

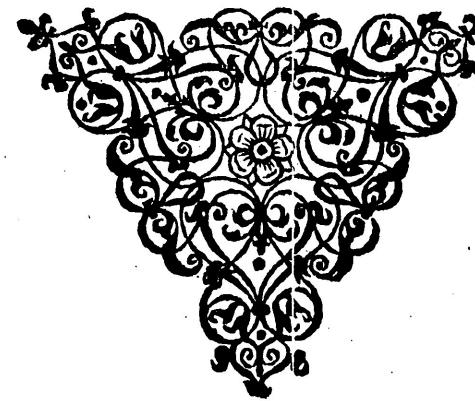
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TITLE
FAMOUS VIC-
TORIES OF HENRY
The fift:

CONTAINING
the Honourable Battell of
AGIN-COVRT.

*As it was Acted by the Kinges Maistries
Seruants.*



LONDON
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in Garter place in Barbican.
1617.



THE FAMOUS

Victories of Henry the fifth, Containing the Honourable Battell of Agin-court.

Enter the young Prince, Ned, and Tom.

Henry the fifth.

Come away Ned and Tom.
Both. Here my Lord.

Hen. 5. Come away my Ladie.
Tell me sirs, how much gold haue you got.

Ned. Faith my Lord, I haue got fife hundred pound.

Hen. 5. But tell me Tom, how much haft thou got?

Tom. Faith my Lord, some fourre hundred pound.

Hen. Fourre hundred pounds, brauely spoken Lads.

But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous part
of me to rob my Fathers Recceyours?

Ned. Why, no my Lord, it was but a tricke of youth.

Hen. 5. Faith Ned, thou sayest true.

But tell me sirs, where abouts are we?

Tom. My Lord, we are now about a mile off London.

Hen. 5. But sirs, I maruell that sir John Oldcastle
Comes not away: Sounds see where he comes.

Enters Jockey.
How now Jockey, what newes with thee?
Jockey. Faith my Lord, such newes as passeth,
For the towne of Detfort is risen,

The famous Victories

VVith hue and crie after your man,
Which parted from vs the last night,
And has set vpon, and hath robd a poore Carrier.

Hen. 5. Sownes, the villaine that was wont to spie
Out our booties.

Lock. I my Lord, euen the very same.

Hen. 5. Now base minded rascall to rob a poore carrier,
Well it skils not, ile saue the base villaines life:
I, I may: but tell me *lockey*, whereabout be the Receyuers.

Lock. Faith my Lord, they are hard by,
But the best is, we are a horse backe, and they be a foote,
So we may escape them.

Hen. 5. Well, I the villaines come, let mee alone with
them.
But tell me *lockey*, how much gets thou from the knaues,
For I am sure I got something, for one of the villaines
So belamde me about the shoulders,
As I shall seele it this moneth.

Lock. Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred pound.
Hen. 5. A hundred pound, now brauely spoken *lockey*:
But come sirs, lay all your money before me,
Now by heauen here is a braue shew:
But as I am true Gentleman, I will haue the halfe
Of this spent to night, but sirs, take vp your bags.
Here comes the Receyuers, let mee alone.

Enters two Receyuers.

One. Alas good fellow, what shall we doe?
I dare never go home to the Court, for I shall be hanged;
But here is the yong Prince, what shall we do?

Hen. 5. How now you villaines, what are you:

One Recey. Speake you to him.

Other. No I pray, speake you to him.

Hen. 5. Why how now you rascals, why speake you not

One. Forsooth we be, Pray speake you to him.

Hen. 5. Sowns, villaines speake, or ilc cut off your heads!

On her

of Henry the fifth.

Other. Forsooth he can tell the tale better then I.
One. Forsooth we be your fathers Receyuers?

Hen. 5. Are you my fathers Receyuers.

Then I hope yee haue brought me some money.

One. Money: Alasse sir wee be robd.

Hen. 5. Robd, how many were there of them,

One. Marry sir there were foure of them,
And one of them had Sir John Oldcastles bay Hobby,
And your blacke Nag.

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds how like you this *lockey*,
Blood you villaines: my father robd of his money abroad
And we in our stables.

But tell me how many were thore of them.

One Recey. If it please you, there were foure of them,
And there was one about the bignesse of you:
But I am sure I so belamde him about the shoulders,
That he will seele it this moneth.

Hen. 5. Gogs wounds you lambde them fairely,
So that they haue carryed away your money,
But come sirs what shall we doe with the villaines.

Both Recey. I beseech your grace be good to vs.

Ned. I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once.
Well stand vp and get you gone,
And looke that you speake not a word of it,
For if there be, lownes ile hang you and all your kin,

Exit Purfenant.

Hen. 5. Now sirs, how like you this:
Was not this brauely done:
For now the villaines dare not speake a word of it,
I haue so feared them vwith vwords.
Now vwhether shall vve go.

All. Why my Lord, you know v our old Hostesse at Fen-
tersham.

Hen. 5. Our Hostesse at Fenstersham, blood vwhat shall vve
doe there, We haue a thousand pound about vs,

A 3

And

The famous Victories.

And we shall go to a petty Alehouse.

No, no : you know the old Tauerne in Eastcheape,
There is good wine : besides there is a prety wench
That can talke well, for I delight as much in their tonges,
As any part about them.

All We are ready to wayte vpon your grace.

Hen.5. Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogether,
We are all fellowes, I tell you sirs, and the King my father
were dead, wee would be all Kings,
Therefore come away.

Ned. Gogs wounds, brauely spoken Harry.

Enter John Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence
Cofermonger.

John Cob. All is well here, all is well Masters.

Robin. How say you neighbour John Cobler?

I thinke it best that my neighbour

Robin Pewterer went to Pudding lane end,
And we will watch here at Billingsgate ward.

How say you neighbour Robin, how like you thise

Robin. Marry well neighbours :

I care not much if I go to Pudding lane end.
But neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me,
Make hafte : and if I heare any adoe about you,
I will come to you.

Exit Robin.

Law. Neighbor what news heare you of the yong Prince:

John Marry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward young
For if he meet any by the high way , (Prince,

He will not let to talke with him,

I dare not call him theefe, but sure he is one of these taking
(fellowes.

Law. Indeed neighbour, I heare say hee is as liuely

A young Prince as euer was.

John. I, and I heare say, if he vse it long,
His father will cut him off from the Crowne:

But

of Henry the fifth.

But neighbour say nothing of that.

Law. No, no, neighbour I warrant you.

John. Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe,
If you will, we will sit downe,
For I thinke it is about midnight.

Law. Marry content neighbour, let vs sleepe.

Enter Dericke rising.

Dericke. Who, who there, who there?

Exit Dericke.

Enter Robin.

Robin. O neigbours, what meane you to sleepe,
And such adoe in the streetes?

Ambo. How now neighbour, whats the matter?

Enter Dericke againe.

Dericke. Who there, who there, who there?

Cobler. Why, what aylest thou? here is no horses.

Derick. O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there.

Robin. Hold him neighbour Cobler.

Robin. Why I see thou art a plaine Clowne.

Dericke. Am I a Clowne, sownes masters,

Do Clownes goe in silke apparrell.

I am sure all we Gentlemen Clownes in Kent scant goe so
well : Sounes you know Clownes very well.

Hearre you, are you Master Constable, and you be speake :
For I will not take it at his hands.

John. Faith I am not Master Constable,
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

Derick. Is not master Constable here.

Well it is no mattet, Ile haue the law at his hands.

John. Nay I pray you do not take the law of vs.

Der, you are one of his beastly officers.

John. I am one of his bad officers.

Der. Why then I charge thee looke to him.

Cobler. Nay but heare yee sir, you seeme to be an honest
Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night,

And

The famous Victories

And we would be ioath to haue any thing adoo,
Therefore I pray thee put it vp.

Der. First, thou sayest true, I am an honest fellow,
And a proper handsome fellow too,
And you seem to be poore men, therfore I care not greatly,
Nay I am quickly pacified,
But and you chance to spie the theefe,
I pray you lay hold on him.

Robin. Yes that we will, I warrant you.

Der. Tis a wonderfull thing to see how glad the knaue
is, now I haue forgiuen him.

John. Neighbours, doe yee looke about you,
How now, who's there.

Enter the theefe.

Theefe. Here is a good fellow. I pray you which is the
way to the olde Tauerne in Eastcheape.

Der. Whoope hollo, now Gadshill, knowest thou mee,
Theefe. I know thee for an Asse.

Der. And I know thee for a taking fellow.

Vpon Gadshill in Kent,
A bote light vpon you.

