

THE
FAMOVS VIC-
tories of Henry the
fifth:
Containing the Honou-
rable Battell of Agin-court:
*As it was plaide by the Queenes Maiesties
Players.*

LONDON
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The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE 1

Enter the yoong Prince, Ned, and Tom.

Henry the fifth. Come away Ned and Tom.

Both. Here my Lord.

Henr.5. Come away my Lads: Tell me sirs, how much gold haue you got? 5

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

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

Tom. Faith my Lord, some foure hundred pound.

Hen.5. Foure hundred poundes, brauely spoken Lads. 10
But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous part
of me to rob my fathers Receiuers?

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

Hen.5. Faith Ned thou sayest true. 15
But tell me sirs, whereabouts are we?

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

Hen.5. But sirs, I maruell that sir Iohn Old-Castle

Comes not away: Sounds see where he comes.

Enters Iockey

How now Iockey, what newes with thee? 20

Iockey. Faith my Lord, such newes as passeth, 25
For the Towne of Detfort is risen,
With hue and crie after your man,
Which parted from vs the last night,
And has set vpon, and hath robd a poore Carrier.

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

Iock. I my Lord, euen the very same.

Hen.5. Now base minded rascal to rob a poore Carrier, 30
Wel it skills not, ile saue the base vilaines life:
I, I may: but tel me Iockey, wherabout be the Recieuers?

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

Hen.5. Wel, I the vilaines come, let me alone with them. 35
But tel me Iockey, how much gots thou from the knaues?
For I am sure I got something, for one of the vilaines
So belamd me about the shoulders,
As I shal feele it this moneth.

Iock. Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred pound. 40

Hen. 5. A hundred pound, now brauely spoken Iockey:

The Famous Victories of Henry V

But come sirs, laie al your money before me,
Now by heauen here is a braue shewe:
But as I am true Gentleman, I wil haue the halfe
Of this spent to night, but sirs take vp your bags, 45
Here comes the Receiuers, let me alone.

Enters two Receiuers.

One. Alas good fellow, what shal we do?
I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I shall be hangd.
But looke, here is the yong Prince, what shal we doo? 50

Hen.5. How now you vilaines, what are you?

One Recci. Speake you to him.

Other. No I pray, speake you to him.

Hen.5. Why how now you rascals, why speak you not?

One. Forsooth we be. Pray speake you to him. 55

Hen.5. Sowns, vilains speak, or ile cut off your heads.

Other. Forsooth he can tel the tale better then I.

One. Forsooth we be your fathers Receiuers.

Hen.5. Are you my fathers Receiuers?
Then I hope y^e haue brought me some money. 60

One. Money, Alas sir we be robd.

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

One. Marry sir, there were foure of them:
And one of them had sir Iohn Old-Castles bay Hobbie,
And your blacke Nag. 65

Hen.5. Gogs wounds how like you this lockey?
Blood you vilaines: my father robd of his money abroad,
And we robd in our stables.
But tell me, how many were of them?

One recci. If it please you, there were foure of them, 70
And there was one about the bignesse of you:
But I am sure I so belambd him about the shoulders,
That he wil feele it this month.

Hen.5. Gogs wounds you lamd them fairerly,
So that they haue carried away your money. 75
But come sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?
Both recci. I beseech your grace, be good to vs.

Ned. I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once.
Well stand vp and get you gone,
And looke that you speake not a word of it, 80
For if there be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin.

Exit Purseuant.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

- Hen.5.* Now sirs, how like you this?
Was not this brauely done?
For now the vilaines dare not speake a word of it, 85
I haue so feared them with words.
Now whither shall we goe?
- All.* Why my Lord, you know our old hostes
At Feuersham.
- Hen.5.* Our hostes at Feuersham, blood what shal we do (there? 90
We haue a thousand pound about vs,
And we shall go to a pettie Ale-house,
No, no: you know the olde Tauerne in Easstcheape,
There is good wine: besides, there is a pretie wench
That can talke well, for I delight as much in their toongs, 95
As any part about them.
- All.* We are readie to waite vpon your grace.
- Hen.5.* Gogs wounds waite, we will go altogither,
We are all fellowes, I tell you sirs, and the King
My father were dead, we would be all Kings, 100
Therefore come away.
- Ned.* Gogs wounds, brauely spoken Harry.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE TWO

Enter Iohn Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence Costermonger.

Iohn Cob. All is well here, all is well maisters. 105

Robin. How say you neighbour Iohn Cobler?

[*Iohn Cob*] I thinke it best that my neighbour
Robin Pewterer went to Pudding lane end,
And we will watch here at Billingsgate ward.
How say you neighbour Robin, how like you this? 110

Robin. Marry well neighbours:
I care not much if I goe to Pudding lanes end.
But neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me,
Make haste: and if I heare any ado about you,
I will come to you. 115

Exit Robin.

Law. Neighbor, what newes heare you of y^e young Prince:

Iohn. Marry neighbor, I heare say, he is a toward yoong(Prince,
For if he met any by the hie way,
He will not let to talke with him, 120
I dare not call him theefe, but sure he is one of these takingfellows.

Law. Indeed neighbour I heare say he is as liuely
A young Prince as euer was.

Iohn. I, and I heare say, if he vse it long,
His father will cut him off from the Crowne: 125
But neighbour say nothing of that.

Law. No, no, neighbour, I warrant you.

Iohn. Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe,
If you will, we will sit down,
For I thinke it is about midnight. 130

Law. Marry content neighbour, let vs sleepe.

Enter Dericke rouing.

Dericke. Who, who there, who there?

Exit Dericke.

Enter Robin. 135

Robin. O neighbors, what mean you to sleepe,
And such ado in the streetes?

Ambo. How now neighbor, whats the matter?

Enter Dericke againe.

Dericke. Who there, who there, who there? 140

The Famous Victories of Henry V

Cobler. Why what ailst thou? Here is no horses.
Dericke. O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there?
Robin. Hold him neighbor Cobler.
Robin. Why I see thou art a plaine Clowne.
Dericke. Am I a Clowne, sownes maisters, 145
Do Clownes go in silke apparell?
I am sure all we gentlemen Clownes in Kent scant go so
Well: Sownes you know clownes very well:
Heare you, are you maister Constable, and you be speake?
For I will not take it at his hands. 150
John. Faith I am not maister Constable,
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.
Dericke. Is not maister Constable here?
Well it is no matter, ile haue the law at his hands.
John. Nay I pray you do not take the law of vs. 155
Der. Well, you are one of his beastly officers.
John. I am one of his bad officers.
Der. Why then I charge thee looke to him.
Cobler. Nay but heare y^e sir, you seeme to be an honest 160
Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night:
And we would be loth to haue any thing adoo,
Therefore I pray thee put it vp.
Der. First, thou saiest true, I am an honest fellow,
And a proper handsome fellow too,
And you seeme to be poore men, therefore I care not greatly, 165
Nay, I am quickly pacified:
But and you chance to spie the theefe,
I pray you laie hold on him.
Robin. Yes that we wil, I warrant you.
Der. Tis a wonderful thing to see how glad the knaue 170
Is, now I haue forgiuen him.
John. Neighbors do ye looke about you?
How now, who's there?

