

**HENRY V***A line-by-line translation***Act 1, Prologue****Shakespeare***Enter CHORUS***CHORUS**

Oh, 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!

5 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 hath dared

10 On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram  
Within this wooden O the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?

15 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

20 Are now confined two mighty monarchies  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts  
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,

25 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,

30 Turning th' accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour-glass; 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.

*Exit***Shakescleare Translation***The CHORUS enters.***CHORUS**

I wish I had a goddess made out of fire 1 to lead to me to the greatest heights of imagination! And that I had a kingdom to use as a stage, princes to act the play, and monarchs to watch the glorious show! Then the great fighter Henry would look like himself or rather like Mars, the god of war. Starvation, violence, and fire would follow him on leashes like dogs, waiting for his instructions. But forgive, gentlemen, the ordinary people who dare to act out such a great subject matter on this unworthy stage. Can this stage the size of a cockfighting ring 2 hold the huge fields of France? Or can we stuff the helmets that terrified even the air itself at the Battle of Agincourt into this wooden O 3?

? Oh forgive us, since when you're writing you can abbreviate a million into a little squiggle. Let us, zeros in this huge bank account, work on your imagination. Pretend that there are two powerful monarchies shut into these walls, threatening violence to each other but separated by a dangerous, narrow ocean. Make up for what our version lacks by filling in the rest with your own thoughts. Pretend that one man stands for a thousand so that you have a whole imaginary army. When we talk about horses, pretend you see them stamping their proud hooves into the soft earth. Your minds have to dress our kings, carry them here and there, jump forward in time, and imagine that several years have passed within one hour. To help you, let me narrate this story. Like a prologue in a book, I ask you to hear our play patiently and judge it kindly.

1 The play begins with an invocation of the Muse for inspiration, a common convention marking the start of a play or long poem. Homer's epic poems *The Iliad* and *The Odyssey* both begin with similar appeals to the Muse.

2 Cockfights took place in buildings similar to early modern outdoor theatres. The Globe theater sat in an area of Southwark that was home to cockfighting rings as well as theatres.

3 Theaters were round, so shaped like the letter "O."

*The CHORUS exits.***Act 1, Scene 1****Shakespeare***Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of ELY***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 scambling and unquiet time  
5 Did push it out of farther question.

**ELY**

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

**Shakescleare Translation**

*The Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of ELY enter.*

**CANTERBURY**

My lord, they're suggesting the same bill again now that seemed likely to pass in the eleventh year of the last king's 1 reign. It would have been passed, except that it was forgotten about in the trouble and confusion of that time.

1 The "last king" refers to King Henry IV.

**ELY**

What will we do? Should we resist it now?

**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  
10 By testament have given to the Church  
Would they strip from us, being valued thus:  
"As much as would maintain, to the King's honor,  
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,  
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;  
15 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 besides,  
A thousand pounds by th' year." Thus runs the bill.

**ELY**

20 This would drink deep.

**CANTERBURY**

'Twould drink the cup and all.

**ELY**

But what prevention?

**CANTERBURY**

The king is full of grace and fair regard.

**ELY**

And a true lover of the holy Church.

**CANTERBURY**

25 The courses of his youth promised it not.  
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  
30 And whipped th' offending Adam out of him,  
Leaving his body as a paradise  
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made,  
Never came reformation in a flood  
35 With such a heady currance scouring faults,  
Nor never Hydra-headed willfulness  
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
As in this king.

**ELY**

We are blesse'd in the change.

**CANTERBURY**

40 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.  
45 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,  
50 The air, a chartered libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears  
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;  
So that the art and practic part of life  
Must be the mistress to this theorie;  
55 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,  
60 Any retirement, any sequestration  
From open haunts and popularity.

**CANTERBURY**

We have to think about this. If it passes we'll lose more than half of what we own because they will take from us all the land that religious men gave to the church in their wills. This is how much they would take: "Enough to maintain honorably fifteen earls, fifteen hundred knights, six thousand and two hundred gentlemen, and one hundred well supplied poorhouses to help sick people and old people who can't work. And a thousand pounds a year to the king." That's what the bill says.

**ELY**

That bill would drink up a lot of our money.

**CANTERBURY**

It would drink the cup as well: we'd be left with nothing.

**ELY**

What can we do to stop it?

**CANTERBURY**

The king is generous and polite.

**ELY**

And a true supporter of the holy Church.

**CANTERBURY**

You wouldn't have predicted that from how he acted when he was young. No sooner did his father die than it was as though his wildness froze and died too. At that very moment, thoughtfulness came to him like an angel and banished the sinful part of him, like Adam banished from Eden, so that his body was like a paradise where holy spirits lived. No one ever became a scholar more quickly, and no one ever repented as suddenly, scrubbing out bad qualities, and no one ever got rid of their monstrous stubbornness as fast and as completely as this king did.

**ELY**

We're blessed that he changed in this way.

**CANTERBURY**

Just listen to him talk about theology and, overwhelmed with admiration, you would wish the king could become a priest. Listen to him talk about politics <sup>2</sup> and you'd think that was the only thing he'd ever studied. Listen to him talk about war, and it'll be like hearing a horrible battle turned into beautiful music. Get him to talk about his policies, and he'll make the most complicated problems seem simple <sup>3</sup>. When he talks, he makes even the air itself, which is a well-known flirt, stand still, and men become amazed to hear his sweet and beautiful sentences. He must have spent a lot of time studying arts and practical applications of them to be able to speak this way. It's amazing that he's learned so many things, since he used to waste all his time with illiterate, rough, and shallow friends and spend his hours causing public disturbances, feasting, and playing games. I never saw him study anything or even spend time privately, away from public spaces filled with people.

<sup>2</sup> 'Commonwealth' could refer to either the state or to the common good of people in the kingdom.

<sup>3</sup> The Gordian knot was a famously difficult knot. Garters were strings holding up socks or stockings.

**ELY**

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
Neighbored by fruit of baser quality;  
65 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 crescive in his faculty.

**CANTERBURY**

It must be so, for miracles are ceased,  
70 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  
75 Incline to it or no?

**CANTERBURY**

He seems indifferent,  
Or rather swaying more upon our part  
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us;  
For I have made an offer to his Majesty—  
80 Upon our spiritual convocation  
And in regard of causes now in hand,  
Which I have opened to his Grace at large,  
As touching France—to give a greater sum  
Than ever at one time the clergy yet  
85 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,  
90 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.

**ELY**

What was th' impediment that broke this off?

**CANTERBURY**

95 The French ambassador upon that instant  
Craved audience. And the hour, I think, is come  
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

**ELY**

It is.

**CANTERBURY**

Then go we in to know his embassy,  
100 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.

*Exeunt*

**ELY**

Strawberries grow under nettles <sup>4</sup>, and the healthiest berries grow and ripen best when they're next to a lower kind of fruit. The Prince hid his thoughts under a mask of wildness, and no doubt his learning was like summer grass in that it grew fastest at night, unseen but flourishing.

<sup>4</sup> A type of plant with prickly thorns.

**CANTERBURY**

That must be true because there are no miracles anymore, so we have to think that there's a cause for things becoming perfect.

**ELY**

But, my lord, what will we do about this bill the House of Commons wants to pass? Does his Majesty agree with it or not?

**CANTERBURY**

He seems not to care, or maybe he's a little more on our side than the people presenting this bill against us. That's because I made an offer to his Majesty--in light of the issues surrounding France now at hand--to give him a larger amount of money than the church ever gave to any king before him.

**ELY**

How did he seem to feel about this offer, my lord?

**CANTERBURY**

He seemed to want to accept it, except that there wasn't enough time to hear, as I saw he would have liked to do, about the details and clear proofs of his ownership of some dukedoms and especially of the crown and throne of France, which he inherited from Edward, his great-grandfather.

**ELY**

What was it that interrupted this?

**CANTERBURY**

At that moment the French ambassador wanted to see him. And I think the time has come to hear him. Is it four o'clock?

**ELY**

It is.

**CANTERBURY**

Then let's go in to hear his message, which I can easily guess before he says a word of it.

**ELY**

I'll go with you, and am eager to hear it.

*They exit.*

## Act 1, Scene 2

**Shakespeare**

**Shakescleare Translation**

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and attendants

**KING HENRY**

Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

**EXETER**

Not here in presence.

**KING HENRY**

Send for him, good uncle.

**WESTMORELAND**

Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

**KING HENRY**

- 5 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 the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of ELY*

**CANTERBURY**

God and his angels guard your sacred throne  
And make you long become it.

**KING HENRY**

- 10 Sure we thank you.  
My learned 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.  
15 And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
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 colors with the truth;  
20 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.  
25 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  
30 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**

- 35 Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers  
That owe yourselves, 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:  
40 "In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant"  
(No woman shall succeed in Salic land),  
Which Salic land the French unjustly glaze  
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
The founder of this law and female bar.  
45 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm  
That the land Salic is in Germany,  
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe,  
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,  
There left behind and settled certain French,  
50 Who, holding in disdain the German women  
For some dishonest manners of their life,  
Established then this law: to wit, no female  
Should be inheritrix in Salic land,

KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and their attendants enter.

**KING HENRY**

Where is the lord of Canterbury?

**EXETER**

Not here in the throne room.

**KING HENRY**

Send for him, dear uncle.

**WESTMORELAND**

Should we call in the ambassador, your Highness?

**KING HENRY**

- Not yet, cousin. We should make a decision before we hear  
from him about some important things I have been thinking  
about concerning us and France.

*The Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the Bishop of ELY enter.*

**CANTERBURY**

May God and his angels guard your holy throne and keep  
you on it for a long time.

**KING HENRY**

Thank you, Wise lord, please tell us truly and religiously  
why the Salic law that they have in France either does or  
does not stand in the way of my claim to the throne. And  
God forbid, dear and faithful nobleman, that you twist your  
interpretation out of shape or make up minor distinctions  
that don't lead to the truth. Because God knows how many  
healthy people will shed their life's blood for this business  
of yours. So be careful about what you put me under the  
obligation of doing and about encouraging us to go to war  
when we are now at peace. In the name of God, I'm  
ordering you to be careful, because two such kingdoms as  
England and France never fought without a lot of  
bloodshed. Each innocent drop of blood is a tragedy, and  
each one is a terrible blame to the person who begins the  
fight that takes so many lives, when life is so short already.  
Now that I've said this, speak, my lord. I will hear, pay  
attention to, and believe completely that you say the things  
you do with a conscience as innocent as a baby's that has  
just been baptized.

**CANTERBURY**

Then listen to me, kind king, and you lords who owe your  
lives and duties to his power. There is nothing standing in  
the way of your Highness's claim to France except this,  
which they found in the writings of Pharamond: "*In terram*  
*Salicam mulieres ne succedant*" (no woman will inherit  
anything in the Salic land). Wrongly, the French say that the  
Salic land is the country of France, and that Pharamond is  
the inventor of this law keeping women from inheriting. But  
their scholars write truthfully that the Salic land is in  
Germany, between the rivers Sala and Elbe, where Charles  
the Great defeated the Saxons and left some French men  
there to settle the land. They, looking down on the German  
women because of their dirty way of life, made this law  
then: that no woman should inherit anything in the Salic  
land. As I said, the "Salic land" is in Germany between the  
Elbe and Sala and is now called Meissen. So it's clear that  
the Salic law was not made for the country of France. The  
French didn't even own the Salic land until four hundred  
and twenty-one years after King Pharamond's death, who

Which "Salic," as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala  
 Is at this day in Germany called Meissen.  
 Then doth it well appear the Salic law  
 Was not devised for the realm of France,  
 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;  
 Who died within the year of our redemption  
 Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great  
 Subdued the Saxons and did seat the French  
 Beyond the river Sala in the year  
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
 King Pepin, which deposèd Childeric,  
 Did, as heir general, being descended  
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,  
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
 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 th' heir to th' Lady Lingare,  
 Daughter to Charlemagne, who was the son  
 To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son  
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,  
 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 Ermengare,  
 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.  
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
 King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,  
 King Lewis 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 Salic law  
 To bar your Highness claiming from the female  
 And rather choose to hide them in a net  
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles  
 Usurped from you and your progenitors.

**KING HENRY**

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:  
 "When the man dies, let the inheritance  
 Descend unto the daughter." 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 renowned them  
 Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege

was wrongly thought to be the inventor of this law. He died in the year 426 AD and Charles the Great defeated the Saxons and settled the French beyond the river Sala in the year 805. Besides, their writers say that King Pepin, who took the throne from Childeric, was descended from Blithild, King Clothair's daughter, and laid claim to the crown of France. Hugh Capet also, who took the crown from Charles the duke of Lorraine, the only male heir descended from Charles the Great, claimed to be the heir of the Lady Lingare, daughter of Charlemagne, who was the son of Emperor Lewis, who was the son of Charles the Great. He said this so he would seem to have a claim to the title of king, but he actually invented this and it was worth nothing as proof. Also King Lewis the Tenth, who was the only heir to the greedy Capet, felt uneasy wearing the crown of France until he made sure that beautiful Queen Isabel, his grandmother, was descended from the Lady Ermengare, daughter of the aforementioned Charles duke of Lorraine. By their marriage the family of Charles the Great got the crown of France back. So it's as clear as the sun on a summer day that King Pepin's, Hugh Capet's, and King Lewis's claims to the throne all depend on inheriting it from a woman. And that's what the kings of France do to this day, although they hold up this Salic law to keep you from making a claim based on inheriting from a woman, your Highness. They're hiding the truth to protect the power that they stole from you and your ancestors.

**KING HENRY**

Is it right for me to make this claim, and can I do it in good conscience?

**CANTERBURY**

May I be punished instead of you, your highness, if not. It's written in the Book of Numbers in the Bible: "When a man dies, his daughter should inherit his estate." Kind king, stand up for what's yours, take out your blood-covered battle-flag, think back to your powerful ancestors. Go, powerful king, to your great-grandfather's tomb, from whom you inherited the throne. Pray to his war-like ghost and that of your great-uncle, Edward the Black Prince<sup>1</sup>, who performed a tragedy on French soil and defeated the entire army of France while his strong father stood on a hill smiling to see his lion cub shed the blood of French nobles. Oh noble Englishmen, who could fight with half their army the whole army of France and let the other half stand by laughing, with no work to do!

<sup>1</sup> Father of Richard II.

**ELY**

Remember these brave dead men and do the same things they did yourself. You are their heir, you sit on their throne, and the blood and courage that made them famous runs in your veins. My extremely powerful king is a young man ready for adventures and great deeds.

Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

**EXETER**

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

**WESTMORELAND**

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,  
130 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England  
And lie pavilioned in the fields of France.

**CANTERBURY**

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

**KING HENRY**

We must not only arm t' invade the French,  
But lay down our proportions to defend  
140 Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

**CANTERBURY**

They of those marches, gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

**KING HENRY**

145 We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,  
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbor to us.  
For you shall read that my great-grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France  
150 But that the Scot on his unfurnished kingdom  
Came pouring like the tide into a breach  
With ample and brim fullness of his force,  
Galling the gleanèd land with hot assays,  
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns,  
155 That England, being empty of defense,  
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighborhood.

**CANTERBURY**

She hath been then more feared than harmed, my liege,  
For hear her but exampled by herself:  
When all her chivalry hath been in France  
160 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
She hath herself not only well defended  
But taken and impounded as a stray  
The king of Scots, whom she did send to France  
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings  
165 And make her chronicle as rich with praise  
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
With sunken wrack and sumless treasures.

**ELY**

But there's a saying very old and true:  
"If that you will France win,  
170 Then with Scotland first begin."  
For once the eagle England being in prey,  
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,  
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,  
To 'tame and havoc more than she can eat.

**EXETER**

It follows, then, the cat must stay at home.  
Yet that is but a crushed necessity,

**EXETER**

Your fellow kings all expect you to get ready to fight like  
your relatives the former lion-like kings.

**WESTMORELAND**

They know you have a cause, resources, and power to fight.  
And you do. No king of England ever had richer nobles and  
more loyal subjects. It's as if your subjects' hearts have  
already left their bodies here in England and are now  
attacking France.

**CANTERBURY**

Let their bodies follow, my dear king, to fight for your rights  
with blood and sword and fire. We in the church will raise  
such a huge sum to help you, your Highness—larger than  
any the church ever brought to one of your ancestors at  
once.

**KING HENRY**

We must not only prepare to attack the French but make  
plans to defend ourselves against the Scots, who will invade  
us and have the advantage.

**CANTERBURY**

Those who live in the zones along the border, good king,  
will be a sufficient wall to defend the inside of our country  
from the thieving people on the border.

**KING HENRY**

I don't just mean the thieves who attack randomly but the  
main army of the Scots, who have always been an  
unpredictable neighbor to us. You can read in books that  
my great-grandfather never took his army into France  
without the Scots pouring into his defenseless kingdom, as  
the ocean's tide rushes in to fill a gap, with their full force.  
They attacked and looted, attacking towns and castles, so  
that England, with no one to defend it, shook with fear at  
these terrible neighbors.

**CANTERBURY**

England was more afraid than hurt, my king. Just listen to  
what England did in the past when all the soldiers were in  
France and the country was like a widow mourning her  
noblemen: she not only defended herself well but captured  
and locked up the king of Scots like a stray dog. She sent  
him to France to make King Edward famous for holding  
kings captive, so that historians would cover England in as  
much praise as the ooze at the bottom of the sea is covered  
in shipwrecks and priceless treasures.

**ELY**

But there's a very old and true saying: "If you want to win  
France, begin with Scotland." Because when the eagle  
England is hunting for prey, the weasel Scot comes  
sneaking to her nest and eats her royal eggs, like a mouse  
when the cat is gone that destroys what it can't eat.

**EXETER**

So it would follow that the cat must stay home. But that's a  
hasty conclusion, since we have locks to keep provisions

Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries  
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
180 While that the armèd hand doth fight abroad,  
Th' advisèd head defends itself at home.  
For government, though high and low and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,  
Congreeing in a full and natural close,  
185 Like music.

**CANTERBURY**

Therefore doth heaven divide  
The state of man in diverse functions,  
Setting endeavor in continual motion,  
To which is fixèd as an aim or butt  
190 Obedience; for so work the honeybees,  
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach  
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.  
They have a king and officers of sorts,  
Where some like magistrates correct at home,  
195 Others like merchants venture trade abroad,  
Others like soldiers armèd in their stings  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
To the tent royal of their emperor,  
200 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,  
205 The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer:  
That many things, having full reference  
To one consent, may work contrariously,  
210 As many arrows loosed several ways  
Come to one mark, as many ways meet in one town,  
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea,  
As many lines close in the dial's center,  
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
215 End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege!  
Divide your happy England into four,  
Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
220 If we, with thrice such powers left at home,  
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,  
Let us be worried, and our nation lose  
The name of hardiness and policy.

**KING HENRY**

Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.

*Exeunt some attendants*

225 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  
230 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,  
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.  
Either our history shall with full mouth  
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,  
235 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
Not worshipped with a waxen epitaph.

*Enter AMBASSADORS of France, with attendants*

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

safe and pretty traps to catch small thieves. While the armed hand fights abroad, the wise head defends itself at home. Even though a society has high and low and even lower parts, when they work together they work naturally in complete harmony, like in music.

**CANTERBURY**

That's why God divides men into different groups that work continually and whose goal 2 is obedience. That's how bees work, animals who serve as examples of good order to the people in a kingdom. They have a king and professions of a kind. Some like judges impose the law at home, others like merchants go abroad to trade, others like soldiers armed with stings loot the soft summer flowers and happily march back with what they capture to the royal tent of their emperor. He, busy in his royal work, watches the singing builders build golden roofs, the citizens knead honey, the poor porters crowd with their heavy loads through his narrow gate, the sad-eyed judge buzz grumpily and hand over a lazy yawning drone to pale executioners. I infer this: that many things governed by one goal can work in contrary ways. Just as many arrows shot in different directions can hit one mark, many roads meet in one town, many fresh-waters rivers end in a salty sea, many lines meet at the center of a circle--in this way, a thousand actions once begun will end in one purpose, and they will be done well and we will not be defeated. So go to France, my king! Divide your happy English people into four parts and take a quarter to France, and you will shake up all of France. If we, with three times that number left at home, can't defend our own homes from the dog, let us be mauled and let our country lose its reputation for toughness and strategy.

2 The word "butt" in the original text refers to an archery shooting field.

**KING HENRY**

Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin 3.

3 The king of France's son and heir. The title means "dolphin" in French.

*Some attendants exit.*

I have made my decision, and with God's help and yours, who are the noble muscles who make us powerful, once I conquer France I'll make it obey me or break it to pieces. Either I'll stay there, ruling with great power over France and all its almost-royal dukedoms, or you should bury my bones in an unworthy box, with no tomb and no ceremony over them. Either our history will have plenty to say about our actions, or our graves will have no epitaph on them as though they had a tongueless mouth like Turkish servants 4 whose tongues were cut out 4.

4 Christians who refused to convert to Islam would have their tongues cut out by Muslims in the Middle East.

*The AMBASSADORS of France enter, with attendants.*

Now I am well prepared to know what my handsome cousin the Dauphin 5 wants, because I hear you're bringing a greeting from him, not from the king.

5 The Crown Prince of France was called the Dauphin.

**AMBASSADOR**

240 May't please your Majesty to give us leave  
Freely to render what we have in charge,  
Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

**KING HENRY**

We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,  
245 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 Dauphin's mind.

**AMBASSADOR**

Thus, then, in few:  
250 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 savor too much of your youth  
255 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, and, in lieu of this,  
260 Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

**KING HENRY**

What treasure, uncle?

**EXETER**

Tennis balls, my liege.

**KING HENRY**

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.  
265 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.  
270 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.  
275 We never valued this poor seat of England  
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself  
To barbarous license, as 'tis ever common  
That men are merriest when they are from home.  
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,  
280 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  
285 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 gun-stones, and his soul  
Shall stand sore chargèd for the wasteful vengeance  
290 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,  
295 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  
300 His jest will savor but of shallow wit  
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.  
—Convey them with safe conduct.— Fare you well.

**AMBASSADOR**

May I have permission from your Majesty to speak freely  
what I was told to say, or should I water it down and  
summarize the Dauphin's message?

**KING HENRY**

I am no tyrant, but a Christian king, and my emotions are as  
much under my control as the miserable people tied up in  
my prisons are. So tell me what the Dauphin says honestly  
and completely.

**AMBASSADOR**

So, in few words: Your Highness lately wrote to France to lay  
claim to some dukedoms in the name of your great  
ancestor, King Edward the Third <sup>6</sup>. In answer to this claim,  
our master the prince says that you show your youth and  
wants you to know that there's nothing in France that can  
be won by dancing well. You can't party your way into  
dukedoms there. So he sends you this chest of treasure as a  
better fit for your personality, and in return for this asks you  
not to mention the dukedoms you lay claim to anymore.  
That's what the Dauphin said.

<sup>6</sup> Edward III was the father of John of Gaunt, and hence Henry V's great grandfather.

**KING HENRY**

What is the treasure, uncle?

**EXETER**

[Opens the chest] Tennis balls, my king.

**KING HENRY**

I'm glad the Dauphin is so light-hearted around me. Thank  
you for his present and the trouble you've taken. When we  
have hit these balls with our rackets, we will (if God wills it)  
play a set that will put his father's crown into play. Tell him  
he's playing a match with such a fighter that we'll be  
chasing balls through all the courts of France. I understand  
him well when he holds my wilder days over me, not  
considering what I learned from them. I never used to value  
poor England and, living outside of it, spent all my time  
behaving badly, as men always do when they're away from  
home. But tell the Dauphin I will keep calm like a king  
should, and show my greatness when I rise to the throne of  
France because I have set aside my dignity and worked like  
a manual laborer. But I will rise to the throne with such  
glory that I will dazzle all the eyes in France, so that it will  
strike the Dauphin blind to look at me. And tell the light-  
hearted prince that this joke of his has turned these balls  
into bullets, and he will be to blame for the wasteful  
revenge that will fly with them. For this joke will joke many  
thousands of widows out of their beloved husbands, joke  
mothers out of their sons, joke castles down, and some  
people are not yet conceived and born who will have good  
reason to regret the Dauphin's jokes. But this will all only  
happen if God wishes it to, and I appeal to him. Tell the  
Dauphin it's in God's name that I am coming to take  
revenge if I can and to fight for a holy cause. So go  
peacefully. And tell the Dauphin his joke won't seem funny  
when thousands more cry than laughed at it.

[To attendants] Escort them safely back.

[To AMBASSADOR] Goodbye.

*Exeunt AMBASSADORS, with attendants***EXETER**

This was a merry message.

**KING HENRY**

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  
305 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 Dauphin at his father's door.  
Therefore let every man now task his thought,  
315 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

*Flourish**Exeunt**The AMBASSADORS exit, with attendants.***EXETER**

That was a funny message.

**KING HENRY**

I hope I'll make the sender ashamed of it. So, my lords,  
don't waste any time you could use to prepare our  
expedition, because I don't have any thoughts except about  
France and our business there, and of course God. So let  
our troops for these wars be gathered soon, and all the  
things taken care of that can be done quickly to give us the  
advantage. For, with God on our side, I'll scold this Dauphin  
in his father's own house. So let every man now start  
thinking what to do to get this expedition going.

*Trumpets sound.**They exit.*

## Act 2, Prologue

**Shakespeare***Enter CHORUS***CHORUS**

Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.  
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.  
5 They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings  
With wingèd heels, as English Mercurys.  
For now sits Expectation in the air  
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
10 With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets  
Promised to Harry and his followers.  
The French, advised by good intelligence  
Of this most dreadful preparation,  
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy  
15 Seek to divert the English purposes.  
O England, model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What might'st thou do, that honor would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural!  
20 But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out,  
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men—  
One, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, and the second,  
Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,  
25 Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland—  
Have, for the gilt of France (Oh, guilt indeed!),  
Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France,  
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
If hell and treason hold their promises,  
30 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest  
Th' abuse of distance, force a play.  
The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,  
The king is set from London, and the scene  
35 Is now transported, gentle, to Southampton.  
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,  
40 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
But, till the king come forth, and not till then,

**Shakesclare Translation***CHORUS enters.***CHORUS**

Now all the English young people are on fire and have set aside their love affairs along with their fancy clothes. Now the armor-makers are doing good business, and every man thinks only about honor. They're selling their land to buy horses, so they can follow the greatest of all Christian kings with winged heels as though they were English Mercurys <sup>1</sup>. Anticipation is sitting in the air, stacking all the different kinds of crowns promised to Harry and his followers on a sword. The French, whose spies told them about these frightening preparations, shake with fear and try to use frightened politics to change the Englishmen's minds. Oh England, on the outside you are like a tiny model of the greatness you hold inside you, like a little body with a huge heart. What things you could do that would do you honor, if only all your children were kind and normal! But see, the king of France has found your only fault, a nest of empty hearts which he fills with traitorous coins. <sup>2</sup> There are three corrupt men. One is Richard, Earl of Cambridge, the second, Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third, Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland. They are in a conspiracy with France and will kill this best of kings with their own hands in Southampton before he sails for France, if Hell and Treason <sup>3</sup> keep their promises. Be patient for a while longer, and we'll summarize <sup>4</sup> the time between this act and the last and force our play onward. The money is paid, the traitors have agreed to a plan, the king has left London, and the scene has now changed, gentlemen and ladies, to Southampton. There is the theater now, you must sit there, and from there we will carry you safely to France and bring you back, enchanting the narrow seas to give you a gentle journey. If possible, we won't make anyone seasick with our play. But, until the king comes out, and not until then, we're changing our scene to Southampton.

