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**KING HENRY V
KING HENRY VIII**

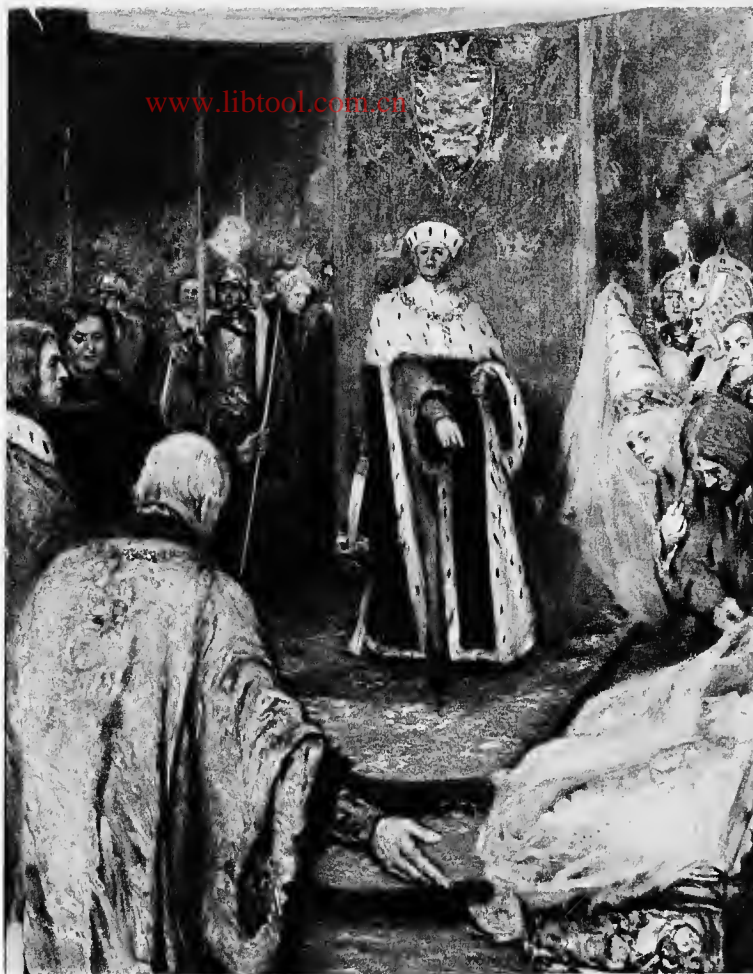
VOLUME XIII

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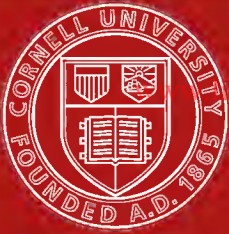
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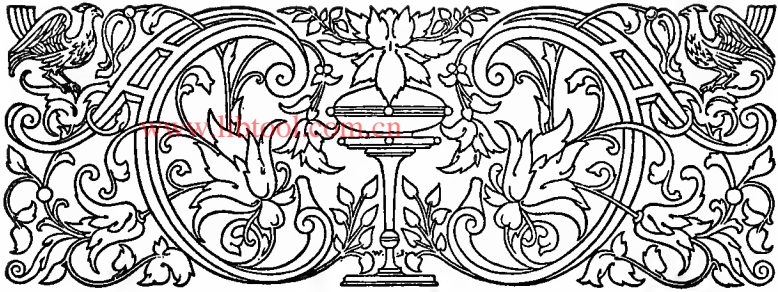


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**THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE**

**WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE**

VOLUME XIII

KING HENRY V

**WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY SIDNEY LEE
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTISPIECE BY W. HATHERELL**



NEW YORK HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

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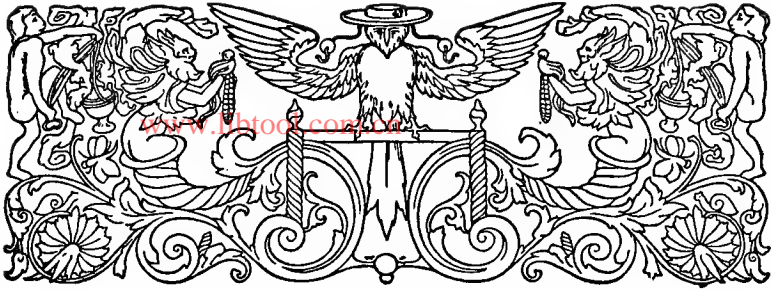
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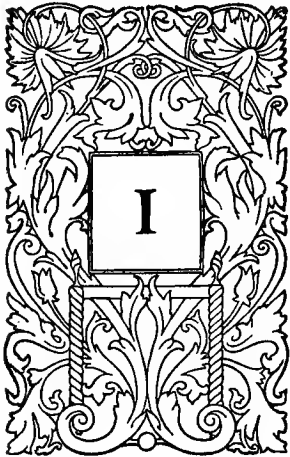
CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION TO KING HENRY V	
BY SIR SIDNEY LEE	ix
TEXT OF THE PLAY	1

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INTRODUCTION



IT was in the spring of 1599 that Shakespeare, in the thirty-fifth year of his age and at the mid-most point of time in his working life, penned this martial drama. No sooner was it completed than it was produced at the Globe Theatre — “this wooden O” of its opening chorus — by the Lord Chamberlain’s company of actors in which the dramatist had already held for many years the foremost rank. The Globe playhouse had just been built on a site some hundred yards west of the Surrey end of London Bridge, on the Bankside, in Southwark. “Henry V.” gave it auspicious baptism; thenceforth it was the scene of the greatest triumphs of Shakespeare’s career; within its walls the tragedies of his coming years — “Hamlet,”

KING HENRY V

“King Lear,” “Macbeth,” “Othello,”—first saw the light of the stage.¹

The play of “Henry V.” is the author’s confession of faith in what he deems to be the best and most distinctive type of English character. With that type he avows the fullest sympathy. At the same time his sympathy is not unalloyed by criticism. Foreign observers more than once in the play ridicule the coldness of blood, the frosty temperament which the foggy, raw, and dull climate of England seems to their unfriendly eyes to engender in the majority of its inhabitants. They laugh uproariously over the Englishman’s “great meals of beef,” and speak with scorn of his deficiency in “intellectual armour.” And the pointed phrases imply that in Shakespeare’s view there was some warrant for such gibes; that, in fact, Englishmen were not in all respects so good that in some they might not be better. None the less the dramatist brings even embittered foreign critics willingly to the admission that “English mastiffs are of unmatched courage,” and that there is perfect affinity between these

¹ “Henry V.” was first printed in 1600 in a most incomplete and hardly coherent shape. Neither the author nor the playhouse manager was in any way responsible for the perversion of the text, which obviously followed the notes of a piratical and incompetent shorthand reporter and was the unauthorized speculation of a publishing adventurer. The title ran: “The | Chronicle | History of Henry the fift, | with his battell fought at *Agin Court* in | *France*. Together with *Auntient* | *Pistoll*. | As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable | the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. | London. Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington and Iohn Busby. And are to be | sold at his house in Carter Lane, next | the Powle head, 1600.” Reissues of the imperfect transcript were twice issued later, in 1602 and 1608, before the complete play was first printed from an authentic copy in the First Folio edition of Shakespeare’s works of 1623. The piratical quartos gave only 1,623 lines, the authentic folio as many as 3,400.

INTRODUCTION

mastiffs and their masters. But this is in itself no complete statement of the writer's point of view. The main purport of his argument is that the truly typical Englishman, however "robustious and rough" he may often be in manner, not merely holds with a passionate tenacity to what he judges to be his right, but that he faces danger cheerfully and without flinching. Furthermore, while placing implicit trust in God and suffering resignedly — even phlegmatically — the slings and arrows of fortune, he is eager in pursuit of all such joys and recreations as a human being may justly and honourably desire. Finally the dramatist confidently and hopefully adjures his countrymen and countrywomen to show themselves for all time worthy of their breeding — true to the most inspiring types and traditions of their race. It is Shakespeare's high hope that the "noble lustre" of his nation's past will never cease to be reflected in his fellow-countrymen's eyes.

The central topic of "Henry V." is the great historic battle of Agincourt, in which on St. Crispin's Day (October 25, 1415), a small and ill-equipped army of England signally defeated a large and well-equipped army of France. Although the victory bore no permanent fruit, it was won at such heavy odds as to take at once a permanent and prominent place among the English nation's golden exploits. Créçy, a great battle of like calibre, won by Henry V.'s grand-uncle, the Black Prince, receives much honourable mention in Shakespeare's play, but Créçy was a vague memory with the mass of Elizabethans, while Agincourt enjoyed amongst them a popular prestige akin to that which is

KING HENRY V

still accorded by their English descendants to Waterloo. Agincourt was, for the Elizabethan, the latest battle on land that had signally glorified the nation; it was still a common theme of lyric and epic, and about the time that Shakespeare wrote "Henry V." it drew from the pen of his friend and fellow-native of Warwickshire, Michael Drayton, the finest of England's martial ballads. It was natural, therefore, that Shakespeare should design his drama to revolve round this inspiring combat. The battle is not actually presented in the text of the play, but circumstances attending its progress fill the fourth act. The first, second, and third indicate the events which brought it about. The last act completes the story by setting forth the terms of the highly honourable and profitable treaty of peace which issued from the victory.

In order to make the successive situations perfectly clear to the spectator and to emphasise the main features of each, Shakespeare had recourse to a device which was well known to the classical drama of Greece and Rome, but was only occasionally employed by him or his contemporaries. At the opening of each act he introduces a character in the part of prologue, or "chorus," or interpreter of the coming scene. "Henry V." is the only play of Shakespeare in which every fresh act is heralded thus. Elsewhere two of the five acts, as in "Romeo and Juliet," or one only of the acts, as in the second part of "Henry IV.," is introduced by a "chorus." Nowhere, too, is such real service rendered to the progress of the story by the "chorus" as in "Henry V.," nor are the speeches so long.