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Here is a good fellow, I pray you which is the 175
Way to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape?
Der. Whoope hollo, now Gads Hill, knowest thou me?
Theef. I know thee for an Asse.
Der. And I know thee for a taking fellow,
Upon Gads hill in Kent: 180
A bots light vpon ye.
Theef. The whorson vilaine would be knockt.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

- Der.* Maisters, vilaine, and ye be men stand to him,
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you.
- John.* My friend, what make you abroad now? 185
It is too late to walke now.
- Theef.* It is not too late for true men to walke.
- Law.* We know thee not to be a true man.
- Theef.* Why what do you meane to do with me?
Sownes I am one of the kings liege people. 190
- Der.* Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people?
- Theef.* I marry am I sir, what say you to it?
- Der.* Marry sir, I say you are one of the kings filching (people.
- Cob.* Come, come, lets haue him away.
- Theef.* Why what haue I done? 195
- Robin.* Thou hast robd a poore fellow,
And taken away his goods from him.
- Theefe.* I neuer sawe him before.
- Der.* Maisters who comes here?
- Enter the Vintners boy.* 200
- Boy.* How now good man Cobler?
- Cob.* How now Robin, what makes thou abroad
At this time of night?
- Boy.* Marrie I haue beene at the Counter,
I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like. 205
- Cobler.* What is that Robin, what is the matter?
- Boy.* Why this night about two houres ago, there came
the young Prince, and three or foure more of his compani-
ons, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a
noyse of Musitians, and were very merry for the space of 210
an houre, then whether their Musicke liked them not, or
whether they had drunke too much Wine or no, I cannot
tell, but our pots flue against the wals, and then they drew
their swordes, and went into the streete and fought, and
some tooke one part, & some tooke another, but for the space 215
of halfe an houre, there was such a bloodie fray as passeth,
and none coulde part them vntill such time as the Maior
and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at the last with much
adoo, they tooke them, and so the yong Prince was carried
to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came 220
a Messenger from the Court in all haste from the king, for
my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I
know not.
- Cobler.* Here is newes indeed Robert.
- Law.* Marry neighbour, this newes is strange indeede, 225

The Famous Victories of Henry V

I thinke it best neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe
first.

Theefe. What meane you to doe with me?

Cobler. We mean to carry you to the prison, and there
to remaine till the Sessions day. 230

Theef. Then I pray you let me go to the prison where
my maister is.

Cob. Nay thou must go to ye ecountry prison, to newgate,
Therefore come away.

Theef. I prethie be good to me honest fellow. 235

Der. I marry will I, ile be verie charitable to thee,
For I will neuer leaue thee, til I see thee on the Gallowes.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE THREE

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

Oxf. And please your Maiestie, heere is my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with your Maie-stie. 240

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

Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe.

Now my good Lord Maior of London,
The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tel you 245
of a matter which I haue learned of my Councell: Herein
I vnderstand, that you haue committed my sonne to prison
without our leaue and license. What although he be a rude
youth, and likely to giue occasion, yet you might haue con-
sidered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be 250
halled to prison by euery subiect.

Maior. May it please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue to
tell our tale?

King Hen.4. Or else God forbid, otherwise you might
thinke me an vnequall Iudge, hauing more affection to 255
my sonne, then to any rightfull iudgement.

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

K.Hen.4. Go too, say on.

Maior. Then if it please your Maiestie, this night be- 260
twixt two and three of the clocke in the morning, my Lord
the yong Prince with a very disordred companie, came to
the old Tauerne in Eastcheape, and whether it was that
their Musicke liked them not, or whether they were ouer-
come with wine, I know not, but they drew their swords, 265
and into the streete they went, and some tooke my Lord the
yong Princes part, and some tooke the other, but betwixt
them there was such a bloodie fray for the space of halfe an
houre, that neither watchm? nor any other could stay th?,
till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were sent for, 270
and at the last with much adoo we staid them, but it was
long first, which was a great disquieting to all your louing
subiects thereabouts: and then my good Lord, we knew not
whether your grace had sent them to trie vs, whether we 275
would doo iustice, or whether it were of their owne volun-
tarie will or not, we cannot tell: and therefore in such a
case we knew not what to do, but for our own safegard we
sent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for
his grace, and your Maiesties sonne. And thus most hum-
bly beseeching your Maiestie to thinke of our answer. 280

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

The Famous Victories of Henry V

Exit Maior.

- Hen.4.* Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry,
That hath gotten a sonne, which with greefe 285
Will end his fathers dayes.
Oh my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince indeed,
And to deserue imprisonment,
And well haue they done, and like faithfull subiects:
Discharge them and let them go. 290
- L.Exe.* I beseech your Grace, be good to my Lord the
yong Prince.
- Hen.4.* Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.
- L.Oxf.* Perchance the Maior and the Sheriffe haue
bene too precise in this matter. 295
- Hen.4.* No: they haue done like faithfull subiects:
I will go my selfe to discharge them, and let them go.

Exit omnes.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE FOUR

Enter Lord chiefe Iustice, Clarke of the Office, Iayler, Iohn Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe. 300

Judge. Iayler bring the prisoner to the barre.

Der. Heare you my Lord, I pray you bring the bar to the prisoner.

Judge. Hold thy hand vp at the barre.

Theefe. Here it is my Lord. 305

Judge. Clearke of the Office, reade his inditement.

Clarke. What is thy name?

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

Judge. I, I thinke so, but we will know it better before thou go. 310

Der. Sownes and you do but send to the next Iaile,
We are sure to know his name,
For this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile warrant (you.

Clarke. What is thy name? 315

Theef. What need you to aske, and haue it in writing.

Clarke. Is not thy name Cutbert Cutter?

Theefe. What the Diuell need you ask, and know it so well.

Clark. Why then Cutbert Cutter, I indite thee by the name of Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20 day of May last past, in the fourteen yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, for setting vpon a poore Carrier vpon Gads hill in Kent, and hauing beaten and wounded the said Carrier, and taken his goods from him. 320
325

Der. Oh maisters stay there, nay lets neuer belie the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but hee hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great rase of Ginger, that bouncing Besse with the iolly buttocks should haue had, that greues me most. 330

Judge. Well, what sayest thou, art thou guiltie, or not guiltie?

Theefe. Not guiltie, my Lord.

Judge. By whom wilt thou be tride? 335

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

Enter the young Prince, with Ned and

The Famous Victories of Henry V

Tom.

- Hen. 5.* Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain,
what make you heere? I must goe about my businesse my
selfe, and you must stand loytering here. 340
- Theefe.* Why my Lord, they haue bound me, and will
not let me goe.
- Hen. 5.* Haue they bound thee villain, why how now my
Lord? 345
- Iudge.* I am glad to see your grace in good health.
- Hen. 5.* Why my Lord, this is my man,
Tis maruell you knew him not long before this,
I tell you he is a man of his hands.
Theefe. I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare 350
- Iudge.* Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknow-
ledging him to be your man.
- Hen. 5.* Why my Lord, what hath he done?
- Iud.* And it please your Maiestie, he hath robbed a poore Carrier.
- Der.* Heare you sir, marry it was one Dericke,
Goodman Hobblings man of Kent. 355
- Hen. 5.* What wast you batten-breech?
Of my word my Lord, he did it but in iest.
- Der.* Heare you sir, is it your mans qualitie to rob folks
in iest? In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest 360
- Hen. 5.* Well my Lord, what do you meane to do with
my man?
- Iudg.* And please your grace, the law must passe on him,
According to iustice, then he must be executed.
- Der.* Heare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality
to rob folkes in iest? In faith he shall be hangd in iest 365
- Hen. 5.* Well my Lord, what meane you to do with my
man?
- Iudg.* And please your grace the law must passe on him,
According to iustice, then he must be executed. 370
- Hen. 5.* Why then belike you meane to hang my man?
- Iudge.* I am sorrie that it falles out so.
- Hen. 5.* Why my Lord, I pray ye who am I?
- Iud.* And please your Grace, you are my Lord the yong
Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our soue-
raigne Lord, King Henrythe fourth, whom God graunt
long to raigne. 375
- Hen. 5.* You say true my Lord:
And you will hang my man.
- Iudge.* And like your grace, I must needs do iustice. 380

The Famous Victories of Henry V

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

Judge. I cannot my Lord.

Hen. 5. But will you not let him go?

Iud. I am sorie that his case is so ill.

Hen. 5. Tush, case me no casings, shal I haue my man? 385

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

Hen. 5. Nay, and I shal not say & then I am answered?

Judge. No.

Hen. 5. No: Then I will haue him.