Theefe. The whorson villaine would be knockt,

Der. Masters, villaine, and ye be men stand to him,
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you.

John. My friend, what make you abroad now?
It is too late to walke now.

Theefe. It is not too late for true men to walke,

Law. We know thee not to be a true man.

Theefe. VVhy what doe you meane to doe with me.
Sounes I am one of the Kings liege people.

Der. Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people

Theefe. I marry am I sir, what say you to it,

Der. Marry sir, I say you are one of the Kings filching

Cob. Come, come, lets haue him avvay. (people
Theefe. Why vwhat haue I done.

Robin.

of Henry the fifth.

Robin. Thou hast robd a poore fellow,
And taken away his goods from him.

Theefe. I neuer saw him before.

Der. Maisters who comes here?

Enter the Vintners boy.

Boy. How now good man Cobler?

Cob. How now Robin, what makes thou abroade
At this time of night?

Boy. Marrie I haue bene at the Counter,
I can tell such newes as neuer you haue hearde the like.

Cobler. What is that Robin, what is the matter?

Boy. Why this night about two houres agoe, there
came the young Prince, and three or fourre more of his
companions, and called for Wine good store, and then
they sent for a noyse of Musitians, and were very merry
for the space of an houre, then whether their Musicke li-
ked them not, or whether they had drunke too much
Wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flew against the
walls, and then they drewe their swords, and went into
the street and fought, and some tooke one part, & some
tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there
was such a bloody fray as passeth, and none could parte
them vntill such time as the Mayor & Sheriffe were sent
for, and then at last, with much adoo, they tooke them
and so the young Prince was carryed to the Counter,
and then about one houre after, there came a messenger
from the Court in all haste, from the King, for my Lorde
Mayor and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not.

Cobler. Here is newes indeed Robert.

Law. Marry Neighbour, this newes is strange in-
deede, I thinke it best Neighbour, to rid our hands of
this fellow first.

Theefe. What meane you to doo with me?

Cobler. Wee meane to carry you to the Prison, and
there to remaine till the Sessions day.

B

Theefe

The famous Victories

Theefe. Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my Maister is.

Cob. Nay, thou must goe to the Countrey prison, to Newgate, therefore come away.

Theefe. I prethee be good to me honest fellow.

Dcr. I marry will I, ile be very charitable to thee, For I wil neuer leau thee, til I see thee on the gallows.

*Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of Exeter,
and the Lord of Oxford.*

Oxf. And please your Maiestie, here is my Lord Mayor, and the Sheriffe of London, to speake with your Ma-

K. Hen. 4. Admit them to our presence. (ieſtie.

Enter the L. Mayor, and the Sheriffe.

K. Now my good Lord Mayor of London, The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tell you of a matter which I haue learned of my Councell: Herein I vnderstand, that you haue cōmitted my Sonne to prison without our leau & license. What although he be a rude youth, and likely to giue occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a Prince, & my Sonne, and not to be halled to prison by euery subiect.

Mayor. May it please your Maiestie to giue vs leau to tell our tale?

King Hen. 4. Orelſe God forbid, otherwise you might thynke me an vnequall judge, hauing more affection to my Sonne, then to any righful judgement.

May. Then I do not doubt but we ſhal rather deserue commendations at your Maiesties hands, then any anger.

K. Hen. 4. Go too, ſay on.

Mayor. Then if it please your Maiestie, this night betwixt two & three of the clock in the morning my Lord the yong Prince with a very diſordred company, came to the old Tauerne in *Eastcheape*, and whether it was that their mifick liked them not, or whether they were ouercom with wine, I know not, but they drie their ſwords,

and

of Henry the fifth.

and into the ſtreete they went, & ſome took my L. the yong Princes part, & ſom tooke the other, but betwixt the there was ſuch a bloudie fray for the ſpace of halfe an hour, that neyther watchmen, nor any other could ſtay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of *London* and I were ſent for, and at the laſt, with much ado we stayed them, but it was long firſt, which was a great diſquieting to all your louing Subiects thereabouts: and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had ſent them to trie vs, whether we would do iuſtice, or whether it were of their own voluntary will or not, we cannot tell: and therefore in ſuch a caſe we knew not what to doe, but for our owne ſafegard we ſent him to ward, wher he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace and your Maiesties ſon. And thus moſt humbly beſeeching your Maiesty to thinke of our anſwere.

Hen. 4. Stand aside vntill we haue further deliberated on your anſwere.

Exit Maior.

Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice acciſed *Harry*, That hath gotten a ſonne, which with grieſe Will end his Fathers dayes.

O my ſonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince in deed, And to deserue imprisonment, And well they haue done, and like faithfull ſubiects: Discharge them and let them goe.

L. Exe. I beſeech your Grace be good to thy Lord the young Prince.

Hen. 4. Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

L. O.x. Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriffe haue beeene too precise in this matter.

Hen. 4. No, they haue done like faithfull ſubiects, I will goe my ſelfe to discharge them, and let them go.

Exit omnes.

*Enter Lord chiefe Iuſtice, Clarke of the Office, Tayler,
John Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe.*

B 2

Judge.

The famous Victories

Judge. Tayler bring the Prisoner to the barre,
Der. Heare you my Lorde, I pray you bring the
barre to the Prisoner.

Judge. Hold thy hand vp at the barrc.

Theefe. Here it is my Lord,

Judge. Clearke of the Office, reade his inditement.

Clarke. What is thy name?

Theefe. My name was knowne before I came heere,
And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

Judge. I, I thinke so, but wee will know it better be-
fore thou goe.

Der. Sownes and you doe but send to the next Iaile,
Weare sure to know his name;
For this is not the first prison he hath bene in , ile war-

Clarke. What is thy name? (rant you.)

Theefe. What need you to aske, & haue it in writing?

Clarke. Is not thy name *Cutbert Cutter?*

Theefe. What the Diuell neede you aske, and know
it so well;

Clarke. Why then *Cutbert Cutter*, I indite thee by
the name of *Cutbert Cutter*, for robbing a poore Carrier
the 20. day of May last past, in the fourteen yeare of the
raigne of our Soueraigne Lord King *Henry* the fourth,
for setting vpon a poore Carrier vpon Gads hil in Kent,
and hauing beaten and wounded the said Carryer, and
taken his goods from him.

Der. Oh maisters stay there, nay lets never belie the
man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but
he hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken
the great race of *Ginger*, that bouncing *Besse* with the
jolly buttocks should haue had, that grieues me most.

Judge. Well, what sayest thou, art thou guilty, or not
guyltie?

Theefe. Not guilty, my Lord.

Judge. By whom wilt thou be tride?

Theefe.

of Henry the fift,

Theefe. By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe,
whether you will.

Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Hen.5. Come away my Lads, Gogs wounds ye villaine,
what make you here ? I must goe about my businesse my
selfe, and you must stand loytering here.

Theefe. Why my Lord, they haue bound mee, and will
not let me go.

Hen.5. Haue they bound thee villain, why how now my
Lord.

Judge. I am glad to see your Grace in good health.

Hen.5. Why my Lord, this is my man,
Tis maruell you knew him not long before this,
I tell you he is a man of his hands.

Theefe. I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare.

Judg. Your Grace shall finde small credite by acknowl-
edging him to be your man.

Hen.5. Why my Lord, what hath he done, (Carrier.)

Ind. And it please your Maiesy, he hath robbed a poore

Der. Heare you sir, marry it was one *Derick*,

Goodman Hoblings man of Kent.

Hen.5. What, wast you button breech .

Of my word my Lord, he did it but it in iest.

Ind. Heare you sir, is it your mans quality to rob folkes
in iest. In faith he shall be hangde in earnest.

Hen.5. Well my Lord, what doe you meane to do with
my man.

Judg. And please your Grace the Law must passe on him,
according to iustice, then he must be executed.

Der. Heare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to
rob folkes in iest, In faith he shall be hangd in iest.

Hen.5. Well my Lord once againe, what meane you to
doe with him.

Judg. And please your Grace according to Law and iu-
stice he must be hangd.

B 3

Hen.5.

The famous Victories

Hen. 5. Why then belike you meane to hang my man.
Judge. I am sorry that it falleth out so.

Hen. 5. Why my Lord, I pray yee who am I.

Jud. And please your Grace, you are my L. the yong Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our soueraigne Lord, K. Henry the fourth, whom God grant long to raigne.

Hen. 5. You say true my Lord :
And you will hang my man.

Judg. And like your Grace, I must needs doe justice.

Hen. 5. Tell mee my Lord, shall I haue my man ?

Judg. I cannot my Lord.