INTRODUCTION

The deliverances of the "chorus" in "Henry V." are moreover characterised by exceptional solemnity and sublimity of phrase, by a lyric fervour and philosophical temper which sets them among the greatest of Shakespeare's monologues.¹ Through each runs an almost passionate appeal to the spectators to bring their highest powers of imagination to the realisation of the dramatist's theme. Thereby Shakespeare makes no mere apology for such defects of scenic machinery as characterised the Elizabethan theatre. He is reminding his hearers that, though scenery can do much to aid the illusion which is essential to the success of representation of life in the theatre, it cannot do all. The imaginary forces of the audience, "the quick forge and working house" of their thought, must always be brought into action before great drama achieves its full effect. Perhaps the finest of the five choruses is the fourth, in which the aspect and the temper of the opposing French and English camps on the night before the battle of Agincourt are contrasted with marvellous vividness. The last chorus bridges over the interval of four and a half years that historically intervene between the victory of Agincourt and the final peace between France and England which was sealed by the betrothal of Henry V. to Princess Katherine. The main topic of the fifth utterance of the "chorus" is unnoticed in the actual progress of the

¹ The admiration that the prologues in "Henry V." evoke in the mind of every true lover of Shakespeare is well attested by the fact that the great actor-manager, Garrick, when he produced the play at Drury Lane some century and a half ago, was proud to speak them himself; he took no other part in the performance.

KING HENRY V

play ; it is the King's triumphant entry into London after the battle. With an eye to events passing in his own environment, the dramatist compares the home-coming of the historic hero and conqueror, Henry V., with the anticipated home-coming of a contemporary hero, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, the Earl of Essex. London's reception of the conquering Harry was likely to be re-enacted, Shakespeare suggests, on the Earl of Essex's approaching return to the city from the obstinately disputed war in Ireland.

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 ?

The story of the play Shakespeare derived from Holinshed's chronicle, and in the main current of the piece he followed Holinshed closely. At times he adopted verbatim the chronicler's language. But such episodes as lent themselves to pronouncedly dramatic treatment, Shakespeare, of course, developed and vivified as his genius dictated. Holinshed records the facts of Henry V.'s reign with reasonable accuracy. Shakespeare's derivative picture is therefore substantially faithful. But Holinshed is not wholly free from error ; later researches have shown, for example, the falsity of his report that it was the Archbishop of Canterbury who stirred up the King to make war on France. Shakespeare, too, did not scruple to add at will to Holinshed's errors some new ones of his own. Holinshed assigns

INTRODUCTION

to an unnamed "one of the host" that aspiration, on the eve of Agincourt, for reinforcements, which is set by Shakespeare in the mouth of Westmoreland, and draws from the King so spirited and eloquent a rebuke. The pusillanimous wish, according to the best evidence, came actually from the lips of one Sir Walter Hungerford. Westmoreland, whom Holinshed mistakenly brings to Agincourt, was at the time in Scotland. Shakespeare follows the chronicler also in the error of associating the Duke of Exeter, who was likewise absent, with the battle, but it is on his sole responsibility that Shakespeare joins to these noblemen the King's brother, the Duke of Bedford, who at the time was acting as regent in England.

More than one contemporary dramatist of small ability had already dealt with Henry V.'s career and victory at Agincourt, and Shakespeare, after his wont, did not disdain to supplement his debt to Holinshed by borrowing hints from their less competent pens. The scenes of Pistol's encounter with the French soldier and Henry V.'s courtship of Princess Katherine are based on episodes in an older play—a popular play, by a crude, anonymous hack, called "The Famous Victories of Henry V." Nevertheless, Shakespeare can fairly claim that all the humbler characters of his drama—Fluellen, Pistol, Williams, and the rest—though possibly suggested by features of the old piece, are practically original creations.

Shakespeare's "Henry V." is as far as possible removed from what is generally understood by drama. It

KING HENRY V

is without intrigue or entanglement; it propounds no problems of psychology; its definite motive is neither comic nor tragic; women play in it the slenderest part; it lacks plot in any customary sense. In truth, the piece is epic narrative, or rather heroic biography, adapted to the purposes of the stage. The historical episodes — political debate, sieges, encampments, battles, diplomatic negotiations — with which the scenes deal, are knit together by no more complex bond than the chronological succession of events, the presence in each of the same *dramatis personæ* and the predominance in each of the same character — the English King, in whose mouth the dramatist sets nearly a third of all the lines of the play. A few of the minor personages excite genuine interest, and there are some attractive scenes of comic relief, but these have no organic connection with the central thread of the play. Shakespeare's efforts were mainly concentrated on the portraiture of "this star of England," King Henry, whom he deliberately chose out of the page of history as the fittest representative of the best distinctive type of English character.

When the play opens, the King is in his twenty-seventh year, in "the very May morn of his youth." Holinshed describes his person as of singular attraction; "of stature and proportion tall and manly, rather lean than gross, somewhat long-necked, and black-haired, of countenance amiable; eloquent and grave was his speech and of great grace and power to persuade."

Henry had already figured prominently in the two parts of Shakespeare's "Henry IV.," which immediately

INTRODUCTION

preceded the play of "Henry V." There the Prince appears as a youth of untamable spirits, a lover of wild frolic and low company, addicted to riots, banquets, sports, and rough practical joking. But the close observer perceives even in the picture of his boisterous days the seeds of moral and mental strength and nobility. Even then he promises, when he is "wanted," to cast off his profligacy — his "coat of folly." Even then he shows signs of remorse for idly profaning precious time. Even then he can fight gallantly, can display real kindness of heart, can appreciate the value of justice, can betray on occasion a determination of flint. The death of his father and his consequent call to the highest position in the state rouses to active and abiding life the sense of responsibility which, beneath all his giddy humours and vanities, only awaited fit occasion to assert sway over more superficial and less reputable characteristics. Under the stress of his change of fortune

Consideration like an angel came
And whipped the offending Adam out of him.

Simplicity and humility of mind lie at the root of his nature. Though fully sensible of the heavy burden of his new office, he sets no undue value on his rank. He knows that, as a king, "he is a man as I am, the violet smells to him as it does to me; all his senses have but human conditions; his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man." In a simple, manly way he is strongly religious: he feels that whether suffering

KING HENRY V

good or evil fortune he is under the protection of God. But his native geniality and homeliness of temperament give him at the same time the power of thoroughly enjoying life. The high spirits of his younger years are never completely tamed. He can still perpetrate on the impulse an innocent practical joke. In the dark hour preceding the dawn of the most momentous day in his career, on the very eve of the engagement of Agincourt, he can, disguised in a soldier's cloak, set on foot a jest to embroil two comparatively humble followers, and, as soon as the victory is won, he can turn from more solemn pre-occupations to contrive the due fruition of his merry plot. He lacks in the palace the polish usually identified with courts. His rough-and-ready wooing of the French princess, though without offence, savours of uncouthness. But if it lack refinement or delicate courtesy, it abounds in hearty sincerity and the jollity of good-fellowship.

Yet one hardly pleasing trait must be alleged against Henry. Like most typical Englishmen in positions of authority, who in normal circumstances show a natural and easy-going heartiness, he can on occasion develop an almost freezing austerity, he can assume a frigid and terrifying sternness towards those who offend not merely against law and order, but against his sense of dignity or propriety. It is doubtful if he would make a truly sympathetic friend. There may be good warrant for his remorseless condemnation to death of old acquaintances who play with treason, but his harsh and intolerant treatment of the veteran sinner

INTRODUCTION

Falstaff, the companion of his roaring youth, cannot easily win www.pardontool.com.cn

It is as a soldier and an officer that Henry's character rises to its full height. He is not merely brave in fight and prudent in strategy, he is always cheery and frank in speech to friend and foe, and possesses a rare gift "to encourage" his men in seasons of danger and difficulty by virtue of his power of eloquent and stirring utterance. His nerve never fails him in the field, yet he is so "free from vainness and self-glorious pride," that he declines to allow his bruised helmet and his bended sword to be paraded before him on his triumphal entry into London after the victory. Similarly, he is fully conscious of the horrors of war and the duty of rulers to aim at the preservation of the peace. The sword, which must always spill guiltless blood, ought never to leave its sheath except at the bidding of "right and conscience." Mindful of "the widows' tears, the orphans' cries," he conducts war with such humanity as is practicable. He forbids looting, he forbids the use of insulting language to the enemy. One of his own soldiers who robs a church on the march is promptly hanged. "When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester," he says, "is the soonest winner." Nevertheless the sternness that lurks in his nature can render him "terrible in resolution." There must be no luke-warmness, no weakness, no vacillation in the practical handling of a campaign. When the time comes for striking blows, they must be struck with all the force and fury of which the strikers are capable.

KING HENRY V

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility.
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.

With desperate severity he retaliates on the enemy as soon as they infringe the fair rules of war. He gives no quarter when his antagonist declines to face the fact of irretrievable defeat.

What is it then to me if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

Humanity demands, at every hazard, a prompt closing of a conflict when its issue is no longer in doubt.

Broadly speaking, Shakespeare has in no other play cast a man so entirely in the heroic mould as King Henry. Such failings as are indicated are kept in the background. On his virtues alone a full blaze of light is shed. Flawless heroines Shakespeare has depicted in plenty, but Henry is his only male character who, when drawn at full length, betrays no crucial or invincible defect of will, or mind, or temper. The Bastard in "King John" approaches him most closely in heroic stature, but the Bastard is not drawn at full length. Certainly no other of Shakespeare's monarchs is comparable with Henry V. In the rest of his English historical plays he tells sad stories of the deaths of the kings, who are ruined mainly by moral flaws in their character. "Richard II.," "Richard III.," "King John," even

INTRODUCTION

“Henry IV.,” illustrate the unworthiness of those who thirst for kingly glory, the brittleness rather than the brilliance of the royal estate. Only Henry V. proves himself deserving of truly royal prosperity, of which the last scene of the play seems to guarantee him lasting enjoyment. Alone in Shakespeare’s gallery of English monarchs does Henry’s portrait evoke at once a joyous sense of satisfaction in the high potentialities of human character and a sense of pride among Englishmen that a man of his mettle is of English race.

The princes and noblemen who are Henry’s companions in arms are lightly sketched. They are credited with courage resembling his own, but are without his resolute nerve, his initiative, or his cheerfulness. His French foes are not distinctly individualised. The King of France feebly vacillates; the Dauphin overflows with the vivacity and boastfulness of impetuous youth; the Constable evinces more fitting sense of responsibility; the French Princess is innocently coquettish; but no French man or woman is a very substantial creation.