He giueth him a boxe on the eare. 390

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

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

Exeunt the Theefe. 395

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

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

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

Hen. 5. You, who knowes not you? 400
Why man, you are Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Judge. Your Grace hath said truth, therefore in striking
me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me onely,
but also your father: whose liuely person here in this place
I doo represent. And therefore to teach you what preroga-
tiues meane, I commit you to the Fleete, vntill we haue
spoken with your father. 405

Hen. 5. Why then belike you meane to send me to the
Fleete?

Judge. I indeed, and therefore carry him away. 410

Exeunt Hen. 5 with the Officers.

Judge. Iayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe,
vntil the next Sises.

Iay. At your commandement my Lord, it shalbe done.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE FIVE

Enter Dericke and Iohn Cobler. 415

Der. Sownds maisters, heres adoo,
When Princes must go to prison:
Why Iohn, didst euer see the like?

Iohn. O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like.

Der. Why Iohn thou maist seewhat princes be in chol-(ler; 420
A Iudge a boxe on the eare, Ile tel thee Iohn, O Iohn,
I would not haue done it for twentie shillings.

Iohn. No nor I, there had bene no way but one with (vs,
We should haue bene hangde.

Der. Faith Iohn, Ile tel thee what, thou shalt be my 425
Lord chiefe Iustice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire,
And ile be the yong prince, and hit thee a boxe on the eare,
And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatiues
Meane, I commit you to the Fleete.

Iohn. Come on, Ile be your Iudge, 430
But thou shalt not hit me hard.

Der. No, no.

Iohn. What hath he done?

Der. Marry he hath robd Dericke.

Iohn. Why then I cannot let him go. 435

Der. I must needs haue my man.

Iohn. You shall not haue him.

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

Iohn. No marry shall you not. 440

Der. Shall I not Iohn?

Iohn. No Dericke.

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

Iohn. Well I am content to take this at your hand, 445
But I pray you, who am I?

Der. Who art thou, Sownds, doost not know thy self?

Iohn. No.

Der. Now away simple fellow,
Why man, thou art Iohn the Cobler. 450

Iohn. No, I am my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Der. Oh Iohn, Masse thou saist true, thou art indeed.

Iohn. Why then to teach you what prerogatiues mean

The Famous Victories of Henry V

I commit you to the Fleete.

Der. Wel I will go, but yfaith you gray beard knaue, (Ile course you. 455

Exit. And straight enters again.

Oh Iohn, Come, come out of thy chair, why what a clown
weart thou, to let me hit thee a box on the eare, and now
thou seest they will not take me to the Fleete, I thinke that
thou art one of these Worenday Clownes. 460

Iohn. But I maruell what will become of thee?

Der. Faith ile be no more a Carrier.

Iohn. What wilt thou doo then?

Der. Ile dwell with thee and be a Cobler.

Iohn. With me, alasse I am not able to keepe thee, 465
Why thou wilt eate me out of doores.

Der. Oh Iohn, no Iohn, I am none of these great slou-
ching fellowes, that deuoure these great peeces of beefe and
brewes, alasse a trifle serues me, a Woodcocke, a Chicken,
or a Capons legge, or any such little thing serues me. 470

Iohn. a Capon, why man, I cannot get a Capon once a
yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some other mans house,
for we Coblers be glad of a dish of rootes.

Der. Rootes, why are you so good at rooting?

Nay Cobler, weele haue you ringde. 475

Iohn. But Dericke, though we be so poore,
yet wil we haue in store a crab in the fire,
With nut-browne ale, that is full stale,
Which wil a man quaile, and laie in the mire.

Der. A bots on you, and be but for your Ale, 480
Ile dwel with you, come lets away as fastas we can.

Exeunt.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE SIX

Enter the yoong Prince, with Ned and Tom.

Hen.5. Come away sirs, Gogs wounds Ned,
Didstthou not see what a boxe on the eare 485
I tooke my Lord chiefe Iustice?

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

Enter sir Iohn Old-Castle.

Hen.5. How now sir Iohn Old-Castle, 490
What newes with you?

Ioh. Old. I am glad to see your grace at libertie,
I was come I, to visit you in prison.

Hen.5. To visit me, didst thou not know that I am a
Princes son, why tis inough for me to looke into a prison, 495
though I come not in my selfe, but heres such adoo now a-
dayes, heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the
diuel and all, but I tel you sirs, when I am King, we will
haue no such things, but my lads, if the old king my father
were dead, we would be all kings. 500

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

Hen.5. But Ned,so soone as I am King, the first thing
I wil do, shal be to put my Lord chiefe Justice out of office,
And thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

Ned. Shall I be Lord chiefe Justice? 505
By gogs wounds, ile be the brauest Lord chiefe Justice
That euer was in England.

Hen.5. Then Ned, ile turne all these prisons into fence
Schooles, and I will endue thee with them, with landes to
maintaine them withall: then I wil haue a bout with my 510
Lord chiefe Justice, thou shalt hang none but picke purses
and horse stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that
fellow that will stand by the high way side couragiously
with his sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow
giue him commendations, beside that, send him to me and 515
I will giue him an anuall pension out of my Exchequer, to
maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

Ioh. Nobly spoken Harry, we shall neuer haue a mery
world til the old king be dead.

Ned. But whither are ye going now? 520

Hen.5. To the Court, for I heare say, my father lies ve-
rie sicke.

Tom. But I doubt he wil not die.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

- Hen.5.* Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shall be no
sooner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the Crowne on my
head. 525
- Lockey.* Wil you goe to the Court with that cloake so
full of needles?
- Hen.5.* Cloake, ilat-holes, needles, and all was of mine
owne deuising, and therefore I wil weare it. 530
- Tom.* I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning
thereof?
- Hen.5.* Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns,
til the Crowne be on my head.
- loc.* Or that euery needle might be a prick to their harts
that repine at your doings. 535
- Hen.5.* Thou saist true lockey, but thers some wil say,
the yoong Prince will be a well-toward yoong man and all
this geare, that I had as leue they would breake my head
with a pot, as to say any such thing, but we stand prating
here toolong, I must needs speake with my father, therefore
come away. 540
- Porter.* What a rapping keep you at the Kings Court
gate?
- Hen.5.* Heres one that must speake with the King. 545
- Por.* The King is verie sick, and none must speak with
him.
- Hen.5.* No you rascall, do you not know me?
- Por.* You are my Lord the yong Prince.
- Hen.5.* Then goe and tell my father, that I mustand
will speake with him. 550
- Ned.* Shall I cut off his head?
- Hen.5.* No, no, though I would helpe you in other pla-
ces, yet I haue nothing to doo here, what you are in my fa-
thers Court. 555
- Ned.* I will write him in my Tables, for so soone as I
am made Lorde chiefe Iustice, I wil put him out of his Of-
fice.
- The Trumpet sounds.*
- Hen.5.* Gogs wounds sirs, the King comes,
Lets all stand aside. 560
- Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter.*
- Hen.4.* And is it true my Lord, that my sonne is alrea-
die sent to the Fleete? now truly that man is more fitter to
rule the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my
sonne, and he by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh 565

The Famous Victories of Henry V

my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an
other, I had thought once whiles I had liued, to haue seene
this noble Realme of England flourish by thee my sonne,
but now I see it goes to ruin and decaie. 570

He wepeth.

Enters Lord of Oxford.

Ox. And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne,
That commeth to speake with you,
he saith, he must and wil speake with you. 575

Hen.4. Who my sonne Harry?

Oxf. I and please your Maiestie.

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

Oxf. A verie disordered company, and such as make
Uerie ill rule in your Maiesties house. 580

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

He goeth.

Oxf. And please your grace, 585
My Lord the King, sends for you.

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

Oxf. And please your grace, none must go with you.

Hen.5. Why I must needs haue them with me,
Otherwise I can do my father no countenance,
Therefore come away. 590

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

Hen.5. Well sirs then be gone,
And prouide me three Noyse of Musitians. 595

Exeunt knights.

*Enters the Prince with a dagger in his
hand.*

Hen.4. Come my sonne, come on a Gods name,
I know wherefore thy comming is, 600
Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene,
That thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilde and
Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly:
Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings
Wil end thy fathers dayes.