Hen. 5. But will you not let him goe.

Jud. I am sorry that his case is so ill.

Hen. 5. Tush case me no casings, shal I haue my man ?

Judge. I cannot, nor I may not my Lord.

Hen. 5. Nay, and I shall not say, & thē I am answered
Judge. No.

Hen. 5. No, then I will haue him.

He giveth him a boxe on the eare.

Ned. Goggs wounds my Lord, shal I cut off his head

Hen. 5. No, I charge you draw not your swords,
But get you hence, prouide a noyse of Musicians,
Away, be gone.

Exeunt the Theefe.

Judg. Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands.

Hen. 5. Nay and you be not, you shall haue more.

Judge. Why I pray you my Lord, who am I.

Hen. 5. You, who knowes not you,

VVhy man, you are Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Judg. Your Grace hath said truth, therfore in striking me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me only but also your Father; whose liuely person here in this place I do represent. And therfore to teach you what

pre-

of Henry the fifth,

rogatiues meane, I commit you to the Fleet, vntill wee haue spoken with your father.

Hen. 5. VVhy then belike you meane to send mee to the Fleete.

Judge. I indeed, and therefore carry him away.

Evenent Henry 5. with the Officers.

Judge. Layler carry the prisoner to Newgate againe vntill the next Syses.

Jay. At your commandement my Lord it shall bce

Enter Dericke and John Cobler. (done.)

Der. Sownds maisters, heres adoo,

VVhen Princes must go to prison :

VVhy John, didst euer see the like ?

Joh. O Dericke, trust me, I never saw the like. (ler,

Der. Why John thou maist see what princes be in chol-

A Judge a boxe on the eare, Ile tell thee John, O John,
I would not haue done it for twenty shillings.

John No nor I, there had beene no way but one with
We should haue beene hangde. (vs.)

Der. Faith John, Ile tell thee what, thou shalt bee my
Lord chiefe Justice, and thou shalt sit in the Chaire,
And ile be the yong Prince, & hit thee a box on the ear
And then thou shalt say, to teach you what preroga-
tives meane, I commit you to the Fleete.

John. Come on, ile be your judge,
But thou shalt not hit me hard.

Der. No, no.

John What hath he done.

Der. Marry he hath rob'd Dericke.

John Why then I cannot let him gae,

Der. I must needes haue my man.

John You shall not haue him.

Der. Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare :
How say you, shall I not haue my man ?

John No marry shall you not.

Der.

The famous Victories

Der. Shall I not *John*?

John. No *Dericke*.

Der. Why then take you that till more come,
Sownes, shall I not haue him?

John. Well I am content to take this at your hand,
But I pray you, who am I?

Der. Who art thou, Sownds, dost not know thy self?
John. No.

Der. Now away simple fellow,
Why man, thou art *John* the Cobler.

John. No, I am my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Der. Oh *John*, Masse thou sayst true, thou art indeed.

John. Why then to teach you what prerogatiues mean
I commit you to the Fleet.

Der. wel, I will go, but y faith you gray beard knaue,
Exit. And straight enters againe. (Ile course you.

Oh *John*, Com, come out of thy chair, why what a clown
weart thou, to let me hit thee a boxe on the eare, & now
thou seest they will not take mee to the Fleet, I thinke
that thou art one of these VVorenday Clownes.

John. But I maruell what will become of thee?

Der. Faith, ile be no more a Carrier.

John. What wilt thou then do?

Der. Ile dwell with thee and be a Cobler.

John. With me, alas, I am not able to keep thee,
VVhy thou wilt eat me out of dores.

Der. Oh *John*, no *John*, I am none of these great flou-
ching fellows that denoure these great peeces of beefe
& brewes, alas, a trifle serues me, a woodcoke, a chick-
ken, or a Capons leg, or any such little thing serues me.

John. A Capon, why man I cannot get a Capon once
a yare, except it be at Christmas, at some other mans
house, for we Coblers be glad of a dish of reectes,

Der. Rootes, why are you so good at rooting?
Nay Cobler, weeke haue you ringde.

John

of Henry the fifth.

John. But *Dericke* though we be so poore,
Yet will we haue in store a Crab in the fire,
With Nut-browne Ale, that is full stale.
Which will a man quale, and lay in the myre.

Der. A bote on you, and be but for your Ale,
Ile dwell with you, come lets away as fast as we can.

Exeunt.

Enter the young Prince with Ned and Tom.

Hen. 5. Come away sirs, Gogs wounds *Ned*,
Didst thou not see what a boxe on the eare
I toke my Lord chiefe-Justice?

Tom. By gogs blood it did me good to see it,
It made his teeth iarde in his head.

Enter sir John Old-castle.

Hen 5. How now sir *John Old-Castle*?
What newes with you?

John. Old-cast. I am glad to see your Grace at libertie,
I was come I, to visite you in Prison.

Hen. 5. To visit mee, didst thou not know that I am a
Princes sonne? why tis enough for me to looke into a pris-
on, though I come not in my selfe, but heres such adoo now
adayes, heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the
Diuell and all: but I tell you sirs, when I am King, wee
will haue no such things, but my Lads, if the olde King my
Father were dead, we would be all Kings.

John. Old. Hee is a good olde man, God take him to his
mercie the sooner.

Hen. 5. But *Ned*, so soone as I am King, the first thing I
will doo, shalbe to put my Lord chiefe Justice out of office,
and thou shalt be my L: chiefe Justice of England.

Ned. Shall I be Lord chiefe Justice?
By gogs wounds ile be the brauest Lord chiefe Justice
That euer was in England.

Hen. 5. Then *Ned*, ile turne all these prisons into Fence-
schooles, and I will endue thee with them, with Landes to
main-

C

The famous Victories

maintaine them withall, and then I will haue about with my Lord chiefe Justice, thou shalt hang none but pick-purses, and Horse-stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that fellow that will stand by the High-way side couragiously, with his Sword and buckler, and take a purse, that fellowe giue him commendations : beside that, send him to mee, and I will giue him an annuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

Ioh. Nobly spoken Harry, wee shall never haue a merry world till the old King be dead.

Ned. But whether are yee going now?

Hen.5. To the Court, for I heare say, my Father lyeth verie sicke.

Tom. But I doubt he will not die.

Hen.5. Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth, but I will clap the Crowne on my head.

Lockey. Will you goe to the Court with that Cloake so full of needles?

Hen.5. Cloake, ilat-hoales, needles, and all was of mine owne devising, and therefore I will weare it.

Tom. I pray you (my Lord,) what my bee the meaning thereof?

Hen.5. Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thornes, till the Crowne be on my head.

Lockey. Or that euery Needle might be a pricke to theyr hearts that repine at your doing s.

Hen.5. Thou sayst true Lockey, but theres some will say, the young Prince will bee a well-toward young-man, and all this gearre, that I had as leeue they would breake my head with a pot, as to say any such thing, but wee stand prating here too long: I must needes speake with my Father, therefore come away.

Porter. What a trapping keepe you at the Kings Courte Gate?

Hen.5.

of Henry the fift.

Hen.5. Heres one that must speake with the King,
Por. The King is very sicke, and none must speake with him.

Hen.5. No you rascall, do you not know me.

Por. You are my Lord the young Prince.

Hen. Then go and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him.

Ned. Shall I cut off his head.

Hen.5. No, no, though I would helpe you in other places yet I haue nothing to doo here, what you are in my fathers Court.

Ned. I will write him in my Tables, for so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Justice, I will put him out of his office.

The Trumpet sounds.

Hen.5. Gogs wounds sirs, the King comes,
Lets all stand aside.

Enter the King with the Lord of Exeter.

Hen.4. And is it true my Lord, that my sonne is already sent to the Fleet: now truly that man is more fitter to rule the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my son, and hee by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other. I had thought once whiles I had liued, to haue seene this noble Realm of England flourish by thee my son but now I see it goes to ruine and decay.

He weepes.

Enters Lord of Oxford.

Oxf. And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne, That commeth to speake with you,
He sayth he must and will speake with you.

Hen.4. Who my sonne Harry?

Oxf. I and please your Maiestie.

Hen.4. I know wherefore he commeth,
But looke that none come with him.

C 2

Oxf.

The famous Victories

Oxf. A very disordered companie , and such as make
Very ill rule in your Maiesties house,

Hen. 4. Well, let him come,
But looke that none come with him.

He goeth.

Oxf. And please your Grace,
My Lord the King, sends for you.

Hen. 5. Come away sirs, lets goe all together.

Oxf. And please your grace none must goe with you.