<sup>1</sup> Mercury was the god of merchants, messengers, and travel, among other things. He had shoes with wings on them that made him fly quickly.

<sup>2</sup> "Crowns" are a kind of coin. This is ironic because all the other Englishmen are fighting for the crown of France, while these three are fighting for French crowns (coins). The coins are "trecherous" or "traitorous" because they have the king's image on them but are used to turn his people against him.

<sup>3</sup> An example of personification, as with "Expectation" (translated as "Anticipation") above. This play is particularly full of this figure of speech, in which something nonhuman or abstract is spoken of as though it were human. In this case, Hell and Treason are said to conspire with the traitors as a way of saying that they are damned and traitorous.

<sup>4</sup> "Digest" also had its present meaning related to eating as well as the meaning of "summarize".

Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.

*Exit*

*CHORUS exits.*

## Act 2, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter Corporal NYM and Lieutenant BARDOLPH*

**BARDOLPH**

Well met, Corporal Nym.

**NYM**

Good Morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

**BARDOLPH**

What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

**NYM**

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 dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out  
mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? It will  
toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's  
sword will, and there's an end.

**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 Nym.

**NYM**

Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain  
of it. And when I cannot live any longer, I will do as  
I may. That is my rest; that is the rendezvous of it.

**BARDOLPH**

It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell  
Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were  
troth-plight to her.

**NYM**

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. Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will  
plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

*Enter PISTOL and HOSTESS*

**BARDOLPH**

Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good corporal,  
be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

**PISTOL**

Base tyke, call'st thou me host?  
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term,  
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

**HOSTESS**

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

### Shakescleare Translation

*Corporal NYM and Lieutenant BARDOLPH enter.*

**BARDOLPH**

Hello, Corporal Nym 1.

1 Nym first appears in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

**NYM**

Good morning, Lieutenant Bardolph 2.

2 Bardolph is also in *Henry IV parts I and II*.

**BARDOLPH**

Have you and Ancient Pistol 3 made up yet?

3 Pistol appears in *Henry IV part II*.

**NYM**

I don't personally care. I don't say much, but when the time  
is right there will be smiles. But that will go however it goes.  
I don't dare to fight, but I'll wink and hold out my sword. It's  
a simple one, but what of that? It will toast cheese and  
endure cold as well as any other man's sword, and that's  
the end of the matter.

**BARDOLPH**

I will give you breakfast to make you friends, and all three of  
us, having sworn to be like brothers to each other, will go to  
France. Agree to that, good Corporal Nym.

**NYM**

Well, I will live as long as I can, that's for sure. And when I  
can't live any more, I'll do what I can. That's all I have to say,  
that's my goodbye to that issue.

**BARDOLPH**

It's certain, corporal, that he's married to Nell Quickly 4,  
and certainly she acted wrongly towards you, because you  
were engaged to her.

4 Nell Quickly is the Hostess in  
*Henry IV parts I and II*.

**NYM**

I can't tell. Things must be however they can be. Men can  
sleep, and they can have their throats on them at that time,  
and some people say knives have edges. It must be  
however it can. Though Patience is a tired old horse, she'll  
keep plodding on. There must be conclusions. Well, I can't  
tell.

*PISTOL and the HOSTESS enter.*

**BARDOLPH**

Here comes Ancient Pistol--and his wife. Good corporal,  
wait here.

*[To PISTOL] How are you, innkeeper Pistol?*

**PISTOL**

You low peasant, are you calling me an innkeeper? I swear  
by this hand, I hate the word, and my Nell won't take  
lodgers.

**HOSTESS**

No, I swear, not long, because we can't give room and  
board to a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen who make an

5 Her way of phrasing this has  
sexual connotations, which leads one

keep a bawdy house straight.

honest living by sewing<sup>5</sup> without people immediately thinking we run a brothel.

*to believe that perhaps she was running a brothel or at least helping to spread the misconception.*

**NYM and PISTOL draw**

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

**NYM and PISTOL draw their weapons.**

**BARDOLPH**

Good lieutenant, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Oh no! If he's not cut down now, we will see willful adultery and murder committed.

**NYM**

Pish!

**BARDOLPH**

Good lieutenant, good corporal, don't fight here.

**PISTOL**

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

**NYM**

Pshaw!

**PISTOL**

Pshaw for you, you Icelandic dog, you pointy-eared cur from Iceland!

**HOSTESSa**

Good Corporal Nym, show thy valor and put up your sword.

**HOSTESS**

Good Corporal Nym, show your courage and put away your sword.

**NYM**

Will you shog off? [to PISTOL] I would have you *solus*.

**NYM**

Will you go away?

[To PISTOL] I want to see you *solo*.

**PISTOL**

"Solus," egregious dog? O viper vile,  
The *solus* in thy most marvelous face,  
The *solus* in thy teeth and in thy throat  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,  
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.

**PISTOL**

*Solo*, you shocking dog? Oh you disgusting snake, *solo* in your amazing face, *solo* in your teeth and your throat and in your hateful lungs, yes, in your jaws, by god, and, which is worse, inside your nasty mouth! I throw back the *solo* to your guts, because I can take it, and Pistol's cocking his gun<sup>6</sup> at you, and the flash of him firing will follow.

*The joke is also that Pistol's penis ("cock") is up, implying he is excited by the prospect of an argument.*

**NYM**

50 I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humor to knock you indifferently 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 humor of it.

**NYM**

I am not a demon, you can't conjure me. I feel like knocking you around pretty well. If you're rude with me, Pistol, I'll scrape you up with my sword as well as I can, fairly. If you want to walk a little this way, I feel like stabbing your guts a little according to the rules, as well as I can, and that's the way it is.

**PISTOL**

O braggart vile and damned furious wight,  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near.  
Therefore exhale.

**PISTOL**

Oh you disgusting bragger and damned crazy man, the grave is waiting, and silly death is near. So exhale.

**BARDOLPH**

Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke,  
I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [draws]

**BARDOLPH**

Hear me, hear what I say: he who strikes the first hit, I'll stick my sword in him up to the hilt, I swear if I'm a soldier I'll do it. [He draws his sword]

**PISTOL**

An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abate.  
Give me thy fist, thy forefoot to me give.  
65 Thy spirits are most tall.

**PISTOL**

A powerful oath, and anger will calm down. Give me your fist, give me your paw. You are in very high spirits.

**NYM**

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

**NYM**

I will cut your throat sometime or other, fairly. That's the way it is.

**PISTOL**

*Couple à gorge*, that is the word. I defy thee again.  
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?  
70 No, to the spital go,  
And from the powd'ring tub of infamy

**PISTOL**

*Couple à gorge*,<sup>7</sup> that's the French for "cut your throat". I challenge you again. Oh you Cretan dog, do you think you'll get my spouse? No, go to the charity hospital, and fetch the poor disgusting cheating predator, Doll Tearsheet is her

*It's not - he's trying to say*

*8 Doll Tearsheet is a prostitute. She seems to have contracted a venereal*

Fetch forth the lazaretto of Cressid's kind,  
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse.  
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly  
75 For the only she, And— *pauca*— there's enough. Go to.

name, from the sweating-tub for venereal diseases 8 and marry her. I have and will keep the woman formerly known as Quickly as my only woman, and - in few words - that's enough. Get going.

*disease, for which she's being treated by being put in a sweating-tub in the hope that she'll sweat the disease out. Cressid is Cressida, a Trojan woman in the Trojan war who cheated on her lover and was then, according to some versions of the story, punished by the gods by contracting leprosy (a disfiguring skin disease) and becoming impoverished. Pistol might be saying that Doll has leprosy as well, or that she is a loose woman like Cressida, or both.*

*Enter the BOY*

**BOY**

Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master and your 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. Faith, he's very ill.

**BARDOLPH**

80 Away, you rogue!

**HOSTESS**

By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The king has killed his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

*Exeunt HOSTESS and BOY*

**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!

**NYM**

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

**PISTOL**

90 Base is the slave that pays.

**NYM**

That now I will have—that's the humor of it.

**PISTOL**

As manhood shall compound. Push home.

*They draw*

**BARDOLPH**

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

**PISTOL**

95 "Sword" is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

**BARDOLPH**

Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

*The BOY enters.*

**BOY**

Innkeeper Pistol, you must come to my master, and your wife too. He is very sick and wants to go to bed. Good Bardolph, put your face 9 between his sheets and warm him as though you're a hot water bottle. Really, he's very sick.

**BARDOLPH**

Go away, you scamp!

**HOSTESS**

I swear, he'll die and the crows will eat him one of these days. The king has killed his heart 10. Good husband, come home soon.

*The HOSTESS and BOY leave.*

**BARDOLPH**

Can I reconcile you two? We must go to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats with?

**PISTOL**

Let the rivers flood and demons howl for food!

**NYM**

You'll pay me the eight shillings I won from you betting?

**PISTOL**

It's shameful to be a slave who pays his debts.

**NYM**

No, I will have that money - that's the way it is.

**PISTOL**

Our manhoods will clash. Stab well.

*They draw their swords.*

**BARDOLPH**

By this sword, I'll kill whoever hits first. By this sword, I will.

**PISTOL**

"Sword" is an oath, and oaths are powerful.

**BARDOLPH**

Corporal Nym, if you agree to be friends, be friends. If you won't, then I'm your enemy too. Please, put away your sword.

9 There's a running joke in the Henry 4 plays, because Bardolph's face is red and covered in pimples and boils, that it shines and emits heat.

10 At the end of Henry IV Part II, Henry rejects Falstaff after he has been crowned: Nell believes that this rejection has broken his heart.

**PISTOL**

A noble shalt thou have, and present pay,  
 100 And liquor likewise will I give to thee,  
 And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.  
 I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me.  
 Is not this just? For I shall subtler be  
 Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.  
 105 Give me thy hand.

**NYM**

I shall have my noble?

**PISTOL**

In cash, most justly paid.

**NYM**

Well, then, that's the humor of 't.

*Enter HOSTESS*

**HOSTESS**

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

**NYM**

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

**PISTOL**

115 Nym, thou hast spoke the right.  
 His heart is fracted and corroborate.

**NYM**

The king is a good king, but it must be as it may. He  
 passes some humors and careers.

**PISTOL**

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

*Exeunt*

**PISTOL**

You'll have a gold coin, and soon, and I'll also give you  
 liquor, and friendship will join us together, and  
 brotherhood. I'll live my life for Nym, and Nym for me. Is  
 this not fair? I will be cunning<sup>11</sup> in camp and profits will  
 heap up. Give me your hand.

 Pistol is planning to make money  
 from robbing people when they are  
 camped with the English army.

**NYM**

I'll have my gold coin?

**PISTOL**

In cash, fairly paid.

**NYM**

Well, then, that's the way it is.

*The HOSTESS enters.*

**HOSTESS**

If you were ever born from women, come in quickly to see  
 Sir John. Oh, poor sweetheart, he's so shaken by a burning  
 fever that it's tragic to see it. Sweet men, come see him.

**NYM**

The king made him sick, that's the truth of it.

**PISTOL**

Nym, you're right. His heart is shattered and strengthened<sup>12</sup>

 .  
 12 Pistol, like many of the characters  
 in the scene, doesn't really  
 understand the meaning of some of  
 the words he uses.

**NYM**

The king is a good king, but it must go however it can go. He  
 gets strange ideas and runs away with them.

**PISTOL**

Let's grieve for the knight, for, my lambs, we will survive.

*They exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND*

**BEDFORD**

'Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

**EXETER**

They shall be apprehended by and by.

**WESTMORELAND**

How smooth and even they do bear themselves,  
 As if allegiance in their bosoms sat  
 5 Crownèd with faith and constant loyalty.

**BEDFORD**

The king hath note of all that they intend,  
 By interception which they dream not of.

### Shakescleare Translation

*EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND enter.*

**BEDFORD**

By God, the king is brave to trust these traitors.

**EXETER**

They will be arrested soon.

**WESTMORELAND**

They're acting so calmly, as if Patriotism sat in their hearts  
 crowned with faithfulness and loyalty.

**BEDFORD**

They have no idea that the king found out what they mean  
 to do, or how he did it.

**EXETER**

Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,  
Whom he hath dulled and cloyed with gracious favors—  
10 That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, and attendants*

**KING HENRY**

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.  
—My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,  
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts.  
15 Think you not that the powers we bear with us  
Will cut their passage through the force of France,  
Doing the execution and the act  
For which we have in head assembled them?

**SCROOP**

No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

**KING HENRY**

20 I doubt not that, since we are well-persuaded  
We carry not a heart with us from hence  
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,  
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.

**CAMBRIDGE**

25 Never was monarch better feared and loved  
Than is your Majesty. There's not, I think, a subject  
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.

**GREY**

True. Those that were your father's enemies  
30 Have steeped their galls in honey, and do serve you  
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

**KING HENRY**

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness  
And shall forget the office of our hand  
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit  
35 According to the weight and worthiness.

**SCROOP**

So service shall with steelèd sinews toil,  
And labor shall refresh itself with hope  
To do your Grace incessant services.

**KING HENRY**

We judge no less.— Uncle of Exeter,  
40 Enlarge the man committed yesterday  
That railed against our person. We consider  
It was excess of wine that set him on,  
And on his more advice we pardon him.

**SCROOP**

That's mercy, but too much security.  
45 Let him be punished, sovereign, lest example  
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

**KING HENRY**

Oh, let us yet be merciful.

**CAMBRIDGE**

So may Your Highness, and yet punish, too.

**GREY**

Sir, you show great mercy if you give him life  
50 After the taste of much correction.

**EXETER**

Even the man who used to share a bed with him and who received so many gifts from him—how could he traitorously sell out his king for foreign money?

*Trumpets sound. KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, and attendants enter.*

**KING HENRY**

Now the wind is blowing in the right direction so we'll board our ships. My lord of Cambridge and my kind Lord of Masham, and you, my dear knight, tell me your thoughts. Don't you think the troops I'm bringing with me will cut their way through the French army, doing exactly what I assembled them here to do?

**SCROOP**

No doubt, my king, if each man does his best.

**KING HENRY**

I don't doubt that, since we all believe we're not bringing a single heart with us that doesn't wish the same thing we do. Nor do we leave a single one behind that doesn't want us to win.

**CAMBRIDGE**

No monarch was ever more feared and loved than you, your majesty. I don't think there's a single subject who sits sad or uneasy under the cool shade of your government.

**GREY**

True. Those who were your father's enemies have become friends , and obey you with hearts full of duty and eagerness.

 Gall is a bitter substance and honey's sweetness cancels out the bitterness. "Gall" also means "anger".

**KING HENRY**

That's why I have so much reason to be thankful and would sooner forget what my own hand did than forget to give everyone exactly what they deserved.

**SCROOP**

So those working for you will work even harder, and fuel themselves with the hope to be able to do you constant services.

**KING HENRY**

I think so too. [To EXETER] Uncle Exeter, free the man arrested yesterday for complaining about me. I think it was too much wine that made him do it, and I pardon him now he's had time to think.

**SCROOP**

That's mercy, but you're too confident. Punish him so that other people won't follow his example, when they see you let him go.

**KING HENRY**

Oh, let me be merciful.

**CAMBRIDGE**

You can be, but you should also punish.

**GREY**

Sir, you would show great mercy by allowing him to live after punishing him terribly.

**KING HENRY**

Alas, your too much love and care of me  
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.  
If little faults proceeding on distemper  
Shall not be winked at, how shall we stretch our eye  
When capital crimes, chewed, swallowed, and digested,  
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,  
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care  
And tender preservation of our person,  
Would have him punished. And now to our French causes.  
Who are the late commissioners?

**CAMBRIDGE**

I one, my lord.  
Your Highness bade me ask for it today.

**SCROOP**

So did you me, my liege.

**GREY**

And I, my royal sovereign.

**KING HENRY**

Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours.  
—There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham.  
—And, sir knight, Grey of Northumberland, this same is  
yours. (*gives each of them a paper*)  
—Read them, and know I know your worthiness.  
—My Lord of Westmoreland and uncle Exeter,  
We will aboard tonight. —Why, how now, gentlemen?  
What see you in those papers, that you lose  
So much complexion? —Look you, how they change.  
Their cheeks are paper. —Why, what read you there  
That have so cowarded and chased your blood  
Out of appearance?

**CAMBRIDGE**

I do confess my fault,  
And do submit me to Your Highness' mercy.

**GREY, SCROOP**

To which we all appeal.

**KING HENRY**

The mercy that was quick in us but late  
By your own counsel is suppressed and killed.  
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy,  
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.  
—See you, my princes and my noble peers,  
These English monsters. My Lord of Cambridge here,  
You know how apt our love was to accord  
To furnish him with all appurtenants  
Belonging to his honor, and this man  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,  
And sworn unto the practices of France,  
To kill us here in Hampton; to the which  
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us  
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. —But Oh,  
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,  
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature?  
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
That almost mightst have coined me into gold,  
Wouldst thou have practiced on me for thy use—  
May it be possible that foreign hire  
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange

**KING HENRY**

You love and care for me too much, and that makes you  
speak against this poor man. If small faults that come from  
drunkenness are not forgiven, how unmerciful will I have to  
be when I judge capital crimes planned in cold blood? I'll let  
that man go anyway, even though Cambridge, Scroop, and  
Grey, with all their care and sweet concern for me, want him  
punished. Now, to the French business. Who was recently  
given a commission?

**CAMBRIDGE**

I was, my lord. You told me to ask for that today.

**SCROOP**

And you told me the same, my king.

**GREY**

And me, my royal king.

**KING HENRY**

Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there's yours. [*Gives him a paper*] There's yours, Lord Scroop of Masham. [*Gives him a paper*] And, sir, Grey of Northumberland, this one is  
yours. [*Gives him a paper*] Read them, and know that I  
know what you deserve.

[*To WESTMORELAND and EXETER*] My lord of Westmoreland  
and uncle Exeter, we'll board our ships tonight.

[*To CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP and NORTHUMBERLAND*] What is  
it, gentlemen? What do you see on those papers that makes  
you look so pale?

[*To WESTMORELAND and EXETER*] Look how pale they are.  
Their cheeks are as white as paper.

[*To CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP and EXETER*] What do you read  
there that made your blood a coward and chased it away?

**CAMBRIDGE**

I confess my crime and beg Your Highness's mercy.

**GREY, SCROOP**

We all appeal to it.

**KING HENRY**

According to your own advice, the mercy that was alive in  
me lately has been suppressed and killed. Shame on you!  
You shouldn't dare to talk about mercy because your own  
arguments turn on you like dogs turning on their masters  
and attack you.

[*To others*] My princes and noblemen, look at these English  
monsters. See the Lord of Cambridge: you know how quick I  
was to give him everything that his honor deserved, and for  
a few light coins this man lightly plotted and swore to do  
what France wanted and kill me here in Hampton. Which  
this knight, who owes me no less than Cambridge does for  
everything I've given him, has also sworn to do.

[*To SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE and NORTHUMBERLAND*] But oh,  
what will I say to you, Lord Scroop, you cruel, ungrateful,  
savage, and inhuman animal? I always went to you for  
advice, you knew me to the bottom of my soul, I was so  
generous to you that you could almost have sold me to get  
money if you needed to, would you have betrayed me for  
profit? Could it be possible that foreign money drew one  
spark of evil out of you to harm even my finger? It's so  
strange that even though the truth of these accusations is  
as clear as black and white, I can hardly see it. Treason and  
Murder always walked like two devils chained together,

That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
 105 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
 Treason and murder ever kept together  
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
 Working so grossly in a natural cause  
 That admiration did not whoop at them.  
 110 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder,  
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was  
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously  
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence.  
 115 All other devils that suggest by treasons  
 Do botch and bungle up damnation  
 With patches, colors, and with forms being fetched  
 From glist'ring semblances of piety.  
 But he that tempered thee bade thee stand up,  
 120 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,  
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
 If that same demon that hath gulled thee thus  
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,  
 He might return to vasty Tartar back  
 125 And tell the legions "I can never win  
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's."  
 Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
 The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?  
 Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?  
 130 Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?  
 Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?  
 Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,  
 Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,  
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,  
 135 Garnished and decked in modest complement,  
 Not working with the eye without the ear,  
 And but in purgèd judgment trusting neither?  
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.  
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot  
 140 To mark the full-fraught man and best endued  
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,  
 For this revolt of thine methinks is like  
 Another fall of man. —Their faults are open.  
 Arrest them to the answer of the law,  
 145 And God acquit them of their practices.

**EXETER**

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
 Richard, Earl of Cambridge.  
 —I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
 Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham.  
 150 —I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
 Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

**SCROOP**

Our purposes God justly hath discovered,  
 And I repent my fault more than my death,  
 Which I beseech Your Highness to forgive,  
 155 Although my body pay the price of it.

**CAMBRIDGE**

For me, the gold of France did not seduce,  
 Although I did admit it as a motive  
 The sooner to effect what I intended;  
 But God be thankèd for prevention,  
 160 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,  
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

**GREY**

Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason  
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
 Prevented from a damned enterprise.  
 165 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

**KING HENRY**

God quit you in His mercy. Hear your sentence:  
 You have conspired against our royal person,

each promising to help the other, working so naturally together that it's not strange to see them like that. But you, against all reason, brought Amazement in to serve Treason and Murder. Whatever clever devil it was that convinced you do this strange thing has been voted the most excellent one in hell. All other devils that get people to commit treason botch up and bungle damnation by painting on it patches and colors and forms that suggest the glittering appearance of virtue. But the one who convinced you to stand up and do it gave you no reason why you should engage in treason—unless it's that you wanted to be called a traitor. Even if that same devil that made a fool of you this way walked like a lion across the whole world, he would come back to Hell and tell the mob, "I can never win another soul as easily as that Englishman's". Oh, you've infected sweet friendship with jealousy! Do men seem like they do their duty? So did you. Do they seem serious and wise? So did you. Do they come from noble families? So did you. Do they seem religious? So did you. Do they eat moderately, avoid intense emotions, act consistently, dress modestly, not let appearances deceive them, and only trust their eyes and ears when their brains tell them to? You seemed to have exactly those good qualities. And so your downfall has left a blot to mark the most virtuous man as suspicious. I will cry for you, and this rebellion of yours feels like another Fall of man.

*[To EXETER]* Their crimes are revealed. Arrest them so the law can deal with them, and may God forgive them.

**EXETER**

I arrest you of high treason, Richard, Earl of Cambridge. I arrest you of high treason, Henry, Lord Scroop of Masham. I arrest you of high treason, Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

**SCROOP**

God has justly revealed our plots and I repent my crime more than my death. I beg Your Highness to forgive it, although my body will pay the price of it.

**CAMBRIDGE**

The French gold didn't seduce me, although I took it as an excuse to do what I wanted sooner. But may God be thanked for preventing us from acting. I will be happy about that while being tortured, asking God and you to pardon me.

**GREY**

No faithful subject was more joyful at the discovery of dangerous treason than I now am joyful that I was prevented from a damned action. Pardon my crime, not my body, king.

**KING HENRY**

May God be merciful on you. Hear your sentence: you plotted against me, joined with a declared enemy, and from

Joined with an enemy proclaimed, and from his coffers  
 170 Received the golden earnest of our death,  
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
 His princes and his peers to servitude,  
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.  
 175 Touching our person, seek we no revenge,  
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
 Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws  
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death,  
 180 The taste whereof God of His mercy give  
 You patience to endure, and true repentance  
 Of all your dear offences. —Bear them hence.

*Exeunt CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and GREY, guarded*

Now, lords, for France, the enterprise whereof  
 Shall be to you as us, like glorious.  
 185 We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,  
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
 This dangerous treason lurking in our way  
 To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now  
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.  
 190 Then forth, dear countrymen. Let us deliver  
 Our puissance into the hand of God,  
 Putting it straight in expedition.  
 Cheerly to sea. The signs of war advance.  
 No king of England if not king of France.

*Exeunt*

him received money to kill me. You would have sold your king to death, his princes and nobles to slavery, his subjects to oppression and hatred, and his whole kingdom to destruction. I don't look for revenge for myself, but I have to take care of the safety of my kingdom, which you wanted to ruin. So I deliver you over to its laws. Go to your deaths, poor miserable men. May God in His mercy give you patience to bear it, and true repentance for all your terrible sins.

*[To guards] Take them away.*

*CAMBRIDGE, SCROOP, and GREY exit, guarded.*

Now, lords, let's go to France, where you and I will win glory. I don't doubt it will be a beautiful and lucky war, since God so kindly has brought this terrible treason to light that was lurking in our way to stop us before we could begin. I don't doubt that every impediment has been removed from our journey. So, dear countrymen, let's go. Let's put our war into God's hands, and leave immediately. Let's go cheerfully to sea. The war-flags are advancing. I'm no king of England if not also a king of France.

*They exit.*

## Act 2, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

*Enter PISTOL, HOSTESS, NYM, BARDOLPH, and BOY*

#### HOSTESS

Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

#### PISTOL

No; for my manly heart doth earn.—Bardolph, be blithe.—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins.—Boy, bristle thy courage up. For Falstaff, he is dead, and we must earn therefore.

#### BARDOLPH

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

#### HOSTESS

Nay, sure, he's not in hell! He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. He made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child. He 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, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and he told of green fields. "How now, Sir John?" quoth I. "What, man, be o' good cheer!" So he cried out "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him he should not think of God. I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So he bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone. Then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

### Shakescleare Translation

*PISTOL, the HOSTESS, NYM, BARDOLPH, and the BOY enter.*

#### HOSTESS

Please, sweet husband, let me accompany you to Staines 1

1 A town south of London.

#### PISTOL

No, because my manly heart is sad. Bardolph, cheer up. Nym, get your bragging blood flowing. Boy, get up your courage. Falstaff is dead, so we must be sad.

#### BARDOLPH

I wish I were with him, wherever he is, either in heaven or in hell.

#### HOSTESS

No, he's surely not in hell! He's in Arthur's bosom 2, if any man ever went to Arthur's bosom. He had as good a death as any Christian child. He died between twelve and one, just as the tide was turning. I saw him fumble with the sheets as though he was playing with flowers, and smile at his fingers. I knew how it would go, because his nose was as sharp as the tip of a pen, and was talking about green fields. "What's wrong, Sir John?", I said. "Come on, man, cheer up!" So he called out "God, God, God!" three or four times. To comfort him, I told him not to think about God. I hoped there was need for him to worry about such things yet. So he asked me to put more blankets on his feet. I put my hand in the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a stone. Then I felt up to his knees, and higher and higher, and it was all as cold as stone.

2 She misspeaks, referring to Abraham's bosom, where good souls go after death, as Arthur's bosom. She may be thinking of King Arthur.

**NYM**

They say he cried out of sack.

**HOSTESS**

Ay, that he did.

**BARDOLPH**

And of women.

**HOSTESS**

Nay, that he did not.