He weepes. 605

The Famous Victories of Henry V

I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence
of thy sick father, in that disguised sort, I tel thee my sonne,
that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke, but it is a prick to
my heart, & neuer an ilat-hole, but it is a hole to my soule:
and wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I
know not, but by coniecture. 610

He weepes.

Hen.5. My cōscience accuseth me, most soueraign Lord,
and welbeloued father, to answere first to the last point,
That is, whereas you coniecture that this hand and this 615
dagger shall be arme against your life: no, know my be-
loued father, far be the thoughts of your sonne, sonne said
I, an vnworthie sonne for so good a father: but farre be the
thoughts of any such pretended mischiefe: and I most hum-
bly render it to your Maiesties hand, and liue my Lord and 620
soueraigne foreuer: and with your dagger arme show like
vengeance vpon the bodie of that your sonne, I was about
say and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde
slaue, tis not the Crowne that I come for, sweete father,
because I am vnworthie, and those vilde & reprobate com- 625
pany I abandon, & vtterly abolish their company for euer.
Pardon sweete father, pardon: the least thing and most de-
sire: and this ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe,
and sacrifice it to the diuel, which is maister of al mischiefe:
Pardō me, sweet father, pardon me: good my Lord of Exe- 630
ter speak for me: pardon me, pardō good father, not a word:
ah he wil not speak one word: A Harry, now thrice vnhap-
pie Harry. But what shal I do: I wil go take me into some
solitarie place, and there lament my sinfull life, and when
I haue done, I wil laie me down and die. 635

Exit.

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

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

Hen.4. Stand vp my son, and do not think thy father, 640
But at the request of thee my sonne, I wil pardon thee,
And God blesse thee, and make thee his seruant.

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

Hen.4. Come my son and Lords take me by the hands. 645

Exeunt omnes.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE SEVEN

Enter Dericke.

Der. Thou art a stinking whore, &a whorson stinking (whore,
Doest thinke ile take it at thy hands?

Enter Iohn Cobler running. 650

Iohn. Derick, D. D. Hearesta,
Do D. neuer while thou liuest vse that,
Why what wil my neighbors say, and thou go away so?

Der. Shees a narrant whore, and Ile haue the lawe on you Iohn.

Iohn. Why what hath she done? 655

Der. Marry marke thou Iohn.
I wil proue it that I wil.

Iohn. What wilt thou proue?

Der. That she cald me in to dinner.
Iohn, marke the tale wel Iohn, and when I was set, 660
She brought me a dish of rootes, and apeece of barrel butter
therein: and she is a verie knaue,
And thou a drab it thou take her part.

Iohn. Hearesta Dericke, is this the matter?
Nay, and it be no worse, we wil go home againe, 665
And all shall be amended.

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

Iohn. I, all is wel.

Der. Then ile go home before, and breake all the glasse
windowes. 670

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE EIGHT

Enter the King with his Lords.

Hen.4. Come my Lords, I see it bootes me not to take
any physick, for all the Phisitians in the world cannot cure
me, no not one. But good my Lords, remember my last
wil and Testament concerning my sonne, for truly my
Lordes, I doo not thinke but he wil proue as valiant and
victorious a King, as euer raigned in England. 675
Both. Let heauen and earth be witnessse betweene vs, if
we accomplish not thy wil to the vttermost.

Hen.4. I giue you most vnfained thāks, good my lords, 680
Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sleepe.

(Exeunt Lords.

He sleepeth.

Enter the Prince.

Hen.5. Ah Harry, thrice vnhappie, that hath neglect so 685
long from visiting of thy sicke father, I wil goe, nay but
why doo I not go to the Chamber of my sick father, to com-
fort the melancholy soule of his bodie, his soule said I, here
is his bodie indeed, but his soule is, whereas it needs no bo-
die. Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy fa- 690
ther so much, and could not I craue pardon for all. Oh my
dying father, curst be the day wherin I was borne, and ac-
cursed be the houre wherin I was begotten, but what shal
I do? if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the 695
negligence neglected to some, I wil weepe day and night
vntil the fountaine be drie with weeping.

Exit.

Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.

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

Hen.4. Now my Lords. 700

Oxf. How doth your Grace feele your selfe?

Hen.4. Somewhat better after my sleepe,
But good my Lords take off my Crowne,
Remoue my chaire a litle backe, and set me right.

Ambo. And please your grace, the crown is taken away. 705

Hen.4. The Crowne taken away,
Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this deed:
No doubt tis some vilde traitor that hath done it,
To depriue my sonne, they that would do it now,

Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death. 710

Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.

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

Hen.4. Why how now my sonne?
I had thought the last time I had you in schooling, 715
I had giuen you a lesson for all,
And do you now begin againe?
Why tel me my sonne,
Doest thou thinke the time so long,
That thou wouldestt haue it before the 720
Breath be out of my mouth?

Hen.5. Most soueraign Lord, and welbeloued father,
I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy
Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time 725
Past all recouerie, and dead to my thinking,
God is my witsse: and what should I doo,
But with weeping tears lament y^e death of you my father,
And after that, seeing the Crowne, I tooke it:
And tel me my father, who might better take it then I,
After your death? but seeing you liue, 730
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands,
And the happiest man aliue, that my father liue:
And liue my Lord and Father, for euer.

Hen.4. Stand vp my sonne, 735
Thine answeere hath sounded wel in mine eares,
For I must need confesse that I was in a very sound sleep,
And altogether vnmindful of thy comming:
But come neare my sonne,
And let me put thee in possession whilst I liue, 740
That none deprivue thee of it after my death.

Hen.5. Well may I take it at your maiesties hands,
But it shal neuer touch my head, so lōg as my father liues.

He taketh the Crowne.

Hen.4. God giue thee ioy my sonne, 745
God blesse thee and make thee his seruant,
And send thee a prosperous raigne.
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,
And how hardly I haue maintained it.

Hen.5. Howsoeuer you came by it, I know not, 750
But now I haue it from you, and from you I wil keepe it:
And he that seekes to take the Crowne from my head,
Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,
Or I will pearce him to the heart,
Were it harder then brasse or bollion.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

Hen.4. Nobly spoken, and like a King. 755
Now trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne
Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,
As euer raigned in England.

L.Ambo. His former life shewes no lesse.

Hen.4. Wel my lords, I know not whether it be for sleep, 760
Or drawing neare of drowsie summer of death,
But I am verie much giuen to sleepe,
Therefore good my Lords and my sonne,
Draw the Curtains, depart my Chamber, 765
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sleepe.

Exeunt omnes.

The King dieth.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE NINE

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird 770
Which hath escaped out of the Cage,
For so soone as my Lord chiefe stustice heard
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,
For feare of my Lord the yong Prince:
But here comes some of his companions,
I wil see and I can get any thing of them, 775
For old acquaintance.

Enter Knights raunging.

Tom. Gogs wounds, the King is dead.
Ioc. Dead, then gogs blood, we shall be all kings.
Ned. Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord chiefe Iustice 780
Of England.
Tom. Why how, are you broken out of prison?
Ned. Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes.
Ioc. Why what wil become of thee now? 785
Fie vpon him, how the rascall stinkes.
Theefe. Marry I wil go and serue my maister againe.
Tom. Gogs blood, doost think that he wil haue any such
Scabd knaue as thou art? what man he is a king now.
Ned. Hold thee, heres a couple of Angels for thee, 790
And get thee gone, for the King wil not be long
Before he come this way:
And hereafter, I wil tel the king of thee.

Exit Theefe.

Ioc. Oh how it did me good, to see the king 795
When he was crowned:
Me thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,
And his person like vnto a God.
Ned. But who would haue thought,
That the king would haue changde his countenance so?
Ioc. Did you not see with what grace 800
He sent his embassage into France to tel the French king
That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,
And Harry of England wil haue it.
Tom. But twas but a litle to make the people belieue,
That he was sorie forhis fathers death. 805

The Trumpet sounds.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

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

*Enter the King with the Archbishop, 810
and the Lord of Oxford.*

Loc. How do you my Lord?