Hen. 5. Why, I must needs haue them with me,
Otherwise I can doo my Father no countenance,
Therefore come away.

Oxf. The King your Father commaunds
There should none come.

Hen. 5. Well sirs, then be gone,
And prouide me three noyse of Musitians.

Exeunt Knights.

Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.

Hen. 4. Come my Sonne, coime on a Gods name,
I know wherefore thy comming is,
Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath ever bene,
That thou shouldest forfake mee, and followe this vilde and
Reprobate company , which abuseth youth so manifestly:
Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings
Will end thy Fathers dayes.

He weepes.

I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence
of thy sicke Father, in that disguised tort; I tell thee my
sonne, that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke , but it is a
pricke to my heart, and neuer an ilit-hole, but it is a hole to
my soule: and wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy
hand I know not, but by coniecture.

He weepes.

Hen. 5. My conscience accuseth me, most soueraign Lord,
and welbeloved Father, to answere first to the last poynt,
That

of Henry the fift.

That is, whereas you conjecturo that this hand and this
dagger shall be armde against your life : no, know my be-
loued father, far be the thoughts of your sonne, sonne saide
I, an vnworthy sonne for so good a father: but far be the
thoughts of any such pretended mischiefe: and I most hu-
bly render it to your Maiesties hand, and liue my Lord and
soueraigne for euer; and with your dagger arme shew like
vengeance vpon the body of that your sonne, I was about
say, and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde
slau, tis not the Crowne that I come for, sweete Father ,
because I am vnworthy, and those vilde and reprobate co-
panions I abandon, and vtterly abolish their company for
euer. Pardon sweet father, pardon, the least thing and most
desire: and this rustianly cloake, I here teare from my back,
and sacrifice it to the diuell, which is master of all mischiefe:
Pardon sweet father, pardon me, good my Lord of Ex-
eter speake for me: pardon me, pardon good father, not a
word: ah he will not speake one word: A Harry, now thrice
vnhappy Harry. But what shall I doe : I will go take mee
into some solitary place, and there lament my sinfull life, &
when I haue done, I will lay me downe and die.

Exit.

Hen. 4. Call him agaiste, call my sonne againe.

Hen. 5. And doth my father call me againe, now Harry,
Happy be the time that thy father calleth thee againe.

Hen. 4. Stand vp my sonne, and do not thinke thy Father
But at the request of thee my sonne, I will pardon thee,
And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant.

Hen. 5. Thanks good my Lord, & no doubt but this day,
Euen this day, I am borne new againe.

Hen. 4. Come my son and Lords, take me by the hands.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Dericke.

D.r. Thou art a stinking whore, and a whorson stinking
Does thinke it ile take it at thy hands. (whore,

G 3

The famous Victories.

Enter Iahb Cobler running.

*Iohn. Derick, D.D. Hearesta,
DOD, neuer while thou liuest vse that,
Why what will my neighbours say, and thou go away so?*

*Der. Shees a narrant whore, and ile haue the Law on
you Iohn.*

Iohn. Why what hath she done?

*Der. Marry marke thou Iohn,
I will proue it that I will.*

Iohn. What wilt thou proue?

Der. That she cald me in to dinner.

*Iohn, marke the tale well Iohn, and when I was set
She brought me a dish of roots, & a pece of barel butter,
therein: and she is a very knaue,*

And thou a drab if thou take her part.

Ioh. Hearesta Dericke, is this the matter?

*Nay, and it be no worse, we will go home again,
And all shall be amended.*

Der. Oh Iohn, hearesta Iohn, is all well?

Ioh. I, all is well.

*Der. Then ile go home before, and breake all the Glasse
windowes.*

Enter the King with his Lords.

*Hen.4. Come my Lords, I see it boots mee not to take a
ny physike, for all the Physicians in the world cannot cure
mee, no not one. But good my Lords, remember my last
Will and Testament concerning my sonne, for truely my
Lords, I do not thinke but he will proue as valiant and vic-
torious a King, as euer raigned in England.*

*Both. Let heauen and earth be witnesse betweene vs, if
wee accomplish not thy will to the vttermost.*

*H.4. I give you most vnfained thankes, good my Lords,
Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,
And cause some Musick to rocke me a sleepe.*

He sleepeth.

Exeunt Lords.

Enter

of Henry the fifth.

Enter the Prince.

*Hen.5. Ah Harry, thrice vnhappy, that hath negleß so
long from visiting of thy sick father, I will goe, nay but
why doe I not goe to the Chamber of my sick father, to
comfort the melancholy soule of his body, his soule said I,
heere is his body, but his soule is, wheras it needs no bo-
die. Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offendeth thy fa-
ther so much, and could not I craue pardon for all. Oh my
dying father curst be the day wherein I was borne, and ac-
cursed be the houre wherin I was begotten, but what shall
I doe? if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice
the negligence neglected to some, I will weepe day and
night vntill the fountaine be drie with weeping.*

Exit.

Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.

Exe. Come easilly my Lord, for waking of the King,

Hen.4. Now my Lords.

Oxf. How doth your Grace feele your selfe?

*Hen.4. Somewhat better after my sleepe,
But good my Lord take off my Crowne,
Remoue my Chayre a little backe, and set me right.*

Ambo. And please your grace the crown is taken away.

*Hen.4. The Crowne taken away,
Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this deeds:
No doubt tis some vilde traytor that hath done it,
To deprive my sonne, they that would doe it now,
Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.*

Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.

*Oxf. Here and please your Grace,
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.*

*Hen.4. Why how now my sonne,
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling,
I had giuen you a lesson for all,
And do you now begin againe:
Why tell me my sonne,*

Doeſt

C 4

The famous Victories.

Doest thou thinke the time so long,
That thou wouldest haue it before the
Breath be out of my mouth.

Hen. 5. Most soueraigne Lord, and welbeloued father,
I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy
Soule of your body, and finding you at that time,
Past all recovery, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witnesse, and what should I doo,
But with weeping teares lament the death of you my fa-
And after that, seeing the Crowne I tooke it: (ther,
And tell me my father, who might better take it then I,
After your death, but seeing you liue,
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands,
And the happiest man aliuie, that my father liue:
And liue my Lord and father for euer.

Hen. Stand vp my sonne,
Thine answere hath sounded well in mine eares,
For I must needs confesse that I was in a very sound sleepe,
And altogether vnmindfull of thy comming:
But come neare my sonne,
And let mee put thee in possession whilst I liue,
That none deprive thee of it after my death.

Hen. 5. Well may I take it at your Maiesties hands,
But it shal never touch my head, so long as my father liues.

He taketh the Crowne.

Hen. 4. God giue thee ioy my sonne,
God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant,
And send thee a prosperous raigne.
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I haue maintained it.

Hen. 5. Howsoever you came by it, I know not,
And now I haue it from you, and from you I wil keepe it:
And he that seekes to take the Crown from my head,
Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,
Or I will pearce him to the heart,

Were

of Henry the fifth.

Were it harder then brasse or boillion.

Hen. 4. Nobly spoken, and like a King.

Now trust me my Lords, I feare not but my Sonne
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,
As euer raigned in England.

L. Ambo. His former life shewes no lesse.

Hen. 4. Well my lords I know not whether it be for sleep,
Or drawing neare of drowtie summer of death,
But I am very much giuen to sleepe,
Therefore good my Lords and my Sonne,
Draw the Curtaines, depart my Chamber,
And cause some Musick to rocke me a sleepe.

Exeunt omnes.

The King dyeth.

Enter the Thefe.

Thefe. Ah God, I am now much like to a Byrd
Which hath escaped out of the Cage,
For so soone as my Lord chiefe Justice heard
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,
For feare of my Lord the young Prince:
But here comes some of his companions,
I will see and I can get any thing of them,
For olde acquaintance.

Enter Knights rannging.

Tom. Gogs wounds the King is dead.

Ioc. Dead, then gogs blood, wee shall be all Kings,

Ned. Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord chiefe Justice
of England.

Tom. Why, how are you broken out of prison?

Ned. Gogs wounds, how the villaine stir kes?

Lock. Why what will become of thee now?

Eye vpon him, how the Rascall stinkes.

Thefe. Marry I vvill goe and serue my Maister againe.

Tom. Gogs blood, doest think that he vvill haue any such
Scabdknaue as thou art? What man he is a King novv.

D

Ned.

The famous Victoires

Ned. Hold thee, heres a couple of Angels for thee,
And get thee gone, for the King will not be long
Before he come this way:
And hereafter I will tell the King of thee.

Exit Thefe.

Ioc. Oh how it did me good to see the King
When he was Crowned.
Me thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,
And his person like vnto a God.