**BOY**

30 Yes, that he did, and said they were devils incarnate.

**HOSTESS**

'A could never abide carnation. 'Twas a color he never liked.

**BOY**

He said once the devil would have him about women.

**HOSTESS**

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

**BOY**

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

**BARDOLPH**

Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire. That's all the riches I got in his service.

**NYM**

40 Shall we shog? The King will be gone from Southampton.

**PISTOL**

Come, let's away. —My love, give me thy lips. Look to my chattels and my movables. Let senses rule. The word is "Pitch and pay." Trust none, for oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

45 And Holdfast is the only dog, my duck. Therefore, *caveto* be thy counselor. Go, clear thy crystals.—Yoke-fellows in arms, Let us to France, like horse-leeches, my boys,

50 To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

**BOY**

And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

**PISTOL**

Touch her soft mouth, and march.

**BARDOLPH**

Farewell, hostess. [*kissing her*]

**NYM**

I cannot kiss, that is the humor of it. But adieu.

**PISTOL**

55 Let housewifery appear. Keep close, I thee command.

**NYM**

They say he complained about wine.

**HOSTESS**

Yes, he did.

**BARDOLPH**

And about women.

**HOSTESS**

No, he didn't do that.

**BOY**

Yes, he did, and said they were devils incarnate.

**HOSTESS**

He could never stand carnation.<sup>3</sup> It was a color he never liked.

<sup>3</sup> The hostess confuses "incarnate," "in the flesh," for "carnation," a shade of pink (named for looking like Caucasian skin, so the words are related).

**BOY**

He said once the devil would get him because of women.

**HOSTESS**

He did, in a way, indeed, touch on women, but then he got watery eyes.<sup>4</sup> and talked about the Whore of Babylon.

<sup>4</sup> Being rheumatic means secreting moisture, whether mucus or in more literary applications tears. The Hostess seems to have mistaken Falstaff's tears of repentance for part of his illness.

**BOY**

Do you remember he saw a flea sticking on Bardolph's nose and said it was a black soul burning in hell?

**BARDOLPH**

Well, the wood that kept that fire burning is gone now he's dead. That's all the wealth I ever got from serving him.

**NYM**

Shall we set off? The King will be gone from Southampton soon.

**PISTOL**

Come, let's go.

[To Hostess] My love, kiss me. Watch over my movable property. Let your senses guide you. The word is, "pay cash down." Don't trust anyone, because oaths are thin and bendable as straws, men's honesty is a wafer, and the only thing to do is hold tight to what you have, my duck. So, let "beware" be your adviser. Go, clear the tears from your clear eyes.

[To others] Fellow fighters, let's go to France, my boys, like leeches on horses, to suck, to suck, to suck blood.

**BOY**

And they say that's not very healthy food.

**PISTOL**

Kiss her soft mouth, and march.

**Bardolph**

Goodbye, Hostess. [*Kissing her*]

**NYM**

I can't kiss, that's the way it is. But goodbye.

**PISTOL**

Be a housewife. Keep inside, I command you.

**HOSTESS**

Farewell. Adieu.

*Exeunt*

*Flourish. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the Dukes of Berri and Brittany, the CONSTABLE, and others*

**KING OF FRANCE**

Thus comes the English with full power upon us,  
And more than carefully it us concerns  
To answer royally in our defenses.  
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Brittany,  
Of Brabant and of Orléans, shall make forth,  
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,  
To line and new-repair our towns of war  
With men of courage and with means defendant.  
For England his approaches makes as fierce  
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.  
It fits us then to be as provident  
As fear may teach us out of late examples  
Left by the fatal and neglected English  
Upon our fields.

**DAUPHIN**

To view the sick and feeble parts of France.  
And 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 scepter so fantastically borne  
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,  
That fear attends her not.  
My most redoubted father,  
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe,  
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,  
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,  
But that defenses, musters, preparations,  
Should be maintained, assembled, and collected,  
As were a war in expectation.  
Therefore I say 'tis meet we all go forth.

**CONSTABLE**

Oh peace, Prince Dauphin!  
You are too much mistaken in this king.  
Question your Grace the late ambassadors  
With what great state he heard their embassy,  
How well supplied with noble counselors,  
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.

**DAUPHIN**

Well, 'tis not so, my Lord High Constable.  
But though we think it so, it is no matter.  
In cases of defense 'tis best to weigh  
The enemy more mighty than he seems.  
So the proportions of defense are filled,  
Which of a weak or niggardly projection  
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting  
A little cloth.

**KING OF FRANCE**

Think we King Harry strong,  
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.  
The kindred of him hath been fleshed upon us,  
And he is bred out of that bloody strain  
That haunted us in our familiar paths.  
Witness our too-much-memorable shame  
When Cressy battle fatally was struck

**HOSTESS**

Farewell. Goodbye.

*They exit.*

*Trumpets ring. Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the Dukes of Berri and Brittany, the CONSTABLE, and others enter.*

**KING OF FRANCE**

So the English are coming with a large army to fight us, and it's right for us to defend ourselves royally, rather than cautiously. So the Dukes of Berri and of Brittany, of Brabant and of Orléans, will head out, and you, Prince Dauphin, as quickly as possible, to fortify our towns for war and fill them with brave men and with means to defend themselves. The king of England's approach is as fierce as a whirlpool sucking down water. It's right for us to be careful, because fear shows us recent examples of what happened on our battlefields when we underestimated the English.

**DAUPHIN**

Let's go see the sick and weak parts of France. And let's do it without seeming afraid--no, more as if we heard that England were busy dancing. Because, my good king, England has such a lazy king, a vain, unpredictable, shallow, moody young man who uses his power so irrationally that there's no reason to fear England. My respected father, it's right for us to prepare to fight the enemy, because peace shouldn't be allowed to make a kingdom weak, even if there were no war or conflict that might bring one about. Defenses, militias, and preparations should be maintained, assembled, and collected as if a war were expected. So I say it's right for us all to head out.

**CONSTABLE**

Be quiet, Prince Dauphin! You're wrong about this king. Ask the last ambassadors with what dignity he heard their message, how well supplied he is with noble advisers, how modest when disagreeing, but still how determined he is when he's made his mind up, and you will find that the foolish things he used to do were just a disguise for a Roman hero, covering wisdom with a layer of folly, the way gardeners cover with manure the shoots that will grow first and be most beautiful.

**DAUPHIN**

It's not true, my Lord High Constable. But though you think it is, it doesn't make a difference. In cases of self-defense it's best to consider the enemy to be stronger than he seems. So you're able to make an adequate defense. Assuming your enemy is weak and trying to save resources means being like a greedy man who spoils a coat by trying to save a little cloth when it's being made.

**KING OF FRANCE**

Let's assume King Harry is strong, and princes, make yourselves strong to meet him. His relative drew our blood, and he comes from that bloody family that has already haunted us in our own country. Remember our too-easily-remembered shame at the fatal battle of Cressy when all our princes were captured by the terrible Edward, Black Prince of Wales, himself, while his mountain-dwelling father

115 And all our princes captived by the hand  
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales,  
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing  
Up in the air, crowned with the golden sun,  
Saw his herioc seed and smiled to see him  
Mangle the work of nature and deface  
120 The patterns that by God and by French fathers  
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem  
Of that victorious stock, and let us fear  
The native mightiness and fate of him.

*Enter a MESSENGER*

**MESSENGER**

Ambassadors from Harry King of England  
125 Do crave admittance to your Majesty.

**KING OF FRANCE**

We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.

*Exit MESSENGER*

You see this chase is hotly followed, friends.

**DAUPHIN**

Turn head and stop pursuit, for coward dogs  
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten  
130 Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
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.

*Enter EXETER and train, and lords*

**KING OF FRANCE**

135 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,  
140 By law of nature and of nations, 'longs  
To him and to his heirs —namely, the crown  
And all wide-stretchèd honors that pertain  
By custom and the ordinance of times  
Unto the crown of France. That you may know  
'Tis no sinister nor no awkward claim  
145 Picked from the wormholes of long-vanished days,  
Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked,  
He sends you this most memorable line,  
In every branch truly demonstrative,  
Willing you overlook this pedigree,  
150 And when you find him evenly derived  
From his most famed of famous ancestors,  
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign  
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
155 From him, the native and true challenger.

**KING OF FRANCE**

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,  
160 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  
165 Opens his vasty jaws, and on your head  
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,

standing on a mountain up in the air, haloed by the golden sun, saw his heroic son and smiled to see him kill the men who had been made by God and by French fathers twenty years before. This is a relative of that conquering family, and we should fear his inherited strength and luck.

*A MESSENGER enters.*

**MESSENGER**

Ambassadors from Harry King of England ask to be brought to see you, your Majesty.

**KING OF FRANCE**

I'll hear them now. Go and bring them.

*The MESSENGER exits.*

You see they've already started hunting us.

**DAUPHIN**

Then turn and stop them following, because cowardly dogs bark loudest when what they're trying to attack runs far ahead of them. Dear king, stop the English short and let them see what kingdom you're the king of. Self-respect, my king, is not as bad a sin as being insecure.

*EXETER, his attendants, and other lords enter.*

**KING OF FRANCE**

You come from my brother the King of England?

**EXETER**

Yes, and he greets you in this way: he asks you, in the name of God Almighty, to give up the borrowed riches that belong to him and his heirs by the gift of heaven and laws of countries. That is, the crown and all the honors that go along, by custom and ancient laws, with the crown of France. So that you know this isn't a trumped-up or weak claim made out of loopholes of ancient laws, or based on something that happened a long time ago, he sends you this interesting family tree, showing every branch of his family, and asks you to look it over. And when you find he's honestly descended from his most famous of famous ancestors, Edward the Third, he asks you to then give up your crown and kingdom, which you're keep unfairly from him, the natural and true ruler.

**KING OF FRANCE**

Or what will happen?

**EXETER**

Bloody violence, because even if you hide the crown in your hearts, he'll cut them open to find it. So he's coming in a fierce storm, in thunder and earthquakes like God. If asking doesn't work, he'll use force. He asks you, by the body of God, to give him the crown and to save all the poor people that this hungry war is opening its huge jaws to eat. You'll be to blame for the widows' tears, the orphans' cries, the dead men's blood, the sad women's moans for husbands, fathers, and fiancés who will be swallowed by this war. That is his claim, his threat, and my message--unless the

The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,  
For husbands, fathers, and betrothèd lovers,  
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.  
170 This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message—  
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

**KING OF FRANCE**

For us, we will consider of this further.  
Tomorrow shall you bear our full intent  
175 Back to our brother England.

**DAUPHIN**

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  
180 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  
185 That caves and womby vaultages of France  
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock  
In second accent of his ordinance.

**DAUPHIN**

Say, if my father render fair return,  
It is against my will, for I desire  
190 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.  
195 And be assured you'll find a difference,  
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  
200 In your own losses, if he stay in France.

**KING OF FRANCE**

Tomorrow shall you know our mind at full.

*Flourish*

**EXETER**

Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
Come here himself to question our delay,  
For he is footed in this land already.

**KING OF FRANCE**

205 You shall be soon dispatched with fair conditions.  
A night is but small breath and little pause  
To answer matters of this consequence.

*Flourish*

*Exeunt*

Dauphin is here too, because I have a message specifically for him.

**KING OF FRANCE**

As for me, I will think more about this. Tomorrow you'll bring my complete response to my brother England.

**DAUPHIN**

As for the Dauphin, I'm speaking for him. What does the king of England send him?

**EXETER**

Scorn and hostility, a low opinion, disrespect, and anything that doesn't make the powerful sender look bad. That's what he thinks of you. The king says this: if your father doesn't, by granting all the demands he's made, make up for your nasty joke about his Majesty, he'll make you answer for it so violently that hollow caves in France will scold you for your mistake and repeat the echoes of your joke as it's expressed by his cannons.

**DAUPHIN**

Tell him, if my father agrees to his terms, it's against my will, because I want nothing more than war with England. It was for that, and because they matched his youth and silliness, that I sent him the Paris tennis balls.

**EXETER**

He would make your Louvre in Paris shake for that even if it were the capital of all of Europe. Be sure you'll see a difference, as we his subjects were amazed to see, between what he seemed to be like in his younger days and now. Now he spends time carefully even to the second. You will find that out by all your losses if he stays in France.

**KING OF FRANCE**

Tomorrow you will know everything I have to say.

*Trumpets sound.*

**EXETER**

Send us back soon, or our king will come here himself to ask what's delaying us, since he's already landed in this country.

**KING OF FRANCE**

You will soon be sent back with a fair answer. A night is not a long time to consider something this important.

*Trumpets sound.*

*They exit.*

## Act 3, Prologue

### Shakespeare

*Enter CHORUS*

### Shakescleare Translation

*The CHORUS enters.*

**CHORUS**

Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies  
In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen  
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier  
5 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, shipboys climbing.  
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
10 To sounds confused. Behold the threden sails,  
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,  
Breasting the lofty surge. Oh, do but think  
You stand upon the rivage and behold  
15 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,  
20 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?  
25 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege.  
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  
30 Katherine 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,

*Alarum, and chambers go off*

And down goes all before them. Still be kind  
35 And eke out our performance with your mind.

*Exit*

**CHORUS**

Our fast scene flies with imaginary wings as quickly as thoughts do. Pretend you have seen the well-prepared king embark at Southampton <sup>1</sup> pier, his brave ships fanning the sun with silk banners. Use your imagination and see the boys climbing on the ropes of the ships' rigging. Hear the piercing whistle, which imposes some order on all the cacophonous sounds. See the sails made of thread, carried by the invisible creeping wind, pulling the huge ships <sup>2</sup> through the sea, facing the high waves. Oh, just imagine you're standing on the shore and see a city dancing on the unpredictable waves, because that's what this royal fleet sailing to Harfleur looks like. Follow, follow! Use grappling-hooks to attach your minds to the decks of these ships and leave your England, quiet as the dead of night, guarded by grandfathers, babies, and old women, either past or not yet arrived at their prime. What man who has even one hair on his chin wouldn't follow these chosen knights to France? Work, work your imaginations, and see a siege there. See the cannons on their supports, opening their deadly mouths at the walls of Harfleur. Imagine that the Ambassador comes back from the French, tells Harry the king offers him Katherine his daughter and with her, as a dowry, some small, poor dukedoms. He doesn't like the offer, so the fast gunner lights the devilish cannon's fuse,

<sup>1</sup> A major port in South England.

<sup>2</sup> "Bottom" means the hull or keel of a ship or the ship itself, but it is also a term from weaving, meaning something around which thread is woven or a ball of thread. This meaning is played on with the mention that the "threden sails" are leading the "bottoms" through the sea.

*Trumpets sound, and gunfire is heard.*

And everything falls down in front of them. Remain kind and fill out gaps in our performance with your mind.

*CHORUS exits.*

## Act 3, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Alarum*

*Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers, with scaling ladders*

### Shakescleare Translation

*Trumpets sound.*

*KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers with ladders enter.*

**KING HENRY**

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,  
5 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-favored rage,  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,  
10 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.  
15 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,  
20 Have in these parts from morn till even fought  
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.  
Dishonor not your mothers. Now attest  
That those whom you called fathers did beget you.  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
25 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  
30 That hath not noble luster 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!"

*Alarum, and chambers go off. Exeunt*

**KING HENRY**

Once more back into the gap in the wall, dear friends, once more, or let it be closed up with dead English soldiers! There's nothing more proper for a man in a time of peace as modest calm and humility, but when the trumpet of war blows in your ears, you should imitate the actions of a tiger. Stiffen your muscles, raise your heartbeat, disguise your natural kindness with ugly anger, then frown horribly, let your eyes shoot glares from your head like a brass cannon shooting out of a porthole. Let your forehead hang over them as frighteningly as a dislodged rock, jutting over a doomed piece of ground washed over by the wild and destructive ocean. Now grit your teeth and flare your nostrils, hold your breath and raise your spirits. On, on, you noblest Englishmen, who are descended from fathers whose worth was proved in war, fathers who, as though they were all Alexander the Great, fought in this country from morning until evening, then put away their swords because there was no-one left to fight. Don't dishonor your mothers. Now prove that the men you called your fathers conceived you. Be an example for less noble men and show them how to fight. And you, good commoner, whose bodies were made in England, show us the character you developed working the land. Convince us you were worth bringing up, which I don't doubt, because even the lowest and least important of you has a noble light in your eyes. I see you waiting like greyhounds  on a leash, straining to start. Now the hunt has begun. Follow your instincts, and when we charge shout, "God help Harry, England, and Saint George!"

 Greyhounds are racing dogs.

*Trumpets sound, and gunfire is heard. They exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

*Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and BOY*

#### BARDOLPH

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

#### NYM

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

#### PISTOL

"The plainsong" is most just, for humors do abound.  
*[sings]*  
Knocks go and come. God's vassals drop and die,  
And sword and shield  
10 In bloody field  
Doth win immortal fame.

#### BOY

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

#### PISTOL

And I.  
15 *(sings)*  
If wishes would prevail with me,  
My purpose should not fail with me,

### Shakescleare Translation

*NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and the BOY enter.*

#### BARDOLPH

On, on, on, on, on! To the gap, to the gap!

#### NYM

Please, corporal, wait. The blows are coming too hot and, as for me, I don't have any spare lives. The way it is too hot; that's the tune of it.

#### PISTOL

The "tune" is very true, because emotions are running high.  
*[sings]*  
Blows go and come. God's servants drop down and die  
And a sword and shield  
10 In a bloody battlefield  
Do win immortal fame.

#### BOY

I wish I were in a pub in London! I would give all my fame for a mug of ale, and safety.

#### PISTOL

So would I. *[sings]*  
If my wishes could come true  
I wouldn't fail in my purpose  
But I would go there.

*But thither would I hie.*

**BOY**

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

20

*Enter FLUELLEN*

**FLUELLEN**

Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you culions!

**PISTOL**

Be merciful, great duke, to men of mold. Abate thy  
rage, abate thy manly rage, abate thy rage, great duke.  
Good bawcock, 'bate thy rage. Use lenity, sweet chuck.

25

**NYM**

These be good humors. Your Honor wins bad humors.

*Exeunt all but BOY*

**BOY**

As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though 30 they would serve me, could not be man to me. For indeed three such antics do not amount to a man: for Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced, by the means whereof he faces it out but fights not; for Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword, by the means whereof 35 he breaks words and keeps whole weapons; for Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest he should be thought a coward, but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds, for he never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he 40 was drunk. They will steal anything and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais 45 they stole a fire shovel. I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers, which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them and seek some better service. Their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

*Exit*

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER*

**GOWER**

Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; 55 the duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

60

**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' athvassary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digit himself four yard under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think he will plow up all if there is not better directions.

**BOY**

[sings]  
As properly,  
But not as well ,  
As a bird sings on a branch.

 "Truly" here could mean "well", or "faithfully" - to abandon the battle would be to fail to be "true", or "faithful", to the king.

*FLUELLEN enters.*

**FLUELLEN**

Up to the gap, you dogs! Forward, you good-for-nothings!

**PISTOL**

Take mercy, great duke, on men made of earth. Calm your anger, calm your manly anger, calm your anger, great duke. Darling, calm down! Be nice, dear.

**NYM**

Those are good emotions. You, your Honor, are showing bad emotions.

*All exit except the BOY.*

**BOY**

As young as I am, I have watched these three swashers. I am a servant to all three of them, but all three, even if they were my servants, could not be my men. Because three clowns like that don't make up a man. Bardolph is yellow at heart  and red-faced, so he brags but never fights. Pistol has a killing mouth and a quiet sword, so he breaks words and keeps his weapons whole. Nym has heard that men of few words are the best men, so he doesn't say his prayers because he's worried about being thought to be a coward. But his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds. He never hurt any man's head except his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal anything and say they bought it. Bardolph stole a lute case, carried it for twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pennies. Nym and Bardolph are partners in crime, and in Calais they stole a fire shovel. I knew by that action that they would be willing to do servants' work.  They want me to be as at home in the pockets of men as the men's gloves and handkerchiefs are, but it is degrading to my manliness to take something from another's pocket to put into mine, because that's just pocketing a sin. I must leave them and find someone better to serve. Their crimes upset my weak stomach, so I should throw them up.

 Bardolph's innards reveal that he is a coward, despite his red face.

  Because they stole a fire-shovel, the boy jokes they would be willing to "carry coals", which besides being something servants do for their masters also generally means doing degrading work.

*He exits.*

*FLUELLEN and GOWER enter.*

**GOWER**

Captain Fluellen, you must come to the tunnels now. The duke of Gloucester wants to speak with you.

**FLUELLEN**

To the tunnels?  Tell the duke it is not good to come to the tunnels because, see, the tunnels are not according to the strategy of war. The hollowness of them is not sufficient, because, see, you may discuss it with the duke, see, the enemy has dug himself four yards under the tunnels. By Jesus, I think he will dig it all up if there are not better orders.

 Fluellen has a pronounced Welsh accent.

**GOWER**

The duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege  
is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very  
valiant gentleman, i' faith.

**FLUELLEN**

It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

**GOWER**

I think it be.

**FLUELLEN**

By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify  
as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the  
true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman  
disciplines, than is a puppy dog.

*Enter Captain MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY*

**GOWER**

Here he comes, and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy,  
with him.

**FLUELLEN**

Captain Jamy is a marvelous falorous gentleman, that is  
certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in  
th'aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his  
directions. By Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as  
well as any military man in the world in the disciplines  
of the pristine wars of the Romans.

**JAMY**

I say gudday, Captain Fluellen.

**FLUELLEN**

Godden to your Worship, good Captain James.

**GOWER**

How now, Captain Macmorris, have you quit the mines?  
Have the pioneers given o'er?

**MACMORRIS**

By Chrish, la, 'tish ill done. The work ish give over.  
The trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand I swear, and  
my father's soul, the work ish ill done. It ish give  
over. I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save  
me, la, in an hour. Oh, 'tish ill done, 'tish ill done,  
by my hand, 'tish ill done.

**FLUELLEN**

Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you voutsafe  
me, look you, a few disputations with you as partly  
touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the  
Roman wars? In the way of argument, look you, and  
friendly communication, partly to satisfy my opinion,  
and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind,  
as touching the direction of the military discipline,  
that is the point.

**JAMY**

It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captens bath, and I  
sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion,  
that sall I, marry.

**MACMORRIS**

It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me. The day  
is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the  
dukes. It is no time to discourse. The town is  
beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we  
talk and, be Chrish, do nothing, 'tis shame for us all.  
So God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still. It is shame,  
by my hand. And there is throats to be cut and works to  
be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me,

**GOWER**

The duke of Gloucester, who is in charge of the siege, does  
everything an Irishman tells him—a really brave man, truly.

**FLUELLEN**

It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

**GOWER**

I think it is.

**FLUELLEN**

By Jesus, he is an ass, as great any in the world. I will tell  
him that to his face. He has no more knowledge of the true  
strategies of war, see, the Roman strategies, than does a  
puppy dog.

*Captain MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY enter.*

**GOWER**

Here he comes, and the Scottish captain, Captain Jamy,  
with him.

**FLUELLEN**

Captain Jamy is a marvelously brave man, that is certain,  
and of great accomplishments and knowledge of the  
ancient wars, as I know for sure from his orders. By Jesus 5,  
he can talk as well as any military man in the world  
about the strategies of the pure wars of the Romans.

5 Fluellen's pronounced Welsh  
accent is source of much of the  
humour in this scene.

**JAMY**

I say good-day, Captain Fluellen.

**FLUELLEN**

Good-day to you, your Worship, good Captain James.

**GOWER**

What, Captain Morris, have you left the tunnels? Have the  
tunnelers given up?

**MACMORRIS**

By Christ, it's badly done. The work is abandoned. The  
trumpet sounds the retreat. I swear by my hand and my  
father's soul 6, the work is badly done. It has been  
abandoned. I would have blown up the town, Christ save  
me, in an hour. Oh, it's badly done, it's badly done, by my  
hand, it's badly done.

6 Macmorris has a pronounced Irish  
accent.

**FLUELLEN**

Captain Macmorris, I ask you now, will you grant me, see, a  
few debates with you partly touching on or concerning the  
strategies of war, the Roman wars? For the sake of  
argument, see, and friendly communication, partly to  
satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, see, of  
my mind, concerning the art of military strategy, that is the  
point.

**JAMY**

It will be very good, truly, good captains, and I will leave  
you if that's all right, when I see fit, that I will, truly.

**MACMORRIS**

Now is no time to talk, Christ save me. The day is hot, and  
the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes.  
Now is no time to talk. The town is besieged, and the  
trumpet calls us to the gap, and we talk and, by Christ, do  
nothing, it's a shame to us all. So God save me, it's  
shameful to stand still. It's shameful, by my hand. And there  
are throats to cut and deeds to be done, and nothing is  
done, so Christ save me, la.

la.

**JAMY**

By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or I'll lig i' th' grund for it, ay, or go to death. And I'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I surerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

115

**FLUELLEN**

Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

120

**MACMORRIS**

Of my nation? What ish my nation? Ish a villain and a basterd and a knave and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

125

**FLUELLEN**

Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as, in discretion, you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war and in the derivation of my birth and in other particularities.

**MACMORRIS**

I do not know you so good a man as myself. So Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

130

**GOWER**

Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

**JAMY**

Ah, that's a foul fault.

*A parley sounds*

**GOWER**

The town sounds a parley.

**FLUELLEN**

Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war, and there is an end.

135

*Exeunt*

*They exit.*

**JAMY**

By the mass, before I fall asleep, I'll do good service, or I'll lie on the ground, yes, or die. And I'll pay for my death as bravely as I can, that I will surely do, that is the long and short of it. Come on, I would like to hear some debate between you two.

**FLUELLEN**

Captain Macmorris, I think, see, under your command, there are not many of your nation--

**MACMORRIS**

Of my nation? What is my nation? It's a villain and a bastard and a criminal and a good-for-nothing  . What is my nation? Who talks of my nation?

 The Irish were subjugated under the English, and frequently looked down upon. Macmorris is highlighting this cultural prejudice.

**FLUELLEN**

Look, if you take this in a different way than I meant it, Captain Macmorris, perhaps I will think you do not treat me with the politeness that, reasonably, you should treat me with, see, since I am as good a man as you are, as good at the strategies of war and from as good a family and other particulars.

**MACMORRIS**

I do not know you are as good a man as I am. Christ save me, I will cut off your head.

**GOWER**

Gentlemen, you're misunderstanding each other.

**JAMY**

Yes, that's a terrible fault.

*A signal for a truce is given.*

**GOWER**

The town calls for a truce.

**FLUELLEN**

Captain Macmorris, when there is a better opportunity, see, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the strategies of war, and that is the end of it.

## Act 3, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

Enter the GOVERNOR and some citizens on the walls. Enter KING HENRY and his train before the gates

### Shakescleare Translation

The GOVERNOR and some citizens enter on the walls. KING HENRY and his attendants enter in front of the gates.

**KING HENRY**

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,  
 5 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-achieved Harfleur  
 Till in her ashes she lie burièd.  
 10 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'r'ing infants.  
 15 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,  
 20 If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
 Of hot and forcing violation?  
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness  
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?  
 We may as bootless spend our vain command  
 25 Upon th' enraged 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,  
 30 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds  
 Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.  
 If not, why, in a moment look to see  
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
 35 Desire 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  
 40 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 defense, be thus destroyed?