Apart from the English King, it is among the English characters of comparatively low military rank that Shakespeare’s sure power of characterisation is discernible. Especially has he bestowed care on the Welsh captain, Fluellen. A first-rate officer, he is at the same time an amusing pedant, who is invariably anxious to air his reading in the military history of the ancients, and to correct his companions’ errors on that and other subjects. Shakespeare never permits us to forget his nationality. His very name is a jesting misspelling of the Welsh

KING HENRY V

name Llewellyn, and his dialect ridicules without offence the Welsh mode of pronouncing the king's English. Fluellen is proud of his king, whom he claims as a fellow-countryman, but his loyalty has no touch of servility. Hot as gunpowder when he is affronted, he does not hastily provoke a brawl, and, even when avenging himself on the bully Pistol for his insult to the Welsh emblem of the leek, he administers punishment with an engaging coolness. With grim humour, too, he finally bestows a groat on the discomfited braggart wherewith to salve his broken pate.

Hardly less attractive is the sketch of the private soldier Williams, whose loyalty and courage are never in question, although he is ready, in confidential talk with a comrade, to criticise the motives and the actions of his superior officers, and is prone to exaggerate the griefs incident to his profession. Bates, Williams's friend in the ranks, is of greater sagacity and sanguineness. He has abundant stores of common-sense and humanity — qualities with which few of his companions in camp are conspicuously endowed. At an epoch when Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were cut off from England by very sturdy barriers, both sentimental and material, which have long since disappeared, Shakespeare, prophetically, and in defiance of contemporary facts, introduces not only Welshmen, but Scotchmen and Irishmen fighting shoulder to shoulder with the English, under the leadership of an English general. The Scot, Jamy, though a conscientious soldier, is stolid and undemonstrative. The Irishman, Macmorris, is sensitive and

INTRODUCTION

irascible. Inevitable bickerings arise among the men of various nationalities. Only the sagacious and humane Englishman Bates, in the lower ranks of the English army, proves himself fully equal to the situation. He reproves internal discord in the memorable words: "Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon." Bates teaches a lesson of perennial authority.

And at the lowest end of the scale of humanity to which the play descends stand those "most vile and ragged foils," those "ale-washed wits," those "sworn brothers in filching," Pistol, Nym, Bardolf, with Mistress Quickly and the candid and witty Boy, who is destitute even of a name, in attendance upon them. The disreputable crew brings by ironical contrast into bold relief the heroic virtues of those with whom the war associates them. Although Pistol and his companions assume titles of military rank, they are mere camp-followers of the army. Nym (the cant word for "steal") is called a corporal, Bardolf a lieutenant, and Pistol an "ancient" (a popular mispronunciation of ensign), but such titles were no more than mocking colloquial honours. Each member of the eccentric trio is a ridiculous rogue, brawling, drinking, stealing, until his sins cut him off for ever. Bardolf, whose red nose, a constant theme of jest with his companions, especially excites the jeers of the irrepressible Boy, is appropriately hanged for robbing a church on the march to Agincourt. The taciturn and eccentric-spoken Nym comes to a like humiliating end. The unlucky Boy is killed in battle by the French.

KING HENRY V

Mrs. Quickly dies at home of disease in a hospital. Only Pistol survives at the close of the play, and he then maps out a new course of crime with a frankness which leaves no doubt that it will ultimately land him on the gallows. But one saving grace may be laid to the credit of all these reckless swashbucklers. The name of their master, Falstaff, despite his decay and death, is dear to them; and one could almost wish, when Bardolf's "vital thread" was justly "cut with edge of heavy cord and vile reproach," that his pious wish was fulfilled, and he rejoined Falstaff "wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or hell." There is always a savour of melancholy to sharpen the zest of the fullest manifestations of Shakespeare's humour.

SIDNEY LEE.

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**THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY V**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ ¹

KING HENRY the Fifth.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, }
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } brothers to the King.

DUKE OF EXETER, uncle to the King.

DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King.

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, and WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY,
officers in King Henry's army.

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, soldiers in the same.

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES the Sixth, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, and BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPRÉ, French Lords.

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, a French Herald.

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, Queen of France.

KATHARINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel.

ALICE, a lady attending on her.

Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now
married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *England ; afterwards France*

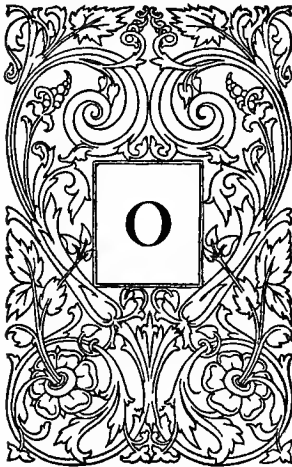
¹ The full text of this play first appeared in the First Folio of 1623. An imperfect sketch was issued surreptitiously in 1600 in a Quarto volume, which was re-issued in 1602 and 1608. The First Folio divides the piece into Acts only, although the opening heading runs "Actus Primus Scena Prima." Pope first supplied scenic subdivisions.



PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

CHORUS



FOR A MUSE OF FIRE,
that would ascend
The brightest heaven of inven-
tion,
A kingdom for a stage, princes
to act
And monarchs to behold the
swelling scene !
Then should the warlike Harry,
like himself,
Assume the port of Mars ; and
at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should
famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared

1 *O for a muse*] The Chorus or Prologue was a characteristic of very early Elizabethan drama. Only in this play did Shakespeare introduce each of the five Acts in this manner. (The five choruses of

On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth 10
 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?
 O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
 Attest in little place a million;
 And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
 On your imaginary forces work.
 Suppose within the girdle of these walls
 Are now confined two mighty monarchies, 20
 Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
 The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:

Pericles cannot be assigned to his pen.) He had already prefixed an Induction at the opening of *2 Hen. IV*, and choruses prefaced, in the original Quarto editions, the first two Acts of *Rom. and Jul.* There is a prologue before the first Act of *Henry VIII.*

6 *port*] carriage.

7 *famine, sword and fire*] According to Holinshed, Henry V, when addressing the citizens of Rouen in 1419, warned them that "the goddess of battell, called Bellona, had three handmaidens, ever of necessitie attending upon hir, as *blood, fire, and famine.*"

9 *unraised*] unelevated, humble, lowly.

11 *cockpit*] place appointed for cock-fighting matches, a scornful reference to the confined area of the theatre.

13 *this wooden O*] A reference to the newly-erected Globe Theatre, which being of octagonal shape presented a circular interior. This play was one of the first pieces produced there.

casques] helmets.

17 *accompt*] account.

18 *imaginary forces*] powers of imagination. Cf. Act III, *Prol.*, 1, "*imagined wing.*"

Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;
 Into a thousand parts divide one man,
 And make imaginary puissance ;
 Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
 Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth ;
 For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
 Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times,
 Turning the accomplishment of many years 30
 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.

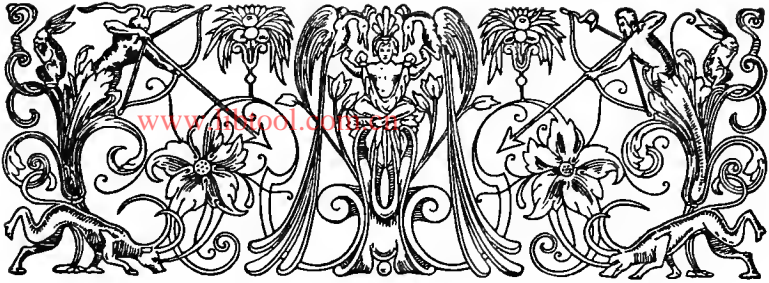
23 *Piece out*] Make up.

24 *Into a thousand . . . man*] Suppose one man to represent a thousand.

31 *an hour-glass*] A rough estimate of the time occupied by a theatrical performance.

32 *Chorus*] Interpreter. See line 1, *supra*, and note.

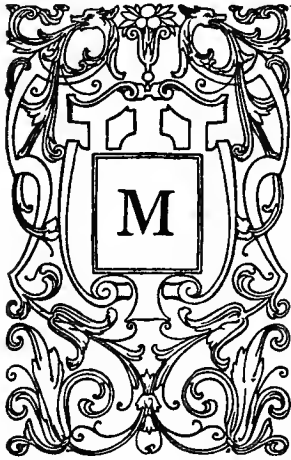
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ACT FIRST — SCENE I — LONDON

AN ANTE-CHAMBER IN THE KING'S PALACE

Enter the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, and the BISHOP of ELY
CANTERBURY



MY LORD, I'LL TELL YOU;
that self bill is urged,
Which in the eleventh year of
the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against
us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and un-
quiet time
Did push it out of farther ques-
tion.

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

CANT. 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

1 CANTERBURY] The speaker is Henry Chichele, Archbishop of Canter-
bury, founder of All Souls College, Oxford. Shakespeare follows

By testament have given to the church,
 Would they strip from us; being valued thus:
 As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
 Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
 Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
 And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
 Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
 A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
 And to the coffers of the king beside,
 A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.

ELY. This would drink deep.

CANT. 'T would drink the cup and all. 20

ELY. But what prevention?

CANT. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

ELY. And a true lover of the holy church.

CANT. The courses of his youth promised it not.
 The breath no sooner left his father's body,
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,
 Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
 Consideration like an angel came
 And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,

Holished in making him the leader of the plot against Henry IV's bill for confiscating church property.

self] selfsame.

4 *scambling*] bustling, turbulent. Cf. V, ii, 202, *infra*.

15 *lazars*] lepers.

19 *A thousand pounds by the year*] The chroniclers estimate £20,000 to be the capital sum requisitioned by the bill for the royal coffers. This amount at five per cent would produce £1,000 a year.

26 *wildness, mortified in him*] Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, V, ii, 123: "my father is gone *wild* into his grave." "Mortified" means "being done to death."

28 *Consideration*] Reflection, repentance.

Leaving his body as a paradise, 30
 To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
 Never was such a sudden scholar made;
 Never came reformation in a flood,
 With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
 Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
 So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
 As in this king.

ELY. We are blessed in the change,

CANT. Hear him but reason in divinity,
 And all-admiring with an inward wish
 You would desire the king were made a prelate: 40
 Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
 You would say it hath been all in all his study:
 List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in music:
 Turn him to any cause of policy,
 The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
 Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences; 50
 So that the art and practic part of life

34 *heady currance*] impetuous flow.

35 *Hydra-headed wilfulness*] many headed, infinitely varied, waywardness.

45 *cause of policy*] question of state affairs.