Ned. But who would haue thought
That the King would haue chang'd his countenance so?

Ioc. Did you not see with what grace
He sent his Embassage into France, to tell the French King
That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,
And Harry of England will haue it.

Tom. But twas but a little to make the people belieue,
That hee was sorrie for his Fathers death.

The Trumpets sounde.

Ned. Gogs wounds, the King comes,
Lets all stand aside.

*Enter the King with the Archbyshop and
the Lord of Oxford.*

Ioc. How doo you my Lord?
Ned. How now Harry?
Tut my Lord, put away these dumpes;
You are a King, and all the Realme is yours:
What man? do you not remember the old sayings,
You know I must be Lord chiefe Justice of England.
Trust mee my lord, me thinks you are very much changed:
And tis but with a litt'e sorrowing, to make folkes belieue
The death of your Father grieues you,
And tis nothing so.

Hen. 5. I prethee Ned mend thy manners,
And be more modester in thy tearmes,
For my vnseined griefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering
And.

of Henry the fifth.

And dissembling talke, thou sayest I am changed,
So I am indeed, and so must thou be and that quickly,
Or else I must cause thee to be chaunged.

Ioc. Gogs wounds how like you this,
Sowndz, tis not so sweet as Musick.

Tom. I trust we haue not offendid your Grace no way.
Hen. 5. Ah Tom, your former life grieues me, (euer,
And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for
And therfore not vpon pain of death to approch my pre-
By ten miles space, then if I heare well of you, (fence
It may bee I will doe somewhat for you,
Otherwise looke for no more fauour at my hands,
Then at any other mans: And therfore be gone,
We haue other matters to talke on.

Exeunt Knights.

Now my good Lord Archbyshop of Canterbury,
What say you to our Embassage into France?

Archb. Your right to the French Crowne of France,
Came by your great grandmother Isabell,
Wife to King Edward the third,
And sister to Charles the French King:
Now if the French King deny it, as likely he will,
Then must you take your sword in hand,
And conquer the right.

Let the vslurped Frenchman know,
Although your predecessors haue let it passe, you will note
For your Countrey men are willing with purse and men,
To ayde you.

Then my good Lord, as it hath been always knowne.
That Scotland hath been in league with France,
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,
I thinke it therefore best to conquerre Scotland,
And the I thinke that you may go more easily into France:
And this is all that I can say, My good Lord.

(bury.)
Hen. 5. I thanke you, my good L. Archbyshop of Canterbury
What

The famous Victoryes

What say you my good Lord of Oxford?

Oxf. And please your Maiestie,
I agree to my Lord Archbyshop, sauing in this,
He that will Scotland winne, must first with France beginne:
According to the old saying. (France,
Therefore my good Lord, I thinke it best first to inuade
For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one.
And conquerre France, and conquerre both.

Enter Lord of Exeter,

Exe. And please your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. Now trust me my Lord,
He was the last man that we talked of,
I am glad that he is come to resolute vs of our answere,
Commit him to our presence.

Enter Duke of Yorke.

Yor. God sauе the life of my soueraigne Lord the King.

Hen. 5. Now my good Lord the Duke of Yorke,
What newes from our brother the French King?

Yorke. And please your Maiestie,
I deliuered him my Embassage,
Whereof I tooke some deliberation,
But for the answere he hath sent
My Lord Embassador of Burges, the Duke of Burgony.
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,
To bring the Embassage.

Hen. 5. Commit my Lord Archbyshop of Burges
vnto our presence.

Enter Archbyshop of Burges.

Hen. 5. Now my Lord Archbyshop of Burges,
We doe learne by our Lord Embassador,
That you haue our message to doo
From our brother the French King:
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,
We give you free libertie and license to speake,

With

of Henry the fifth.

with good audience.

Archb. God sauе the mighty King of England,
My Lord and Master, the most Christian King,
Charles the seuenth, the great and mighty king of France,
As a most noble and Christian king,
Not minding to shed innocent bloud, is rather content
To yeeld somewhat to your vreasonable demands,
That if fifty thousand crownes a yere with his daughter
The sayde Lady Katheren, in marriage,
And some Crownes which he may well spare,
Not hurting of his Kingdome,
He is content to yeeld so far to your vreasonable desire.

Hen. 5. Why then belike your Lord and Master,
Thinkes to puse me vp with fifty thousand crowns a yere:
No, tell thy Lord and Master,
That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,
Except the Crowne and Kingdome it selfe:
And perchance hereafter I will haue his daughter.

He delivereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Archb. And it please your Maiestie,
My Lord Prince Dolphin greetes you well,
With this Present.

He delivereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Hen. 5. VVhat a gilded Tunne?
I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it.

Yorke. And it please your Grace,
Here is a Carpet, and a Tunne of Tennis balles.

Hen. 5. A Tunne of Tennis balles?
I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,
What might the meaning thereof be.

Archb. And it please you my Lord,
A messenger you know, ought to keepe close his message,
And specially an Embassador.

Hen. 5. But I know that you may declare your message
To a king, the law of Armes allowes no lesse.

D 3 .

Archb.

The famous Victories.

Archb. My Lord hearing of your wildnesse before your Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord, Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Campe.

Hen. 5. My L. Prince *Dolphin* is very pleasant with me: But tell him, that in stead of balles of leather, We willtoss him balles of brasse and yron, Yea, such balles, as neuer were cast in France, The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it, I, and thou Prince of *Burgos*, shall rue it. Therfore get thee hence, and tell him thy message quickly Least I be there before thee: Away priest, be gone.

Archb. I beseech your Grace, to deliuer mee your safe Conduct vnder your broad Seale Emanuel.

Hen. 5. Priest of *Burges*, know, That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one, And in stead of my hand and seale, I will bring him my hand and sword. And tell thy Lord & Master, that I Harry of England said it And I Harry of England, will performe it. My Lord of *Yorke*, deliuer him our safe conduct, Vnder our broad seale Emanuel.

Exeunt Archibishop and the Duke of Yorke.

Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes, For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest French man in all France, shall rue the time that euer These Tennis balles were sent into England. My Lord, I wil that there be prouided a great navy of shippes With all speed, at *South-Hampton*. For there I meane to ship my men, For I would be there before him, if it were possible, Therefore come, but stay, I had almost forgot the chieffest thing of all, with chafing With this French Embassadour. Call in my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Enters

of Henry the fifth.

Enters Lord Chiefe Justice of England.

Exe. Here is the King my Lord,

Injustice. God preserue your Maiesly.

Hen. 5. Why how now my Lord, what is the matter?

Injustice. I woulde it were vnuknowne to your Maiesly:

Hen. 5. Why what ayle you?

Your Maiesly knoweth my griefe well.

Hen. 5. Oh my Lord, you remember you sent me to the Fleet, did you not.

Inj. I trust your Grace hath forgotten that.

Hen. 5. I truly my Lord, and for revengement, I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme, Vntill it shall please God to giue me speedy retурne Out of France.

Inj. And if it please your Maiesly, I am farre vnuworthy Of so high a dignety.

Hen. 5. Tut my Lord, you are not vnuworthy, Because I thinke you worthy: For you that would not spare me, I thinke will not spare another. It must needs be so, and therefore come, Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse.

Exeunt:

Enter a Captaine, John Cobler and his wife.

Cap. Come, come, there is no remedy, Thou must needs serue the King.

John. Good master Captaine let me goe, I am not able to go so farre.

Wife. I pray you good Master Captaine, Bee good to my husband.

Cap. Why I am sure he is not too good to serue the King:

John. Alasse no: but a great deale too bad, Therefore I pray you let me go.

Cap. No, no, thou shalt go.

John.

The famous Victories

John. Oh sir, I haue a great many shooes at home for to cobble,

Wife. I pray you let him goe home againe.

Cap. Tush I care not, thou shalt goe.

Wife. Oh wife, and you had been a louing wife to mee,
This had not been, for I haue sayd many times,
That I would goe away, and now I must goe
Against my will.

Hee weepeth.

Enters Derick.

Der. How now ho, *Basilius manus*, for an old codpeece,
Master Captaine shall we away:
Sowndes how now *John*, what a crying,
What make you and my dame there?
I maruell whose head you will throw the stooles at,
Now we are gone.

Wife. Ile tell you, come ye cloghead,
What doe you with my potlid? heare you,
Will you haue it rapt about your pate.

She beateth him with her potlid.

Der. Oh good dame, *here he shakes her.*
And I had my dagger here, I would worie you all to peeces
That I would.

Wife. Would you so, Ile trie that.

She beateth him.