Ned. How now Harry?
Tut my Lord, put away these dumpes,
You are a king, and all the realm is yours: 815
What man, do you not remember the old sayings,
You know I must be Lord chiefe Iustice of England,
Trust me my lord, me thinks you are very much changed,
And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folkes beleeeue
The death of your father greeues you, 820
And tis nothing so.

Hen.5. I prethee Ned, mend thy maners,
And be more modester in thy tearmes,
For my vnfeined greefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering
And dissembling talke, thou saist I am changed, 825
So I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that quickly,
Or else I must cause thee to be channged.

Loc. Gogs wounds how like you this?
Sownds tis not so sweete as Musicke.

Tom. I trust we haue not offended your grace no way.

Hen.5. Ah Tom your former life greeues me, 830
And makes me to abandō & abolish your company for euer
And therefore not vpō pain of death to approach my presence
By ten miles space, then if I heare wel of you,
It may be I wil do somewhat for you,
Otherwise looke for no more fauour at my hands, 835
Then at any other mans: And therefore be gone,
We haue other matters to talke on.

Exeunt Knights.

Now my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, 840
What say you to our Embassage into France?

Archb. Your right to the French Crowne of France,
Came by your great grandmother Izabel,
Wife to King Edward the third,
And sister to Charles the French king:
Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he wil, 845
Then must you take your sword in hand,
And conquer the right.
Let the vsurped Frenchman know,
Although your predecessors haue let it passe, you wil not: 850
For your Countrymen are willing with purse and men,
To aide you.
Then my good Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne,

The Famous Victories of Henry V

That Scotland hath bene in league with France,
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence, 855
I thinke it therefore best to conquere Scotland,
And th? I think that you may go more easily into France:
And this is all that I can say, My good Lord.

Hen.5. I thanke you, my good lord Archbishop of Can(terbury.
What say you my good Lord of Oxford?

Oxf. And and please your Maiestie, 860
I agree to my Lord Archbishop, sauing in this,
He that wil Scotland win, must first with France begin:
According to the old saying.
Therefore my good Lord, I thinke it best first to inuade (France, 865
For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one,
And conquere France and conquere both.

Enter Lord of Exeter.

Exe. And please your Maiestie, 870
My Lord Ambassador is come out of France.

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

Enter Duke of Yorke. 875

Yorke. God saue the life of mysoueraign Lord the king.

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

Yorke. And please your Maiestie, 880
I deliuered him my Embassage,
Whereof I tooke some deliberation,
But for the answer he hath sent,
My Lord Ambassador of Burges, the Duke of Burgony,
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,
To bring the Embassage.

Hen.5. Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges 885
Into our presence,

Enter Archbishop of Burges.

Now my Lord Archbishop of Burges,
We do learne by our Lord Ambassador,
That you haue our message to do 890
From our brother the French King:
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,
We giue you free libertie and license to speake,
With good audience.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

- Archb.* God saue the mightie King of England, 895
My Lord and maister, the most Christian king,
Charles the seuenth, the great & mightie king of France,
As a most noble and Christian king,
Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content
To yeeld somewhat to your vnreasonable demaunds, 900
That if fiftie thousand crownes a yeare with his daughter
The said Ladie Katheren, in marriage,
And some crownes which he may wel spare,
Not hurting of his kingdome,
He is content to yeeld so far to your vnreasonable desire 905.
- Hen.5.* Why then belike your Lord and maister,
Thinks to puffe me vp with fifty thousand crowns a yere,
No tell thy Lord and maister,
That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,
Except the Crowne and kingdome it selfe: 910
And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter.
He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.
- Archb.* And it please your Maiestie,
My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well, 915
With this present.
- He deliuiereith a Tunne of Tennis Balles.*
- Hen.5.* What a guilded Tunne?
I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it?
- Yorke.* And please your Grace,
Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles. 920
- Hen.5.* A Tunne of Tennis balles?
I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,
What might the meaning thereof be?
- Archb.* And it please you my Lord, 925
A messenger you know, ought to keepe close his message,
And specially an Embassador.
- Hen.5.* But I know that you may declare your message
To a king, the law of Armes allowes no lesse.
- Archb.* My Lord hearing of your wildnesse before your 930
Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,
Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis Court
Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the Camp.
- Hen.5.* My Lord prince Dolphin is very pleasant with (me:
But tel him, that in steed of balles of leather, 935
We wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron,
Yea such balles as neuer were tost in France,
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it.
I and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it:
Therefore get thee hence, and tel him thy message quickly, 940
Least I be there before thee: Away priest, be gone.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

Archb. I beseech your grace, to deliuer me your safe
Conduct vnder your broad seale Emanuel.

Hen.5. Priest of Burges, know,
That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one,
And in stead of my hand and seale, 945
I will bring him my hand and sword:
And tel thy lord & maister, that I Harry of England said it,
And I Harry of England, wil performe it.
My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct,
Under our broad seale Emanuel. 950

Exeunt Archbishop, and the Duke of Yorke.

Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,
For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest
French man in all France, shall rue the time that euer 955
These Tennis balles were sent into England.
My Lord, I wil y^e there be prouided a great Nauy of ships,
With all speed, at South-Hampton,
For there I meane to ship my men,
For I would be there before him, it it were possible,
Therefore come, but staie, 960
I had almost forgot the chiefest thing of all, with chafing
With this French Embassador.
Call in my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

Enters Lord Chiefe Iustice of England.

Exe. Here is the King my Lord. 965

Iustice. God preserue your Maiestie.

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

Iust. I would it were vnknowne to your Maiestie.

Hen.5. Why what ayle you?

Iust. Your Maiestie knoweth my grieffe well. 970

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

Iust. I trust your grace haue forgotten that.

Hen.5. I truly my Lord, and for reuengement, 975
I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme,
Until it shall please God to giue me speedie returne
Out of France.

Iust. And if it please your Maiestie, I am far vnworthie
Of so high a dignitie.

Hen.5. Tut my Lord, you are not vnworthie, 980
Because I thinke you worthie.
For you that would not spare me,
I thinke wil not spare another.
It must needs be so, and therefore come,
Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse.

Exeunt omnes.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE TEN

Enter a Captaine, Iohn Cobler and his wife.

- Cap.* Come, come, there's no remedie,
Thou must needs serue the King.
- Iohn.* Good maister Captaine let me go, 990
I am not able to go so farre.
- Wife.* I pray you good maister Captaine,
Be good to my husband.
- Cap.* Why I am sure he is not too good to serue y^e king?
- Iohn.* Alasse no, but a greate deale toobad, 995
Therefore I pray you let me go.
- Cap.* No, no, thou shalt go.
- Iohn.* Oh sir, I haue a great many shooes at home to
Cobble.
- Wife.* I pray you let him go home againe. 1000
- Cap.* Tush I care not, thou shalt go.
- Iohn.* Oh wife, and you had beene a louing wife to me,
This had not bene, for I haue said many times,
That I would go away, and now I must go
Against my will. 1005

He weepeth.

Enters Dericke.

- Der.* How now ho, Busillus Manus, for an old codpeece,
Maister Captaine shall we away?
Sownds how now Iohn, what a crying? 1010
What make you and my dame there?
I maruell whose head you will throw the stooles at,
Now we are gone.
- Wife.* Ile tell you, come ye cloghead,
What do you with my potlid? heare you, 1015
Will you haue it rapt about your pate?

She beateth him with her potlid.

- Der.* Oh good dame,

here he shakes her,

And I had my dagger here, I wold worie you al to peeces 1020
That I would.
- Wife.* Would you so, Ile trie that.