48 *The air, a charter'd libertine*] Cf. *As you like it*, II, vii, 47-49: "I must have *liberty* Withal, as large a *charter* as the *wind*, To blow on whom I please." The air has prescriptive freedom from restraint.

51 *art and practic part of life*] practical experience of life; cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, I, i, 13: "*Art and practice.*"

Must be the mistress to this theoretic:
 Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
 Since his addiction was to courses vain,
 His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
 His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,
 And never noted in him any study,
 Any retirement, any sequestration
 From open haunts and popularity.

ELY. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle, 60
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
 Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
 And so the prince obscured his contemplation
 Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
 Unseen, yet crevice in his faculty.

CANT. It must be so; for miracles are ceased;
 And therefore we must needs admit the means
 How things are perfected.

ELY. But, my good lord,
 How now for mitigation of this bill 70
 Urged by the commons? Doth his majesty
 Incline to it, or no?

CANT. He seems indifferent,
 Or rather swaying more upon our part

52 *mistress to this theoretic*] the inspirer or teacher of this theoretical knowledge.

55 *companies*] companions, associates.

59 *popularity*] intercourse with the common people.

63 *obscured his contemplation*] concealed his devotion to study.

66 *crevice in his faculty*] growing by virtue of its inherent force.

73 *swaying*] inclining.

Than cherishing the exhibitors against us;
 For I have made an offer to his majesty,
 Upon our spiritual convocation
 And in regard of causes now in hand,
 Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
 As touching France, to give a greater sum
 Than ever at one time the clergy yet
 Did to his predecessors part withal.

80

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

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

ELY. What was the impediment that broke this off? 90

CANT. 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.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

74 *exhibitors*] movers or proposers of the obnoxious bill in Parliament.

Cf. *M. Wives*, II, i, 23: "I'll exhibit a bill in the Parliament."

86 *The severals . . . passages*] The details and clear or undoubted steps in the lineage.

89 *Edward, his great-grandfather*] Edward II, whose wife Isabella was daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France.

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SCENE II — THE SAME

THE PRESENCE CHAMBER

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

K. HEN. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury ?

EXE. Not here in presence.

K. HEN. Send for him, good uncle.

WEST. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege ?

K. HEN. 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

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

K. HEN. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold 10
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim :
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul

4 *resolved*] satisfied.

11 *the law Salique*] the Salic law against the succession of females,
which is fully described in lines 38-51, *infra*.

15 *nicely charge . . . soul*] by subtlety or sophistry oppress or injure your
conscience, which knows the truth.

With opening titles miscreate, whose right
 Suits not in native colours with the truth;
 For God doth know how many now in health
 Shall drop their blood in approbation
 Of what your reverence shall incite us to. 20
 Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
 How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
 We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
 For never two such kingdoms did contend
 Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
 Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
 'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
 That make such waste in brief mortality.
 Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
 For we will hear, note and believe in heart 30
 That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
 As pure as sin with baptism.

CANT. 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,
 "In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant:"
 "No woman shall succeed in Salique land:"

16 *With . . . miscreate*] By setting forth spurious titles.

19-20 *in approbation Of*] in making good, in actively carrying out.

35-100 *There is no bar . . . unto the daughter*] The whole of this speech
 is transferred to the play almost verbatim from Holinshed's *Chron-
 icle*, Vol. III, p. 545.

Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze 40
 To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
 The founder of this law and female bar.
 Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
 That the land Salique 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;
 Who, holding in disdain the German women
 For some dishonest manners of their life,
 Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female 50
 Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
 Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
 Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
 Then doth it well appear the Salique law
 Was not devised for the realm of France;
 Nor did the French possess the Salique 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 60
 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 deposed Childeric,
 Did, as heir general, being descended
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,

40 *gloze*] explain, interpret. In Holinshed the words here run: "which the French *glossers* expound."

49 *dishonest*] unchaste.

Make claim and title to the crown of France.
 Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
 Of Charles the duke of Lorraine, sole heir male 70
 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,
 Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
 Daughter to Charlemain, 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 80
 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 re-united 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; 90
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
 To bar your highness claiming from the female,

72 *To find . . . truth*] Holinshed reads "to make his title seeme true."

74 *Convey'd himself*] Represented himself, passed himself off.

77 *Lewis the tenth*] Holinshed's error for Lewis IX (Saint Louis).

82 *lineal of*] lineally descended from.

88 *King Lewis his satisfaction*] the satisfying of King Lewis's scruples.

See line 80, *supra*: "till satisfied."

And rather choose to hide them in a net
 Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. HEN. May I with right and conscience make this
 claim?

CANT. 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, 100
 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 play'd 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. 110

93 *hide them in a net*] conceal themselves in a net (of flimsy sophistries).

94 *amply to imbar . . . titles*] fully and frankly to admit the fatal defect in (and so disown) their own unjust or false titles. *Imbar*, which is the Folio reading, is an emphatic form of "bar," *i. e.*, to exclude decisively, reject. The Quartos less satisfactorily read *imbrace*, a misprint for "embrace."

98 *Numbers*] According to Holinshed the archbishop "further alledged out of the booke of Numbers this saieng." The quoted verse comes from Numbers, xxvii, 8.

101 *your bloody flag*] your flag of war.

106 *Who . . . play'd a tragedy*] A reference to the battle of Crécy in 1346, which is mentioned again, II, iv, 54, *infra*.

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
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth, 120
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

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

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

CANT. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege, 130
 With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
 In aid whereof we of the spirituality

114 *cold for action*] cold for want of action; for standing idle. This use of "for" is common. Cf. *Macb.*, I, v, 33: "almost dead *for* breath" (*i. e.*, for want of breath).

126 *So hath your highness*] An emphatic affirmation, corroborating, on the speaker's own authority, the truth of the strength put to the credit of the English king by his "brother kings."

129 *And lie pavilion'd*] And are already (in imagination) dwelling in tents.

Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
 As never did the clergy at one time
 Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. HEN. We must not only arm to invade the
 French,

But lay down our proportions to defend
 Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
 With all advantages.

CANT. They of those marches, gracious sovereign, 140
 Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
 Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

K. HEN. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
 only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
 Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
 For you shall read that my great-grandfather
 Never went with his forces into France,
 But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
 With ample and brim fulness of his force, 150
 Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
 Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;

137 *lay down our proportions to*] dispose our numbers so as to.

138 *make road . . . advantages*] make inroads at every favourable opportunity.

140 *They of those marches*] The inhabitants of the Scottish border.

143 *coursing snatchers*] scattered, unattached raiders.

144 *the main intendment of the Scot*] the design of the armed forces of Scotland.

145 *giddy*] fickle, untrustworthy.

151 *assays*] assaults.

That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood.

CANT. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
my liege;

For hear her but exempl'd by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray 160
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

WEST. But there's a saying very old and true,
"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:"

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot 170

161 *The King of Scots*] David II, the King of Scotland, was taken prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross, 17 October, 1346, and was captive in England for eleven years. The text errs in sending him to France. This mistake seems borrowed from the play of *Edward III*, IV, ii, 55-56 and V, i, 64.

162 *prisoner kings*] John II, King of France, was also one of Edward III's prisoners.

163 *her chronicle*] The Folios read *their chronicle*, and the Quartos *your chronicle*. Johnson suggested the accepted reading.

166-173 WEST. *But . . . eat*] The Folios give this speech to "Bish. Ely," the Quartos, to a "Lord." Holinshed assigns similar remarks to Westmoreland, whose name Capell first introduced here.

Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
 Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
 To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

EXE. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
 Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
 The advised head defends itself at home;
 For government, though high and low and lower, 180
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,
 Like music.

CANT. Therefore doth heaven divide
 The state of man in divers functions,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion;
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
 They have a king and officers of sorts; 190

173 *tear*] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *tame*, and the Quarto reading *spoil*.

175 *a crush'd necessity*] a need or condition that is put out of account, that is rendered negligible.

179 *advised*] thoughtful.

181 *in one consent*] in unison.

182 *Congreeing . . . close*] Harmonising . . . cadence.

187 *so work the honey-bees*] This description closely follows Lyly's account of the commonwealth of bees in *Euphues* (ed. Arber, pp. 261-264).

189 *act*] ordinance, practice.

190 *of sorts*] in grades.

Where some, like magistrates correct at home,
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
 Others, like soldiers, armed 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;
 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 200
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
 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:
 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 centre; 210
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
 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.
 If we, with thrice such powers left at home,

194 *boot*] booty, prey.199 *civil*] orderly.202 *sad-eyed*] grave-eyed.203 *executors*] executioners.

Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
 Let us be worried and our nation lose
 The name of hardiness and policy. 220

K. HEN. Call in the messengers sent from the
 Dauphin. [*Exeunt some Attendants.*]

Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
 Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
 Ruling in large and ample empery
 O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
 Either our history shall with full mouth 230
 Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
 Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France

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.

FIRST AMB. May't please your majesty to give us
 leave

220 *hardiness and policy*] valour and political wisdom.

226 *emperry*] dominion.

233 *Not worshipp'd with . . . epitaph*] Not honoured even with an inscription in wax.

waxen] thus the Folios. The Quartos read *paper*. "Waxen" suggests that which can be easily effaced, is not lasting. An epitaph in marble would alone promise permanent fame.

We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
 Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
 Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
 That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
 With chaces. And we understand him well,
 How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
 Not measuring what use we made of them.
 We never valued this poor seat of England;
 And therefore, living hence, did give ourself 270
 To barbarous license; as 't is ever common
 That men are merriest when they are from home.
 But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
 Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
 For that I have laid by my majesty,
 And plodded like a man for working-days;
 But I will rise there with so full a glory

262 *play a set*] This play abounds in the technical vocabulary of a game or set at tennis.

263 *the hazard*] a hole in the wall of the tennis-court near the ground. A stroke into this hole would score a point for the player. There is a quibble on the word in the ordinary sense of danger.

264 *a wrangler*] an opponent.

266 *chaces*] the word has various meanings in tennis, viz., strokes, matches, the time during which the ball is kept tossing in the air by the players, and sometimes the point on the ground, where the ball comes to a stop.

267 *comes o'er us*] taunts us.

269 *seat of England*] throne of England.

270 *hence*] away from the court.

276 *For that I have laid by*] For all that, despite the fact that I have laid aside or neglected my dignity.

That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us. 280
 And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
 That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
 And some are yet ungotten and unborn
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
 But this lies all within the will of God,
 To whom I do appeal; and in whose name 290
 Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
 To venge me as I may and to put forth
 My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
 So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
 His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
 When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
 Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

EXE. This was a merry message.