Der. Master Captaine will yee suffer her?
Goe too dame, I will goe backe as farre as I can,
But and you come againe,
Ile clap the Law on your backe that's flat:
Ile tell you Master Captaine what you shall doe?
Presse her for a souldier, I warrant you,
She wil doe as much good as her husband and I too.

Enters the Theefe.

Sownes, who comes yonder?

Cap. How now good fellow, doest thou want a Master?
Theefe

of Henry the fifth.

Theefe. I truly sir.

Cap. Hold thee then, I presse thee for a Souldier,
To serue the King in *France*.

Der. How now Gads, what doest knowest, thinkest?

Theefe. I, I knew thee long agoe.

Der. Hearre you maister Captaine?

Cap. What sayst thou?

Der. I pray you let me goe home againe.

Cap. Why what woldst thou doe at home?

Der. Marry I haue brought two shirts with me,
And I would carry one of them home againe,
For I am sure heele steale it from me,
He is such a filching fellow.

Cap. I warrant thee hee will not steale it from thee,
Come lets away.

Der. Come maister Captaine lets away,
Come follow me.

John. Come Wife, lets part louingly,

Wife. Farewell good husband.

Der. Fye what a kissing and crying is here?
Sownes, do ye thinke he will never come againe?
Why *John* come away, doest thinke that we are so base
Minded to die among French-men?
Sownes, we know not whether they will lay
Vs in their Church or no: Come, M. Captaine, lets away.

Cap. I cannot stay no longer, therefore come away.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord
high Constable of France.*

King. Now my Lord high Constable,
What say you to our Embassage into England?

Conf. And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing,
Vntill my Lords Embassadors be come home,
But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well,
To get your men in so good a readinesse.

E

For

The famous Victories

For feare of the worst.

King. I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse,
But if the King of *England* make against vs,
We must haue thrice so many moe.

Dolphin. Tut my Lord, although the King of *England* be
Young and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke hee will be so
Vnwise to make battell against the mightie King of
France.

King. Oh my sonne, although the King of *England* be
Young and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is rulde
By his wise Councillors.

Enter *Archbyshop of Burges*.

Archb. God sauе the life of my soueraign lord the King.

King. Now my good Lord *Archbishop of Burges*,
What newes from our brother the English King?

Arch: And please your Maiestie,

He is so far from your expectation,
That nothing will serue him but the Crowne
And Kingdome it selte, besides, he bad me haste quickly,
Least hee be there before mee, and so farre as I heare
He hath kept promise: for they say he is already landed
At *Kiddecks* in *Normandie*, vpon the Riuere of *Sene*.
And layd his siege to the Garrison Towne of *Harflew*.

King. You haue made great haste in the meane time,
Haue you not?

Dolphin. I pray you my Lord, how did the King of
England take my presents?

Archb. Truely my Lord, in very ill part,
For these your balles of leather,
He will tosse you balles of brasse and yron.
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,
Hee is such a hautie and high minded Prince,
He is as fierce as a Lyon.

Con. Tush, we will make him as tame as a lambe,
I warrant you.

E 1

of Henry the fifth.

Enters a Messenger.

Mess. God sauе the mightie King of *France*.

King. Now Messenger, what newes?

Mess. And it please your Maiestie

I come from your poore distressed Towne of *Harflew*,
Which is so beset on euery side,
If your Maiestie doe not send present ayde,
The Towne will be yeelded to the English King.

King. Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still
Till our Countrey be spoyled vnder our noses?
My Lords, let the *Normans*, *Brabants*, *Pickardies*,
And *Danes*, be sent for with all speede:
And you my Lord high Constable, I make Generall
Ouer all my whole Armie.

Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas,
Signior *Dewens*, and the rest, at your appointment.

Dolph. I trust your Maiestie will bestow,
Some part of the battell on mee,
I hope not to present any otherwise then well.

King. I tell thee my sonne,
Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life,
I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,
And the *Englishmen* to haue the victorie.

Dolph. Why my Lord and Father,
I would haue the pettie King of *England* to know,
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

King. I know well my sonne,
But at this time I will haue it thus:
Therefore come away.

Exeunte omnes.

Enters *Henry the fifth, with his Lordes*.

Hen.5. Come my Lords of *England*,
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,
Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come.

B 2

B 2

The famous Victories

But good my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines
With all speed, to number the haost of the French men.
And by that meanes we may the better know
How to appoint the battell.

Yorke. And it please your Maestey,
There are many of your men sicke and diseased,
And many of them die for want of victuals.

Hen. 5. And why did you not tell me of it before?
If we cannot haue it for money,
We will haue it by dint of sword,
The law of armes allow no lesse.

Oxf. I beseech your grace, to grant me a boone.

Hen. 5. What is that my good Lord?

Oxf. That your grace would gue me the Euantgard in
the battell.

Hen. 5. Trust me my Lord of Oxford I cannot:
For I haue already giuen it to my vncle the Duke of Yorke,
Yet I thanke you for your good will.

A Trumpet sounds.

How now, what is that?

Yorke. I thinke it be some Herald of armes.

Enters a Herald.

Herald. King of England, my Lord high Constable,
And others of the Noble men of France,
Sends me to defie thee, as open enemy to God,
Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon,
They presently bid thee battell.

Hen 5. Herald tell them, that I defie them,
As open enemies, to God, my Countrey, and me,
And as wrongfull vñurpers of my right:
And whereas thou sayest they presently bid me battell,
Tell them that I thinke they know how to please me:
But I pray thee what place hath my Lord Prince Dolphin
Here in battell.

Herald. And it please your Grace,

My

of Henry the fifth.

My Lord and King his father,
Will not let him come into the field.

Hen. 5. Why then he doth me great iniury,
I thought that he and I shuld haue plaid at tennis together
Therefore I haue brought tennis balles for him,
But other manner of ones then he sent me.

And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,
That I haue inured my hands with other kind of weapons
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,
And that he shall finde it, ere it be long,
And so adue my friend:

And tell my Lord that I am ready when he will.

Exit Herald.

Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,
And ile see the number of the French army my selfe,
Strike vp the Drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter French Souldiers.

1. Soul. Come away Iacke Drummer, come away all,
And me will tell you, what me will doo,
Me will tro one chance on the dice,
Who shall haue the king of England and his Lords.

2. Soul. Come away Iacke Drummer,
And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme.

Enter Drummer.

Drum. Oh the braue apparrell that the English mans
Hay broth ouer, I will tell you what
Me ha done, me ha prouided a hundredth trunkes,
And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.

1. Soul. What doe you meane by trunkes?

2. Soul. A sheft man, a hundred shefts.

1. Soul. Awee, awee, awee, Me will tell you what,
Me ha put fife shildren out of my house,
And all too little to put the fine apparel of the
English mans in.

E 3

Drum

The famous Victories

Drum. Oa the braue the braue apparrell that wee shall haue anon, but come, and you shall see what me will tro at the Kings Drummer and Fife,
Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you.

3. Sould. Faith me will tro at the Earle of Northumberland And my Lord a Willowbie, with his great horse,
Snorting, farting, oh braue horse.

1. Sould. Ha, bur Lady you ha reasonable good lucke,
Now I will tro at the King himselfe,
Ha, me haue no good lucke.

Enters a Capitaine.

Cap. How now what make you here,
So farre from the Campe?

2. Sould. Shal me tell our captain, what we haue done here.
Drum. Awee, awee.

Exeunt Drum and one souldier.

2. Sould. I will tell you what we haue done,
We haue been troing on shance on the Dice,
But none can win the King.

Cap. I thinke so, why he is left behind for mee
And I haue set three or fourie chaire makers a worke,
To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly King
of England in, that all the people may laugh and scoffe at
him.

2. Sould. O braue Capitaine.

Cap. I am glad and yet with a kind of pitty,
To see the poore King,
Who ever saw a more flourishing armie in France in one
day then here is. Are not here all the Peeres of France:
Are not here the Normans with their fierie hand Gunnes,
and flanching Curtleaxes.

Are not here the Barbarians with their bard horses, and
lanching speares.

Are not here Pickardes with their Crosbows and piercing
Darts.

The

of Henry the fifth.

The Henues with their cutting Glaues, and sharpe Carbuckles.

Are not here the Lance Knights of Burgundie?
And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs?
Why take an English man out of his warme bed,
And his stale drinke but one moneth,
And alasse, what will become of him:
But give the Frenchman a Reddish root,
And he will live with it all the dayes of his life.

Exit.

2. Sould. Oh the braue apparrell that we shall haue of the
English mans.

Exit.

Enters the King of England, and his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords and fellowes of Armes,
What company is there of the French men?

