARRY, EXETER, THOMAS, JOHN, FLUELLEN, and WILLIAMS; enter from another way CHARLES, slumped in his wheelchair and once again seemingly insensible to his surroundings, pushed by TRANSLATOR, ISABEL, LOUIS, CATHERINE, and ALICE. As HARRY speaks, EXETER translates into French.]

HARRY: Peace to this meeting, wherefor we are met.

Unto our brother France and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day. Joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Catherine.

[A long beat, but CHARLES doesn't respond. Then ISABEL steps forward and begins speaking in French, TRANSLATOR speaking her words in English as she goes.]

TRANSLATOR *[French accent]*: So happy be the issue, brother England,

Of this most gracious meeting, that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

HARRY: To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

[TRANSLATOR renders that into French. Enter CHORUS as Burgundy. TRANSLATOR quietly renders the following exchange into French for CHARLES and ISABEL.]

We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy,
By whom this great assembly is contrived.

CHORUS *[French accent]*: My duty to you both, on equal love,

Great kings of France and England. For my labor
To bring your most imperial majesties
Both face to face and royal eye to eye,
Let me demand to know th'impediment
That gentle peace should not revisit France?

HARRY: Why, my good brother France must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands.

[TRANSLATOR translates this into French. ISABEL starts to respond, but CHARLES begins muttering, the TRANSLATOR rendering this into English.]

TRANSLATOR *[French accent]*: I have but with a cursorary eye

O'erglanced the articles. Pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

HARRY: Brother, we shall.

[EXETER renders this into French. CHORUS, LOUIS, and TRANSLATOR exeunt with CHARLES.]

[aside to the English]—Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Bedford,
[to FLUELLEN and WILLIAMS] Go you all with the King.

[EXETER, THOMAS, JOHN, FLUELLEN, and WILLIAMS start to exeunt.]

[to ISABEL]—Will you, fair sister,

Go with the princes?

[EXETER stops his exit and renders this into French, then renders ISABEL's reply back to English.]

EXETER: I will go with them.

Haply a woman's voice may do some good.

[ISABEL, EXETER, CATHERINE, and ALICE begin to exeunt.]

HARRY: Yet leave our cousin Catherine here with us.

She is our capital demand, comprised

Within the fore-rank of our articles.

[EXETER renders this into French. ISABEL says nothing for a long beat, then replies in French, which EXETER renders into English.]

EXETER: She hath good leave.

[Exeunt ISABEL and TRANSLATOR. An awkward beat. HARRY nods to ALICE to depart, but she doesn't budge. HARRY gestures to ALICE to depart, but ALICE steps closer to CATHERINE.]

HARRY: Fair Catherine, and most fair,

Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms

Such as will enter at a lady's ear

And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

CATHERINE [French accent]: Your majesty shall mock at me. I cannot speak your England.

HARRY: O fair Catherine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

CATHERINE: *Pardonnez-moi*, [French accent] I cannot tell vat is "like me."

HARRY: An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

CATHERINE [to ALICE]: *Que dit-il?* [What does he say?]*—que je suis semblable à les anges?* [That I am like the angels?]

ALICE: *Oui, vraiment—sauf votre grâce—ainsi dit-il.* [Yes, truly—save your grace—he said so.]

HARRY: I said so, dear Catherine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

CATHERINE [French accent]: *O bon Dieu!* [O good God!] *Les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.* [The tongues of men are full of deceits.]

HARRY: What says she, fair one? That the tongues of men are full of deceits?

ALICE: *Oui*, [French accent] dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits—dat is de Princess.

HARRY: The princess is the better Englishwoman. I'faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding. I am glad thou canst speak no better English, for if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say, "I love you". Give me your answer, i'faith do, and so clap hands and a bargain. [HARRY offers her his hand to shake.] How say you, lady?

[CATHERINE doesn't accept the handshake.]

CATHERINE: *Sauf votre honneur*, [Saving your honor,] [French accent] me understand well.

HARRY: Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why, you undid me. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my

armour on my back, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jackanapes, never off. But before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sunburning, that never looks in his glass for love of anything he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love? Speak, my fair.

CATHERINE [*French accent*]: Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

HARRY: No, it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate. But, in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it, I will have it all mine; and Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

CATHERINE [*French accent*]: I cannot tell vat is dat.

HARRY: No, Kate? I will tell thee in French—which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je quand suis le possesseur de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi* [When I have possession of France, and when you have possession of me]—let me see, what then?—*donc vôtre est France, et vous êtes mienne* [then France is yours, and you are mine]. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

CATHERINE: *Sauf votre honneur, le français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'anglais lequel je parle.* [Save your honor, the French that you speak is better than the English that I speak.]

HARRY: No, faith, is't not. But Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

CATHERINE [*French accent*]: I cannot tell.