She beateth him.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

- Der.* Maister Captaine wil ye suffer her?
Go too dame, I will go backe as far as I can, 1025
But and you come againe,
Ile clap the law on your backe thats flat:
Ile tell you maister Captaine what you shall do?
Presse her for a souldier, I warrant you,
She will do as much good as her husband and I too.
- Enters the Theefe.* 1030
- Sownes,* who comes yonder?
- Cap.* How now good fellow, doest thou want a maister?
- Theefe.* I truly sir.
- Cap.* Hold thee then, I presse thee for a souldier,
To serue the King in France. 1035
- Der.* How now Gads, what doest knowes thinkest?
- Theefe.* I, I knew thee long ago.
- Der.* Heare you maister Captaine?
- Cap.* What saist thou?
- Der.* I pray you let me go home againe. 1040
- Cap.** Why what wouldst thou do at home?
- Der.* Marry I haue brought two shirts with me,
And I would carry one of them home againe,
For I am sure heele steale it from me,
He is such a filching fellow. 1045
- Cap.* I warrant thee he wil not steale it from thee,
Come lets away.
- Der.* Come maister Captaine lets away,
Come follow me.
- John.* Come wife, lets part louingly. 1050
- Wife.* Farewell good husband.
- Der.* Fie what a kissing and crying is here?
Sownes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe?
Why Iohn come away, doest thinke that we are so base
Minded to die among French men? 1055
Sownes, we know not whether they will laie
Us in their Church or no: Come M. Captain, lets away.
- Cap.* I cannot staie no longer, therefore come away.

Exeunt omnes.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE ELEVEN

Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, 1060
and Lord high Constable of France.

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

Const. And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing, 1065
Until my Lords Embassadors be come home,
But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well,
To get your men in so good a readinesse
For feare of the worst.

King. I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse, 1070
But if the King of England make against vs,
We must haue thrice so many moe.

Dolphin. Tut my Lord, although the King of England
Be yoong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke he will be so
Unwise to make battell against the mightie King of 1075
France.

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

Enter Archbishop of Burges.

Archb. God saue the life of my soueraign lord the king. 1080

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

Archb. And please your Maiestie, 1085
He is so far from your expectation,
That nothing wil serue him but the Crowne
And kingdome it selfe, besides, he bad me haste quickly,
Least he be there before me, and so far as I heare,
He hath kept promise, for they say, he is alreadie landed
At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the Riuer of Sene, 1090
And laid his siege to the Garrison Towne of Harflew.

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

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

Archb. Truly my Lord, in verie ill part, 1095
For these your balles of leather,
He will tosse you balles of brasse and yron:
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,
He is such a hautie and high minded Prince,
He is as fierce as a Lyon. 1100

Con. Tush, we wil make him as tame as a Lambe,
I warrant you.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

Enters a Messenger.

- Messen.* God saue the mightie King of France
- King.* Now Messenger, what newes? 1105
- Messen.* And it please your Maiestie,
I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew,
Which is so beset on euery side,
If your Maiestie do not send present aide,
The Towne will be yeilded to the English King. 1110
- King.* Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still
Till our Country be spoyled vnder our noses?
My Lords, let the Normanes, Brabants, Pickardies,
And Danes, be sent for with all speede,
And you my Lord high Constable, I make Generall 1115
Ouer all my whole Armie.
Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas,
Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment.
- Dolp.* I trust your Maiestie wil bestow,
Some part of the battell on me, 1120
I hope not to present any otherwise then well.
- King.* I tell thee my sonne,
Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life,
I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,
And the English men to haue the victorie. 1125
- Dol* Why my Lord and father,
I would haue the pettie king of England to know,
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.
- King.* I know well my sonne,
But at this time I will haue it thus: 1130
Therefore come away.

Exeunt omnes.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE TWELVE

Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lords.

Hen.5. Come my Lords of England, 1135
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,
Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come.
But good my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines
With all speed, to number the hoast of the French men,
And by that meanes we may the better know 1140
How to appoint the battell.

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

Hen.5. And why did you not tell me of it before? 1145
If we cannot haue it for money,
We will haue it by dint of sword,
The lawe of Armes allow no lesse.

Oxf. I beseeche your grace, to graunt me a boone.

Hen.5. What is that my good Lord?

Oxf. That your grace would giue me the 1150
Euangard in the battell.

Hen.5. Trust me my Lord of Oxford. I cannot:
For I haue already giu? it to my vncke y^e Duke of York,
Yet I thanke you for your good will. 1155

A Trumpet soundes.

How now, what is that?

Yorke. I thinke it be some Herald of Armes.

Enters a Herald.

Herald. King of England, my Lord high Constable, 1160
And others of the Noble men of France,
Sends me to defie thee, as open enemy to God,
Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon,
They presently bid thee battell.

Hen.5. Herald tell them, that I defie them, 1165
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,
And as wronfull vsurpers of my right:
And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell,
Tell them that I thinke they know how to please me:
But I pray thee what place hath my lord Prince Dolphin 1170
Here in battell.

Herald. And it please your grace,
My Lord and King his father,
Will not let him come into the field.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

Hen.5. Why then he doth me great iniurie, 1175
I thought that he & I shuld haue plaid at tennis together,
Therefore I haue brought tennis balles for him,
But other maner of ones then he sent me.
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,
That I haue inured my hāds with other kind of weapons 1180
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,
And that he shall finde it ere it be long,
And so adue my friend:
And tell my Lord, that I am readie when he will.

Exit Herald.

Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines, 1185
And ile see the number of the French army my selfe.
Strike vp the Drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE THIRTEEN

Enter French Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Come away lack Drummer, come away all, 1190
And me will tel you what me wil doo
Me wil tro one chance on the dice,
Who shall haue the king of England and his lords.

2. *Soul.* Come away lacke Drummer, 1195.
And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme

Enter Drummer.

Drum. Oh the braue apparel that the English mans 1200
Hay broth ouer, I wil tel you what
Me ha donue, me ha prouided a hundreth trunkes,
And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.

1. *Soul.* What do thou meane by trunkea?

2. *Soul.* A shest man, a hundred shests.

1. *Soul.* Awee, awee, awee, Me wil tel you what, 1205
Me ha put fiue shildren out of my house,
And all too litle to put the fine apparel of the
English mans in.

Drum. Oh the braue, the braue apparel that we shall 1210
Haue anon, but come, and you shall see what me wil tro
At the kings Drummer and Fife,
Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you.

3. *Sol.* Faith me wil tro at y^e Earle of Northumberland
And my Lord a Willowby, with his great horse,
Snorting, farting, oh braue horse.

1. *Sol.* Ha, bur Lady you ha reasonable good lucke, 1215
Now I wil tro at the king himselfe,
Ha, me haue no good lucke.

Enters a Captaine.

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

2. *Sol.* Shal me tel our captain what we haue done here? 1220

Drum. Awee, awee.

Exeunt Drum, and one Souldier.

2. *Sol.* I wil tel you what whe haue doune, 1225
We haue bene troing our shance on the Dice,
But none can win the king.

Cap. I thinke so, why he is left behind for me,
And I haue set three or foure chaire-makers a worke,
To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly
King of England in, that all the people may laugh 1230
And scoffe at him.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

2. *Soul.* Oh braue Captaine.

Cap. I am glad, and yet with a kinde of pitie

To see the poore king:

Why who euer saw a more flourishing armie in France 1235

In one day, then here is? Are not here all the Peeres of
France? Are not here the Normans with their firie hand-
Gunnesh, and flaunching Curtleaxes?

Are not here the Barbarians with their bard horses,
And lanching speares? 1340

Are not here Pickardes with their Crosbowes & piercing
Dartes.

The Henues with their cutting Glaues and sharpe
Carbuckles.

Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie? 1345

And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs?

Why take an English man out of his warme bed

And his stale drinke, but one moneth,

And alas what wil become of him?

But giue the Frenchman a Reddish roote, 1350

And he wil liue with it all the dayes of his life.

Exit.

2. *Soul.* Oh the braue apparel that we shall haue of the
English mans

(Exit.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE FOURTEEN

Enters the king of England and his Lords.