**GOVERNOR**

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

**KING HENRY**

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.  
 Tonight in Harfleur will we be your guest;  
 Tomorrow for the march are we addressed.

*Flourish, and enter the town*

**KING HENRY**

What has the mayor of the town decided? This is the last truce we will grant. So surrender to us or, like men proud of destroying themselves, dare us to do our worst. Because, as sure as I am a soldier, which I think is the most fitting thing for me to call myself, if I begin the attack once again, I will not leave half-defeated Harfleur until it's buried in its own ashes. The gates of mercy will be shut, and the bloody soldiers, rough and hard-hearted, free to do whatever terrible deeds they want, will wander around with the willingness to do anything, mowing down like grass your beautiful young girls and your growing babies. What is it to me if unholy war, dressed in flames like the devil, with a scorched face, does all the horrible things that go along with destruction and loss? What is it to me, since you yourselves are to blame, if your pure young women are raped? What kind of control can you have over immoral evil when it's charging fiercely on as though running down a hill? We could just as uselessly give pointless orders to looting angry soldiers as send instructions to the sea-monster Leviathan to come to shore. So, you men of Harfleur, have pity on your town and on your people while my soldiers are still under my control, while the cool and mild wind of kindness is stronger than the dirty and unhealthy clouds of wild murder, looting, and evil. If not, in a moment expect to see a blind and bloody soldier reaching with a dirty hand towards the hair of your piercingly-shrieking daughters, your fathers grabbed by their silver beards and their wise heads smashed against the walls, your naked babies stabbed on pikes while the crazed mothers break the clouds with their confused howls, like the Jewish wives did at Herod<sup>1</sup>'s bloody murderers. What do you say? Will you surrender and avoid this or, guilty of these crimes because you continue to defend yourselves, be destroyed in this way?

<sup>1</sup> In the Bible, King Herod had all the young male children in his kingdom killed.

**GOVERNOR**

Our hopes end today. The Dauphin, whom we begged to help us, replies that his forces are not yet ready to end such a strong siege. So, great King, we surrender our town and lives to your kind mercy. Enter our gates, do what you want with us and what we own, because we can no longer defend ourselves.

**KING HENRY**

Open your gates. [Governor exits.] Uncle Exeter, go enter Harfleur. Stay there and fortify it well against the French. Be merciful to them all. As for me, dear uncle, since winter is coming and my soldiers are getting sick, I will retreat to Calais. Tonight I will be your guest in Harfleur. I will march tomorrow.

*Trumpets sound and they enter the town.*

**Act 3, Scene 4****Shakespeare**

*Enter KATHERINE and ALICE*

**Shakescleare Translation**

*KATHERINE and ALICE enter.*

**KATHERINE**

Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

**ALICE**

Un peu, madame.

**KATHERINE**

Je te prie, m'enseignez. Il faut que j'apprenne à parler.

Comment appelez-vous la main en anglais?

**ALICE**

La main? Elle est appelée "de hand."

**KATHERINE**

"De hand." Et les doigts?

**ALICE**

Les doigts? Ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? Je pense qu'ils sont appelés "de fingres"; oui, "de fingres."

**KATHERINE**

La main, "de hand"; les doigts, "de fingres." Je pense que je suis le bon écolier. J'ai gagné deux mots d'anglais virement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

**ALICE**

15 Les ongles? Nous les appelons "de nails."

**KATHERINE**

"De nails." Écoutez. Dites-moi si je parle bien : "de hand, de fingres, et de nails."

**ALICE**

C'est bien dit, madame. Il est fort bon anglais.

**KATHERINE**

Dites-moi l'anglais pour le bras.

**ALICE**

20 "De arme," madame.

**KATHERINE**

Et le coude?

**ALICE**

"D'elbow."

**KATHERINE**

"D'elbow." Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

**ALICE**

25 Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

**KATHERINE**

Excusez-moi, Alice. Écoutez: "de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow."

**ALICE**

"D'elbow," madame.

**KATHERINE**

30 Ô Seigneur Dieu! Je m'en oublie; "d'elbow." Comment appelez-vous le col?

**KATHERINE**

Alice, you've been in England, and you speak the language well.

**ALICE**

A little, ma'am.

**KATHERINE**

Please, teach me. I have to learn to speak. What do you call the hand *in English*?

**ALICE**

The hand? It's called "de hand".

**KATHERINE**

"De hand." And the fingers?

**ALICE**

The fingers? Goodness, I forget the fingers; but I'll remember. The fingers? I think they're called "de fingres"; yes, "de fingres".

**KATHERINE**

The hand, "de hand"; the fingers, "de fingres". I think I'm a good student. I'm learned two English words quickly. What do you call the nails?

**ALICE**

The nails? We call them "de nails".

**KATHERINE**

"De nails". Listen. Tell me if I'm talking well: "de hand, de fingres, and de nails."

**ALICE**

That's well said, ma'am. That's very good English.

**KATHERINE**

Tell me the English word for the arm.

**ALICE**

"De arme," ma'am.

**KATHERINE**

And the elbow?

**ALICE**

"D'elbow."

**KATHERINE**

"D'elbow." I'll repeat all the words you've taught me up to now.

**ALICE**

That's too hard, ma'am, in my opinion.

**KATHERINE**

Please, Alice. Listen: "de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow".

 A "bilbo" is the English word for a kind of sword and for a kind of ankle shackle.

**ALICE**

"D'elbow," ma'am.

**KATHERINE**

Oh Lord God! I forgot; "d'elbow." What do you call the neck?

**ALICE**

"De nick," madame.

**KATHERINE**

"De nick." *Et le menton?*

**ALICE**

"De chin."

**KATHERINE**

"De sin." *Le col*, "de nick"; *le menton*, "de sin."

**ALICE**

35 *Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

**KATHERINE**

*Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grâce de Dieu, et en peu de temps.*

**ALICE**

*N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?*

**KATHERINE**

40 *Non, je réciterai à vous promptement: "de hand, de fingre, de nails—"*

**ALICE**

"De nails," madame.

**KATHERINE**

"De nails, de arme, de ilbow."

**ALICE**

*Sauf votre honneur, "d'elbow."*

**KATHERINE**

45 *Ainsi dis-je: "d'elbow, de nick, et de sin." Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?*

**ALICE**

"Le foot," madame, et "le count."

**KATHERINE**

50 "Le foot" et "de count." Ô Seigneur Dieu! Ils sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! "Le foot" et "le count"! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: "d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arme, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, le count."

**ALICE**

*Excellent, madame!*

**KATHERINE**

*C'est assez pour une fois: Allons-nous à dîner.*

**ALICE**

"De nick , ma'am."

 This is pronounced like "nique", a form of the French verb "niquer", which is a vulgar term meaning "to have sexual intercourse." Although the word seems to be first attested in this sense at least a century later, given the later double entendres in Alice's translations it seems possible that the word was being used in this way in Shakespeare's day and that the pun was deliberate.

**KATHERINE**

"De nick." *And the chin?*

**ALICE**

"De chin."

**KATHERINE**

"De sin." *The neck, "de nick"; the chin, "de sin."*

**ALICE**

*Yes. Truly, you speak the words as well as native English speakers do.*

**KATHERINE**

*I don't doubt I'll learn quickly, if God allows it.*

**ALICE**

*Have you not already forgotten what I taught you?*

**KATHERINE**

*No, I'll recite them to you right now: "de hand, de fingre, de nails—"*

**ALICE**

"De nails," ma'am.

**KATHERINE**

"De nails, de arme, de ilbow."

**ALICE**

*Sorry, it's "d'elbow".*

**KATHERINE**

*That's what I said: "d'elbow, de nick, and de sin." What do you call the foot and the dress?*

**ALICE**

"Le foot , ma'am, and "le count .

 "Foute" is a form of "foutre", a vulgar term meaning "engaging in sexual activity".

 "Count" sounds like "con", the word for the female sexual organ. Alice is trying to say "gown".

**KATHERINE**

*"The foot" and "de count." Oh Lord God! Those are ugly sounding words, rotten, vulgar, and immodest words, and not for honorable ladies to use. I wouldn't say those words in front of the lords of France for all the world. What! "Le foot!" and "le count"! Nonetheless, I'll recite my whole lesson together one more time: "d' hand, de fingre, de nails, d' arme, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, le count."*

**ALICE**

*Excellent, ma'am!*

**KATHERINE**

*That's enough for now: let's go have dinner.*

Exeunt

*They exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 5

### Shakespeare

*Enter the KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the duke of BOURBON, the CONSTABLE of France, and others*

#### KING OF FRANCE

'Tis certain he hath passed the river Somme.

#### CONSTABLE

An 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.

#### DAUPHIN

5    *Ô Dieu vivant*, shall a few sprays of us,  
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,  
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,  
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds  
And overlook their grafters?

#### BOURBON

10   Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!  
*Mort de ma vie*, if they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom  
To buy a slobb'y and a dirty farm  
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

#### CONSTABLE

15   *Dieu de batailles*, 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,  
20   Decoet their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
Seem frosty? Oh, for honor of our land,  
Let us not hang like roping icicles  
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people  
25   Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!  
"Poor" we may call them in their native lords.

#### DAUPHIN

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

#### BOURBON

And teach lavoltas high, and swift corantos,  
Saying our grace is only in our heels  
And that we are most lofty runaways.  
35   They bid us to the  
English dancing schools.

#### KING OF FRANCE

Where is Montjoy the herald? Speed him hence.  
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.  
Up, princes, and, with spirit of honor edged  
40   More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:  
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;  
You dukes of Orléans, Bourbon, and of Berri,  
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;  
Jacques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,  
45   Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Faulconbridge,  
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciquault, and Charolois;

### Shakescleare Translation

*The KING OF FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the duke of BOURBON, the CONSTABLE of France, and others enter.*

#### KING OF FRANCE

He's definitely crossed the river Somme.

 A river in the North of France.

#### CONSTABLE

And if we don't fight him, my lord, we shouldn't live in  
France. Let's all leave and give our vineyards to barbarians.

#### DAUPHIN

Oh God, will we let a few offshoots of our race, made out of  
our fathers' loose living, our creations, planted in a wild and  
savage place, shoot up so high into the clouds and look  
down on the people who planted them?

#### BOURBON

They're Normans, but illegitimate Normans, Norman  
bastards! Damn me, if they keep marching along without  
being fought, I will sell my dukedom to buy a disgusting,  
dirty farm on that strangely-shaped island of Britain.

#### CONSTABLE

God of battles, where did they get this courage? Isn't their  
climate foggy, cold, and dark, and doesn't the sun look  
palely at them as though it hates them, killing their fruit by  
frowning? Can boiled water, a drink for old broken-down  
horses, and their barley soup heat up their blood to make  
them so fiery and hot-headed? Should our easily-heated  
blood, encouraged by wine, seem ice-cold? Oh, for the  
honor of our country, let's not hang like drooping icicles  
from our houses' roofs, while young men from a colder  
country sweat bravely on our rich fields! We can rightly say  
they're poor in noblemen.

#### DAUPHIN

By faith and honor, our women mock us and plainly say  
we're inbred and and all the courage has been bred out of  
our genes, and that they will sleep with English young men  
to stock up France with illegitimate soldiers.

#### BOURBON

And they teach us fast dances, saying the only grace we  
have is in our feet and that we're very graceful when  
running away. They ask us to go to the English dancing  
schools.

#### KING OF FRANCE

Where is Montjoy the messenger? Send him from here. Let  
him tell the king of England fiercely that we will fight him.  
Go, princes, and with a desire for honor even sharper than  
your swords, go to battle: Charles Delabreth, High  
Constable of France; you dukes of Orléans, Bourbon, Berri,  
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, Burgundy, Jacques Chatillon,  
Rambures, Vaudemont, Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi,  
Faulconbridge, Foix, Lestrale, Bouciquault, and Charolois.  
Great dukes, princes, barons, lords, and knights, for the  
sake of your great power now make up for your shame.

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  
50 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—  
55 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 ,  
60 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.

**KING OF FRANCE**

Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy  
And let him say to England that we send  
65 To know what willing ransom he will give.  
—Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

**DAUPHIN**

Not so, I do beseech your Majesty.

**KING OF FRANCE**

Be patient, for you shall remain with us.  
—Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all,  
70 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

*Exeunt*

Stop Harry of England, who sweeps through our country  
with banners painted in blood from Harfleur. Rush against  
his army like melted snow into the valleys, whose low  
servant-like positions the Alps spit and spew their water at.  
Go attack him--you have enough forces--and bring him in a  
captured cart into Rouen as our prisoner.

**CONSTABLE**

This is proper behavior for great men! I'm sad that he has so  
few men and that his soldiers are sick and starving from  
marching because, I'm sure, when he sees our army his  
heart will sink with fear and he'll offer to pay us to end the  
war.

**KING OF FRANCE**

So, Lord Constable, hurry to Montjoy and let him tell the  
king of England that we are sending him to ask how much  
money he's willing to give us.

*[To DAUPHIN] Prince Dauphin, you'll stay with us in Rouen.*

**DAUPHIN**

Please don't make me do that, your Majesty.

**KING OF FRANCE**

Be patient, because you're staying with me.

*[to CONSTABLE] Now go, Lord Constable and all you  
princes, and quickly bring us word of England's defeat.*

*They exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 6

### Shakespeare

*Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting*

**GOWER**

How now, Captain Fluellen? Come you from the bridge?

**FLUELLEN**

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

**GOWER**

Is the duke of Exeter safe?

**FLUELLEN**

5 The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and  
a man that I love and honor 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  
10 excellent discipline. There is an auncient 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.

**GOWER**

15 What do you call him?

### Shakescleare Translation

*GOWER and FLUELLEN enter from opposite directions.*

**GOWER**

Hello, Captain Fluellen. Are you coming from the bridge?

**FLUELLEN**

I assure you, there are very excellent things happening at  
the bridge.

**GOWER**

Is the duke of Exeter safe?

**FLUELLEN**

Exeter has as great a soul as the Greek king Agamemnon 1, and he's a man I love and honor with all my soul and my heart and my duty and my life and my job and as much as I can. He is not, God be praised and blessed, at all hurt, but guards the bridge bravely, with excellent strategy. There is an ancient lieutenant there at the bridge 2. I think truly he is as brave a man as the Roman hero Mark Anthony, and he is not at all an important man, but I saw him acting as bravely as those who are.

**GOWER**

What is he called?

1 Agamemnon became the most powerful prince in Greece by conquering many other countries.

2 Fluellen's Welsh accent makes him pronounce "bridge" as "pridge".

**FLUELLEN**

He is called Aunchient Pistol.

**GOWER**

I know him not.

*Enter PISTOL*

**FLUELLEN**

Here is the man.

**PISTOL**

Captain, I thee beseech to do me favors.  
20 The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

**FLUELLEN**

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

**PISTOL**

Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart  
And of buxom valor, hath, by cruel Fate  
25 And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone—

**FLUELLEN**

By your patience, Aunchient Pistol, Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you  
30 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  
35 good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

**PISTOL**

Fortune is Bardolph's foe and frowns on him,  
For he hath stolen a pax and hangèd must he be.  
A damnèd death!  
40 Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,  
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death  
For pax of little price.  
Therefore go speak—the duke will hear thy voice—  
45 And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach.  
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

**FLUELLEN**

Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

**PISTOL**

Why then, rejoice therefore.

**FLUELLEN**

50 Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at, for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used.

**PISTOL**

Die and be damned, and *figo* for thy friendship!

**FLUELLEN**

55 It is well.

**PISTOL**

The fig of Spain!

*Exit*

**FLUELLEN**

He is called Ancient Pistol.

**GOWER**

I don't know him.

*PISTOL enters.*

**FLUELLEN**

Here he is.

**PISTOL**

Captain, please do me a favor. The duke of Exeter loves you.

**FLUELLEN**

Yes, I thank God, and I have deserved some love from him.

**PISTOL**

Bardolph, a strong and good-hearted soldier and of great courage has, by cruel Fate and light-headed Fortune's crazy unreliable wheel, that blind goddess who stands on the rolling restless stone--

**FLUELLEN**

Excuse me, Ancient Pistol, Fortune is depicted as blind, with a scarf before her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is blind; and she is also depicted with a wheel to signify to you, which is the moral of this, that she is turning and unpredictable, and full of change and variation; and her foot, you see, is planted on a round stone, which rolls and rolls and rolls. Truly, the poet <sup>3</sup> describes it excellently. Fortune is an excellent moral lesson.

<sup>3</sup> These were familiar images of Fortune in the period.

**PISTOL**

Fortune is Bardolph's enemy and glares at him, because he has stolen a pax <sup>4</sup> and he must be hanged. A terrible death! Let dogs be hanged, let men go free, and rope not suffocate their windpipes. But Exeter has condemned him to death for a cheap pax. So go speak—the duke will listen to you—and don't let Bardolph's life be cut short by the edge of a cheap rope and terrible shame. Speak, Captain, to save him, and I will pay you back.

<sup>4</sup> A tablet kissed by the priest and other participants at a Roman Catholic mass; also the Latin word for "peace".

**FLUELLEN**

Ancient Pistol, I partly understand your meaning.

**PISTOL**

Well, then rejoice.

**FLUELLEN**

Certainly, ancient, it's nothing to rejoice at, because, see, even if he were my brother, I would ask the duke to use his own judgement and execute him, because discipline is important.

**PISTOL**

Die and be damned, and *a fig* for your friendship!

**FLUELLEN**

Very well.

**PISTOL**

A Spanish fig!

*They exit.*

**FLUELLEN**

Very good.

**GOWER**

Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal. I remember him now, a bawd, a cutpurse.

**FLUELLEN**

60 I'll assure you, he 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.

**GOWER**

65 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  
70 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  
75 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 marvelously 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  
80 mind.

*Drum and colors Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers*

Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.—God bless your Majesty.

**KING HENRY**

How now, Fluellen, cam'st thou from the bridge?

**FLUELLEN**

85 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' athvassary was have possession of the pridge, but he is enforced to retire, and the duke  
90 of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your Majesty, the duke is a prave man.

**KING HENRY**

What men have you lost, Fluellen?

**FLUELLEN**

The perdition of th' athvassary hath been very great, reasonable great. Marry, for my part, I think the duke  
95 hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man. His face is all bubukles and whelks and knobs and flames o' fire; and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes  
100 plue and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

**KING HENRY**

We would have all such offenders so cut off, and we give express charge that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages,  
105 nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided

**FLUELLEN**

Very good.

**GOWER**

What, he's a deceitful criminal. I remember him now, a pimp, a pickpocket.

**FLUELLEN**

I assure you, he spoke as brave words at the bridge as any you'll hear on a summer's day. But very well; what he has spoken to me, well, I tell you, when the time comes.

**GOWER**

He's a fraud, a fool, a good-for-nothing, who now and then goes to the wars so he can call himself a soldier when he returns to London. Fellows like that know all the great generals' names by heart, and they will learn all about where battles happened—in such and such a corner, at such and such a pass, on such a ship; who acted bravely, who was shot, who was disgraced, what agreement the enemy came to. And they learn perfectly how to say this in military vocabulary, to which they add newly-invented oaths. And it's amazing what a beard cut like a general's and a frightening military uniform can get you among foamy bottles and drunk people. But you must learn to recognize people who lie in this way, or you will be completely deceived.

**FLUELLEN**

I tell you what, Captain Gower. I do see he is not the man he wants the world to think he is. If I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him what I think of him.

*A drum-beat and banners are carried on. KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and soldiers enter.*

Listen, the king is coming, and I must speak to him from the bridge.

*[To HENRY] God bless your majesty.*

**KING HENRY**

Hello, Fluellen, did you come from the bridge?

**FLUELLEN**

Yes, your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very bravely held on to the bridge. The French have gone off, see, and there have been very brave fights. The enemy had taken possession of the bridge, but was forced to retreat, and the duke of Exeter is holding the bridge. I can tell your Majesty, the duke is a brave man.

**KING HENRY**

What men have you lost, Fluellen?

**FLUELLEN**

The enemy's loss has been very great, reasonably great. For my part, I don't think the duke has lost a single man, except one who has likely been executed for robbing a church, a certain Bardolph, if your Majesty knows the man. His face is covered in swellings and pimples and bumps and fiery flames, and his lips blow up his nose, which is like a coal in a fire, sometimes blue and sometimes red, but his nose has been executed and his fire is out.

**KING HENRY**

I want all such criminals killed that way, and I particularly command that in our march through the country nothing is stolen from the villages, nothing taken unless it's paid for, none of the French scolded or insulted in rude language.

or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket Enter MONTJOY*

**MONTJOY**

You know me by my habit.

**KING HENRY**

110 Well then, I know thee. What shall I know of thee?

**MONTJOY**

My master's mind.

**KING HENRY**

Unfold it.

**MONTJOY**

Thus says my king: "Say thou to Harry of England, though we seemed dead, we did but sleep. Advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe. 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 reanswer, 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.

**KING HENRY**

What is thy name? I know thy quality.

**MONTJOY**

Montjoy.

**KING HENRY**

Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,  
135 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,  
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much  
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,  
140 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  
145 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,  
150 My army but a weak and sickly guard,  
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on  
Though France himself and such another neighbor  
Stand in our way. There's for thy labor, Montjoy.  
Go bid thy master well advise himself:  
155 If we may pass, we will; if we be hindered,  
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood  
Discolor. And so, Montjoy, fare you well.  
The sum of all our answer is but this:  
We would not seek a battle as we are,  
160 Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it.  
So tell your master.

Because when kindness and cruelty compete for a kingdom, the gentlest player wins first.

*A trumpet sounds. MONTJOY enters.*

**MONTJOY**

You know who I am by how I'm dressed.

**KING HENRY**

Well then, I know who you are. What will I know from you?

**MONTJOY**

My master's thoughts.

**KING HENRY**

Reveal them.

**MONTJOY**

My king says this: "Tell Harry king of England that although we seemed dead, we were just asleep. Having the advantage is a better thing in war than foolhardiness. Tell him we could have taught him a lesson at Harfleur, but we didn't think it would be worth hitting a bruise until it was completely ripe. Now it's time for us to speak, and our voice is royal. The king of England will regret his folly, see his weakness, and admire our patience. So ask him to consider what his ransom will be, which must pay for the losses we suffered, the subjects we lost, the shame we were subjected to, which if we paid him back in kind would completely overwhelm his minor kingdom. As for our losses, his treasury is too poor; as for the bloodshed, his kingdom doesn't have enough inhabitants; and as for our shame, making him kneel at our feet would be only a weak and worthless revenge. To this, add our scorn for him and tell him, finally, he has betrayed his followers, who will be punished." That's what my king and master said. Now I've done my job.

**KING HENRY**

What is your name? I know what kind of man you are.

**MONTJOY**

Montjoy.

**KING HENRY**

You do your job well. Turn back and tell your king I'm not looking for him now but could be willing to march on to Calais without fighting. To tell the truth, although it's not wise to confess so much to an enemy who is so crafty and has such an advantage, my people have been weakened by sickness. I've lost soldiers and the few I have left are almost worth no more than as many Frenchman. When they were healthy, I tell you, messenger, I thought that one pair of Englishmen was worth three Frenchmen. But forgive me, God, for bragging in this way. Your French air has blown this sin into me. I must repent. So go, tell your master: here I am. My ransom is this weak and worthless body, my army is a weak and sickly force, but God willing, tell him we would come fight him even if France itself and another country of the same size stood in our way. There's payment for your work, Montjoy. Go ask your master to consider: if we can keep going, we will. If we are stopped, we will stain your dark ground with your red blood. So, Montjoy, farewell. The summary of my answer is this: we wouldn't go looking for a fight as we are, but, as we are, we say we won't avoid one. Tell your master that.

**MONTJOY**

I shall deliver so. Thanks to your Highness.

*Exit*

**GLOUCESTER**

I hope they will not come upon us now.

**KING HENRY**

We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.  
165 March to the bridge. It now draws toward night.  
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,  
And on tomorrow bid them march away.

*Exeunt*

**MONTJOY**

I will. Thank you, your Highness.

*He exits.*

**GLOUCESTER**

I hope they don't attack us now.

**KING HENRY**

We are in God's hands, brother, not in theirs. March to the bridge. It's almost night. We'll camp across the river, and tomorrow march away.

*They exit.*

## Act 3, Scene 7

### Shakespeare

*Enter the CONSTABLE of France, the Lord RAMBURES, ORLÉANS, DAUPHIN, with others*

**CONSTABLE**

Tut, I have the best armor of the world. Would it were day!

**ORLÉANS**

You have an excellent armor, but let my horse have his due.

**CONSTABLE**

5 It is the best horse of Europe.

**ORLÉANS**

Will it never be morning?

**DAUPHIN**

My lord of Orléans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armor?

**ORLÉANS**

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

**DAUPHIN**

What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. Ça ha! He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs, *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu*. 15 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.

**ORLÉANS**

He's of the color of the nutmeg.

**DAUPHIN**

20 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.

### Shakescleare Translation

*The CONSTABLE of France, the lord RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHINS, and others enter.*

**CONSTABLE**

I have the best armor in the world. I wish it were day!

**ORLÉANS**

You have excellent armor, but admit my horse's excellence.

**CONSTABLE**

It is the best horse in Europe.

**ORLÉANS**

Will it never be morning?

**DAUPHIN**

My lord of Orléans and my Lord High Constable, you're talking about horses and armor?

**ORLÉANS**

You have as good examples of both as any prince in the world.

**DAUPHIN**

What a long night this is! I wouldn't trade my horse with any other that only walks on four hooves. He jumps from the earth as if his guts were light as hair, *the flying horse*, the Pegasus, *who breathes fire from his nostrils*. When I ride him, I fly; I am a hawk; he trots through the air. The earth sings when he touches it. His least attractive hoof is more musical than the god Hermes's flute.

**ORLÉANS**

He's the color of nutmeg.

**DAUPHIN**

And as fiery as ginger. He's an animal fit for the hero Perseus  to ride. He is made only of air and fire and the duller elements, earth and water, never show in him, except when he's patiently still while his rider mounts him. He is really a horse, and all other nags should only be called beasts.

**CONSTABLE**

Yes, my lord, it's an ideal and excellent horse.

 Perseus was the greatest Greek hero before Hercules.

**DAUPHIN**

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

**ORLÉANS**

No more, cousin.

**DAUPHIN**

30 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—"

**ORLÉANS**

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

**DAUPHIN**

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

**ORLÉANS**

Your mistress bears well.

**DAUPHIN**

45 Me well—which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

**CONSTABLE**

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

**DAUPHIN**

So perhaps did yours.

**CONSTABLE**

Mine was not bridled.

**DAUPHIN**

50 Oh, then belike she was old and gentle, and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off and in your straight strossers.

**CONSTABLE**

You have good judgment in horsemanship.

**DAUPHIN**

Be warned by me, then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

**CONSTABLE**

I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

**DAUPHIN**

I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

**CONSTABLE**

60 I could make as true a boast as that if I had a sow to my mistress.

**DAUPHIN**

It is the prince of ponies. His neigh is like a king's command, and his face forces you to respect him.

**ORLÉANS**

That's enough, cousin.