HARRY: Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me, and at night when you come into your closet you'll question this gentlewoman about me, and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart. But good Kate, mock me mercifully—the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half-French, half-English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? Shall we not? What sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

CATHERINE [*French accent*]: I do not know dat.

HARRY: No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. How answer you, *la plus belle Catherine du monde, mon très chère et devin dèesse?* [the fairest Catherine in the world, my dearest and divine goddess?]

CATHERINE [*French accent*]: Your majesty 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most sage *demoiselle* dat is *en France*.

HARRY: Now fie upon my false French! Now beshrew my father's ambition! He was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them. But in faith, Kate, the elder I wax the better I shall appear. My comfort is that old age, that ill layer up of

beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst, and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Catherine, will you have me? Come, your answer in broken music—for thy voice is music and thy English broken—wilt thou have me?

CATHERINE [*French accent*]: Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon père*.

HARRY: Nay, it will please him well, Kate. It shall please him, Kate.

CATHERINE [*French accent*]: Den it sall also content me.

HARRY: Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

[*HARRY takes CATHERINE's hand to kiss it, and she breaks away in alarm.*]

CATHERINE: *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez!* [Stop, my lord, stop, stop!] *Ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur.* [Indeed, I do not wish to lower your greatness by kissing the hand of your unworthy servant.] *Excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon tres-puissant seigneur.* [Excuse me, I beg you, my most powerful lord.]

HARRY: Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

[*HARRY moves to kiss CATHERINE, and she breaks away in alarm.*]

CATHERINE: *Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.* [It is not customary in France for ladies and young girls to be kissed before their marriage.]

HARRY [*to ALICE*]: Madam my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE [*French accent*]: Dat it is not be de *façon pour les ladies* of France—I cannot tell vat is *baiser en English*.

HARRY: To kiss.

ALICE [*French accent*]: Your majesty *entendre bettre que moi*.

HARRY: It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

ALICE: *Oui, vraiment.*

HARRY: O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion. We are the makers of manners, Kate. Therefore, patiently and yielding.

[*HARRY kisses CATHERINE.*]

You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate. Here comes your father!

[*Enter TRANSLATOR pushing CHARLES in his wheelchair, ISABEL, LOUIS, CHORUS as Burgundy, EXETER, THOMAS, JOHN, WESTMORLAND, FLUELLEN, and WILLIAMS.*]

CHORUS [*French accent*]: God save your majesty. [*aside to HARRY*] My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

HARRY [*aside to CHORUS*]: I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

CHORUS [*French accent*] [*aside to HARRY*]: Is she not apt?

HARRY [*aside to CHORUS*]: Our tongue is so rough, coz, that I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her.

CHORUS [*French accent*] [*aside to HARRY*]: If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

HARRY [*aside to CHORUS*]: Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

CHORUS [*French accent*] [*aside to HARRY*]: They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do. For maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide: blind, though they have their eyes. And then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

HARRY [*aside to CHORUS*]: So I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

CHORUS [*French accent*] [*aside to HARRY*]: As love is, my lord, before that it loves.

[*LOUIS breaks from his place, glares full in the face of HARRY, and exits furious. An awkward beat, then CHARLES speaks in French, which TRANSLATOR renders into English.*]

TRANSLATOR [*French accent*]: We have consented to all terms of reason.

HARRY: Is't so, my lords of England?

WESTMORLAND: The King hath granted every article.

EXETER: Only he yet hath not subscribèd this.

[*EXETER hands HARRY a paper, which he glances over.*]

HARRY: Shall Kate be my wife?

[*EXETER translates into French. An awkward beat. CHARLES responds in French.*]

TRANSLATOR [*French accent*]: So please you.

[*HARRY returns the paper to EXETER, who brings it to CHARLES to sign. CHARLES sits motionless. Then ISABEL puts the pen into his hand and guides his hand into a signature, CHARLES not even looking down at what he's doing. As HARRY speaks the following lines, EXETER renders them into French.*]

HARRY: Now, welcome, Kate, and bear me witness all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign Queen.

[*HARRY kisses CATHERINE.*]

Prepare we for our marriage. On which day,

Then shall I swear to thee, and thou to me,

And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be!

[*Exeunt HARRY, CATHERINE, TRANSLATOR pushing CHARLES, ISABEL, ALICE, THOMAS, JOHN, EXETER, WESTMORLAND, FLUELLEN, and WILLIAMS. CHORUS slips off her Burgundy disguise.*]

CHORUS: Thus far with rough and all-unable pen

Our bending author hath pursued the story,

In little room confining mighty men,

Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.

Small time, but in that small most greatly lived

This star of England. Fortune made his sword,

By which the world's best garden be achieved,

And of it left his son imperial lord:

Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned King

Of France and England, did this king succeed,

Whose state so many had the managing,

That they lost France and made his England bleed,

Which soon our stage shall show—and, for their sake,

In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

[Exit CHORUS.]

End of Play

End of *Henriad*