K. HEN. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
 Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour 300
 That may give furtherance to our expedition;
 For we have now no thought in us but France,
 Save those to God, that run before our business.
 Therefore let our proportions for these wars
 Be soon collected, and all things thought upon

282 *gun-stones*] cannon-balls; which were originally made of stone.

304 *proportions*] numbers. Cf. line 137, *supra*.

KING HENRY V

ACT I

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,
That this fair action may on foot be brought. 310

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

307 *God before*] God guiding us. Cf. III, vi, 151, *infra*.



ACT SECOND — PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

CHORUS



NOW ALL THE YOUTH OF
England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the ward-
robe lies:
Now thrive the armorers, and
honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of
every man:
They sell the pasture now to
buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all
Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English
Mercuries.

For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.
The French, advised by good intelligence

10

² *silken dalliance*] effeminacy of silken attire.

Of this most dreadful preparation,
 Shake in their fear and with pale policy
 Seek to divert the English purposes.
 O England! model to thy inward greatness,
 Like little body with a mighty heart,
 What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
 Were all thy children kind and natural!
 But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out 20
 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,
 Sir Thomas Gray, knight, of Northumberland,
 Have, for the gilt of France, — O guilt indeed! —
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
 And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
 If hell and treason hold their promises,
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 30
 Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
 The abuse of distance; force a play:
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;

16 *model*] model in miniature, pattern.

19 *kind*] filial.

20–21 *France . . . he*] The King of France . . . he.

26 *gilt . . . guilt*] a favourite quibble with Shakespeare; cf. *2 Hen. IV*, IV, v, 129, “England shall double *gild* his treble *guilt*.”

31–32 *Linger . . . on . . . force a play*] Thus the Folios. There is probably some corruption. The passage seems a needless interpolation. The meaning may be, “Prolong your patience, and we'll set right the awkwardness of the distance between the different places where the incidents of the play occur, and compel the sequence of events into the necessary limits of dramatic action.”

The king is set from London; and the scene
 Is now transported, gentles, 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,
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I—LONDON

A STREET

Enter Corporal Nym and Lieutenant Bardolph

BARD. Well met, Corporal Nym.

NYM. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

BARD. 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

40 *We'll not offend one stomach*] We'll make nobody seasick.

41-42 *But, till the king . . . scene*] The words very crudely explain that
 the scene will not be shifted from London to Southampton until
 the king comes on the stage again.

1 *Nym*] In thieves' language the word is a verb meaning "to steal."

3 *Ancient*] Ensign. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, IV, ii, 23.

5 *when time . . . smiles*] probably Nym means that one of them will
 have the laugh on his side, when the time comes for him and Pistol
 to square accounts.

6 *wink*] shut my eyes.

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.

BARD. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; 10
and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it 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.

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

NYM. I cannot tell: things must be as they may: 20
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

BARD. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol!

PIST. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers. 30

HOST. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge

11 *sworn brothers to France*] bosom comrades on our visit to France.

15 *rest*] stake or wager; a term in the game of "primero."

23 *mare*] The Folios read *name*; the Quarto, *mare*, which Theobald restored.

24 *conclusions*] an end to all things.

28 *tike*] ugly cur.

and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [*Nym and Pistol draw.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

BARD. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

NYM. Pish!

PIST. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd
cur of Iceland! 40

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

NYM. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

PIST. "Solus," egregious dog? O viper vile!
The "solus" in thy most mervailous 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, 50
And flashing fire will follow.

NYM. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I

35 *drawn*] Theobald's emendation of the Folio reading *hewn*.

39 *Iceland dog*] a shaggy, sharp-eared, white-haired dog, in much favour with Elizabethan ladies.

43 *shog off*] jog on, pack off. Cf. II, iii, 45, *infra*.

45 *mervailous*] Pistol's affected pronunciation of "marvellous."

47 *perdy*] a corruption of "par Dieu," "by God."

50 *take*] "take fire" or "catch fire; used of a gun "going off." Pistol is talking to himself as if he were a pistol.

52 *Barbason*] a popular name of a fiend of hell, already mentioned in *M. Wives*, II, ii, 265; see note there.

have an humour 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 humour of it.

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

60

BARD. 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.]

PIST. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

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

PIST. "Couple a gorge!"
That is the word. I thee defy again.

70

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,

57 *that's the humour of it*] that's my meaning. This catch-phrase, which is constantly in Nym's mouth, satirises a passing vogue of common parlance, which brought the word "humour" into constant use in vague and barely intelligible senses.

60 *exhale*] draw swords, in Pistol's vocabulary.

69 "*Couple a gorge!*"] Corruption of "*Coupe la gorge*," cut your throat.

71 *O hound of Crete*] Cretan hounds were credited by classical authors with special excellence. Shakespeare describes hunting with dogs of fine breed in Crete, *Mids. N. Dr.*, IV, i, 110 *seq.*

72-73 *spital . . . powdering-tub*] a reference to the hospital and the treatment accorded there to sufferers from venereal disease. "Powdering-tub" literally means "salting-tub."

And from the powdering-tub of infamy
 Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
 Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
 I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
 For the only she; and — pauca, there's enough.
 Go to.

Enter the Boy

BOY. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,
 and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. ⁸⁰
 Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do
 the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he's very ill.

BARD. Away, you rogue!

HOST. 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.*]

BARD. 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?

PIST. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl ⁹⁰
 on!

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

PIST. Base is the slave that pays.

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

⁷⁴ *the lazar kite of Cressid's kind*] Cressida, the faithless mistress of Troilus, whose story was treated at length by Shakespeare in *Troil. and Cress.*, died, according to some traditions, an inmate of a leper's hospital. "Lazar kite" would mean literally a leprous bird of carrion. "Kite of Cressid's kind" is applied to women of bad character by many Elizabethan writers.

⁸⁵ *killed*] broken. Cf. line 121, *infra*: "His heart is fractured."

PIST. As manhood shall compound: push home.

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[*They draw.*]

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

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

BARD. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be
friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with
me too. Prithee, put up. 101

NYM. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at
betting?

PIST. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand. 110

NYM. I shall have my noble?

PIST. In cash most justly paid.

NYM. Well, then, that's the humour of 't.

Re-enter HOSTESS

HOST. As ever you came of women, come in quickly
to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burn-
ing quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to be-
hold. Sweet men, come to him.

101 *put up*] sheathe thy sword.

104 *A noble*] A coin worth 6s. 8d.

116 *quotidian tertian*] Mrs. Quickly jumbles together two kinds of
fever, the "quotidian," in which the paroxysms take place every
day, and the "tertian," in which they take place every third day.

NYM. The king hath run bad humours on the knight;
that's the even of it.

PIST. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; 120
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

NYM. The king is a good king: but it must be as it
may; he passes some humours and careers.

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

SCENE II — SOUTHAMPTON

A COUNCIL-CHAMBER

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND

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

EXE. They shall be apprehended by and by.

WEST. How smooth and even they do bear them-
selves!

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

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

118 *run bad humours*] let loose evil caprices, or perversities of temper.

119 *that's the even of it*] that's the level truth.

121 *corroborate*] a blunder for corrupted.

123 *he passes . . . careers*] he indulges in some whims and caprices.

See note on *M. Wives*, I, i, 161, for the phrase "pass careers."

It is a riding term applied to a brief gallop to and fro, abruptly
stopped.

EXE. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell 10
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

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

K. HEN. 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:
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.

K. HEN. I doubt not that; since we are well 20
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.

CAM. Never was monarch better fear'd 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.

8 *the man . . . bedfellow*] According to Holinshed, this was true of Lord Scrope.

9 *dull'd and cloy'd . . . favours*] rendered inappreciative through excess of generosity.

18 *in head*] in force.

22 *in a fair consent*] in unison, in friendly concord.

GREY. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you 30
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. HEN. We therefore have great cause of thank-
fulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

SCROOP. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. HEN. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday, 40
That rail'd 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:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. HEN. O, let us yet be merciful.

CAM. 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.

K. HEN. Alas, your too much love and care of
me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!

31 *create*] composed, made up.

43 *on his more advice*] on his return to better judgment.

44 *security*] confidence.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
 Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
 When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd 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 punish'd. And now to our French 60
 causes :

Who are the late commissioners?

CAM. I one, my lord :

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

SCROOP. So did you me, my liege.

GREY. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. HEN. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there
 is yours ;

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham ; and, sir knight,
 Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours :

Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.

My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter, 70

We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen !

What see you in those papers that you lose

So much complexion? Look ye, how they change !

Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,

That hath so cowarded and chased your blood

Out of appearance?

54 *proceeding on distemper*] resulting from sudden outbursts of passion
 (in this case from excess of drink).

61 *late*] lately or recently appointed.

63 *ask for it*] ask for my warrant as commissioner.

73 *change*] sc. colour.

CAM. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

GREY. } To which we all appeal.
SCROOP. }

K. HEN. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd: 80
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 appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practices of France, 90
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, O,
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 coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire 100

79 *quick*] alive.

86 *accord*] consent.

90 *sworn unto the practices*] sworn to engage in the plots.

91 *Hampton*] A common form of Southampton.

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
 That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
 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 hoop at them:
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
 Wonder to wait on treason and on murder: 110
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
 All other devils that suggest by treasons
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
 From glistening semblances of piety;
 But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor. 120
 If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

103 *stands off as gross*] stands out as palpable.

107-108 *Working so grossly in . . . hoop at them*] Working so manifestly in the manner that nature dictated that no wonder was excited.

"*Hoop*" is here the old spelling of whoop, *i. e.*, cry out in surprise.

109 *'gainst all proportion*] against all the fitness of things.

114 *suggest by treasons*] tempt to treasons.

118 *temper'd thee*] made thee pliable.

119 *instance*] reason.

122 *Should with his lion gait . . . world*] Cf. 1 Peter, v, 8, "the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour."

He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions "I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's."
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
 The sweetness of affianced! Show men dutiful?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
 Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
 Why, so didst thou: seem they religious? 130
 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,
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
 Not working with the eye without the ear,
 And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
 Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee; 140
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
 Another fall of man. Their faults are open:

123 *Tartar*] Tartarus, the classical name for "hell." Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, v, 184, "the fate of *Tartar*."

133 *blood*] passionate impulse.

134 *complement*] accomplishment.