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,
Our Captaines haue numbred them,
And so ncare as they can iudge,
They are about threescore thousand horsemen,
And forty thousand footmen.

Hen. 5. They threescore thousand,
And we but two thousand.
They threescore thousand footmen,
And we twelue thousand.
They are a hundred thousand,
And we forty thousand, ten to one.
My Lords and louing Countrey men,
Though we be few, and they many,
Feare not, your quarrell is good, and God will defend you:
Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall cyther haue
A valiant victory, or an honourable death.

Now my Lords, I will that my vncle the Duke of Yorke,
Haue the auantgard in the battell.
The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,
The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham.

The

The famous Victories

The Earle of Huntington, I will haue beside the army,
That they may come fresh vpon them.
And I my selfe with the Duke of Bedford,
The Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Gloster,
Will be in the midſt of the battell.
Furthermore, I will that my Lord of Willowbie,
And the Earle of Northumberland,
With their troupes of horsemen, be continually running
like Wings en both ſides of the army:
My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing.
Then I will that every archer prouide him a ſtake of a tree,
and ſharpe it at both ends.
And at the firſt encounter of the horsemen,
To pitch their ſtakes downe into the ground before them,
That they may gore themſelves vpon them,
And then to recoyle backe, and ſhoot wholly altogether,
And ſo diſcomiſte them.

Oxf. And it please your Maieſty,
I will take that in charge, if your Grace be therewith content.

Hen. With all my heart, my good Lord of Oxford.
And go and prouide quickly.

Oxf. I thanke your Highneſſe.

Exit.

Hen. Well my Lords, our battells are ordayneſd,
And the French making bonfires, and at their banquets,
But let them looke, for I meane to ſet vpon them.

The Trumpet ſounds.

Soft, here comes ſome other French message.

Enters Herald.

Herald King of England my Lord high Conſtable,
And other of my Lords, conſidering the poor estate of thee
And thy poore Countrey men,
Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ransome?
Perhaps thou mayeft agree better cheape now,
Then when thou art conquered.

Hen. 5.

of Henry the fifth.

Henry. Why then be like your high Conſtable,
Sends to know what I will giue for my Ransome?
Now truſt me Herald, not ſo much as a tun of Tenis-balls,
No not ſo much as one poore Tennis-ball:
Rather shall my body lie dead in the Field to feed crowes,
Then euer England ſhall pay one penny ransome
For my bodie.

Herald. A Kingly reſolution,

Henry 5. No Herald, tis a Kingly reſolution.
And the reſolution of a King:
Here take this for thy paines.

Exit Herald.

But stay my Lords, what time is it?

All. Prime my Lord.

Hen. 5. Then it is good time no doubt,
For all England prayeth for vs:
What my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully vpon me:
Why then with one voyce, and like true English hearts,
With me throw vp your caps, and for England.
Crie S. George, and God and S. Georg: helpe vs.

Strike Drummes.

Exeunt omnes.

The Frenchmen cry within, S. Dennis. S. Dennis.

Mount, Ioy, Saint Dennis.

The Battell.

Enter King of England, and his Lords.

Hen. 5. Come my Lords, come, by this time our
Swords are almoſt druake with French bloud,
But my Lordes, which of you can tell me how many of our
Armie be ſlaine in the Battell?

Oxf. And it please your Maieſtie,
There are of the French Armie ſlaine,
Aboue ten thouſand, twentie ſixe hundred,
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing Banners;
Besides, all the Nobilitie of France, are taken prisoners.

F

Of

The famous Victories

Of your Maiestie Armie, are slaine none but the good Duke of Yorke, and not aboue fife or sixe and twentie Common souldiours.

Hen. For the good Duke of Yorke ray Vrnickie,
I am heartily sorrie, and greatly lament his misfortune,
Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath giuen vs,
Doth make me much reioyce. But stay,
Here comes another French Messlage.

Sound Trumpet.

Enter a Herald, and kneeleth.

Her. God sauе the life of the most mightie Conqueror,
The honourable King of England?

Hen. 5. Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed
With you now: what? I am sure it is a great disgrace for a
Herald to kneele to the King of England.
What is thy message?

Her. My Lord & Maister, the conquered King of France,
Sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.

Hen. 5. Herald his greetings are welcome,
But I thanke God for my health:
Well Herald, say on.

Herald. He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie,
To give him leue to goe into the field to view his poore
Countrey-men, that they may all be honourably buried.

Hen. 5. Why Herald, doth thy Lord and Master,
Send to me to bury the dead,
Let him bury them a Gods name.
But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord high Constable?
And those that would haue had my ransome?

Herald. And it please your Maiestie,
He was slaine in the battell.

Hen. 5. Why you may see, you will make your selues
Sure befor the victory be wonne: but Herald,
What Castle is this, so neere adioyning to our Campe?

Herald. And it please your Maiestie,

Tis

of Henry the fift.

Tis calde the Castle of Agincourt.

Hen. 5. Well then my Lords of England,
For the more honour of our Englishmen,
I will that this be for euer calde the battell of Agincourt.

Herald. And it please your Maiestie,
I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. What is that Herald, say on.

Her. And it please your Maiestie, my Lord and Master,
Craues to parley with your Maiestie.

Hen. 5. With a good will, so some of my Nobles
View the place for feare of trechery and treason.

Herald. Your Grace needs not to doubt that,

Exit Herald.

Hen. 5. Well, tell him then I will come.
Now my Lords, I will goe into the field my selfe,
To view my Countrey men, and to haue them honourably
buried, for the French King shall never surpassee me in cur-
tesie, whiles I am Harry King of England.
Come on my Lords.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter John Cobler, and Robin Powter.

Robin. Now, John Cobler,
Didst thou see how the King did behaue himselfe?

John. But Robin, didst thou see what a policy
The King had, to see how the French men were kilde
With the stakes of the tree.

Robin. I John, there was a braue policie.

Enter an English Soldier running.

Sold. What are you my masters?

Both. VVhy we be Englishmen.

Sold. Are you English men, then change your language,
For all the Kings tents are set a fire,
And all they that speake English will be kilde.

John. What shall we do Robin, faith ile shifte,
For I can speake broken French.

F 2

Robin.

The famous Victories

Robin. Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst speake
John. Commodenates Monsieur.

Robin. Thats well, come lets be gone.

Drum and Trumpets sound.

Enter Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman.
and takes him prisoner.

Dericke. O good Monsieur.

French-man. Come, come, you villeain.

Der. O I will sir, I will,

Frenchman. Come quickly you pesant.

Der. I will sir, what shall I give you?

French. Marry thou shalt give me,

One, to, tre, fourte hundred Crownes.

Der. Nay sir, I will give you more,

I will give you as many Crowns as will lye on your sword.

French. Wilt thou give me as many crownes

As will lye on my sword?

Der. I marrie will I, I but you must lay downe your
Sword, or else they will not lye on your sword.

Here the Frenchman layes downe his Sword, and the

Clowne takes it vp, and hurles him downe.

Der. Thou villaine, darest thou looke vp!

French. O good Monsieur compertene.

Monsieur, pardon me.

Der. O you villaine, now you lye at my mercy,
Doesthou remember since thou lambst me in thy short cl^e?
O villaine, now I will strike off thy head.

Here while he turner his backe, the French
man runnes his wayes.

Der. What is he gone, masse I am glad of it,
For if he had staid, I was afraid he would haue sturd againe
And then I should haue beene spilt,
But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen.

Enters King of France, King of England,
and attendants.

Hen. 5.

of Henry the fifth.

Hen. 5. Now my good brother of France,
My comming into this land was not to shed bloud,
But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can deny,
I am content peaceably to leaue my siege,
And to depart out of your land.

Charles. What is your demaund,
My louing brother of England?

Hen. 5. My Secretary hath it written, read it.
Secretary. Item, that immedately Henry of England
Be crowned King of France.

Charles A very hard sentence,
My good brother of England.

Hen. 5. No more but right, my good brother of France.
French King. Well reade on.

Secret. Item that after the death of the said Henry,
The Crowne remaine to him and his heyres for euer.

French King. Why then you doe not onely meane to dis-
possesse me, but also my sonne.

Hen. 5. Why my good brother of France,
You haue had it long inough:

And as for Prince Dolphin,
It skils not though he sit beside the saddle:
Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be.

French King. You are very peremptory,
My good brother of England.

Hen. 5. And you as peruerse, my good brother of France.

Charles. Why then belike all that I haue here is yours.

Hen. 5. I euen as farre as the kingdome of France reaches.