**DAUPHIN**

No, any man who can't think of different compliments for my horse from the moment the birds get up in the morning to the time the lambs go home in the evening is an idiot. It's a subject that flows like the sea. Turn all the grains of sand into well-spoken mouths, and my horse gives them all something to talk about. It's a subject for a king to speak of, and for a king's king to ride on, and for the whole world, both familiar parts of it an unknown ones, to set aside all their different business and be amazed at him. I once wrote a sonnet praising him that began, "Wonder of nature—"

**ORLÉANS**

I've heard a sonnet to someone's girlfriend begin that way.

**DAUPHIN**

Then they were imitating the one I wrote for my warhorse, because my horse is my girlfriend.

**ORLÉANS**

Your girlfriend carries weight well.

**DAUPHIN**

My weight—which is exactly the highest praise and perfect quality of a good, faithful girlfriend.

**CONSTABLE**

I don't think so, because I thought yesterday your mistress jolted your back around terribly.

**DAUPHIN**

Maybe yours did too.

**CONSTABLE**

Mine was not wearing a bridle. 

 The joke here is that the Constable has been with his own girlfriend who has given him a good 'ride'!

**DAUPHIN**

Oh, then maybe she was old and gentle and you rode like a poor Irish soldier, with your French tights off and wearing straight trousers instead.

**CONSTABLE**

You are good at judging horses.

**DAUPHIN**

Take my warning, then: those who ride that way and aren't careful fall into dirty swamps. I would prefer to have my horse as a girlfriend.

**CONSTABLE**

I would prefer my girlfriend to be a nag.

**DAUPHIN**

I tell you, Constable, my girlfriend wears his own hair. 

 The Dauphin is insulting the Constable's mistress by insinuating she wears a wig.

**CONSTABLE**

I could make the same boast and be telling the truth if I had a pig as my girlfriend.

**DAUPHIN**

*“Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier.”* Thou mak'st use of anything.

**CONSTABLE**

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

**RAMBURES**

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

**CONSTABLE**

Stars, my lord.

**DAUPHIN**

Some of them will fall tomorrow, I hope.

**CONSTABLE**

And yet my sky shall not want.

**DAUPHIN**

70 That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honor some were away.

**CONSTABLE**

Ev'n as your horse bears your praises—who would trot as well were some of your brags dismounted.

**DAUPHIN**

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.

**RAMBURES**

80 Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

**CONSTABLE**

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

**DAUPHIN**

'Tis midnight. I'll go arm myself.

*Exit*

**ORLÉANS**

The Dauphin longs for morning.

**RAMBURES**

He longs to eat the English.

**CONSTABLE**

85 I think he will eat all he kills.

**ORLÉANS**

By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

**CONSTABLE**

Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

**ORLÉANS**

He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

**CONSTABLE**

Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

**DAUPHIN**

*The dog has returned to his own vomit, and the pig has washed herself in mud.* You're grasping at straws.

**CONSTABLE**

But I don't grasp at my horse like a girlfriend, or supply any pointless proverb.

**RAMBURES**

My Lord Constable, the armor I saw in your tent tonight, are those stars or suns on it?

**CONSTABLE**

Stars, my lord.

**DAUPHIN**

Some of them will fall tomorrow, I hope.

**CONSTABLE**

But there will be plenty left in my sky.

**DAUPHIN**

Maybe, because you carry far more than you need, and it would reflect better on you if some went away.

**CONSTABLE**

The same way your horse bears your compliments—it would trot just as well if some of your brags got off.

**DAUPHIN**

I wish I could give him what's coming to him! Will it never be day? I'll trot a mile tomorrow, and my path will be paved with English faces.

**CONSTABLE**

I won't say the same, because I fear I wouldn't be able to face them. But I wish it were morning, because I want to be hacking around the Englishmen's ears.

**RAMBURES**

Who will bet I'll take twenty prisoners?

**CONSTABLE**

You will first have to bet your life in battle before you get them.

**DAUPHIN**

It's midnight. I'll go get ready.

*He exits.*

**ORLÉANS**

The Dauphin longs for morning.

**RAMBURES**

He longs to eat the English.

**CONSTABLE**

I think he will eat everything he kills.

**ORLÉANS**

By the white hand of my wife, he's a brave prince.

**CONSTABLE**

Swear by her foot, so she can stamp out the oath.

**ORLÉANS**

He is simply the most active gentleman in France.

**CONSTABLE**

Doing is an activity, and he's always doing someone.

**ORLÉANS**

90 He never did harm that I heard of.

**CONSTABLE**

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

**ORLÉANS**

I know him to be valiant.

**CONSTABLE**

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

**ORLÉANS**

95 What's he?

**CONSTABLE**

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

**ORLÉANS**

He needs not. It is no hidden virtue in him.

**CONSTABLE**

By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it but 100 his lackey. 'Tis a hooded valor, and when it appears, it will bate.

**ORLÉANS**

Ill will never said well.

**CONSTABLE**

I will cap that proverb with "There is flattery in friendship."

**ORLÉANS**

105 And I will take up that with "Give the devil his due."

**CONSTABLE**

Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil. Have at the very eye of that proverb with "A pox of the devil."

**ORLÉANS**

You are the better at proverbs, by how much "A fool's 110 bolt is soon shot."

**CONSTABLE**

You have shot over.

**ORLÉANS**

'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

*Enter MESSENGER*

**MESSENGER**

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

**CONSTABLE**

115 Who hath measured the ground?

**MESSENGER**

The Lord Grandpré.

**CONSTABLE**

A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! He longs not for the dawning as we do.

**ORLÉANS**

I never heard of him doing anyone harm.

**CONSTABLE**

Nor will he do any tomorrow. He'll keep that good reputation.

**ORLÉANS**

I know that he's brave.

**CONSTABLE**

I was told that by someone who knows him better than you do.

**ORLÉANS**

Who's that?

**CONSTABLE**

He told me so himself, and said he didn't care who knew.

**ORLÉANS**

He shouldn't. It's not a hidden quality in him.

**CONSTABLE**

Actually, sir, it is. No one ever saw it except his servant. It's a disguised bravery, and when it appears, it will end.

**ORLÉANS**

No one ever spoke well out of spite.

**CONSTABLE**

I will top that saying with "Friends flatter you".

**ORLÉANS**

And I will meet that with "Give the devil his due."

**CONSTABLE**

Well done; the devil now stands for your friend. I'll fight that saying with "Damn the devil!"

**ORLÉANS**

You're better at sayings, because "a fool is quick to take a shot at people."

**CONSTABLE**

Your shot went right over me.

**ORLÉANS**

It's not the first time something went over your head.

*A MESSENGER enters.*

**MESSENGER**

My Lord High Constable, the English camp is less than fifteen hundred steps away from your tents.

**CONSTABLE**

Who measured the distance?

**MESSENGER**

The Lord Grandpré.

**CONSTABLE**

A brave and very competent gentleman.

**ORLÉANS**

120 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.

**ORLÉANS**

125 That they lack, for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

**RAMBURES**

That island of England breeds very valiant creatures. Their mastiffs are of unmatched courage.

**ORLÉANS**

130 Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

**CONSTABLE**

Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives. And then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

**ORLÉANS**

Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

**CONSTABLE**

140 Then shall we find tomorrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm. Come, shall we about it?

**ORLÉANS**

It is now two o'clock. But, let me see, by ten  
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen.

*Exeunt*

*[To ORLÉANS]* I wish it were day! Poor Harry of England! He doesn't wish for the dawn as much as we do.

**ORLÉANS**

What a miserable and headstrong fellow this king of England is, to come mope with his fat-brained followers so far from anything he understands.

**CONSTABLE**

If the English had any sense, they would run away.

**ORLÉANS**

They don't have that, because if their brains were weighed down by intellectual armor  , they could never wear such heavy helmets.

 *Orléans is calling the English stupid.*

**RAMBURES**

That island of England breeds very brave creatures. Their mastiff dogs are the bravest of any.

**ORLÉANS**

Silly dogs, that run with their eyes closed into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You might as well say, that's a brave flea that dares suck blood from a lion's lip for breakfast.

**CONSTABLE**

True, true. And the men are like mastiffs in that they run at you strongly and roughly, leaving their brains with their wives. And then just give them huge meals of beef and iron and steel, and they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

**ORLÉANS**

Yes, but these English are definitely out of beef.

**CONSTABLE**

Then we'll find tomorrow that they only have appetites for eating, not fighting. Now it's time to get ready. Come on, shall we go do that?

**ORLÉANS**

It's now two o'clock. But, let me see, by ten we'll each have captured a hundred Englishmen.

*They exit.*

## Act 4, Prologue

### Shakespeare

*Enter CHORUS*

**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,  
5 The hum of either army still 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.  
10 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents  
The armorers, accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.

### Shakescleare Translation

*CHORUS enters.*

**CHORUS**

Now imagine a time when creeping whispers and staring darkness fill the wide container of the universe. From camp to camp, through the dirty belly of night, both armies hum quietly, so the guards of each camp can almost hear each other's whispered secrets. Fires in both camps mirror each other, and through their pale flames each army sees the other army's shadowy face. Horses threaten each other, piercing the quiet night with high-pitched and bragging neighs; and from the tents the armorers, finishing their work for the knights, busily hammering down nails, make frightening sounds of preparation. The roosters crow in the countryside, the clocks strike, and, now that it is the third hour of sleepy morning, proud of their army's size and sure of themselves, the confident and overeager French play

The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
And, the third hour of drowsy morning named,  
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,  
The confident and over lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice  
20 And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,  
Who like a foul and ugly witch doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently and inly ruminante  
25 The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,  
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. Oh, now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruined band  
30 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.  
35 Upon his royal face there is no note  
How dread an army hath enrounded him,  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color  
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night,  
But freshly looks and overbears attaint  
40 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,  
45 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night.  
And so our scene must to the battle fly,  
Where, Oh, for pity, we shall much disgrace,  
50 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**The CHORUS exits.*

## Act 4, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER*

#### KING HENRY

Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger.  
The greater therefore should our courage be.  
—Good morrow, brother Bedford. God almighty,  
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
5 Would men observingly distill it out.  
For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,  
Which is both healthful and good husbandry.  
Besides, they are our outward consciences  
And preachers to us all, admonishing  
10 That we should dress us fairly for our end.  
Thus may we gather honey from the weed  
And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter ERPINGHAM*

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

#### ERPINGHAM

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

### Shakescleare Translation

*KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER enter.*

#### KING HENRY

Gloucester, it's true we're in great danger. That should make us braver.

*[To BEDFORD]* Good morning, my brother Bedford. By almighty God, there's some good in evil things if men take the trouble to separate it out. Our bad neighbors make us early risers, which is both healthy and economical. Besides, they are like consciences outside us and preachers to all of us, warning us to prepare well for death. In this way we can turn weeds into honey and make even the devil himself teach us a moral lesson.

*ERPINGHAM enters.*

Good morning, old Sir Thomas Erpingham. Your good white head should have a soft pillow instead of this rough French ground.

#### ERPINGHAM

No, my king, I prefer this accommodation, since now I can say "I sleep like a king."

**KING HENRY**

'Tis good for men to love their present pains  
Upon example. So the spirit is eased.  
20 And when the mind is quickened, out of doubt,  
The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,  
With casted slough and fresh legerity.  
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,  
25 Command me to the princes in our camp,  
Do my good morrow to them, and anon  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

**GLOUCESTER**

We shall, my liege.

**ERPINGHAM**

Shall I attend your Grace?

**KING HENRY**

30 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.

**ERPINGHAM**

The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

*Exeunt all but KING HENRY*

**KING HENRY**

35 God-a-mercy, old heart, thou speak'st cheerfully.

*Enter PISTOL*

**PISTOL**

*Qui vous là?*

**KING HENRY**

A friend.

**PISTOL**

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

**KING HENRY**

40 I am a gentleman of a company.

**PISTOL**

Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

**KING HENRY**

Even so. What are you?

**PISTOL**

As good a gentleman as the emperor.

**KING HENRY**

Then you are a better than the king.

**PISTOL**

45 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.  
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heartstring  
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

**KING HENRY**

50 Harry le Roy.

**PISTOL**

Le Roy? A Cornish name. Art thou of Cornish crew?

**KING HENRY**

It's good for men to love the hardship they suffer because  
they see other people suffering. It eases the mind. And  
when the mind is strengthened, the formerly dead body  
breaks out of its sleepy grave and moves again, casting off  
tiredness and gaining new energy. Lend me your cloak, Sir  
Thomas. Brothers, greet the nobles in our camp for me. Say  
good morning to them then send them all to my tent.

**GLOUCESTER**

We will, my king.

**ERPINGHAM**

Should I accompany you?

**KING HENRY**

No, my good knight. Go with my brothers to the nobles of  
England. I must have time to think for a while, but after that  
there's no one I would rather be with than you.

**ERPINGHAM**

May God bless you, noble Harry!

*All except KING HENRY exit.*

**KING HENRY**

Goodness, old friend, you speak cheerfully.

*PISTOL enters.*

**PISTOL**

*Who you there?*

**KING HENRY**

A friend.

**PISTOL**

Tell me: are you an officer or are you low, common, and  
ordinary?

**KING HENRY**

I am a gentleman in a unit.

**PISTOL**

Do you drag a powerful pike?

**KING HENRY**

Yes. Who are you?

**PISTOL**

As good a man as the emperor.

**KING HENRY**

Then you are a better one than the king.

**PISTOL**

The king's a darling, and has a heart of gold. He's a lively  
boy, a famous child, comes from good parents, very brave  
with his fist. I kiss his dirty shoe and from my heart I love  
the dear fellow. What is your name?

**KING HENRY**

Harry le Roy.

**PISTOL**

Le Roy? A Cornish name. Are you Cornish?

**KING HENRY**

No, I am a Welshman.

**PISTOL**

Know'st thou Fluellen?

**KING HENRY**

Yes.

**PISTOL**

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

**KING HENRY**

Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest  
he knock that about yours.

**PISTOL**

Art thou his friend?

**KING HENRY**

60 And his kinsman too.

**PISTOL**

The *figo* for thee then!

**KING HENRY**

I thank you. God be with you.

**PISTOL**

My name is Pistol called.

*Exit*

**KING HENRY**

It sorts well with your fierceness.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER*

**GOWER**

65 Captain Fluellen.

**FLUELLEN**

So. In the name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the 70 wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle toddle nor pibble babble 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.

75

**GOWER**

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, 80 look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, in your own conscience, now?

**GOWER**

I will speak lower.

**FLUELLEN**

I pray you and beseech you that you will.

*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN*

**KING HENRY**

No, I am Welsh.

**PISTOL**

Do you know Fluellen?

**KING HENRY**

Yes.

**PISTOL**

Tell him I'll hit him on the head with the leek he wears on Saint Davy's day.

**KING HENRY**

Don't wear your knife on your hat that day, or he'll hit you on the head with that.

**PISTOL**

Are you his friend?

**KING HENRY**

Yes, and his relative.

**PISTOL**

A *figo* for you then!

 A "figo" is a valueless thing, but also a euphemism for the vulva.

**KING HENRY**

Thank you. May God be with you.

**PISTOL**

My name is Pistol.

*He exits.*

**KING HENRY**

It goes well with your temper.

*FLUELLEN and GOWER enter.*

**GOWER**

Captain Fluellen.

**FLUELLEN**

So. In the name of Jesus Christ, don't talk as much. It's the greatest wonder in the whole world when the true and ancient rules and laws of war are broken. If you just make the effort to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you will find, I tell you, that there is no chatting or babbling in Pompey's camp. I tell you, you will find the dignity of war and the care taken about it and the good form of it and the sobriety of it and the modesty of it to be very different from this.

**GOWER**

But the enemy is loud. You hear them all night.

**FLUELLEN**

If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a babbling idiot, is it right, do you think, that we should also, see, be an ass and a fool and a babbling idiot, tell me truly?

**GOWER**

I will speak more quietly.

**FLUELLEN**

I pray and beg you to.

*GOWER and FLUELLEN exit.*

**KING HENRY**

Though it appear a little out of fashion,  
There is much care and valor in this Welshman.

*Enter three soldiers, John BATES, Alexander COURT, and Michael WILLIAMS*

**COURT**

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

**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  
90 shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there?

**KING HENRY**

A friend.

**WILLIAMS**

Under what captain serve you?

**KING HENRY**

Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

**WILLIAMS**

95 A good old commander and a most kind gentleman. I pray  
you, what thinks he of our estate?

**KING HENRY**

Even as men wracked upon a sand, that look to be washed  
off the next tide.

**BATES**

He hath not told his thought to the king?

**KING HENRY**

No. Nor it is not meet he should, for, though I speak  
100 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  
105 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,  
110 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.

**KING HENRY**

115 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.

**KING HENRY**

Although he's very strange, there's a lot of seriousness and  
bravery in this Welshman.

*The soldiers John BATES, Alexander COURT, and Michael  
WILLIAMS enter.*

**COURT**

Brother John Bates, is that not the dawn over there?

**BATES**

I think so, but we have no good reason to want day to come.

**WILLIAMS**

We see the beginning of the day there, but I think we will  
never see the end of it.

*[To HENRY] Who's there?*

**KING HENRY**

A friend.

**WILLIAMS**

Who is your captain?

**KING HENRY**

Sir Thomas Erpingham.

**WILLIAMS**

A good old commander and a very kind man. Please, what  
does he think about our situation?

**KING HENRY**

That we're like men shipwrecked on a sandbank, who  
expect to be washed off by the next tide.

**BATES**

He hasn't told the king what he thinks?

**KING HENRY**

No. And he shouldn't, because, though I say so, I think the  
king is just a man like me. The violet smells the same to him  
as it does to me. The world looks the same to him as it does  
to me. All his senses are only human. Without his props of  
royalty, he looks like a man when he's naked. Although his  
emotions are nobler than ours, when he is weak, he is weak  
in the same way we are. So when he sees good reason for  
fear like we do, his fears are the same kind as ours. But,  
thinking reasonably, no man should look afraid, because he  
could discourage the army by showing fear.

**BATES**

He can pretend to be as brave as he wants, but I think, even  
though it's so cold tonight, he wishes he were in the  
Thames up to his neck; and I wish he were, and me too,  
whatever happened, so we could get out of here.

**KING HENRY**

Truly, I will tell you what I think about the king. I think he  
would not wish to be anywhere except where he is.

**BATES**

Then I wish he were here alone; he would be certain of  
being ransomed, and many poor men's lives would be  
saved.

**KING HENRY**

120 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 honorable.

**WILLIAMS**

125 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**

130 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 a 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 afraid 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.

**KING HENRY**

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 death, when they purpose 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-break of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel. Where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. 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. And in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

**WILLIAMS**

'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head. The king is not to answer it.

**KING HENRY**

I bet you don't dislike him enough to wish he were here alone, even though you say that to figure out what other men think. I think I couldn't die anywhere more happily than in the king's company, since his cause is right and the war is justified.

**WILLIAMS**

That's more than we could say.

**BATES**

Yes, and it's more than we should want to say, because we know enough if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause is wrong, we're not guilty of the crime because we're right to obey the king.

**WILLIAMS**

But if the cause isn't good, the king will have to pay for it at the Judgment Day when all the legs and arms and heads chopped off in a battle join together all cry, "We died at this place," some swearing, some crying out for a doctor, some crying out about their wives being left without them without resources, some about the debts they owe, some about their children suddenly left behind. I am afraid that few men die a good death in a battle, because how can they worry about good deeds when they are shedding blood? No, if these men do not die a good death, it will be bad for the king who led them to this, when it would be wrong for a subject to disobey him.

**KING HENRY**

So, if a sinful son sent by his father to do a business deal is shipwrecked, his sins, by your rule, should be paid for by the father who sent him. Or if a servant, transporting money under his master's orders, is attacked by robbers and dies without repenting for his sins, you call the master's business the cause of the servant being damned. But that isn't true. The king isn't forced to answer for the deaths of his soldiers, the father for his son's, or the master for his servant's, because they don't mean for them to die when they send them to do their jobs. Besides, there is no king, however good his cause is, when the cause comes to be settled in battle, who can fight with completely innocent soldiers. Some, perhaps, are guilty of premeditated murder; some, of lying to young women so they sleep with them; some go to war to protect themselves because they previously destroyed peacetime by robbing and looting. Now, if these men have defeated the law and run from punishment at home, although they can escape men, they can't run from God. War is His officer, war is His revenge, so that men are punished here and now while fighting for the king for previously breaking the king's laws. When they feared death, they escaped with their lives. And here where they thought they would be safe, the die. So, if they died without repenting, the king is no more guilty of their damnation than he was guilty before of the sins for which they are now punished. Every subject's obedience belongs to the king, but every subject's soul is his own. So every soldier in the war should do the same as every sick man in his bed: make up for everything that he feels guilty about. So if he dies after that, he profits by going to heaven. Or, if he doesn't die, the time was well spent in preparing for death. And whoever survives should think that, because he offered himself to God so completely, God let him survive that day so he would understand His greatness and teach others how to prepare for battle.

**WILLIAMS**

It's true, every man who dies badly is responsible for it himself. The king shouldn't be punished for it.

**BATES**

I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

**KING HENRY**

185 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.

**KING HENRY**

If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

**WILLIAMS**

190 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.

**KING HENRY**

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.

**KING HENRY**

I embrace it.

**WILLIAMS**

200 How shall I know thee again?

**KING HENRY**

Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet. Then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

**WILLIAMS**

Here's my glove. Give me another of thine.

**KING HENRY**

205 There.

**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.

**KING HENRY**

If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

**WILLIAMS**

210 Thou dar'st as well be hanged.

**KING HENRY**

Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

**WILLIAMS**

Keep thy word. Fare thee well.

**BATES**

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

**BATES**

I don't want him to be punished for me, but I am determined to fight well for him.

**KING HENRY**

I heard the king say he would not pay a ransom if he were captured.

**WILLIAMS**

Yes, he said so to make us fight cheerfully, but when our throats have been cut he can be ransomed without us knowing about it.

**KING HENRY**

If I live to see that, I'll never trust him again.

**WILLIAMS**

Then make him pay for it. A poor, ordinary man offended by a king can't do anything about it. It's like trying to shoot an old gun--it could blow up in your face. You might as well try to turn the sun to ice by fanning its face with a peacock feather. You'll "never trust him again." Come on, that's a silly thing to say.

**KING HENRY**

Your response is too rude. I would be angry with you if it were convenient.

**WILLIAMS**

Let's fight about it later, if you survive.

**KING HENRY**

Gladly.

**WILLIAMS**

How will I recognize you again?

**KING HENRY**

Give me anything of yours, and I'll wear it on my hat. Then, if you dare acknowledge it's yours, I'll fight you.

**WILLIAMS**

Here's my glove. Give me one of yours.

**KING HENRY**

There.

**WILLIAMS**

I'll also wear this in my hat. If you ever come to me and say, after tomorrow, "This is my glove", then I swear by this hand I'll hit you on the ear.

**KING HENRY**

If I live to see it, I will challenge you.

**WILLIAMS**

You don't dare - you'd rather be hanged.

**KING HENRY**

I'll do it, even if I see you in the king's company.

**WILLIAMS**

Keep your promise. Goodbye.

**BATES**

Make up, you English fools, make up. We have enough French quarrels, if you knew how to count them.

 A "quarrel" is a crossbow bolt as well as a fight. Bates is punning on the fight between the soldiers and the

*arrows the French will shoot at them soon.*

### KING HENRY

Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders. But it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and tomorrow the king himself will be a clipper.

### KING HENRY

Yes, the French can bet twenty French crown coins to one they'll beat us, because they carry French crowns, heads, on their shoulders. But it's not treason for English people to attack the French crown, and tomorrow the king himself will clip <sup>3</sup> some crowns off.

<sup>3</sup> Crowns are a denomination of currency, so the French use them to bet with. The word also means "head", so the French have French heads or crowns. It means what we mean by "crown" as well, which is why it would be treason for French people to attack a French crown, i.e. attack the French king. But it's not treason for the English to do it because they're not French. Clipping or cutting coins is a method of getting a little gold or silver off the sides of coins without removing the coin for circulation - eventually one can use this metal to forge new coins. "Clippers" were people who did this. The king himself will be a clipper because he will cut French crowns (heads, coins).

*Exeunt soldiers*

*The soldiers exit.*

### KING HENRY

- 220 Upon the king! Let us our lives, our souls, our debts, our careful 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  
225 Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel  
But his own wringing. What infinite heart's ease  
Must kings neglect that private men enjoy?  
And what have kings that privates have not too,  
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?  
230 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?  
What kind of god art thou, that sufferst more  
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?  
What are thy rents? What are thy comingins in?  
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!  
235 What is thy soul of adoration?  
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?  
240 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
But poisoned flattery? Oh, 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?  
245 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  
250 'Tis not the balm, the scepter, and the ball,  
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,  
The farcèd title running 'fore the king,  
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
255 That beats upon the high shore of this world.  
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
Not all these, laid in bed majestic,  
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
Who, with a body filled and vacant mind,  
260 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,  
265 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,  
And follows so the ever-running year

### KING HENRY

Blame the king! Let's blame the king for what happens to our lives, our souls, our debts, our sad wives, our children, and our sins! I have to be responsible for all of it. What a difficult situation it is being powerful, being talked about by every fool who can't understand anything except his own hardship. What wonderful calm do kings have to give up that other men who have a private life enjoy? And what do kings have that people with private lives don't have too? Except ritual, except ritual in everything they do? And what are you, you false god, ritual? What kind of god are you, who suffer more than your worshippers? What are your revenues? What do you earn? Ritual, show me your worth! What are you really? Are you anything else than circumstances, rank, and appearances, creating wonder and fear in other men, but less happy to be feared than they are to fear you? Don't you often drink poisoned flattery instead of sweet faithfulness? Oh, be sick, great greatness, then ask ritual to cure you! Do you think your raging fever will go down by being called by great titles by flatterers? Will it go down by being bowed to? Can you, when you command a beggar to bow to you, command yourself to be healthy? No, you proud dream, you play cleverly with a king's thoughts. I am a king, and I know it's not the royal ointment, the scepter, the orb, the sword, the club, the imperial crown, the robe woven from pearls and gold, the stuffy title running in front of the king, the throne he sits, or the sea of splendid things that beats on the high shore of this world. No, none of these, gorgeous ritual, none of these, laid in a royal bed, can sleep as soundly as a miserable slave who, with a full stomach and empty mind, lies down to sleep stuffed with hard-earned bread. He never sees horrible night, the child of hell. Like a servant, from sunrise to sunset he sweats in the sun, and all night sleeps in Paradise. The next day, he rises at dawn and helps the day begin, and follows the year over and over in this way with useful labor until he dies. And, except for ritual, a miserable man like that, using up days with work and nights with sleep, is in a better situation than a king. The slave, a subject in a peaceful country, enjoys that peace, but in his dull brain he doesn't know the king is staying up all night to keep the peace, to improve the peasant's life.

With profitable labor 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.

270

*Enter ERPINGHAM***ERPINGHAM**

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

**KING HENRY**

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

**ERPINGHAM**

280 I shall do't, my lord.

*Exit***KING HENRY**

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,  
285 Oh, not today, think not upon the fault  
My father made in compassing the crown.  
I Richard's body have interrèd anew,  
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears  
Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.  
290 Five hundred poor I have 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—  
295 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,  
Since that my penitence comes after all,  
Imploring pardon.