135 *Not working . . . ear*] Not judging men merely by appearance, but listening to their talk.

136 *but*] save, except.

137 *finely bolted*] finely sifted, thoroughly tried or tested.

139 *To mark the*] Theobald's emendation of the unintelligible reading of the Folio *To make thee*.

the full-fraught man] the man endowed with amplitude of virtue.

Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

EXE. 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.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas
Grey, knight, of Northumberland. 150

SCROOP. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

CAM. 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 thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me. 160

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:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

K. HEN. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your
sentence.

144 *God acquit them*] God absolve them. Cf. line 166, *infra*.

157 *The sooner . . . intended*] Cambridge's object was to obtain the
English crown for his brother-in-law, Roger Mortimer, Earl of
March, a descendant of Edward III.

159 *in sufferance*] in my suffering (for my sin).

166 *quit*] absolve. Cf. line 144, *supra*.

You have conspired against our royal person,
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his
 coffers

Received the golden earnest of our death;
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter, 170
 His princes and his peers to servitude,
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.
 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:
 The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
 You patience to endure, and true repentance 180
 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.
 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.
 Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
 Our puissance into the hand of God, 190

169 *the golden earnest*] the earnest-money.

181 *dear*] grievous.

188 *rub*] obstacle; a technical term in the game of bowls. Cf. V, ii, 33, *infra*.

Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:

No king of England, if not king of France. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III — LONDON

BEFORE A TAVERN

Enter PISTOL, HOSTESS, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy

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

PIST. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

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

HOST. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made ¹⁰ a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his

1 *bring*] accompany.

2 *yearn*] mourn.

9-10 *in Arthur's bosom*] Mrs. Quickly's blunder for "in Abraham's bosom."

11 *christom*] Mrs. Quickly's confused rendering of "christened," *i. e.*, baptised, and "chrisom," a white cloth put on children who were baptised before they were a month old.

nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I: "what, man! be o' good cheer." So a' cried out "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble ²⁰ himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

NYM. They say he cried out of sack.

HOST. Ay, that a' did.

BARD. And of women.

HOST. Nay, that a' did not.

30

BOY. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

HOST. A' could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never liked.

BOY. A' said once, the devil would have him about women.

HOST. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talked of the whore of Babylon.

16-17 *and a' babbled of green fields*] Theobald's famous emendation (suggested by an anonymous acquaintance) of the Folio unintelligible reading *and a Table of greene fields*. The words do not appear in the Quarto. But the Quarto text reads above in line 14 *talk of flowers* for the Folio reading *play with flowers*, an expression which supports Theobald's change.

27 *cried out of*] exclaimed against.

38 *rheumatic*] blunder for "lunatic."

BOY. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon 40
Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning
in hell-fire? www.libtool.com.cn

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

NYM. Shall we shog? the king will be gone from
Southampton.

PIST. 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; 50

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, Caveto be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

BOY. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

PIST. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

BARD. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]

NYM. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, 60
adieu.

PIST. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee
command.

HOST. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

45 *shog*] be off. Cf. II, i, 43, *supra*.

49 "*Pitch and Pay*"] a colloquial phrase for "pay ready money."

52 *hold-fast . . . dog*] Cf. the old proverb "Brag is a good dog, but
holdfast a better."

54 *clear thy crystals*] dry thine eyes.

62 *keep close*] keep at home.

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SCENE IV — FRANCE

THE KING'S PALACE

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, the DAUPHIN, the DUKES of BERRI and BRETAGNE, the CONSTABLE, and others

FR. KING. Thus comes the English with full power
upon us ;

And more than carefully it us concerns

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,

Of Brabant and of Orleans, 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.

10

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.

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

2 *more than carefully*] with more than common care.

7 *line*] support, strengthen.

10 *As waters . . . gulf*] As waters drawn to a whirlpool.

13 *the fatal and neglected English*] the English whom we have fatally neglected, neglected to our ruin.

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
 Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
 But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
 As were a war in expectation.

20

Therefore, I say 't is meet we all go forth
 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 king'd,
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

CON. O 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 counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and withal
 How terrible in constant resolution,
 And you shall find his vanities forespent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

30

16 *so dull*] render so callous.

25 *Whitsun morris-dance*] An ancient dance associated with Whitsun-tide festivities. The dancers performed in grotesque costume.

28 *humorous*] capricious, frolicsome.

34 *modest in exception*] diffident in expressions of dissent.

37-38 *Brutus . . . folly*] Lucius Junius Brutus, the founder of Republican Rome, according to Livy, by feigning idiocy escaped ruin at

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate. 40

DAU. Well, 't is not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

FR. KING. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us; 50
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,
And all our princes captived by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;

the hands of his foe, King Tarquinius Superbus, whose rule he ultimately brought to an end. According to Shakespeare's *Lucrece*, 1812-1814, L. Junius Brutus, when he was conspiring against Tarquin, "with the Romans was esteemed so, As silly-jeering idiots are with kings, For sportive words and uttering foolish things."

45 *the proportions*] the appropriate needs.

46 *Which . . . projection*] the provision of which on a weak and niggardly plan. This clause forms the subject of "doth spoil" in the next line.

50 *The kindred . . . upon us*] His family gained its first military experience in conflict with us. A hound was said to be "fleshed," when it first tasted blood in the chase. Cf. III, iii, 11, *infra*.

54 *Cressy battle*] Cf. I, ii, 106, *supra*.

Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
 Saw his herocal seed, and smiled to see him,
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface
 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.

60

Enter a Messenger

MESS. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
 Do crave admittance to your majesty.

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

[Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.]

You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

DAU. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
 Most spend their mouths when what they seem to
 threaten

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.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and train

FR. KING. From our brother England?

EXE. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
 He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,

57 *mountain sire*] Thus the Folios. The bold epithet signifies eminence.
 70 *spend their mouths*] bark their loudest. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, 695,

"Then do they (*i. e.*, hounds) *spend their mouths*."

That you divest yourself, and lay apart
 The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
 By law of nature and of nations, 'long 80
 To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
 And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
 By custom and the ordinance of times
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know
 'T is no sinister nor no awkward claim,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd 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: 90
 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
 From him the native and true challenger.

FR. KING. Or else what follows?

EXE. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
 Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
 Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove, 100
 That, if requiring fail, he will compel;

85 *sinister*] perverse or casuistical.

88 *memorable line*] commemorative pedigree, pedigree which fully commemorates past history.

90 *overlook*] look over, examine.

94 *indirectly*] unjustly.

95 *challenger*] claimant.

101 *requiring*] requisition.

And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
 Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
 On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
 Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
 Turning the widows' tears, and the orphans' cries,
 The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
 For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,
 That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
 This is his claim, his threatening, and my message; 110
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

FR. KING. For us, we will consider of this further:
 To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England.

DAU. For the Dauphin,
 I stand here for him: what to him from England?

EXE. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
 And any thing that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus says my king; an if your father's highness 120
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
 He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
 That caves and womby vaultages of France
 Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
 In second accent of his ordnance.

DAU. Say, if my father render fair return,

124 *womby vaultages*] hollow places beneath the soil, the subterranean foundations.

126 *In second accent of his ordnance*] In the echo of his cannon's roar.
 For *ordnance* the Folios give the older form *ordnance*.

It is against my will; for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity, 130
 I did present him with the Paris balls.

EXE. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
 Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
 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
 In your own losses, if he stay in France. 139

FR. KING. To-morrow shall you know our mind at
 full.

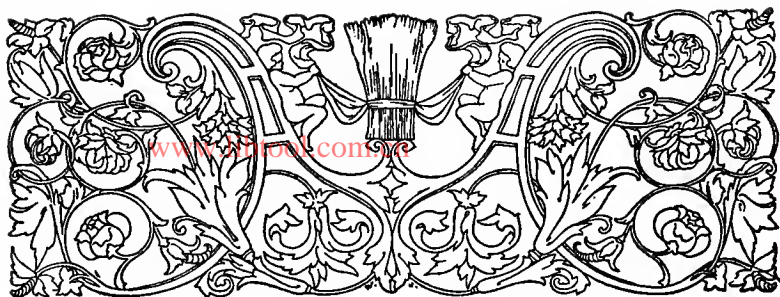
EXE. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
 Come here himself to question our delay;
 For he is footed in this land already.

FR. KING. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair
 conditions:
 A night is but small breath and little pause
 To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

143 *is footed*] has foothold.

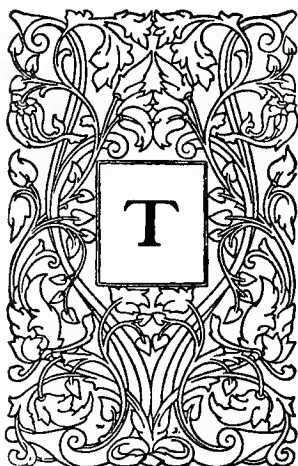
145 *breath*] breathing space.



ACT THIRD — PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

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
Embark his royalty; and his
brave fleet
With silken streamers the young
Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in
them behold

Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give

1 *with imagined wing*] with the wing of imagination. Cf. I, *Prol.*, 18,
“*imaginary forces.*”

4 *Hampton*] Southampton. Theobald's correction of the Folio reading
Dover.

To sounds confused; behold the threaten sails, 10
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
 Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
 You stand upon the rivage and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestical,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
 And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
 Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women, 20
 Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
 Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
 Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry, 30
 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.*]

14 *rivage*] the French word for "bank," "shore"; not uncommon in Elizabethan poetry.

18 *sternage*] stern, steerage; the rudder was in the stern.

30 *to dowry*] for or by way of dowry.

32 *likes not*] pleases not.

33 *linstock*] stick to which was attached the match for firing guns.
 (stage direction) *chambers*] small pieces of cannon.

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

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SCENE I—FRANCE

BEFORE HARFLEUR

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER,
 and Soldiers, with scaling-ladders*

K. HEN. Once more unto the breach, dear friends,
 once more;

Or close the wall up with our English dead.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man

As modest stillness and humility:

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tiger;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,

Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;

Let it pry through the portage of the head

10

Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it

As fearfully as doth a galled rock

O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,

Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,

Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit

8 *hard-favour'd*] grim-faced.

10 *portage*] portholes, sockets.

13 *jutty his confounded base*] project over its ruined foundations.

14 *Swill'd . . . ocean*] Washed over . . . by the desolating ocean.

16 *bend up*] extend.