Charles. I for by this hote beginning,
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

Hen. 5. It is as you please, here is my resolution.

Charles. Well my brother of England,
If you will giue me a coppy,
We will meet you againe to morrow.

Exit King of France, and all their attendants.

F 3

Hen. 5.

The famous Victories.

Hen. 5. With a good will my good brother of *France*,
Secretary deliuer him a Copie,
My Lords of England goe before,
And I will follow you. *Exeunt Lords.*

Speakes to himselfe.

Henry 5. Ah Harry, thrice vnhappy Harry,
Hast thou now conquerd the French King,
And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,
Which hast sought to win her fathers Crowne?
Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne:
I but I loue her, and must craue her,
Nay I loue her, and will haue her.

Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.

But here shee comes:
How now sayre Lady Katheren of France,
VVhat newes.

Katheren. And it please your Maiesty,
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these
Vnreasonable demands, which you require.

Hen. 5. Now trust me *Kate*,
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,
For none in the world could sooner haue made me debate
If it were possible: *(it,*
But tell me sweet *Kate*, canst thou tell how to loue.

Kate. I cannot hate my good Lord,
Therefore farre vnsit were it for me to loue.

Hen. 5. Tush *Kate*, but tell me in plaine termes,
Canst thou loue the King of England,
I cannot doe as these Countries doe,
That spend halfe their time in wooing:
Tush wench, I am none such,
But wilt thou go ouer to England.

Kate. I would to God, that I had your maiesty,
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres,
I would

of Henry the fiftb.

I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,
Vntill you had related all these vntreasonable demands.

Kate. Tush *Kate*, I know thou wouldest not vse mee so
hardly: but tell me, canst thou loue the King of England?

Kate. How should I loue him, that hath dealt so hardly
with my father.

Hen. 5. But ile deale as easily with thee,
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue require,
How sayft thou, what will it be?

Kate. If I were of my owne direction,
I could giue you answere:
But seeing I stand at my fathers direction,
I must first know his will.

Hen. 5. But shall I haue thy good will in the mean season?

Kate. Whereas I can put your Grace in no assurance,
I would be loath to put your Grace in any despayre.

Hen. 5. Now before God, it is a sweet wench.

Kate. She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.
I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the World,
That is beloued of the mightie king of England.

Hen. 5. Well *Kate*, are you at hoast with me?
Sweete *Kate*, tell thy father from me,
That none in the world could sooner haue perswaded mee
to it then thou, and so tell thy father from me.

Kate. God keepe your Maiesty in good health.

Exit Kate.

Hen. 5. Farewell sweet *Kate*, in faith it is a sweet wench;
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good will,
I would so rowse the Towers ouer his eares,
That I would make him be glad to bring her ne,
Upon his hands and knees.

Exit King.

Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shooes.
Der. How now? Sownes it did me good to see how I did
triumph ouer the French men.

Enters

The famous Victories.

Enters John Cobler rousing, with a packe full
of apparrell.

John. Whoope Dericke, how doest thou?
Der. What John Comedehales, aliue yet.

John. I promise thee Dericke, I scapt hardly,
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kilde.

Der. Were you so.

John. I trust me, I had like beeene slaine.

Der. But once kilde, why it tis nothing,
I was foure or fiue times slaine.

John. Foure or fiue times slaine.

Why how couldst thou haue beeene aliue now?

Der. O John, never say so,
For I was calde the bloody souldier amongst them all.

John. Why what didst thou?

Der. Why, I will tell thee John,
Euery day when I went into the field,
I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose,
And make my nose bleed, & then I would go into the field
And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,
Peace a bloody souldier, and bid me stand aside,
Whereof I was glad:

But marke the chance John.

I went and stood behind a tree, but marke then John.
I thought I had beeene safe, but on a sodaine,
There steps to me a lusty tall French-man,
Now he drew, and I drew,
Now I lay here, and he lay there.
Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward,
And skipped quite ouer a hedge,
And he saw me no more there that day,
And was not this well done John.

John. Massie Dericke, thou hast a witty head.

Der. I John, thou maist see, if thou hadst taken my counsel
But what hast thou there?

I thinke

of Henry the fifth.

I thinkē thou hast bene robbing the French-men.

John. Itaith Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell,
To carry home to my Wife.

Der. And I haue got some shooes,
For Ile tell thee what I did, when they were dead,
I would go take off all theyr shooes.

John. I, but Dericke, how shall wee get home?

Der. Nay, sownds and they take thee,
They will hang thee,
O John, never doe so, if it be thy Fortune to be hangd,
Be hangd in thy ownelanguage whatsoeuer thou doest.

John. Why Dericke, the warres is done,
We may goe home now.

Der. I, but you may not go before you aske the king leaue
But I know a way to goe home, and aske the king no leaue.

John. How is that Dericke?

Der. Why John, thou knowest the Duke of Yorkes
Funerall must be carried into England, doest thou not?

John. I, that I doe.

Der. Why then thou knowest weele go with ir.

John. I but Dericke, how shall wee doe for to meet them?

Der. Sownds if I make not shift to meet them, hang me,
Syrra, thou knowest that in euery Towne there will
Be ringing, and there will be cakes and drinke:
Now I will goe to the Clarke and Sexton,
And keepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well:
And thou shalt goe and take a piece of cake, then ile ring,
And thou shalt say, Oh this fellow keepes a good stint,
And then I wil goe drinke to thee all the way:
But I maruell what my dame wil say when we come home,
Because we haue not a French word to cast at a Dog

By the way?

John. Why what shall we doe Dericke?

Der. Why John, ile goe before, and call my dame whore,
And thou shalt come after, and set fire on the house.

G

We

The famous Victories

We may doe it John, for ile proue it,
Because we be souldiers.

The Trumpes sound.

John. Dericke helpe me to carry my shooes and bootes.

Enter King of England, Lord of Oxford, and Exeter, then the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgundy, and attendants.

Hen. 5. Now my good brother of France,
I hope by this tyme you haue deliberated of your answere.

French King. I my welbeloued brother of England,
We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councell,
But cannot finde that you shold be crowned
King of France.

Hen. 5. What not King of France, then nothing,
I must be king: but my louing brother of France,
I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me,
When I came last to parley,
The French men had better a raked,
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,
Then to haue fiered my Tentes.
And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,
I would so rowse him, as he was never so rowsed.

Fr. King. I dare sweare for my sonnes Innocency in this matter.
But if this please you, that immediately you be proclaimed and crowned Heyre and Regent of France,
Not king, because I my selfe was once crowned king.

Hen. 5. Heyre and Regent of France, that is well,
But that is not all that I must haue.

Fr. King. The rest my Secretary hath in writing.
Secret. Item, that Henry king of England,
Be crowned heyre and Regent of France,
During the life of king Charles, and after his death,

The

of Henry the fifth.

The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King Henry Of England, and to his heyres for euer.

Hen. 5. Well my good brother of France,
There is one thing I must needes desire.

Fr. King. What is that my good brother of England?

Hen. 5. That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true to me.

Fren. King. Whereas they haue not sticke with greater matters, I know they will not sticke with such a trifle,
Beginne you my Lord Duke of Burgondie,

Hen. 5. Come my Lord of Burgondie,
Take your oath vpon my sword.

Burgon. I Philip Duke of Burgondie,
Sweare to Henry King of England,
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,
And that if I Philip heare of any forraigne power,
Comming to inuade the sayde Henry, or his heyres,
Then I the sayde Philip to send him word,
And ayde him with all the power I can make,
And thereunto I take my oath.

He kisseth the sword.
Hen. 5. Come Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too.

He kisseth the sword.
Hen. 5. Well my brother of France,

There is one thing more I must needes require of you.

Fren. King. Wherein is it that we may satisfie your Mai-

Hen. 5. A trifle my good brother of France. (Lie,
I meane to make your daughter Queene of England,
If she be willing, and you therewith content:

How sayst thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of England.

Kate. How should I loue thee, which is my fathers en-

Hen. 5. Tut stand not vpon these points, I (mie.
Tis you must make vs friends:

I know Kate, thou art not a little proud, that I loue thee,
What wench, the king of England.

G 2

French

The famous Victoryes

Fr. King. Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the king
of England and thee, agree to it.

Kate. I had best whilst he is willing,
Lest when I would, he will not,
I rest at your Maiesties commaund.

Hen. 5. Welcome sweet Rate, but my brother of France
What say you to it?

French King. With all my heart I like it,
But when shall be your wedding day?

Hen. 5. The first Sunday of the next moneth,
God willing.

Sound Trumpets.

Exeunt omnes.

F I N I S;