*Enter GLOUCESTER***GLOUCESTER**

My liege.

**KING HENRY**

300 My brother Gloucester's voice.—Ay,  
I know thy errand. I will go with thee.  
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

*Exeunt**ERPINGHAM enters.***ERPINGHAM**

My lord, your nobles, worried about your absence, are  
looking for you throughout the camp.

**KING HENRY**

Good old knight, gather them all at my tent. I'll go there  
now.

**ERPINGHAM**

I will, my lord.

*He exits.***KING HENRY**

Oh God of battles, strengthen my soldiers' courage. Don't  
make them afraid. Take from them now the ability to count  
before the number of our enemies frightens them. Don't  
think today, Oh Lord, oh, not today, about the crime my  
father committed by taking the crown. I have re-buried  
Richard's body, and I have cried more repenting tears on it  
than drops of blood were forced from it. I pay five hundred  
poor people every year to pray twice every day for God to  
pardon the murder. And I have built two chapels where the  
serious priests still sing for Richard's soul. I'll do more--  
although everything I can do is worth nothing, since my  
repentance comes after the sin, asking for forgiveness.

*GLOUCESTER enters.***GLOUCESTER**

My king.

**KING HENRY**

That's my brother Gloucester's voice.

*[To GLOUCESTER]* Yes, I know why you're here, I'll go with  
you. The day, my friends, and everything, are all waiting for  
me.

*He exits.*

## Act 4, Scene 2

**Shakespeare**

*Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLÉANS, RAMBURES, and others*

**ORLÉANS**

The sun doth gild our armor. Up, my lords.

**DAUPHIN**

*Montez à cheval!* My horse, varlet! Lackey! Ha!

**Shakescleare Translation**

*The DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others enter.*

**ORLÉANS**

The sun is shining off our armor. Get up, my lords.

**DAUPHIN**

*Get on your horses!* My horse, servant! Servant!

**ORLÉANS**

O brave spirit!

**DAUPHIN**

*Via les eaux et la terre.*

**ORLÉANS**

5 *Rien puis? L'air et feu?*

**DAUPHIN**

*Cieux, 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,  
10 That their hot blood may spin in English eyes  
And dout them with superfluous courage. Ha!

**RAMBURES**

What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?  
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

*Enter MESSENGER*

**MESSENGER**

The English are embattled, you French peers.

**CONSTABLE**

15 To horse, you gallant princes, straight to horse.  
Do but behold yond poor and starvèd band,  
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  
There is not work enough for all our hands,  
20 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins  
To give each naked curtal axe a stain,  
That our French gallants shall today draw out  
And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,  
The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.  
25 'Tis positive against all exceptions, lords,  
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,  
Who in unnecessary action swarm  
About our squares of battle, were enough  
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,  
30 Though we upon this mountain's basis by  
Took stand for idle speculation,  
But that our honors must not. What's to say?  
A very little little let us do,  
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound  
35 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.

*Enter GRANDPRÉ*

**GRANDPRÉ**

Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?  
Yond island carriions, desperate of their bones,  
40 Ill-favoredly become the morning field.  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggared host  
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.  
45 The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks  
With torch staves in their hand, and their poor jades  
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,  
The gum down-rope from their pale-dead eyes,

**ORLÉANS**

What a brave man!

**DAUPHIN**

*Let's go, by water and earth.*

**ORLÉANS**

*And nothing else? Air and fire?*

**DAUPHIN**

*Heaven, cousin Orléans.*

*CONSTABLE enters.*

Now, my Lord Constable?

**CONSTABLE**

Listen to our horses neighing. They're asking to be ridden  
and made useful soon.

**DAUPHIN**

Get on them and spur them so hard they bleed, so that their  
hot blood gushes into English eyes and extinguishes them  
with too much courage. Ha!

**RAMBURES**

What, you want them to weep our horses' blood? Then how  
will we see their own tears?

*The MESSENGER enters.*

**MESSENGER**

The English are ready to fight, you French noblemen.

**CONSTABLE**

Get on your horses, brave princes, straight on your horses.  
Just look at that poor starved troop and your good  
appearance will suck away their souls, making them just  
peels and husks of men. There is not enough work for all of  
us, hardly enough blood in all their sick veins to stain every  
short axe that our brave Frenchmen will draw today then  
sheathe because there's nothing left to do. Just blow on  
them, and the steam of our courage will defeat them. It's  
certain, lords, that our unnecessary servants and peasants,  
who swarm pointlessly around the battlefield, would be  
enough to clear this field of such a pathetic enemy, even if  
we stood at the base of this mountain watching and doing  
nothing. But our honor doesn't allow that. What more is  
there to say? Let's just do a very little, and it will all be done.  
So blow the trumpets to signal the troops to get on their  
horses and march, because our approach will be so  
confident that the English will hide in fear and give up.

*GRANDPRÉ enters.*

**GRANDPRÉ**

Why are you waiting so long, lords of France? Those island-dwelling carcasses, desperate for their lives, are ugly on the battlefield this morning. Their ragged banners are badly rolled out, and the wind of our country shakes them mockingly. The big war-god Mars seems bankrupt when you look at their army of beggars and peeps weakly through a rusty helmet. The horsemen sit stiffly as candlesticks holding up torches, and their poor nags droop their heads, their skins and hips sagging, with tears dripping from their death-pale eyes, and in their pale dull mouths the jewel-covered bit is dirty with chewed grass, quiet and

 An executor is someone who fulfills the instructions in a dead person's will. The crows are the

50 And in their pale dull mouths the gemed bit  
Lies foul with chawed grass, still and motionless.  
And their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.  
Description cannot suit itself in words  
To demonstrate the life of such a battle  
55 In life so lifeless, as it shows itself.

motionless. And their executors , the evil crows, fly over them, impatient for their time to be up. You can't describe in words, exactly as you see it, such a lifeless life prepared for battle.

*horses' executors because they dispose of their substance: they choose to eat them or not after the horses have died.*

**CONSTABLE**

They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

**DAUPHIN**

Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits,  
And give their fasting horses provender,  
And after fight with them?

**CONSTABLE**

60 I stay but for my guard. On, to the field!  
I will the banner from a trumpet take  
And use it for my haste. Come, come away.  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

*Exeunt*

**CONSTABLE**

They have said their prayers, and they're waiting for death.

**DAUPHIN**

Should we go send them dinner and fresh suits, and give their starving horses hay, and fight them afterwards?

**CONSTABLE**

I'm only waiting for my guards. Let's go, to the field! I will take the banner from a trumpet and use it to hurry things up. Come on, let's go. The sun is high in the sky, and we're wasting the day.

*They exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 3

### Shakespeare

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, with all his host, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND

**GLOUCESTER**

Where is the king?

**BEDFORD**

The king himself is rode to view their battle.

**WESTMORELAND**

Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

**EXETER**

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

**SALISBURY**

5 God's arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds.  
God be wi' you, princes all. I'll to my charge.  
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,  
Then joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,  
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,  
10 And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu.

**BEDFORD**

Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee.

**EXETER**

Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly today.  
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,  
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor.

*Exit SALISBURY*

### Shakescleare Translation

GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM with his army, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND enter.

**GLOUCESTER**

Where is the king?

**BEDFORD**

He rode out to look at their army himself.

**WESTMORELAND**

They have a good sixty thousand fighting men.

**EXETER**

That's five to one. And they're all fresh.

**SALISBURY**

May God fight for us! It's frightening odds. God be with you, princes. I'll go to my troops. If we don't meet again until we meet in heaven, then I joyfully say goodbye, noble Lord of Bedford, dear Lord Gloucester, and good Lord Exeter, and

*[to ERPINGHAM] you, my kind relative, all of you soldiers.*

**BEDFORD**

Goodbye, good Salisbury, and good luck.

**EXETER**

Goodbye, kind lord. Fight bravely today. But I'm insulting you by reminding you of that, because you're made out of bravery itself.

*SALISBURY exits.*

**BEDFORD**

15 He is as full of valor as of kindness,  
Princely in both.

*Enter KING HENRY*

**WESTMORELAND**

Oh, that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work today.

**KING HENRY**

20 What's he that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland? 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 honor.  
25 God's will, I pray thee wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.  
30 But if it be a sin to covet honor,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.  
God's peace, I would not lose so great an honor  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
35 For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish one more!  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, 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.  
40 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 o' tiptoe when the day is named  
45 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall see this day, and live old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors  
And say, "Tomorrow is Saint Crispian."  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
50 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,  
55 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.  
This story shall the good man teach his son,  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
60 From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be rememberèd—  
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,  
65 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.

*Enter SALISBURY*

**SALISBURY**

70 My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed.  
The French are bravely in their battles set,  
And will with all expedience charge on us.

**KING HENRY**

All things are ready if our minds be so.

**WESTMORELAND**

Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

**BEDFORD**

He is as full of bravery out of kindness, and has the amount  
of each quality one expects in a prince.

*KING HENRY enters.*

**WESTMORELAND**

I wish we now had here just ten thousand of the men in  
England who aren't working today.

**KING HENRY**

Who wishes that? My cousin Westmoreland? No, good  
cousin. If we are doomed to die, there are enough of us to  
harm our country by our loss; and if to live, the fewer men  
there are, the greater share of honor each one gets. By God, I  
please don't wish for even one more man. By God, I don't  
desire gold and I don't care who takes my money to pay for  
food; I don't mind if men wear my clothes; I don't desire  
such worldly things. But if it's a sin to desire honor, I am the  
most sinful man alive. No, really, cousin, don't wish for a  
single man from England. God, I wouldn't give up so great a  
share of honor as one more man, I think, would take from  
me, in exchange for getting my greatest wish. Don't wish for  
one more! But, Westmoreland, announce to my army that  
anyone who doesn't feel like fighting should leave. We'll  
give him a passport and money to pay for his travel back. I  
don't want to die in the company of a man who is afraid to  
die in mine. This day is the feast day of Crispin. Anyone who  
lives through this day and gets home safely will stand on  
tiptoe when the day is mentioned and jump up at the name  
of Crispin. Anyone who lives through this day and lives to  
old age will hold a feast for his neighbors on the day before  
and say "Tomorrow is Saint Crispin's day." Then he will  
raise his sleeve and show his scars and say, "I got these  
wounds on Crispin's day." Old men forget; but everything  
else will be forgotten and he'll still remember, with  
additions, all the deeds he did that day. Then our names,  
familiar to him as household words, Harry the King,  
Bedford and Exeter, Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and  
Gloucester, will be remembered by them as they drink. The  
good man will teach his son that story, and Saint Crispin's  
day will never go by, from this day to the end of the world,  
without us being remembered—we few, we lucky few, we  
band of brothers. Because anyone who sheds his blood  
today with me will be my brother. However low-born he is,  
this day will make him a nobleman. And gentlemen now in  
their beds in England will be miserable that they were not  
here, and they will think that they are not real men when  
anyone is speaking who fought with us on Saint Crispin's  
day.

*SALISBURY enters.*

**SALISBURY**

My king, get ready quickly. The French are well prepared for  
battle, and will soon charge at us.

**KING HENRY**

Everything is ready if our minds are.

**WESTMORELAND**

Death to anyone who wants to run away now!

**KING HENRY**

75 Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

**WESTMORELAND**

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

**KING HENRY**

Why, now thou hast unwished five thousand men,  
Which likes me better than to wish us one.

80 —You know your places. God be with you all.

*Tucket. Enter MONTJOY*

**MONTJOY**

Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,  
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,  
Before thy most assured overthrow.

85 For certainly thou art so near the gulf  
Thou needs must be engluttred. 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  
90 From off these fields where, wretches, their poor  
bodies  
Must lie and fester.

**KING HENRY**

Who hath sent thee now?

**MONTJOY**

The constable of France.

**KING HENRY**

95 I pray thee, bear my former answer back.  
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.  
Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus?  
The man that once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast lived was killed with hunting him.  
100 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,  
105 They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them  
And draw their honors reeking up to heaven,  
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
Mark, then, abounding valor in our English,  
110 That being dead, like to the bullet's crazing,  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in relapse of mortality.  
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable  
We are but warriors for the working day;  
115 Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched  
With rainy marching in the painful field.  
There's not a piece of feather in our host—  
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—  
And time hath worn us into slovenly.  
120 But, by the Mass, our hearts are in the trim,  
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night  
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads  
And turn them out of service. If they do this,  
125 As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then  
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor.  
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,  
130 Shall yield them little. Tell the constable.

**KING HENRY**

You don't wish for more help from England, cousin?

**WESTMORELAND**

By God, my king, I wish you and I alone, without more help,  
could fight this royal battle!

**KING HENRY**

What, you've just wished away five thousand men, which I  
like better than to wish to add one.

*[To others] You know your positions. May God be with you all.*

*A trumpet sounds. MONTJOY enters.*

**MONTJOY**

Once more I've come to ask you, King Harry, if you'll agree  
to a sum for your ransom before your certain defeat.  
Because certainly you are so near the whirlpool that you'll  
necessarily be swallowed by it. Besides, as an act of mercy,  
the constable asks that you remind your followers to  
repent, so that their souls retreat peacefully and sweetly  
from these fields where, poor things, their poor bodies  
must lie and rot.

**KING HENRY**

Who has sent you now?

**MONTJOY**

The constable of France.

**KING HENRY**

Please, send the same answer back as last time. Tell them  
they'll have to catch me before they sell my bones. Good  
God, why do they have to mock poor men this way? The  
man who sold the lion's skin while the beast was alive, died  
while hunting him. Many of our bodies will no doubt be  
buried in our own countries, on which, I trust, carved in  
brass will be a reminder of the work we do today. And those  
who leave their brave bones in France, dying like men  
though buried in piles of dung, will be famous. Because the  
the sun will greet them and drag their honor stinking up to  
heaven, leaving their flesh to choke your climate, the smell  
of which will start a plague in France. See, then, huge  
bravery in our Englishmen, who although they're dead, like  
a bullet breaking in two, break out into a second path of  
mischief, killing by being dead. Let me speak proudly: tell  
the constable we're just working-day heroes. Our beautiful  
things and gold are dirty from painful marching in the rain.  
There's not a single decorative feather in our whole army,  
which goes to show we won't fly away, and time has worn  
us down and made us messy. But, by God, our hearts are in  
order, and my poor soldiers tell me that before night they'll  
be wearing fresher clothes, or they'll pull the beautiful new  
uniforms over the French soldiers' heads and so throw  
them out of the army. If they do this, as (if God wishes it)  
they will, my ransom will be paid soon. Herald, save  
yourself pointless work. Don't come any more for ransom,  
gentle herald. They will have none, I swear, except my joints  
here, which, in the state I'll leave them, won't be worth  
much to them. Tell the constable that.

**MONTJOY**

I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well.  
Thou never shalt hear herald anymore.

*Exit*

**KING HENRY**

I fear thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.

*Enter YORK*

**YORK**

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

135

**KING HENRY**

Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away,  
And how Thou pleasest, God, dispose the day.

*Exeunt*

**MONTJOY**

I will, king Harry. Goodbye. You will never hear a herald ever again.

*He exits.*

**KING HENRY**

I am afraid you will come once more for a ransom.

*YORK enters.*

**YORK**

My lord, I beg humbly, on my knees, to lead the charge.

**KING HENRY**

Do it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away, and make the day go however you want, God.

*They exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 4

### Shakespeare

*Alarm, excursions. Enter PISTOL, FRENCH SOLDIER, and BOY*

**PISTOL**

Yield, cur.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

**PISTOL**

Qualtitie calmie custure me. Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Ô Seigneur Dieu!*

**PISTOL**

O Seigneur Dew should be a gentleman. Perpend my words, O Seigneur Dew, and mark: O Seigneur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, except, O Seigneur, thou do give to me egregious ransom.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Ô, prenez miséricorde! Ayez pitié de moi!*

**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.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Est-il impossible d'Échapper la force de ton bras?*

**PISTOL**

15 Brass, cur? Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat, offer'st me brass?

### Shakescleare Translation

*Trumpets sound. People run around. PISTOL, a FRENCH SOLDIER, and the BOY enter.*

**PISTOL**

Surrender, you dog.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*I think you're a noble gentleman.*

**PISTOL**

*Qualtitie calmie custure me.* 1 Are you a gentleman? What is your name? Discuss.

1 Meaningless. Pistol is imitating French.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Oh Lord God!*

**PISTOL**

Olord God sounds like a gentleman. Listen to my words, Olord God, and see: Olord God, you'll die on the point of a sword unless, Olord, you give give me an extraordinary ransom.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Oh, be merciful! Take pity on me!*

**PISTOL**

Moy 2 isn't enough. I will have forty moys, or I will drag your insides out of your throat spewing drops of red blood.

2 Pistol is misunderstanding the French word "moi", meaning "me". It isn't clear what he thinks it means, if anything. A moy is a unit of measurement. The Oxford English Dictionary claims that Pistol might think it is a type of coin, but this is the only instance they find of that meaning. It is more likely he thinks it is being used as a unit of measurement for a weight of gold or treasure.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Is it possible to escape your strong arm?*

**PISTOL**

"Brass", dog? You damned and self-indulgent mountain goat, you offer me brass?

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Ô, pardonnez-moi!*

**PISTOL**

Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?—Come hither, boy. Ask me this slave in French what is his name.

**BOY**

20 *Écoutez. Comment êtes-vous appelé?*

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Monsieur le Fer.*

**BOY**

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.

**BOY**

25 I do not know the French for "fer," and "ferret," and "firk."

**PISTOL**

Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*(to the BOY) Que dit-il, monsieur?*

**BOY**

Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous prêt,  
30 car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de  
couper votre gorge.

**PISTOL**

Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy, peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns, or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

35 Ô, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner.  
Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison. Gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus

**PISTOL**

What are his words?

**BOY**

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.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

**BOY**

45 Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier; néanmoins, pour les écus que vous lui avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Oh, forgive me!*

**PISTOL**

Is that what you're telling me? Does that mean a ton of moys?

*[To BOY] Come here, boy. Ask this slave in French what his name is.*

**BOY**

*Listen. What are you called?*

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Mister le Fer.*

**BOY**

He says his name is Mister Fer.

**PISTOL**

Mister Fer. I'll fer <sup>3</sup> him, and fight him, and hunt him with ferrets. Discuss this in French with him.

<sup>3</sup> A seemingly meaningless word.

**BOY**

I do not know the French for "fer," and "ferret," and "fight."

**PISTOL**

Ask him to prepare himself, because I'm going to cut his throat.

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*(to the BOY) What is he saying, sir?*

**BOY**

*He commands me to tell you to prepare, because this soldier here feels like cutting your throat at once.*

**PISTOL**

*Ohyes, cuttythe throat, bygod, peasant, unless you give me coins, beautiful coins, or you will be mangled by this sword.*

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Oh, I beg you, for the love of God, forgive me. I'm a gentleman from a good family. Save my life, and I'll give you two hundred silver coins.*

**PISTOL**

What is he saying?

**BOY**

*He begs you to save his life. He is a gentleman from a good family, and for his ransom he will give you two hundred coins.*

**PISTOL**

*Tell him I will stop being angry, and will take the coins.*

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Little sir, what does he say?*

**BOY**

*Although it's against his oath to pardon any prisoner, nonetheless, for the silver coins you promised him, he is willing to give you liberty, freedom.*

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîments, et je  
m'estime heureux que j'ai tombé entre les mains d'un  
chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très  
distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

**PISTOL**

Exound unto me, boy.

**BOY**

He gives you upon his knees a thousand thanks, and he  
esteeems himself happy that he hath fall'n into the hands  
of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and  
thrice-worthy seigneur of England.

**PISTOL**

As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me.

**BOY**

*Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.*

*Exeunt PISTOL and FRENCH SOLDIER*

60 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 Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil i' th' old play, that everyone may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged, and so would this be if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys with the luggage of our camp. The French might have a good prey of us if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boys.

*Exit*

**FRENCH SOLDIER**

*On my knees I give you a thousand thanks, and I consider myself lucky to have fallen into the hands of a knight--I think, the most brave, bold, and famous lord of England.*

**PISTOL**

Explain that to me, boy.

**BOY**

He gives you on his knees a thousand thanks, and he considers himself lucky that he fell into the hands of someone who is, he thinks, the most brave, bold, and famous lord of England.

**PISTOL**

By the blood I suck, I will show some mercy.

**BOY**

*Follow the great captain.*

*PISTOL and the FRENCH SOLDIER exit.*

I never knew anyone speak so loudly when their heart was so empty. But the saying is true: "The empty container makes the loudest sound." Bardolph and Nym are ten times braver than this roaring man, who's like an actor pretending to be a devil in an old play. Anyone could beat him with a wooden dagger and then cut his nails. But they have both been hanged, and so would this man be if he ever dared to be brave enough to steal anything. I must stay with the servants, with our camp's luggage. The French could kill us all if they only knew, because there's no-one guarding it except boys.

*He exits.*

## Act 4, Scene 5

### Shakespeare

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLÉANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN, and RAMBURES

**CONSTABLE**

*Ô diable!*

**ORLÉANS**

*Ô seigneur! Le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

**DAUPHIN**

*Mort de ma vie, all is confounded, all!  
Reproach and everlasting shame  
Sits mocking in our plumes.*

*A short alarum*

*Ô méchante Fortune!  
Do not run away.*

**CONSTABLE**

Why, all our ranks are broke.

**DAUPHIN**

O perdurable shame! Let's stab ourselves.  
10 Be these the wretches that we played at dice for?

**ORLÉANS**

Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

### Shakescleare Translation

**CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, the DAUPHIN, and RAMBURES enter.**

**CONSTABLE**

*By the devil!*

**ORLÉANS**

*By God! We've lost, we've lost everything!*

**DAUPHIN**

*By death, everything is destroyed, everything! Blame and eternal shame sit in the feathers on our helmets, mocking us.*

*A short sound of trumpets.*

*Oh cruel Fortune! Do not run away.*

**CONSTABLE**

But our ranks have all been broken.

**DAUPHIN**

Oh eternal shame! Let's stab ourselves. Are these the miserable men we gambled for?

**ORLÉANS**

Is this the king we asked to pay us ransom?

**BOURBON**

Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!  
Let us die. In once more! Back again!  
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,  
15 Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand  
Like a base pander hold the chamber door,  
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,  
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

**CONSTABLE**

Disorder, that hath spoiled us, friend us now.  
20 Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

**ORLÉANS**

We are enough yet living in the field  
To smother up the English in our throngs,  
If any order might be thought upon.

**BOURBON**

The devil take order now! I'll to the throng.  
25 Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

*Exeunt***BOURBON**

Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame! Let's die.  
Into battle once more! Go back! Let whoever refuses to  
follow Bourbon now go from here, and go with his hat in his  
hand like a low pimp holding the door to the room while his  
most beautiful daughter is contaminated by a slave, no  
nobler than my dog.

**CONSTABLE**

Disorder, you destroyed us before--now be friends with us.  
Let's go die on heaps of bodies.

**ORLÉANS**

There are enough of us still alive in the battlefield to  
smother the English with our army, if we could only think of  
a way to put some order into our troops.

**BOURBON**

Damn order now! I'll go where the fight is. Let life be short,  
or shame will be too long.

*They exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 6

**Shakespeare**

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY and forces, EXETER, and others*

**KING HENRY**

Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen,  
But all's not done. Yet keep the French the field.

**EXETER**

The duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

**KING HENRY**

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

**EXETER**

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,  
Larding the plain, and by his bloody side,  
Yoke-fellow to his honor-owing wounds,

10 The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him where in gore he lay insteeped  
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face.

15 And cries aloud, "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk.  
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."

20 Upon these words I came and cheered him up.

He smiled me in the face, caught me his hand,  
And with a feeble grip, says "Dear my lord,  
Commend my service to my sovereign."

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck

25 He threw his wounded arm and kissed his lips,  
And so, espoused to death, with blood he sealed  
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forced  
Those waters from me which I would have stopped,

30 But I had not so much of man in me,  
And all my mother came into mine eyes

**Shakescleare Translation**

*Trumpets sound. KING HENRY and his army, EXETER, and others enter.*

**KING HENRY**

We've done well, brave countrymen. But this isn't done.  
The French still have control of the field.

**EXETER**

The Duke of York greets you, your Majesty.

**KING HENRY**

Is he alive, good uncle? Three times this hour I saw him fall  
down, and three times I saw him get up again and keep  
fighting. He was entirely covered in blood, from his helmet  
to his heels.

**EXETER**

Looking like that, the brave soldier lies, covering the field  
with blood, and by his bloody side, with equal  
honorable wounds, the noble earl of Suffolk also lies.  
Suffolk died first, and York, mangled all over, came to where  
he lay swimming in gore and took him by the beard, kissed  
the cuts that gaped all over his face, and cried aloud, "Wait,  
my cousin Suffolk. My soul will keep yours company on the  
way to heaven. Wait, dear soul, for mine; then fly together,  
just as in this glorious and well-fought-for field we rode  
together." At these words I came and tried to cheer him up.  
He smiled at me, grabbed me by the hand, and gripping me  
weakly, said, "My dear lord, tell my king what I have done."  
So he turned, and threw his wounded arm over Suffolk's  
neck and kissed his lips. So, married to death, he sealed  
with blood a  of nobly dying love. The beautiful way  
he did this forced me to cry even though I wished I could  
stop, but I didn't have enough man in me, and my mother  
came into my eyes and made me cry.

 A combination of vows: marriage or "espousal", sealing an oath with blood, and making a will or "testament". By kissing Suffolk, Gloucester is described as marrying death, sealing the marriage vow with (his and Suffolk's) blood as well as the kiss, and since he is dying (marrying death) he leaves a will.

And gave me up to tears.

**KING HENRY**

I blame you not,  
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

35

*Alarum*

But hark, what new alarum is this same?  
The French have reinforced their scattered men.  
Then every soldier kill his prisoners.  
Give the word through.

*Exeunt*

**KING HENRY**

I don't blame you because, hearing this, I have to bargain  
with my wet eyes, or they'll let out tears.

*Trumpets sound.*

Listen, does this new signal mean? The French have  
reinforced their scattered troops. Every soldier should kill  
his prisoners. Tell the army that.

*They exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 7

### Shakespeare

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER*

**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?

**GOWER**

5 '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  
10 prisoner's throat. Oh, 'tis a gallant king!

**FLUELLEN**

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

**GOWER**

Alexander the Great.

**FLUELLEN**

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

**GOWER**

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

**FLUELLEN**

20 I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I  
tell you, Captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld,  
I warrant you shall 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  
25 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  
30 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 intoxicated in his

### Shakescleare Translation

*FLUELLEN and GOWER enter.*

**FLUELLEN**

Kill the boys and the luggage! That's explicitly against the  
laws of war. It's as horrible a crime as can be done, don't  
you think?

**GOWER**

It's certain that there's not a single boy left alive, and the  
cowardly good-for-nothings who ran from the battle did  
this. They have also burned or carried away everything that  
was in the king's tent, which is the reason the king, quite  
rightly, made every soldier cut his prisoner's throat. Oh,  
he's a great king!