To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
 Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought, 20
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes. 30
 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!"
[Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.]

SCENE II — THE SAME

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Boy

BARD. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the
 breach!

NYM. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too

18 *fet*] fetched, drawn.

21 *argument*] opposition.

31 *slips*] leashes, which held the hounds before the game was started.

hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

PIST. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

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

10

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

PIST. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
 My purpose should not fail with me,
 But thither would I hie.

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

Enter FLUELLEN

FLU. Up to the breach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!

[*Driving them forward.* 20

PIST. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.

3-4 *case . . . plain-song*] Nym has in his mind the word "case" as specifically applied to a set of four musical instruments, which were required for the performance of a "consort" or piece of music in four parts. He carries on the musical figure by his play with the word "plain-song," *i. e.*, a simple melody, without variations, in the performance of which a "case" would not be required.

6 *humours*] whimsicalities, fantasies.

19 *cullions*] a coarse term of scornful abuse. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, IV, ii, 20, "And makes a god of such a *cullion*."

21 *great duke*] Pistol thinks to propitiate Captain Fluellen by exaggerating his rank.

men of mould] men of earth, poor mortal men.

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

NYM. These be good humours! your honour wins
bad humours. [*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 they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a ³⁰ man. For Bardolph, he is white-livered and red-faced; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' 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 a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any ⁴⁰ thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence.

24 *Good bawcock . . . sweet chuck*] terms of playful endearment equivalent to "my fine fellow," "dear old boy," "dear lad." "Chuck" is a form of chicken.

25-26 *These be good . . . bad humours*] Nym commends Pistol's blandishments. Pistol conciliates bad tempers. "Your honour" means "your worship."

28 *swashers*] swashbucklers, blusterers.

30 *antics*] buffoons.

32 *a' faces it out*] he has the show of valour in his countenance.

41 *purchase*] a colloquial euphemism for theft. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, IV, v, 200.

Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais 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 villany ⁵⁰ goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [Exit.]

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER following

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

FLU. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look you, is digt himself four yard under the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not better directions. 60

43 *sworn brothers*] bosom comrades.

45 *carry coals*] perform the lowest of all domestic services and hence submit tamely to humiliation. The phrase was common in a reproachful sense. Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, I, i, 1-2.

49 *pocketing up of wrongs*] putting up with insults.

58 *is digt himself*] has dug his mines. This is a confused description of strategy. It is the besiegers — here the English — who mine, and the besieged — here the French — who countermine.

60 *plow*] Fluellen's mispronunciation of "blow." Cf. IV, viii, 13, *infra*.

Gow. 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.

FLU. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

FLU. 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 MACMORRIS and Captain JAMY

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain 70 Jamy, with him.

FLU. Captain Jamy is a marvellous 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 gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

FLU. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit 80 the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

MAC. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I

73 *expedition*] a combination in Fluellen's dialect of "experience" and "erudition."

79 *God-den*] a common colloquial form of "good e'en, "good evening."

Cf. *Rom. and Jul.*, I, ii, 56, and III, v, 172. Here Fluellen seems to mean "good day."

81 *pioners*] pioneers, military engineers.

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: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

FLU. 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, ⁹⁰ 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 captains bath: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry. ⁹⁸

MAC. 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: 't is shame for us all: so God sa' me, 't is 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, la! ¹⁰⁷

JAMY. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay'll de gud service, or ay'll lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the

⁹⁷ *quit you*] requite, answer you.

¹⁰⁸ *mess*] mass.

¹⁰⁹ *ay'll lig*] I'll lie.

breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway.

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

MAC. Of my nation! What ish my nation? Ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal. What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

FLU. 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. 124

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

GOW. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

JAMY. A! that's a foul fault.

[A parley sounded.]

GOW. The town sounds a parley. 129

FLU. 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. [Exeunt.]

112-113 *I wad full fain hear some question*] I would well wish to hear some debate.

116 *What ish my nation?*] Macmorris sarcastically challenges Fluellen to say a word against his country.

SCENE III.—THE SAME

BEFORE THE GATES

The Governor and some Citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his train

K. HEN. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
 This is the latest parle we will admit:
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
 Or like to men proud of destruction
 Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
 A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
 If I begin the battery once again,
 I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
 Till in her ashes she lie buried.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up, 10
 And the flesh'd 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 flowering infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war,
 Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

8 *half-achieved*] half conquered. Cf. IV, iii, 91, *infra*, "Bid them achieve me."

11 *the flesh'd soldier*] the soldier who has first tasted blood. Cf. II, iv, 50, *supra*.

18 *Enlink'd . . . desolation*] Inevitably associated with ruin and destruction.

If your pure maidens fall into the hand 20
 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
 Upon the 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;
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace 30
 O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil and villany.
 If not, why, in a moment look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
 Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry 40
 At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

26 *precepts*] mandates.

31 *O'erblows*] Blows away, disperses.

32 *heady*] headstrong. The First Folio misreading *headly* is corrected in the later Folios.

35 *Defile*] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *Desire*.

41 *Herod's . . . slaughtermen*] Herod's massacre of the innocents was a favourite topic of the old miracle plays.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
 The Dauphin, whom of succours 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;
 For we no longer are defensible.

50

K. HEN. Open your gates. 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.
 To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;
 To-morrow for the march are we address.

[*Flourish.* The King and his train enter the town.]

SCENE IV — THE FRENCH KING'S PALACE

Enter KATHARINE and ALICE

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

ALICE. Un peu, madame.

KATH. Je te prie, m'enseignes; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

46 *Returns us*] Answers us.

50 *defensible*] capable of defence, of defending ourselves.

58 *address*] prepared. Cf. IV, i, 10, *infra*.

SCENE IV] Throughout this scene the French is very incorrectly spelt by the Folio. The text is here corrected throughout.

ALICE. La main ? elle est appelée de hand.

KATH. 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. 10

KATH. La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier ; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vite ment. Comment appelez-vous les ongles ?

ALICE. Les ongles ? nous les appelons de nails.

KATH. De nails. Ecoutez ; dites-moi, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

ALICE. C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.

KATH. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

ALICE. De arm, madame.

KATH. Et le coude. 20

ALICE. De elbow.

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

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

KATH. Excusez-moi, Alice ; écoutez : de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

ALICE. De elbow, madame.

KATH. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie ! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col ?

ALICE. De neck, madame. 30

KATH. De nick. Et le menton ?

ALICE. De chin.

KATH. De sin. Le col, de nick ; le menton, de sin.

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

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

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

KATH. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de 40 hand, de fingres, de mails, —

ALICE. De nails, madame.

KATH. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

ALICE. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

KATH. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

ALICE. De foot, madame; et de coun.

KATH. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne 50 voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

ALICE. Excellent, madame!

KATH. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — THE SAME

Enter the KING of FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the DUKE of BOURBON, the CONSTABLE of FRANCE, and others

FR. KING. 'T is certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

CON. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
47 de coun] coarse quibbling on a mispronunciation of "gown."

Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

DAU. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

BOUR. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!

10

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

CON. 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-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,

20

3 *quit all*] give up, yield. Cf. *M. Wives*, IV, vi, 2, "I will give over all."

5 *sprays*] sprigs or sprouts. Reference is here made to the fact that the English raiders are descendants of Frenchmen through William the Conqueror, who was himself a bastard.

6 *our fathers' luxury*] our ancestors' lust.

7 *put in . . . stock*] planted in or grafted on a wild and uncultured race.

13 *slobbery*] wet, water-logged.

14 *nook-shotten*] shot with sharp corners, indented by inlets of the sea.

19 *A drench for sur-rein'd jades*] Liquid medicine for overworked horse.

20 *Decoct*] Boil, heat. A "decoction" is often used of a tonic medicine.

Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
 Let us not hang like roping icicles
 Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
 Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!—
 Poor we may call them in their native lords.

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

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

FR. KING. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him
 hence:

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
 Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
 Charles Delabreth, high constable of France; 40
 You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;

23 *roping*] hanging down in ropelike fashion. Cf. IV, ii, 48, *infra*, and Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book 1, Leaf 2 (verso), "isicles hung roping down."

26 *Poor we may . . . their native lords*] We may call our *rich* fields *poor* in respect of the feeble character of their native owners.

33 *lavoltas and corantos*] lively dances in which there was much turning about and capering. The "lavolta" seems to have resembled the modern "waltz," danced very rapidly and boisterously.

40 *Delabreth*] Holinshed's mistaken spelling of "D'Albret." Cf. IV, viii, 90, *infra*.

Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauenberg,
 Foix, Lestrade, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
 For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow 50
 Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
 Go down upon him, you have power enough,
 And in a captive chariot into Rouen
 Bring him our prisoner.

CON. This becomes the great.
 Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
 And for achievement offer us his ransom. 60

FR. KING. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Mont-
 joy,
 And let him say to England that we send

45 *Foix*] Capell's correction of the Folio reading *Loys*.

46 *knights*] Theobald's correction of the Folio reading *Kings*.

47 *For your great seats . . . you*] For (the protection of) your noble castles now acquit yourselves.

50 *the melted snow*] the torrential streams proceeding from the mountains when the snow melts in early summer.

59 *He'll drop his heart . . . fear*] A strong expression for vomiting, for being overcome by nausea.

60 *for achievement*] instead of achieving victory over us, of conquering us.

To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

DAU. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

FR. KING. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, lord constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI—THE ENGLISH CAMP IN PICARDY

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

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

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

FLU. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not — God be praised and blessed! — any hurt in the world; but ¹⁰ keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient 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.

⁴ *the bridge*] According to Holinshed, the bridge over the river Ternoise, which lay on the road of Henry's march to Calais. The French attempt to demolish it was defeated by the English.

¹² *aunchient lieutenant*] a confused reference to Pistol, whose rank was that of "ancient," *i. e.*, ensign, not "lieutenant."

Gow. What do you call him?

FLU. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL

FLU. Here is the man.

PIST. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours: 20
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

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

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

FLU. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted blind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify ³⁰ to you that Fortune is blind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

PIST. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be:

27-28 *That goddess blind . . . rolling restless stone*] Fortune is thus pictured in late classical as well as in Elizabethan authors. Cf. Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, lines 316-17, "Fortune is *blind* Whose foot is standing on a *rolling stone*."

30, 44 *pax*] a small piece of plate, sometimes engraved with the picture of the crucifixion, which was offered by the priest, during the

A damned death!