- Hen.5.* Come my Lords and fellowes of armes, 1255
What company is there of the French men?
- Oxf.* And it please your Maiestie,
Our Captaines haue numbred them,
And so neare as they can iudge,
They are about threescore thousand horsemen, 1260
And fortie thousand footemen.
- Hen.5.* They threescore thousand,
And we but two thousand.
They threescore thousand footemen,
And we twelue thousand. 1265
They are a hundred thousand,
And we fortie thousand, ten to one:
My Lords and louing Countrymen,
Though we be fewe and they many,
Feare not, your quarrel is good, and God wil defend you: 1270
Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either haue
A valiant victory, or a honourable death.
Now my Lords, I wil that my vnclle the Duke of Yorke,
Haue the auantgard in the battell.
The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford, 1275
The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,
The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beside the army,
That they may come fresh vpon them.
And I my selfe with the Duke of Bedford,
The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloster, 1280
Wil be in the midst of the battell.
Furthermore, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,
And the Earle of Northumberland,
With their troupes of horsmen, be cōtinually running like
Wings on both sides of the army: 1285
My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing.
Then I wil, that euery archer prouide him a stake of
A tree, and sharpe it at both endes,
And at the first encounter of the horsemen, 1290
To pitch their stakes downe into the ground before them,
That they may gore themselues upon them,
And then to recoyle backe, and shoote wholly altogither,
And so discomfit them.
- Oxf.* And it please your Maiestie, 1295
I wil take that in charge, if your grace be therwith cōtent.
- Hen.* With all my heart, my good Lord of Oxford:
And go and prouide quickly.
- Oxf.* I thanke your highnesse.

Exit.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

Hen.5. Well my Lords, our battels are ordeined, 1300
And the French making of bonfires, and at their bankets,
But let them looke, for I mean to set vpon them.

The Trumpet soundes.

Soft, heres comes some other French message.

Enters Herauld. 1305

Herauld. King of England, my Lord high Constable,
And other of my Lords, considering the poore estate of thee
And thy poore Countrey men,
Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ransome?
Perhaps thou maist agree better cheape now, 1310
Then when thou art conquered.

Hen. Why then belike your high Constable,
Sends to know what I wil giue for my ransome?
Now trust me Herauld, not so much as a tun of tennis bals, 1315
No not so much as one poore tennis ball,
Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the field, to feed crowes,
Then euer England shall pay one penny ransome
For my bodie.

Herauld. A kingly resolution.

Hen. 5. No Herauld, tis a kingly resolution, 1320
And the resolution of a king:
Here take this for thy paines.

Exit Herauld.

But stay my Lords, what time is it?

All. Prime my Lord. 1325

Hen. 5. Then is it good time no doubt,
For all England praieth for vs:
What my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully vpon me?
Why then with one voice, and like true English hearts,
With me throw vp your caps, and for England, 1330
Cry S. George, and God and S. George helpe vs.

Strike Drummer. Exeunt omnes.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE FIFTEEN

*The French men crie within, S. Dennis, S.
Dennis, Mount Ioy, S. Dennis.*

The Battell.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE SIXTEEN

Enters King of England, and his Lords.

Hen.5. Come my Lords come, by this time our
Swords are almost drunke with French blood,
But my Lords, which of you can tell me how many of our
Army be slaine in the battell? 1340

Oxf. And it please your Maiestie,
There are of the French armie slaine,
Aboue ten thousand, twentie sixe hundred,
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners:
Besides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken prisoners. 1345
Of your Maiesties Armie, are slaine none but the good
Duke of Yorke, and not aboue fiue or six and twentie
Common souldiers.

Hen.5. For the good Duke of Yorke my vnckle,
I am heartily sorie, and greatly lament his misfortune, 1350
Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath giuen vs,
Doth make me much reioyce. But staie,
Here comes another French message.

Sound Trumpet. 1355

Enters a Herald and kneeleth.

Her. God saue the life of the most mightie Conqueror,
The honourable king of England.

Hen.5. Now Herald, me thinks the world is changed
With you now, what I am sure it is a great disgrace for a
Herald to kneele to the king of England, 1360
What is thy message?

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

Hen.5. Herald, his greetings are welcome, 1365
But I thanke God for my health:
Well Herald, say on.

Herald. He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie,
To giue him leaue to go into the field to view his poore
Country men, that they may all be honourably buried.

Hen.5. Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maister 1370
Send to me to burie the dead?
Let him bury them a Gods name.
But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord hie Constable,
And those that would haue had my ransome?

Herald. And it please your maiestie, 1375
He was slaine in the battell.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

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

Herald. And it please your Maiestie, 1380
Tis cald the Castle of Agincourt.

Hen.5. Well then my lords of England,
For the more honour of our English men,
I will that this be for euer cald the battell of Agincourt.

Herald. And it please your Maiestie, 1385
I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie.

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

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

Hen.5. With a good will, so some of my Nobles 1390
Uiew the place for feare of trecherie and treason.

Herald. Your grace needs not to doubt that.

Exit Herald.

Hen.5. Well, tell him then, I will come. 1395
Now my lords, I will go into the field my selfe,
To view my Country men, and to haue them honourably
Buried, for the French King shall neuer surpasse me in
Curtesie, whiles I am Harry King of England.
Come on my lords.

Exeunt omnes. 1400

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE SEVENTEEN

Enters Iohn Cobler, and Robbin Pewterer.

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

Iohn. But Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie 1405
The King had, to see how the French men were kild
With the stakes of the trees.

Robin. I Iohn, there was a braue pollicie.

Enters an English souldier, roming.

Soul. What are you my maisters?

Both. Why we be English men. 1410

Soul. Are you English men, then change your language
For the kings Tents are set a fire,
And all they that speake English will be kild.

Iohn. What shall we do Robin? faith ile shift, 1415
For I can speake broken French.

Robin. Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst speak?

Iohn. Commodeuales Monsieur.

Robin. Thats well, come lets be gone.

Drum and Trumpet sounds:

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE EIGHTEEN

*Enters Dericke roming. After 1420
him a Frenchman, and takes
him prisoner.*

Dericke. O good Mounser.

French man. Come, come, you villeaco.

Der. O I will sir, I will.

Frenchman. Come quickly you pesant. 1425

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

French. Marry thou shalt giue me,
One, to, tre, foure, hundred Crownes.

Der. Nay sir, I will giue you more,
I will giue you as many crowns as wil lie on your sword. 1430

French. Wilt thou giue me as many crowns
As will lie on my sword?

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

*Here the Frenchman laies downe 1435
his sword, and the clowne takes it
vp, and hurles him downe.*

Der. Thou villaine, darest thou looke vp?

French. O good Mounsier comparteue.
Monsieur pardon me.

Der. O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie, 1440
Doest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy short el:
O villaine, now I will strike off thy head.

*Here whiles he turnes his backe, the
Frenchman runnes his wayes.*

Der. What is he gone, masse I am glad of it, 1445
For if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd again,
And then I should haue beene spilt,
But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE NINETEEN

Enters King of France, 1450
King of England, and attendants.

Hen.5. Now my good brother of France,
My coming into this land was not to shed blood,
But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can deny,
I am content peaceably to leaue my siege, 1455
And to depart out of your land.

Charles. What is it you demand,
My louing brother of England?

Hen.5. My Secretary hath it written, read it.

Secretary. Item, that immediately Henry of England 1460
Be crowned King of France.

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

Hen.5. No more but right, my good brother of France.

French King. Well read on.

Secret. Item, that after the death of the said Henry, 1465
The Crowne remaine to him and his heires for euer.

French King. Why then you do not onely meane to
Dispossesse me, but also my sonne.

Hen.5. Why my good brother of France,
You haue had it long inough: 1470
And as for Prince Dolphin,
It skills not though he sit beside the saddle:
Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be.

French King. You are very peremptorie, 1475
My good brother of England.

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

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

Hen.5. I euen as far as the kingdom of France reaches.

Charles. I for by this hote beginning, 1480
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

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

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

Exit King of France, and 1485
all their attendants.

Hen.5. With a good will my good brother of France.
Secretary deliuer him a coppie.
My lords of England go before,
And I will follow you.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

Exeunt Lords.