**FLUELLEN**

Yes, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What was  
the town called where Alexander the Big was born?

**GOWER**

Alexander the Great.

**FLUELLEN**

What, I ask you, isn't "big" great? The big, or the great, or  
the powerful, or the huge, or the generous are all the same,  
except that there are a few variations in the phrasing.

**GOWER**

I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon. His father  
was called Philip of Macedon, I believe.

**FLUELLEN**

I think it was Macedon where Alexander was born. I tell you,  
Captain, if you look at maps of the world, I bet you will find,  
comparing Macedon and Monmouth, that they're in very  
similar locations. There is a river in Macedon and there is  
also, moreover, a river in Monmouth. It is called Wye at  
Monmouth, but I've forgotten what the name of the other  
river is. But it doesn't matter; they're as alike as my fingers  
are to each other, and there is salmons  in both. If you  
consider Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life has  
followed pretty much the same course, because everything  
stands for something else. Alexander, God knows and you  
know, in his rages and his furies and his temper and his  
tantrums and his moods and his displeasures and his  
indignations, and also being a little intoxicated, did, in his  
ale and his anger, see, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

35

 Once again, Fluellen's odd way of speaking English is cause of humour.

prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill  
his best friend, Cleitus.

**GOWER**

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  
40 out of my mouth ere it is made 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  
45 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.

**GOWER**

Sir John Falstaff.

**FLUELLEN**

That is he. I'll tell you, there is good men born at  
Monmouth.

**GOWER**

50 Here comes his Majesty.

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and others*

**KING HENRY**

I was not angry since I came to France  
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald.  
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond hill.  
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,  
55 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  
Enforc'd from the old Assyrian slings.  
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have,  
60 And not a man of them that we shall take  
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

*Enter MONTJOY*

**EXETER**

Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

**GLOUCESTER**

His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

**KING HENRY**

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

**MONTJOY**

No, great king.  
I come to thee for charitable license,  
That we may wander o'er this bloody field  
70 To book 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  
75 In blood of princes, and the wounded steeds  
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage  
Yerk out their arm'd heels at their dead masters,  
Killing them twice. Oh, give us leave, great king,  
To view the field in safety and dispose  
80 Of their dead bodies.

**GOWER**

Our king is not like him in that way. He never killed any of  
his friends.

**FLUELLEN**

Look, it's not good to take the story away from me before  
it's over and done with. I'm speaking about the metaphors  
and comparisons in it. Just as Alexander killed his friend  
Cleitus, being drunk and in his cups, so also Harry  
Monmouth, being in his right mind and showing good  
judgement, turned away the fat knight who wore the huge  
belly. He was full of jokes, and insults, and crimes, and  
mocking—I have forgotten his name.

**GOWER**

Sir John Falstaff.

**FLUELLEN**

That's him. I tell you, there are good men born in  
Monmouth.

**GOWER**

Here comes his Majesty.

*Trumpets sound. KING HENRY, WARWICK, GLOUCESTER,  
EXETER, and others enter.*

**KING HENRY**

I have not been angry since I came to France, until now.  
Take a trumpet, messenger. Ride to the horsemen on that  
hill. If they want to fight us, ask them to ride down, or they  
should leave the field. They offend our eyes. If they won't  
do either of those things, we will come to them and make  
them fly away as quickly as stones fired from ancient  
Assyrian  slingshots. Besides, we'll cut the throats of the  
prisoners we've captured, and won't be merciful toward a  
single one of the ones we capture from now on. Go tell  
them that.

 An ancient race of great warriors.

*MONTJOY enters.*

**EXETER**

Here comes the French messenger, my king.

**GLOUCESTER**

He looks more humble than he used to.

**KING HENRY**

What, what does this mean, herald? Don't you know I have  
offered these bones of mine as ransom? Do you come for  
ransom again?

**MONTJOY**

No, great King. I come to you to ask for your permission for  
us to wander over this bloody field to record our dead and  
then to bury them. To sort our nobles from our commoners,  
because many of our princes, sadly, lie drowned and  
soaked in the blood of mercenaries. And our commoners'  
peasant limbs are drenched with the blood of princes, and  
the wounded horses are fretting, their legs buried in mud  
up to the fetlocks, and with wild rage kick their hooves  
covered in metal at their dead owners, killing them again.  
Oh, let us, great king, look over the field safely and take care  
of their dead bodies.

**KING HENRY**

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**

85 The day is yours.

**KING HENRY**

Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!  
What is this castle called that stands hard by?

**MONTJOY**

They call it Agincourt.

**KING HENRY**

Then call we this the field of Agincourt,  
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

**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.

**KING HENRY**

95 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 honorable badge of the service. And I do believe your Majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

**KING HENRY**

I wear it for a memorable honor,  
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

**FLUELLEN**

105 All the water in Wye cannot wash your Majesty's Welsh blood out of your body, I can tell you that: God bless it and preserve it as long as it pleases his Grace and his Majesty too.

**KING HENRY**

Thanks, good my countryman.

**FLUELLEN**

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

**KING HENRY**

God keep me so.—Our heralds go with him.  
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts. (*points to WILLIAMS*)  
Call yonder fellow hither.

*Exeunt heralds with MONTJOY*

**EXETER**

Soldier, you must come to the king.

**KING HENRY**

Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

**KING HENRY**

I'll tell you the truth, messenger, I don't know whether we won or not, because many of your horsemen are searching and galloping over the field.

**MONTJOY**

You won.

**KING HENRY**

May God, not our strength, be praised for that! What is this castle that stands near here called?

**MONTJOY**

They call it Agincourt.

**KING HENRY**

Then we call this the battle of Agincourt, fought on Crispin Crispianus's day.

**FLUELLEN**

You majesty, your famous grandfather and your great-uncle Edward the Black Prince of Wales, as I have read in history books, fought a very brave battle here in France.

**KING HENRY**

They did, Fluellen.

**FLUELLEN**

Your Majesty speaks the truth. If you remember, your Majesty, the Welsh fought well in a garden where leeks grew, wearing leeks in their hats at Monmouth. You know, your Majesty, that to this day wearing a leek is an honorable reminder of that fight. And I believe your Majesty is not ashamed to wear the leek on [Saint Davy's day](#) <sup>3</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> St David is the patron saint of Wales.

**KING HENRY**

I wear it to remember an honorable occasion, because, as you know, I am Welsh like you.

**FLUELLEN**

All the water in the river Wye can't wash your Majesty's Welsh blood out of your body, I can tell you that: God bless it and keep it safe as long as his Grace and Majesty wishes.

**KING HENRY**

Thanks, good countryman.

**FLUELLEN**

By Jesus, I am your Majesty's countryman, I don't care who knows. I will confess it to the whole world. I don't need to be ashamed of you, your Majesty, praise God, as long as you are an honest man.

**KING HENRY**

May God me one.

*[To Messengers] Messengers, go with him. Bring me a true record of the numbers both sides lost. [points to WILLIAMS] Call that man over here.*

*Messengers exit with MONTJOY.*

**EXETER**

Soldier, you must come see the king.

**KING HENRY**

Soldier, why do you wear that glove in your hat?

**WILLIAMS**

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

**KING HENRY**

An Englishman?

**WILLIAMS**

An 't please your Majesty, a rascal that swaggered with  
me last night, who, if alive and ever dare to challenge  
125 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 alive, I will strike  
it out soundly.

**KING HENRY**

What think you, Captain Fluellen, is it fit this  
130 soldier keep his oath?

**FLUELLEN**

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

**KING HENRY**

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

**FLUELLEN**

135 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  
140 upon God's ground and His earth, in my conscience, la.

**KING HENRY**

Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the  
fellow.

**WILLIAMS**

So I will, my liege, as I live.

**KING HENRY**

Who serv'st thou under?

**WILLIAMS**

145 Under Captain Gower, my liege.

**FLUELLEN**

Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and  
literature in the wars.

**KING HENRY**

Call him hither to me, soldier.

**WILLIAMS**

I will, my liege.

*Exit*

**KING HENRY**

150 Here, Fluellen, wear thou this favor for me and stick  
it in thy cap. *(gives WILLIAMS's glove to FLUELLEN)* When  
Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this  
glove from his helm. If any man challenge this, he is a  
friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person. If thou  
155 encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

**FLUELLEN**

Your Grace does me as great honors as can be desired in  
the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see the man

**WILLIAMS**

Your Majesty, it was give to me by a man I'm supposed to  
fight, if he's alive.

**KING HENRY**

An Englishman?

**WILLIAMS**

Your majesty, a good-for-nothing who was rude to me last  
night. If he's alive and ever dares ask for the glove back, I  
promised to box him on the ear. Or if I see my glove in his  
hat which he swore that, if he was a soldier, he would wear  
if he survived, I will hit it hard.

**KING HENRY**

What do you think, Captain Fluellen, is it right for this  
soldier to keep his oath?

**FLUELLEN**

I think he would be a coward and a criminal if he didn't,  
your Majesty.

**KING HENRY**

It might be that his enemy is an important gentleman, far  
above him in rank.

**FLUELLEN**

Even if he's as good a gentleman as the devil, as good as  
Lucifer and Beelzebub themselves, it is necessary, you see,  
that he keep his oath and his promise. If he breaks the oath,  
see, his reputation will be that he's as terrible a good-for-  
nothing and insolent fellow as any that every walked with a  
black shoe on God's earth, that's what I think.

**KING HENRY**

Then keep your oath, fellow, when you meet the man.

**WILLIAMS**

I will, my king, I swear.

**KING HENRY**

Who do you serve under?

**WILLIAMS**

Under Captain Gower, my king.

**FLUELLEN**

Gower is a good captain, and is knowledgeable of and well-  
read in the wars.

**KING HENRY**

Call him here to me, soldier.

**WILLIAMS**

I will, my king.

*They exit.*

**KING HENRY**

Here, Fluellen, wear this object for me and stick it in your  
hat. *(gives WILLIAMS's glove to FLUELLEN)* When Alençon  
and I had both fallen from our horses fighting each other, I  
grabbed this glove from his helmet. If any man tries to fight  
you over this, he is a friend of Alençon's and an enemy of  
mine. If you meet anyone like that, take him captive if you  
love me.

**FLUELLEN**

Your Grace does me as great an honor as any subject could  
wish for. I would like to see the man who only has two legs

that has but two legs that shall find himself aggrieved  
at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it  
once, an please God of his Grace that I might see.

160

**KING HENRY**

Know'st thou Gower?

**FLUELLEN**

He is my dear friend, an please you.

**KING HENRY**

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

**FLUELLEN**

I will fetch him.

*Exit*

**KING HENRY**

165 My Lord of Warwick and my brother Gloucester,  
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.  
The glove which I have given him for a favor  
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear.  
It is the soldier's. I by bargain should  
170 Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick.  
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge  
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,  
Some sudden mischief may arise of it,  
For I do know Fluellen valiant  
175 And, touched with choleric, hot as gunpowder,  
And quickly will return an injury.  
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.  
—Go you with me, uncle Exeter.

*Exeunt*

who wants to fight about this glove, that's all I have to say; I  
would like to see him, if it pleases God to let me see him.

**KING HENRY**

Do you know Gower?

**FLUELLEN**

He is my good friend.

**KING HENRY**

Go find him and bring him to my tent.

**FLUELLEN**

I will fetch him.

*He exits.*

**KING HENRY**

Lord Warwick and brother Gloucester, follow Fluellen  
closely. The glove I gave him to wear might get him a box on  
the ear. It belongs to the soldier. I'm supposed to be  
wearing it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick. If the  
soldier hits him, and I think by the bold way he carries  
himself that he will keep his word, some thing bad might  
happen. I know Fluellen is brave and, when he gets angry,  
explodes like gunpowder, and will be quick to hit back.  
Follow him, and make sure no harm comes to them.

*[To EXETER]* Come with me, uncle Exeter.

*They exit.*

## Act 4, Scene 8

### Shakespeare

*Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS*

**WILLIAMS**

I warrant it is to knight you, Captain.

*Enter FLUELLEN*

**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**

5 Sir, know you this glove?

**FLUELLEN**

Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

**WILLIAMS**

I know this, and thus I challenge it. (*strikes him*)

**FLUELLEN**

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

**GOWER**

10 How now, sir? You villain!

### Shakescleare Translation

*GOWER and WILLIAMS enter.*

**WILLIAMS**

I bet it's to knight you, Captain.

*FLUELLEN enters.*

**FLUELLEN**

By God, Captain, I beg you, come quickly to the king. There  
are more good things coming to you than perhaps you can  
dream of.

**WILLIAMS**

Sir, do you recognize this glove?

**FLUELLEN**

Recognize the glove! I recognize the glove is a glove.

**WILLIAMS**

I know that, and I'll fight for it. (*Strikes him*)

**FLUELLEN**

By God, he's as terrible a traitor as any in the whole world,  
or in France, or in England!

**GOWER**

What, sir? You criminal!

**WILLIAMS**

Do you think I'll be forsown?

**FLUELLEN**

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

**WILLIAMS**

I am no traitor.

**FLUELLEN**

15 That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his Majesty's name, apprehend him. He's a friend of the Duke Alençon.

*Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER*

**WARWICK**

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

**FLUELLEN**

20 My Lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it, a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day.

*Enter KING HENRY and EXETER*

Here is his Majesty.

**KING HENRY**

How now, what's the matter?

**FLUELLEN**

25 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 Alençon.

**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 30 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 35 will avouchment that this is the glove of Alençon that your Majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

**KING HENRY**

Give me thy glove, soldier. Look, here is the fellow of it.  
'Twas I indeed thou promised'st to strike,  
40 And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

**FLUELLEN**

An please your Majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

**KING HENRY**

How canst thou make me satisfaction?

**WILLIAMS**

All offenses, my lord, come from the heart. Never came 45 any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

**KING HENRY**

It was ourself thou didst abuse.

**WILLIAMS**

Do you think I'll break my oath?

**FLUELLEN**

Get back, Captain Gower. I will punish treason by hitting it, I swear.

**WILLIAMS**

I am not a traitor.

**FLUELLEN**

That's a lie.

*[To GOWER] I order you in his Majesty name, arrest him. He's a friend of the Duke of Alençon.*

*WARWICK and GLOUCESTER enter.*

**WARWICK**

What, what's the matter?

**FLUELLEN**

My Lord of Warwick, here is, praise God for it, disgusting treason made clear, see, as clear as a summer's day.

*KING HENRY and EXETER enter.*

Here is his Majesty.

**KING HENRY**

What, what's the matter?

**FLUELLEN**

My king, here's a criminal and a traitor, see, who hit the glove that your Majesty took off of Alençon's helmet.

**WILLIAMS**

My king, this was my glove. Here is the other in the pair. And the man I gave it to in exchange for his promised to wear it in his hat. I promised to hit him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his hat, and I have done what I promised.

**FLUELLEN**

Your Majesty, hear now what a wrongdoing, criminal, beggar-like, lousy good-for-nothing he is. I hope your Majesty will be my witness, and will confirm that this is Alençon's glove you gave me, truly.

**KING HENRY**

Give me your glove, soldier. Look, here's the other in the pair. It was me you promised to hit, and you insulted me terribly.

**FLUELLEN**

Your Majesty, hang him for it, if there is any martial law in this world.

**KING HENRY**

How can you make this up to me?

**WILLIAMS**

All bad deeds, my lord, come from the heart. My heart never intended to hurt your Majesty.

**KING HENRY**

It was me you insulted.

**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  
 50 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 offense. Therefore, I beseech your Highness pardon me.

**KING HENRY**

Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns  
 55 And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow,  
 And wear it for an honor 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  
 60 enough in his belly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve God and keep you out of praws and prabbles and quarrels and dissensions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

**WILLIAMS**

I will none of your money.

**FLUELLEN**

65 It is with a good will. I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes. Come, wherefore should you be so bashful? Your shoes is not so good. 'Tis a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an English HERALD*

**KING HENRY**

Now, herald, are the dead numbered?

**HERALD**

70 Here is the number of the slaughtered French.

**KING HENRY**

What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

**EXETER**

Charles, duke of Orléans, nephew to the king; John, duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt. Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,  
 75 Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

**KING HENRY**

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,  
 80 Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred, of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubbed knights. So that in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries. The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires, And gentlemen of blood and quality. The names of those their nobles that lie dead:  
 85 Charles Delabreth, high constable of France; Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France; The Master of the Crossbows, Lord Rambures;  
 90 Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin; John, duke of Alençon; Anthony, duke of Brabant, The brother of the duke of Burgundy,

**WILLIAMS**

You didn't come to as yourself, your Majesty. You appeared to me to be a common man. Because of the night, your clothes, your common appearance. And what you experienced in that disguise, I beg you to see it as your own fault and not mine, because, had you been what you seemed to be, I would not have committed a crime. So I beg you to pardon me.

**KING HENRY**

Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with coins and give it to this fellow.

*[To WILLIAMS]* Keep it, fellow, and wear it as an honor in your hat until I want to fight you for it.

*[To EXETER]* Give him the coins.

*[To FLUELLEN]* And, captain, you must make friends with him.

**FLUELLEN**

By day and by this light, the fellow is brave enough.

*[To WILLIAMS]* Wait, here is twelve pence for you, and I ask you to serve God and keep out of brawls and fight and quarrels and disagreements, and I promise that will be better for you.

**WILLIAMS**

I don't want your money.

**FLUELLEN**

I offer it with good will. I can tell you it would be good for you to use it to get your shoes fixed. Come on, why do you look so embarrassed? Your shoes are not so good. This is a good shilling, I promise you, or I'll exchange it for another.

*An English HERALD enters.*

**KING HENRY**

Now, messenger, have the dead been counted?

**HERALD**

Here is the list of dead Frenchman.

**KING HENRY**

What noble prisoners have been captured, uncle?

**EXETER**

Charles, duke of Orléans, nephew of the king, John, duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt. A good fifteen hundred lords, barons, knights and squires. Also commoners.

**KING HENRY**

This note tells me about ten thousand Frenchmen lying dead in the field. Among these, one hundred twenty-six princes and nobles carrying banners lie dead. Added to these, eight thousand four hundred knights, esquires, and gentlemen, of which five hundred were dubbed knights only yesterday. So among the ten thousand they lost were only sixteen hundred mercenaries. The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires, and gentlemen of good family. The names of their nobles who lie died are: Charles Delabreth, high constable of France, Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France, the Master of the Crossbows, Lord Rambures, Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin, John, duke of Alençon, Anthony, duke of Brabant, the brother of the duke of Burgundy, and Edward, duke of Bar. Of brave earls: Grandpré and Roussi, Faulconbridge and Foix, Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale. This is a noble fellowship of dead people. Where is the list of our dead Englishmen?

And Edward, duke of Bar. Of lusty earls:  
 95 Grandpré and Roussi, Faulconbridge and Foix,  
 Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.  
 Here was a royal fellowship of death.  
 Where is the number of our English dead?

*HERALD shows him another paper*

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,  
 100 Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;  
 None else of name, and of all other men  
 But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,  
 And not to us but to thy arm alone  
 105 Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,  
 But in plain shock and even play of battle,  
 Was ever known so great and little loss  
 On one part and on th' other? Take it, God,  
 For it is none but thine.

#### EXETER

'Tis wonderful.

#### KING HENRY

110 Come, go we in procession to the village,  
 And be it death proclaimed through our host  
 To boast of this or take that praise from God  
 Which is His only.

#### FLUELLEN

Is it not lawful, an please your Majesty, to tell how  
 115 many is killed?

#### KING HENRY

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

#### FLUELLEN

Yes, my conscience, He did us great good.

#### KING HENRY

Do we all holy rites.  
 120 Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum*,  
 The dead with charity enclosed in clay,  
 And then to Calais, and to England then,  
 Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

*Exeunt*

*The MESSENGER shows him another paper.*

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk, sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire. No one else with a title, and just twenty-five other men. Oh God, this was your work, and I don't give the credit to us but only to you! When, without trickery, was there ever known such a great loss on one side and such a small one on the other? God, we dedicate this victory to you, because this was your doing.

#### EXETER

It's amazing.

#### KING HENRY

Come one, let's go in a parade to the village. And have it announced to the army that boasting about this or trying to take the praise that belongs to God for this will be punished by death.

#### FLUELLEN

Is it not allowed, your Majesty, to report how many were killed?

#### KING HENRY

Yes, Captain, but with the acknowledgement that God fought for us.

#### FLUELLEN

Yes, I know He did us a lot of good.

#### KING HENRY

Let's perform all the holy ceremonies. Have the *Non nobis*  and *Te deum*  sung and the dead buried well, and then we'll go to Calais, and to England after that. Happier men never arrived there from France.

 A short Latin hymn sung for giving thanks: its lyrics translate to, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but to thy name give the glory." Henry is clearly attributing his victory to God.

 A Christian hymn of praise, which begins with the words, "We praise you, O God."

*They exit.*

## Act 5, Prologue

### Shakespeare

*Enter CHORUS*

**CHORUS**  
 Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story  
 That I may prompt them; and of such as have,  
 I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse  
 Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
 5 Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
 Be here presented. Now we bear the king  
 Toward Calais. Grant him there. There seen,  
 Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts  
 Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach  
 10 Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,  
 Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouthed sea,  
 Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king

### Shakescleare Translation

*The CHORUS enters.*

**CHORUS**  
 Those who have not read the story, let me assist you. Those who have, please admit my excuses that time, and large numbers, and the proper way of doing things can't be presented here as they really are. Now we bring the king to Calais. Imagine he's there. From there, carry him away on your winged imaginations across the sea. See, the English beach is made pale by being covered with men, wives, and boys whose shouting and clapping drown out the noisy sea which had cleared the king's way like a bodyguard. So let him land and see him go on to London. Imagination moves so quickly that now you can imagine him at Blackheath, where his lords want him to have his battered helmet and

Seems to prepare his way. So let him land,  
And solemnly see him set on to London.  
15 So swift a pace hath thought that even now  
You may imagine him upon Blackheath,  
Where that his lords desire him to have borne  
His bruisèd helmet and his bended sword  
Before him through the city. He forbids it,  
20 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,  
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent  
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,  
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,  
How London doth pour out her citizens.  
25 The Mayor and all his brethren in best sort,  
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,  
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,  
Go forth and fetch their conquering Caesar in—  
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,  
30 Were now the general of our gracious empress,  
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,  
How many would the peaceful city quit  
To welcome him! Much more, and much more cause,  
35 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him  
(As yet the lamentation of the French  
Invites the king of England's stay at home;  
The emperor's coming in behalf of France  
To order peace between them) and omit  
40 All the occurrences, whatever chanced,  
Till Harry's back return again to France.  
There must we bring him, and myself have played  
The interim, by remembering you 'tis past.  
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance  
45 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

*Exit*

bent sword carried in front of him through the city. He forbids it, being free from vanity and self-indulgent pride, and gives away all of his trophies, symbols, and showy ceremonies to God. But now see, in the quick blacksmith's shops and factories of your imaginations, how London's citizens pour out. The Mayor and all the other officials in their best clothes, like the senators of ancient Rome, with the commoners swarming behind them, go out and bring their victorious king in. In the same way, except that he is lower in rank, if our kind Queen's general came from Ireland, having ended the rebellion there, as he may eventually, consider how many would leave the peaceful city to welcome him! Many more, and with a better reason, did this for Harry. Now imagine him in London, because the French people beg the English king to stay at home; the emperor is coming at France's request to make peace between them. And leave out all the events, whatever happened, until Harry returns to France. We must bring him there, and I myself played the part of the time between the acts, by reminding you that it passed. So allow us to abridge the story, and let your eyes and your imagination pass straight back to France.

*The CHORUS exits.*

## Act 5, Scene 1

### Shakespeare

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER*

#### GOWER

Nay, that's right. But why wear you your leek today?  
Saint  
Davy's day is past.

#### FLUELLEN

There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. I will tell you as my friend, Captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lousy, praggering knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt  
5 yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in place where I could not breed no contention with him, but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

*Enter PISTOL*

#### GOWER

15 Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

#### FLUELLEN

'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—  
God bless you, Aunchient Pistol, you scurvy, lousy knave,  
20 God bless you.

### Shakescleare Translation

*FLUELLEN and GOWER enter.*

#### GOWER

No, that's right. But why do you wear your leek today? Saint Davy's day has passed.

#### FLUELLEN

There are times and reasons why for everything. I will tell you, since you're my friend, Captain Gower. The good-for-nothing, scabby, beggar-like, lousy, bragging criminal, Pistol, who you yourself and all the world know to be nothing more than a fellow, you see, with no good qualities, he came to me and brought me bread and salt yesterday, see, and asked me to eat my leek. It was in a place where I couldn't fight with him, but I will wear it in my hat until I see him again, and then I will give him a piece of my mind.

*PISTOL enters.*

#### GOWER

Here he comes, swelled up like a turkey.

#### FLUELLEN

I don't care about his swellings, or his turkeys.

*[To PISTOL]* God bless you, Ancient Pistol, you disgusting, lousy criminal, God bless 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, scury, 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. (*strikes him*) 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 meantime and eat your victuals. Come, there is sauce for it. (*strikes him*) You called me yesterday "mountain squire," but I will make you today a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to. If you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

**GOWER**

Enough, Captain. You have astonished him.

**FLUELLEN**

I say I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.— 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. 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 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**

What, are you crazy? Do you want, low Trojan 1, to make me meet my fate? Go away. The smell of leeks makes me sick.

1 The Trojans were the enemies of the Greeks in the Trojan war, sometimes imagined as weak and self-indulgent. In this period it was sometimes used as a compliment, to mean someone who is good company. The Parcae are the Roman goddesses of Fate. They spin the thread of life for each person, cutting it at that person's death. Pistol seems to get spinning confused with weaving, which produces a "web", woven cloth, which he seems to imagine gets folded away at death.

**FLUELLEN**

I beg you, disgusting, lousy criminal, to fulfill my desire, my request, and my petition to you to eat, see, this leek. Because, see, you do not love it, and your feelings and your appetite and your digestion do not agree with it. I would like you to eat it.

**PISTOL**

Not for the Welsh hero Cadwallader and all his goats.

**FLUELLEN**

Here's one goat for you. [*hits him with a club*] Will you be so kind, scabby criminal, as to eat it?

**PISTOL**

Low Trojan, you will die.

**FLUELLEN**

You tell the truth, scabby knave, when God wishes it. I ask you to survive in the meantime and eat your food. Come on, here's a sauce for it. [*hits him*] You called me a "mountain servant" yesterday, but today I will make you a low servant. Please, tuck in. If you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

**GOWER**

Enough, Captain. You have astonished him.

**FLUELLEN**

I say I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will beat him on the head for four days.

[*To PISTOL*] Bite, I beg you. It will be good for your fresh wound and your bloody head.

**PISTOL**

Must I bite?

**FLUELLEN**

Yes, certainly, no doubt and no question, too, and no ambiguities.

**PISTOL**

By this leek, I will get a horrible revenge. I'm eating and eating, I promise--

**FLUELLEN**

Eat, please. Do you want more sauce on your leek? There isn't enough leek left to swear by.

**PISTOL**

Shut your mouth. You see I'm eating.

**FLUELLEN**

Much good may it do you, scabby criminal, really. No, please don't throw any of it away. The skin is good for your wounded head. When you happen to see leeks in the future, please, go ahead and mock them, that's all.

**PISTOL**

Good.

**FLUELLEN**

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

**PISTOL**

Me, a groat?

**FLUELLEN**

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

**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. 65 God be wi' you and keep you and heal your pate.

*Exit*

**PISTOL**

All hell shall stir for this.

**GOWER**

Go, go. You are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition begun upon an honorable respect and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valor, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? 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 75 otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare you well.

*Exit*

**PISTOL**

Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now? News have I that my Nell is dead i' th' spital Of a malady of France, 80 And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs Honor is cudgeled. Well, bawd I'll turn, And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand. To England will I steal, and there I'll steal. 85 And patches will I get unto these cudgeled scars, And swear I got them in the Gallia wars.

*Exit*

**PISTOL**

Good.

**FLUELLEN**

Yes, leeks are good. Here, here's four pence to heal your head.

**PISTOL**

Me, four pence?

**FLUELLEN**

Yes, truly, and you'll take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you will eat.

**PISTOL**

I take your four pence as a sign of my revenge.

**FLUELLEN**

If I owe you anything, I will pay you with clubs. You will be a wood-seller and not buy anything from me except clubs. God be with you and keep you safe and heal your head.

*He exits.*

**PISTOL**

All hell will rise for this.

**GOWER**

Go, go. You're a lying cowardly criminal. You mocked an ancient tradition begun on an honorable occasion and worn as a memento of past bravery, and you don't dare to follow through with any of the threats you make. I have seen you mocking and annoying this gentleman two or three times. You thought because he couldn't speak English like a native speaker, he couldn't use an English club. You find out you were wrong, and from now on let a Welsh punishment teach you good English manners. Goodbye.

*He exits.*

**PISTOL**

Is Fortune being as mean as a wife to me now? I have heard that my Nell is dead in the hospital from a French sickness [2], and my romance is cut short. I grow old, and honor is clubbed out of my tired limbs. Well, I'll become a pimp, and sometimes a quick-handed pick-pocket. I'll steal away to England, and there I'll steal. And I'll put patches on these club scars, and swear I got them in the wars in France.

[2] The "French disease" was a term for syphilis.

*He exits.*

## Act 5, Scene 2

### Shakespeare

Enter at one door KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the princess KATHERINE, ALICE and other ladies; the Duke of BURGUNDY, and his train

**KING HENRY**

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 Katherine.—

### Shakescleare Translation

At one door KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other lords enter. At another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the princess KATHERINE, ALICE and other ladies, and the Duke of BURGUNDY and his attendants enter.

**KING HENRY**

To my brother the king of France and my sister his wife, I wish good-day and good health.

And, as a branch and member of this royalty,  
By whom this great assembly is contrived,  
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy.—  
And princes French, and peers, health to you all.  
Peace to this meeting wherefore we are met.

**KING OF FRANCE**

Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
10 Most worthy brother England. Fairly met.  
—So are you, princes English, every one.

**QUEEN ISABEL**

So happy be the issue, brother England,  
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,  
As we are now glad to behold your eyes—  
15 Your eyes which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French that met them in their bent  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality, and that this day  
20 Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

**KING HENRY**

To cry "Amen" to that, thus we appear.

**QUEEN ISABEL**

You English princes all, I do salute you.

**BURGUNDY**

My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great kings of France and England. That I have labored  
25 With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavors,  
To bring your most imperial Majesties  
Unto this bar and royal interview,  
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.  
Since, then, my office hath so far prevailed  
30 That face to face and royal eye to eye  
You have congreeted. Let it not disgrace me  
If I demand before this royal view  
What rub or what impediment there is  
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,  
35 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,  
Should not in this best garden of the world,  
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?  
Alas, she hath from France too long been chased,  
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
40 Corrupting in its own fertility.  
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
Unpruned, dies. Her hedges, even-pleached,  
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
Put forth disordered twigs. Her fallow leas  
45 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory  
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts  
That should deracinate such savagery.  
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
50 Wanting the scythe, withal uncorrected, rank,  
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems  
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burrs,  
Losing both beauty and utility.  
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
55 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,  
Even so our houses and ourselves and children  
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,  
The sciences that should become our country,  
But grow like savages, as soldiers will  
60 That nothing do but meditate on blood,  
To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire,

*[To KATHERINE]* Joy and good wishes to my most beautiful and royal cousin Katherine.

*[To BURGUNDY]* And, as a branch and member of this royal family, who has planned this great meeting, I greet you, Duke of Burgundy.

*[To others]* And French princes and noblemen, health to all of you. And may this meeting bring us peace, which is the reason we are meeting.

**KING OF FRANCE**

*[To HENRY]* I am very glad to see your face, my most worth brother. It's a pleasure.

*[To others]* And a pleasure to see you, English princes, every one.

**QUEEN ISABEL**

May the decisions made on this good day and at this polite meeting be as happy, brother England, as we are now to see you your face—your face which has up to now carried in it against the French who came across it the deadly eyes of murdering basilisks  . The poison of such looks, we hope, does not work any more, and this day will change all sorrows and quarrels into love.

 Looking at a basilisk was supposed to kill you.

**KING HENRY**

I'm here to say "amen" to that.

**QUEEN ISABEL**

Welcome, all you English princes.

**BURGUNDY**

My obedience to you both, whom I love equally, great kings of France and England. Both sides can bear witness that I have worked with all my wit and strength and made every effort to bring your royal Majesties to this royal meeting. I have done part of my job in bringing you face to face and royal eye to eye. Allow me to ask in front of all you royals what impediment there is to naked, poor, and mangled peace, which allows the arts, plenty, and joyful births to flourish, showing her beautiful face in this most beautiful garden of the world, our fertile France? Sadly, she has been chased from France for too long, and all her crops lie in heaps, rotting. Her vine, which makes the heart happy, dies uncarved-for. Her evenly cut hedges, like prisoners with wildly-growing hair, sprout disorderly twigs. Grass, hemlock, and other weeds grow on her fields, while ploughs rust which should get rid of these wild things. The flat meadow, on which formerly grew sweet plants like the freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover, needing to be mowed, completely uncorrected and neglected, grows useless things, and produces nothing but hateful docks, rough thistles, hollow plants, burrs - losing both beauty and usefulness. And just as our vineyards, fields, meadows, and hedges, grow wild because of defects in their natures, so our houses and our children and we ourselves have lost, or do not learn because there is no time, the knowledge that we should help our country, but instead grow like savages. Just as soldiers who do nothing but think about blood start to swear and look stern, dress messily, and do everything that seems unnatural. You are assembled to bring us back to the way we were, and I ask you to tell me what stands in the way of gentle peace getting rid of these inconveniences and blessing us the way she used to.

And everything that seems unnatural.  
Which to reduce into our former favor  
You are assembled, and my speech entreats  
65 That I may know the let why gentle peace  
Should not expel these inconveniences  
And bless us with her former qualities.

**KING HENRY**

If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,  
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections  
70 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
With full accord to all our just demands,  
Whose tenors and particular effects  
You have, enscheduled briefly, in your hands.

**BURGUNDY**

The king hath heard them, to the which as yet  
75 There is no answer made.

**KING HENRY**

Well then, the peace which you before so urged  
Lies in his answer.

**KING OF FRANCE**

I have but with a cursory eye  
O'erglanced the articles. Pleaseth your Grace  
80 To appoint some of your council presently  
To sit with us once more with better heed  
To resurvey them, we will suddenly  
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

**KING HENRY**

Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,  
85 And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,  
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the king  
And take with you free power to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
90 Anything in or out of our demands,  
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,  
Go with the princes or stay here with us?

**QUEEN ISABEL**

Our gracious brother, I will go with them.  
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,  
95 When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

**KING HENRY**

Yet leave our cousin Katherine here with us.  
She is our capital demand, comprised  
Within the forerank of our articles.

**QUEEN ISABEL**

She hath good leave.

*Exeunt all except KING HENRY, KATHERINE, and ALICE.*

**KING HENRY**

100 Fair Katherine, 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?

**KATHERINE**

Your Majesty shall mock at me. I cannot speak your  
105 England.

**KING HENRY**

O fair Katherine, 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?

**KING HENRY**

If, Duke of Burgundy, you want the peace, lack of which  
allows the imperfections you mentioned to grow, you must  
buy that peace by agreeing fully to all my just demands,  
which you have, written down, with details and  
explanations, in your hands.

**BURGUNDY**

The king has heard them, and has not yet given an answer.

**KING HENRY**

Well then, the peace you argued for before depends on his  
answer.

**KING OF FRANCE**

I have only glanced at the list very quickly. If your grace  
could appoint some of your advisers to sit with me once  
again to look at them more closely, I will soon give you my  
acceptance and final answer.

**KING HENRY**

Brother, I will.

*[To EXETER] Go, uncle Exeter, and brother Clarence, and  
you, brother Gloucester, Warwick and Huntingdon, go with  
the king, and take my permission to confirm, add to, or  
change, as you think best for my dignity, anything in or out  
of the demands, and I'll agree to the changes.*

*[To KATHERINE] Will you, beautiful sister, go with the  
princes or stay here with us?*

**QUEEN ISABEL**

Kind brother, I will go with them. Perhaps a woman's voice  
will do some good, when they are arguing about  
unimportant details.

**KING HENRY**

But leave my cousin Katherine here with me. She is my  
primary demand, asked for first in the list.

**QUEEN ISABEL**

She has permission.

*All exit except >KING HENRY, KATHERINE, and ALICE.*

**KING HENRY**

Beautiful, most beautiful Katherine, will you agree to teach  
a soldier words that will enter a woman's ear and argue for  
his love to her gentle heart?

**KATHERINE**

Your Majesty will laugh at me. I cannot speak your England.

**KING HENRY**

Oh beautiful Katherine, if you love me with your French  
heart, I will be glad to hear you say it in your broken  
English. Do you like me, Kate?

**KATHERINE**

*Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell what is "like me."

**KING HENRY**

110 An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

**KATHERINE**

(to ALICE) *Que dit-il? Que je suis semblable à les anges?*

**ALICE**

*Oui, vraiment, sauf votre Grâce, ainsi dit-il.*

**KING HENRY**

I said so, dear Katherine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

**KATHERINE**

*Ô bon Dieu! Les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

**KING HENRY**

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

**ALICE**

120 Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits; dat is de princess.

**KING HENRY**

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 wouldest find me such a plain king that thou wouldest 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." Then if you urge me farther than to say, "Do you, in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer, i' faith, do; and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

**KATHERINE**

*Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.*

**KING HENRY**

Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me. For the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leapfrog or by vaulting into my saddle with my armor on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love or bound my horse for her favors, 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, only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing 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 not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true: but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; because he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always

**KATHERINE**

*Forgive me* , I don't know what is "like me."

 Many of Katherine's lines in this scene contain French, indicated by *italics* in the translation text.

**KING HENRY**

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

**KATHERINE**

[To ALICE] *What does he say? That I am like the angels?*

**ALICE**

*Yes, truly, your Grace, that's what he's saying.*

**KING HENRY**

I said so, dear Katherine; and I don't blush to stand by it.

**KATHERINE**

*Oh Good God! Men's words are full of lies.*

**KING HENRY**

What is she saying, beautiful one? That the words of men are full of lies?

**ALICE**

Yes, that the tongues of the mans is be full of lies; that is the princess.

**KING HENRY**

The princess is a better Englishwoman  than I am an Englishman.

[To KATHERINE] Truly, Kate, my courtship of you is as bad your understanding of it. I am glad you can speak no better English because, if you could, you would find me such a plain king that you would think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I don't know how to mince words about love, but just to say simply, "I love you." Then if you urge me more by saying, "Do you, really?" I've run out of things to say. Give me your answer, please, do: and we'll shake hands and it's a bargain. What do you say, my lady?

 This is based on the stereotype that French people speak well, lie, and flatter, while English people speak more bluntly.

**KATHERINE**

Your honor, I understand well.

**KING HENRY**

Well, if you want me to write poetry or dance for you, Kate, you'll destroy me. For the first, I don't have words or a sense of rhythm. And for the other, I don't have a strong sense of balance, although I have a pretty good balance of strength. If I could win a woman at leapfrog or by jumping into my saddle while wearing my armor, if I do say so myself, I would quickly leap my way into marriage. Or if I could fight for my love or make my horse jump for her to love me, I could fight like a butcher and cling to my horse like a monkey, never stopping. But, by God, Kate, I can't look weak or gasp out fancy words, and I don't have clever things to say, just plain oaths, which I never make until there's a reason, or break for any reason. If you can love a fellow like that, Kate, whose face is so ugly it's not even worth protecting from sunburn, who never looks in his mirror because he loves what he sees there, let your eyes be your cook. I'm speaking plain soldier to you: if you can love me for this, take me. If not, to say I'll die is true--but for your love, by God, no. But I love you. And while you're alive, dear Kate, marry a plain and honestly faithful man. He must treat you well, because he doesn't have the skill to flirt with anyone else. These fellows of infinite words, who can rhyme their way into ladies' affections--they always talk themselves back out again. What! A speaker is just a babbler; a rhyme is just a jingle. A nice leg will lose its

reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly. 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, and fairly, I pray thee.

**KATHERINE**

Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

**KING HENRY**

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.

**KATHERINE**

I cannot tell wat is dat.

**KING HENRY**

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 sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi*—let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!—*donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne*. 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.

**KATHERINE**

*Sauf votre honneur, le français que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'anglais lequel je parle.*

**KING HENRY**

No, faith, is 't not, Kate, but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

**KATHERINE**

I cannot tell.

**KING HENRY**

Can any of your neighbors 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 beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, 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 say'st thou, my fair flower de luce?

**KATHERINE**

I do not know dat.

shape; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; curly hair will fair out; a beautiful face will shrivel up; a beautiful eye will turn hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and moon. Or rather, the sun and not the moon; because it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course. If you will take someone like that, take me. If you take me, you take a soldier. If you take a soldier, you take a king. What do you say to my love? Speak, agreeable one, and agree, please.

**KATHERINE**

It is possible for me to love the enemy of France?

**KING HENRY**

No, it is not possible for you to love the enemy of France. But, in loving me, you would love the friend of France, because I love France so much I refuse to give up a single village in it. It will all be mine. And, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then France is yours and you are mine.

**KATHERINE**

I can't tell what that means.

**KING HENRY**

No, Kate? I'll tell you in French, which I'm sure will hang as heavily on my tongue like a new wife around her husband's neck, hard to shake off. *I when the possession of France, and when you have the possession of me*—let me see, what then? Saint Denis help me!—*then yours is France and you are mine*. It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the country as to speak that much French. I will never convince you to do anything in French, except to laugh at me.

**KATHERINE**

*You speak French better than I speak English.*

**KING HENRY**

No, really, I don't, Kate, but you speak my language and I yours as well or rather badly as each other. But, Kate, do you understand this much English? Can you love me?

**KATHERINE**

I cannot tell.

**KING HENRY**

Can any of your neighbors tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come on, I know you love me; and at night, when you go to your room, you'll ask this gentlewoman about me, and I know that you'll complain about the things you secretly love about me. But, good Kate, be merciful in mocking me, because I'm terribly in love with you. If you're ever mine, Kate, which I have faith that you will, I will win you by fighting, and you must for that reason give birth to soldiers. Won't the two of us, between Saint Denis and Saint George, give birth to a boy, half French, half English, who will go to Constantinople and fight the Turks? Won't we? What do you say, my beautiful French princess? 

 The flower-de-luce or *fleur-de-lis* is the symbol of the French monarchy.

**KATHERINE**

I do not know that.

**KING HENRY**

No, 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise. Do but  
210 now promise, Kate, you will endeavor for your French  
part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the  
word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus  
belle Katherine du monde, mon très cher et divin déesse?*

**KATHERINE**

Your Majestée ave fausse French enough to deceive de  
most sage *demoiselle* dat is *en France*.

**KING HENRY**

215 Now fie upon my false French. By mine honor, in true  
English, I love thee, Kate. By which honor I dare not  
swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me  
that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering  
effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition!  
220 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  
225 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 Katherine, will you have me? Put off  
230 your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts of your heart  
with the looks of an empress, take me by the hand, and  
say "Harry of England, I am thine," which word thou  
shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell  
thee aloud "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France  
is thine, and Harry Plantagenet is thine," who, though I  
235 speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the  
best king, thou shalt find the best king of good  
fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy  
voice is music and thy English broken. Therefore, queen  
of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken  
240 English. Wilt thou have me?

**KATHERINE**

Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon père*.

**KING HENRY**

Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please  
him, Kate.

**KATHERINE**

Den it sall also content me.

**KING HENRY**

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

**KATHERINE**

*Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foi, je ne  
veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur en baisant  
la main d'une—Notre Seigneur!—indigne serviteur.  
Excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

**KING HENRY**

250 Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

**KATHERINE**

*Les dames et demoiselles pour être bâties devant leur  
noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.*

**KING HENRY**

Madam my interpreter, what says she?

**ALICE**

255 Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France—I  
cannot tell wat is *baiser en English*.

**KING HENRY**

No, we'll know later, but we can promise it now. Just  
promise now, Kate, you'll do your best on your French side  
to make a boy like that; and as for my English half take the  
word of a king and a bachelor. What do you say, *the most  
beautiful Katherine in the world, my most dear and divine  
god* [5]?

[5] He gets the gender of the  
adjectives wrong, using the masculine  
instead of the feminine form.

**KATHERINE**

Your Majesty has enough bad French to deceive the wisest  
*lady in France*.

**KING HENRY**

Darn my bad French. By my honor, in honest English, I love  
you, Kate. I don't dare swear you love me by that honor, but  
I begin to flatter myself you do, despite the bad effect my  
face has. Now, damn my father's ambition! He was thinking  
about civil war when he conceived me, so I was created  
with an ugly appearance, with a face of iron, so when I flirt  
with ladies, I frighten them. But, really, Kate, the older I get,  
the better I will look. My comfort is that old age, which  
treats beauty so badly, can't do any more damage to my  
face. You take me, if you take me, at my worst, and if you  
put me on you'll wear me better and better. So tell me,  
most beautiful Katherine, will you have me? Stop blushing,  
admit your desires with the pride of an empress, take me by  
the hand and say, "Harry of England, I am yours," and I will  
no sooner hear that but I will tell you, "England is yours,  
Ireland is yours, France is yours, and Harry Plantagenet is  
yours." And he, although I say it in front of him, although he  
can't keep company with the best kings, you will find he's  
the best company. Come, tell me your answer in broken  
music, because your voice is music and your English  
broken. So, queen of everything, Katherine, break it to me  
in broken English. Will you have me?

**KATHERINE**

That depends on what pleases the *king my father*.

**KING HENRY**

No, it will please him a lot, Kate; it will please him, Kate.

**KATHERINE**

Then it will also please me.

**KING HENRY**

Then I kiss your hand and call you my queen.

**KATHERINE**

*Stop, my lord, stop, stop! Goodness, I don't want you to  
lower your greatness by kissing the hand of a--my God!--  
unworthy servant. Don't, I beg you, my most powerful lord.*

**KING HENRY**

Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

**KATHERINE**

*It's not the custom in France for ladies and young women to  
be kissed before their marriage.*

**KING HENRY**

My interpreter, what does she say?

**ALICE**

That it is not the fashion for the ladies of France - I can't tell  
what is *to kiss in English*.

**KING HENRY**

To kiss.

**ALICE**

Your Majesté entendre bettre que moi.

**KING HENRY**

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

**ALICE**

260 *Oui, vraiment.*

**KING HENRY**

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, and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults, as I will do yours for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss. Therefore, patiently and yielding. (*kissing her*) You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate. There is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council, and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

*Enter the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, BURGUNDY, and other LORDS*

**BURGUNDY**

God save your Majesty. My royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

**KING HENRY**

275 I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

**BURGUNDY**

Is she not apt?

**KING HENRY**

Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth, so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit 280 of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness.

**BURGUNDY**

Pardon the frankness of my mirth if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up Love in her in his true likeness, 285 he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, 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.

**KING HENRY**

290 Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

**BURGUNDY**

They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

**KING HENRY**

Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent 295 winking.

**BURGUNDY**

I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning, for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide:

**KING HENRY**

To kiss.

**ALICE**

Your Majesty *understands better than I do.*

**KING HENRY**

It's not a custom for the ladies in France to kiss before they are married, she wants to say?

**ALICE**

Yes, exactly.

**KING HENRY**

Oh Kate, pointless customs don't apply to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I aren't confined by the weak customs of a country. We make customs and are free, Kate, because our power seals the lips of anyone who wants to criticize, just as I'll seal yours for sticking to the pointless custom of your country in denying me a kiss. So, patiently and agreeably. [*kisses her*]. There's witchcraft in your lips, Kate. There are more beautiful speeches in a sweet touch of them than in the mouths of the French council, and they would persuade Harry of England more quickly than a petition signed by all the other kings. Here comes your father.

*The FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, BURGUNDY, and other LORDS enter.*

**BURGUNDY**

God save your majesty. My royal cousin, are you teaching our princess English?

**KING HENRY**

My cousin, I want her to learn how much I love her, and that is good English.

**BURGUNDY**

Is she not a quick learner?

**KING HENRY**

I don't speak very well, cousin, and am not polite, so, because I don't know how and don't want to flatter her, I can't conjure up the spirit of love in her to make him appear in his true form.

**BURGUNDY**

Forgive me for laughing at you openly. If you want to conjure in her, you must make a circle. If you want to conjure up Love in his true form, he would have to appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, since she's still a modest virgin, if she doesn't allow a naked blind boy to appear in her naked seeing self? It would be a bad situation for a virgin to agree to.

**KING HENRY**

But they do shut their eyes and give in, since love is blind and powerful.

**BURGUNDY**

It's not their fault, then, my lord, when they don't see what they do.

**KING HENRY**

Then, my good lord, teach your cousin to agree to shut her eyes.

**BURGUNDY**

I will wink at her to tell her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to understand my meaning. Because virgins, kept warm and safe, are like flies in midsummer: blind, although

300 blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

**KING HENRY**

This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer. And so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

**BURGUNDY**

305 As love is, my lord, before it loves.

**KING HENRY**

It is so. And you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

**FRENCH KING**

310 Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid, for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

**KING HENRY**

Shall Kate be my wife?

**FRENCH KING**

So please you.

**KING HENRY**

315 I am content, so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her. So the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

**FRENCH KING**

We have consented to all terms of reason.

**KING HENRY**

Is 't so, my lords of England?

**WESTMORELAND**

320 The king hath granted every article,  
His daughter first, and, in sequel, all,  
According to their firm proposed natures.

**EXETER**

Only he hath not yet subscribèd this:  
Where your Majesty demands that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your Highness in this form and with this addition, in French: *Notre très cher fils Henri, roi d'Angleterre, héritier de France*; and thus in Latin: *Praeclarissimus filius noster Henricus, rex Angliae, et haeres Franciae*.

**FRENCH KING**

330 Nor this I have not, brother, so denied  
But your request shall make me let it pass.

**KING HENRY**

I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance,  
Let that one article rank with the rest,  
And thereupon give me your daughter.

**FRENCH KING**

335 Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up  
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction  
Plant neighborhood and Christian-like accord  
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance  
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

they have eyes. And they can bear to be handled, when previously they couldn't bear to be looked at.

**KING HENRY**

The moral of this is I should wait for the right time and a hot summer. And that way I will catch the fly, your cousin, by the tail, and she will be blind too.

**BURGUNDY**

As blind as love is, my lord, before it loves.

**KING HENRY**

It's true. And some of you can thank me for my blindness, because I can't see many French cities because of one beautiful French virgin who stands in my way.

**FRENCH KING**

Yes, my lord, you see them in perspective, the cities turned into a virgin, because they are surrounded by virgin walls that war has never entered.

**KING HENRY**

Will Kate be my wife?

**FRENCH KING**

If it pleases you.

**KING HENRY**

I am content, as long as the virgin cities you talk about come too. So the virgin who stood in the way of my wish will show me the way to my desire.

**FRENCH KING**

I have consented to all reasonable demands.

**KING HENRY**

Is that so, my lords of England?

**WESTMORELAND**

The king has agree to every item: his daughter first and then everything, just as we asked.

**EXETER**

But he hasn't yet signed this: where your Majesty demands that the king of France, if he has any reason to write out a declaration, will name your Highness too in this way, in French: *Our very dear son Henry, king of England, heir of France*, and this in Latin: *Our most famous son Henry, king of England, and heir of France*.

**FRENCH KING**

I have not denied this, brother. If you ask me to agree to this, I will.

**KING HENRY**

I ask you, then, with love and as allies, that you agree to that article along with the rest, and give me your daughter.

**FRENCH KING**

Take her, son, and have her give birth to heirs for me, so that the fighting kingdoms of France and England, whose shores look pale with envy of each other's happiness, will cease hating each other. May this match make them neighborly and make them agree like Christians, so that bloody war never arises again between England and beautiful France.

**LORDS**

Amen.

**KING HENRY**

Now welcome, Kate, and bear me witness all  
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

*Flourish*

**QUEEN ISABEL**

345 God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one.  
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,  
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal  
That never may ill office or fell jealousy,  
350 Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,  
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms  
To make divorce of their incorporate league,  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
Receive each other. God speak this "amen"!

**ALL**

355 Amen.

**KING HENRY**

Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,  
My Lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.  
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,  
360 And may our oaths well kept and prosp'rous be.

*Sennet*

*Exeunt*

*Enter CHORUS*

**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.  
365 Small time, but in that small most greatly lived  
This star of England. Fortune made his sword,  
By which the world's best garden he achieved  
And of it left his son imperial lord.  
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned king  
370 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 oft our stage hath shown. And for their sake,  
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

*Exit*

**LORDS**

Amen.

**KING HENRY**

Now welcome, Kate. You are all witnesses that here I kiss  
her as my queen.

*Trumpets sound.*

**QUEEN ISABEL**

May God, the best matchmaker, combine your hearts in  
one, your countries in one. Just as man and wife, although  
they are two people, become one, so may there be between  
your kingdoms such a marriage that ill will and terrible  
jealousy, which often trouble blessed marriage, never  
thrust themselves between these two joined kingdoms to  
divorce them. May Englishmen and Frenchmen treat each  
other as though they come from the same country. May God  
speak this "amen"!

**ALL**

Amen.

**KING HENRY**

Let's prepare for our marriage, and on that day, my Lord of  
Burgundy, we'll have you and all the noblemen swear an  
oath to honor our alliance. Then I will swear to Kate, and  
you to me, and may our oaths be kept well and be  
fortunate.

*Trumpets sound.*

*They exit.*

*The CHORUS enters.*

**CHORUS**

Our obedient author followed the story this far with his  
rough and incompetent writing, confining great men into a  
small room, mangling and breaking up the full extent of  
their glory. This English star lived a short but very great life.  
Fortune made his sword, which he used to win the world's  
best garden and left his son ruler of it. Henry the Sixth,  
crowned king of France and England when he was an infant,  
succeeded this king. So many people were in charge of  
ruling his country that they lost France and made his  
England bleed, as our stage has often shown you. For their  
sake, kindly accept this play.

*The CHORUS exits.*

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