Speakes to himselfe.

1490

Hen.5. Ah Harry, thrice vnhappy Harry.
Hast thou now conquered the French King,
And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,
But with what face canst thou seeke to gain her loue,
Which hath sought to win her fathers Crowne? 1495
Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne:
I but I loue her, and must craue her,
Nay I loue her and will haue her.

Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.

But here she comes: 1500
How now faire Ladie, Katheren of France,
What newes?

Kathren. And it please your Maiestie,
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of these
Unreasonable demands which you require: 1505

Hen.5. Now trust me Kate,
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,
For none in the world could sooner haue made me debate it
If it were possible: 1510
But tell me sweete Kate, canst thou tell how to loue?

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

Hen.5. Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,
Canst thou loue the King of England?
I cannot do as these Countries do, 1515
That spend halfe their time in woing:
Tush wench, I am none such,
But wilt thou go ouer to England?

Kate. I would to God, that I had your Maiestie, 1520
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres,
I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,
Untill you had related all these vnreasonable demands.

Hen.5. Tush Kate, I know thou wouldst not vse me so
Hardly: But tell me, canst thou loue the king of England?

Kate. How should I loue him, that hath dealt so hardly 1525
With my father.

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

Kate. If I were of my owne direction, 1530
I could giue you answere:
But seeing I stand at my fathers direction,
I must first know his will.

Hen.5. But shal I haue thy good wil in the mean season?

The Famous Victories of Henry V

Kate. Whereas I can put your grace in no assurance, 1535
I would be loth to put you in any dispaire.

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

She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.

Kat. I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world, 1540
That is beloued of the mightie king of England.

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

Kat. God keepe your Maiestie in good health. 1545

Exit. Kat.

Hen.5. Far wel sweet Kate, in faith, it is a sweet wench,
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,
I would so rowse the Towers ouer his eares, 1550
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,
Upon his hands and knees

Exit King.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE TWENTY

Enters Dericke, with his girdle full of shoes.

Der. How now? Sownes it did me good to see how
I did triumph ouer the French men. 1555

Enters Iohn Cobler rouing, with a packe full of apparell.

Iohn. Whoope Dericke, how doest thou?

Der. What Iohn, Comedeuales, aliue yet.

Iohn. I promise thee Dericke, I scapte hardly, 1560
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kild.

Der. Were you so?

Iohn. I trust me, I had like bene slaine.

Der. But once kild, why it tis nothing, 1565
I was foure or fiue times slaine.

Iohn. Foure or fiue times slaine.
Why how couldst thou haue beene aliue now?

Der. O Iohn, neuer say so,
For I was cald the bloodie souldier amongst them all.

Iohn. Why what didst thou? 1570

Der. Why I will tell thee Iohn,
Euery day when I went into the field,
I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose,
And make my nose bleed, and then I wold go into the field,
And when the Captaine saw me, he would say, 1575
Peace a bloodie souldier, and bid me stand aside,
Whereof I was glad:

But marke the chance Iohn.
I went and stood behinde a tree, but marke then Iohn. 1580

I thought I had beene safe, but on a sodaine,
There steps to me a lustie tall French man,
Now he drew, and I drew,
Now I lay here, and he lay there,
Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward, 1585
And skipped quite ouer a hedge,
And he saw me no more there that day,
And was not this well done Iohn?

Iohn. Masse Dericke, thou hast a wittie head.

Der. I Iohn, thou maist see, if thou hadst taken my cofnsel, 1590
But what hast thou there?
I thinke thou hast bene robbing the French men.

Iohn. I faith Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell
To carry home to my wife.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

- Der.* And I haue got some shooes, 1595
For ile tel thee what I did, when they were dead,
I would go take off all their shooes.
- John.* I but Dericke, how shall we get home?
- Der.* Nay sownds, and they take thee, 1600
They wil hang thee,
O Iohn, neuer do so, if it be thy fortune to be hangd,
Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoeuer thou doest.
- John.* Why Dericke the warres is done,
We may go home now.
- Der.* I but you may not go before you aske the king leaue, 1605
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no leaue.
- John.* How is that Dericke?
- Der.* Why Iohn, thou knowest the Duke of Yorkes
Funerall must be carried into England, doest thou not?
- John.* I that I do.
- Der.* Why then thou knowest weele go with it. 1610
- John.* I but Dericke how shall we do for to meet them?
- Der.* Sowndes if I make not shift to meet them, hang me.
Sirra, thou knowst that in euery Towne there wil
Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke, 1615
Now I wil go to the Clarke and Sexton
And keepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well,
And thou shalt go and take a peece of cake, then ile ring,
And thou shalt say, oh this fellow keepes a good stint,
And then I will go drinke to thee all the way: 1620
But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come home,
Because we haue not a French word to cast at a Dog
By the way?
- John.* Why what shall we do Dericke?
- Der.* Why Iohn, ile go before and call my dame whore, 1625
And thou shalt come after and set fire on the house,
We may do it Iohn, for ile proue it,
Because we be souldiers.

The Trumpets sound.

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

The Famous Victories of Henry V

SCENE TWENTY ONE

Enters King of England, 1630
Lord of Oxford and Exeter; then
the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and
the Duke of Burgondie, and attendants.

- Hen.5.* Now my good brother of France,
I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your answere?
- Fr. King.* I my welbeloued brother of England, 1635
We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councell,
But cannot finde that you should be crowned
King of France.
- Hen.5.* What not King of France, then nothing, 1640
I must be King: but my louing brother of France,
I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me,
When I came last to parley,
The French men had better a raked 1645
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,
Then to haue fiered my Tentes,
And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,
I would so rowse him, as he was neuer so rowsed.
- Fr. King.* I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie 1650
In this matter.
But if this please you, that immediately you be
Proclaimed and crowned heire and Regent of France,
Not King, because I my selfe was once crowned King.
- Hen.5.* Heire and Regent of France, that is well,
But that is not all that I must haue.
- Fr. King.* The rest my Secretary hath in writing. 1655
- Secret.* Item, that Henry King of England,
Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,
During the life of King Charles, and after his death,
The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King Henry
Of England, and to his heires for euer. 1660
- Hen.5.* Well my good brother of France,
There is one thing I must needs desire.
- Fr. King.* What is that my good brother of England?
- Hen.5.* That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true to me.
- Fr. King.* Whereas they haue not stucke with greater 1665
Matters, I know they wil not sticke with such a trifle,
Begin you my Lord Duke of Burgondie.
- Hen.5.* Come my Lord of Burgondie,
Take your oath vpon my sword.

The Famous Victories of Henry V

- Burgon.* I Philip Duke of Burgondie, 1670
Sweare to Henry King of England,
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,
And that if I Philip, heare of any forraigne power
Comming to inuade the said Henry or his heires,
Then I the saide Philip to send him word, 1675
And aide him with all the power I can make,
And thereunto I take my oath.
- He kisseth the sword.*
- Hen.5.* Come Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too.
- He kisseth the sword.* 1680
- Hen.5.* Well my brother of France,
There is one thing more I must needs require of you.
- Fr. King.* Wherein is it that we may satisfie your (Maiestie?
- Hen.5.* A trifle my good brother of France. 1685
I meane to make your daughter Queene of England,
If she be willing, and you therewith content:
How saist thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of England?
- Kate.* How should I loue thee, which is my fathers enemy?
- Hen.5.* Tut stand not vpon these points, 1690
Tis you must make vs friends:
I know Kate, thou art not a litle proud, that I loue thee:
What wench, the King of England?
- French King.* Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the
King of England and thee, agree to it.
- Kate.* I had best whilst he is willing, 1695
Least when I would, he will not:
I rest at your Maiesties commaund.
- Hen.5.* Welcome sweet Kate, but my brother of France,
What say you to it?
- French king.* With all my heart I like it, 1700
shall be your wedding day?
- Hen.5.* The first Sunday of the next moneth,
God willing.
- Sound Trumpets.*
Exeunt omnes. 1705

— FINIS —

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