40

Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
 And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
 But Exeter hath given the doom of death
 For pax of little price.

Therefore, go speak; the duke will hear thy voice;
 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.

FLU. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

50

PIST. Why then, rejoice therefore.

FLU. 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.

PIST. Die and be damn'd! and figo for thy friendship!

FLU. It is well.

PIST. The fig of Spain!

[*Exit.*]

FLU. Very good.

celebration of the mass, to be kissed by the congregation. Holinshed and earlier chroniclers agree that a *pyx*, *i. e.*, the box in which the consecrated wafer was kept in Roman Catholic churches, was stolen by a dishonest English soldier.

56 *figo*] a fig, any contemptible trifle, a snap of the fingers; an old form of the Spanish "higo," fig. Cf. IV, i, 60, *infra*, "The *figo* for thee, then!"

58 *The fig of Spain*] Pistol here repeats "figo" of line 56, with some allusion to a Spanish contortion of the fingers expressive of scorn specifically known as "fig" which Pistol has already mentioned, *2 Hen. IV*, V, iii, 117-118: "and *fig* me like the bragging *Spaniard*" (see note).

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I 60
remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

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

Gow. Why, 't is 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 70
and such a sponce, at such a breach, at such a convoy;
who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced,
what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con per-
fectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with
new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's
cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming
bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought
on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the
age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

FLU. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive 80
he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the
world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him
my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming,
and I must speak with him from the pridge.

71 *sponce*] outwork, earthwork.

76 *horrid suit*] war-stained uniform. Cf. V, ii, 61, *infra*, "diffused
attire."

78 *slanders*] disgraces, slanderers.

84 *speak . . . pridge*] tell him what has happened at the bridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and Soldiers

God pless your majesty!

K. HEN. How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

FLU. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of ⁹⁰ the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. HEN. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLU. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one 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 plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out. ¹⁰²

K. HEN. 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 vilages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

99 *bubukles*] blotches; a word made up of "buboes" and "carbuncles."
whelks] pimples.

108 *lenity*] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *levity*.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY

MONT. You know me by my habit.

110

K. HEN. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

MONT. My master's mind.

K. HEN. Unfold it.

MONT. 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 re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the 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.

131

(stage direction) *Tucket*] Flourish on a trumpet.

110 *habit*] The herald's coat, which was inviolable in war.

116 *advantage*] fit opportunity, expedience.

119 *upon our cue*] in our turn, at the right moment.

124 *in weight to re-answer*] to repay in full.

[77]

K. HEN. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

MONT. Montjoy.

K. HEN. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
 And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
 But could be willing to march on to Calais
 Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
 Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled, 140
 My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
 Almost no better than so many French;
 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
 I thought upon one pair of English legs
 Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
 That I do brag thus! This your air of France
 Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
 Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
 My army but a weak and sickly guard; 150
 Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
 Though France himself and such another neighbour
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood

137 *Without impeachment*] Without hindrance. Cf. the French "em-pêchement."

139 *craft and vantage*] cunning and superior numbers.

151 *God before*] God guiding us, with God for guide. Cf. I, ii, 307, *supra*.

Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this:

We would not seek a battle, as we are;

Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:

160

So tell your master.

MONT. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[*Exit.*]

GLOU. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. HEN. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:

Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,

And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII — THE FRENCH CAMP, NEAR AGINCOURT

Enter the CONSTABLE of France, the LORD RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, with others

CON. Tut! I have the best armour of the world.
Would it were day!

ORL. You have an excellent armour; but let my
horse have his due.

CON. It is the best horse of Europe.

ORL. Will it never be morning?

DAU. My Lord of Orleans, and my lord high con-
stable, you talk of horse and armour?

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

10

DAU. 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, chez les narines de feu! 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.

ORL. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

DAU. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for ²⁰ 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.

CON. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

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

ORL. No more, cousin. 30

DAU. 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

13-14 *as if his entrails were hairs*] a reference to the elasticity of tennis-balls which were stuffed with hair. Cf. *Much Ado*, III, ii, 41-42, "the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls."

17-18 *the pipe of Hermes*] According to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, i, 677, seq., Mercury (or Hermes) charms asleep the monster Argus by the music of his pipe.

21 *elements*] Cf. *Tw. Night*, II, iii, 9, "Does not our life consist of the four elements" [*i. e.*, earth, air, fire, and water]?

24 *jades*] often used for horses without any suggestion of contempt.

32 *lodging*] lying down, resting.

the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 't is 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," —

40

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

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

ORL. Your mistress bears well.

DAU. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

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

DAU. So perhaps did yours.

CON. Mine was not bridled.

50

DAU. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers.

CON. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

37-38 *for the world . . . functions*] for all the inhabitants of the world — of the parts we know and of those we do not know — to forego their individual or characteristic functions or duties.

45 *prescript*] prescribed, appropriate.

52 *a kern of Ireland . . . strossers*] An Irish kern was properly a light-armed and lightly clad foot-soldier, but here seems used in the sense of one half-naked. "French hose" were loose and wide breeches; "strait strossers" were tight breeches, "strossers" being an old form of "trousers." The Dauphin suggests that the constable rode very lightly clad, or without wearing any clothes at all.

DAU. 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.

CON. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

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

60

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

DAU. "Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au boubier:" thou makest use of any thing.

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

RAM. My lord constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

CON. Stars, my lord.

70

DAU. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

CON. And yet my sky shall not want.

DAU. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away.

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

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

CON. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out 80

59-60 *my mistress . . . hair*] a hit at the practice of wearing false hair.

63-64 "*Le chien . . . boubier*"] A verbatim quotation from the French translation of the Bible (published at Geneva in 1588), from 2 Peter, ii, 22, "The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

RAM. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

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

DAU. 'T is midnight; I'll go arm myself. [Exit.

ORL. The Dauphin longs for morning.

RAM. He longs to eat the English.

CON. I think he will eat all he kills. 90

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

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

ORL. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

CON. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

ORL. He never did harm, that I heard of.

CON. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

ORL. I know him to be valiant. 100

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

ORL. What's he?

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

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

93 *tread out the oath*] attest the oath by dancing. This suggestion is that the prince's gallantry has more concern with dancing than with military prowess.

CON. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey; 't is a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

ORL. Ill will never said well.

110

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

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

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

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

CON. You have shot over.

120

ORL. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger

MESS. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

CON. Who hath measured the ground?

MESS. The Lord Grandpré.

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

108-109 't is a hooded valour . . . bate] The language belongs to the sport of falconry. The falcon's head was covered with a hood, until it was let flying. To "bate" is to flutter the wings (instead of going after prey). The constable suggests that the Dauphin's valour won't do much action when it comes to the test.

121 *overshot*] The word had the two meanings of "put to shame" and being "intoxicated" or "drunk."

ORL. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge! 131

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

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

RAM. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

ORL. 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 dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. 142

CON. 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.

ORL. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CON. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it? 151

ORL. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*]

132 *apprehension*] sense, intelligence.

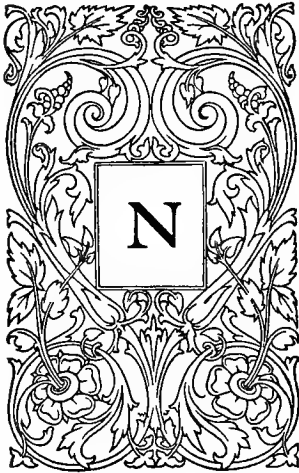
144 *robustious*] boisterous. Shakespeare only uses the word again in *Hamlet*, III, ii, 9.



ACT FOURTH — PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus

CHORUS



OW ENTERTAIN CON-
jecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the
poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the uni-
verse.
From camp to camp through the
foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly
sounds,
That the fix'd 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 umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs

10

2 *poring dark*] darkness in which the eye looks intently or gropes.

9 *umber'd*] discoloured by the light of the flickering fires.

Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation:
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
 Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice;
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night 20
 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 ruminate
 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. O now, who will behold
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent, 30
 Let him cry "Praise and glory on his head!"

12 *accomplishing*] equipping.

17 *secure in soul*] confident at heart.

18-19 *The confident . . . dice*] This detail is borrowed direct from Holinshed who writes that "the (French) souldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice." In their game at dice the Frenchmen had likened their despised adversaries to the stake for which they were playing.

25-26 *their gesture sad . . . coats*] the sadness of their gesture, which communicates itself to their lank-lean cheeks and to their ragged coats.

For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty; 40
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 every one,
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 — O for pity! — we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils, 50
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[*Exit.*]

39 *over-bears attaint*] conquers or represses the taint (of weariness).

46 *as may unworthiness define*] as far as their unworthy natures may
descry it.

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SCENE I—THE ENGLISH CAMP AT AGINCOURT

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOUCESTER

K. HEN. Gloucester, 't is 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,
 Would men observingly distil it out.
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,
 And preachers to us all, admonishing
 That we should dress us fairly for our end. 10
 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
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

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

K. HEN. 'T is good for men to love their present pains

Upon example; so the spirit is eased:

3 *brother Bedford*] The Duke of Bedford was not present at the battle of Agincourt.

10 *dress us*] address, prepare ourselves. Cf. III, iii, 58, *supra*.

And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt, 20
 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,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp;
 Do my good morrow to them, and anon
 Desire them all to my pavilion.

GLOU. We shall, my liege.

ERP. Shall I attend your grace?

K. HEN. No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England: 30

I and my bosom must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

ERP. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[Exeunt all but King.]

K. HEN. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st
 cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL

PIST. Qui va là?

K. HEN. A friend.

PIST. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?

Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. HEN. I am a gentleman of a company.

PIST. Trail'st thou the puissant pike? 40

K. HEN. Even so. What are you?

PIST. As good a gentleman as the emperor.

K. HEN. Then you are a better than the king.

23 *legerity*] nimbleness.

PIST. 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 heart-string
 I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

K. HEN. Harry le Roy.

PIST. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish
 crew?

50

K. HEN. No, I am a Welshman.

PIST. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. HEN. Yes.

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

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

PIST. Art thou his friend?

K. HEN. And his kinsman too.

PIST. The figo for thee, then!

60

K. HEN. I thank you: God be with you!

PIST. My name is Pistol call'd.

[Exit.

K. HEN. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

FLU. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower.

44 *bawcock*] See III, ii, 24, *supra*, and note.

45 *imp*] scion, sprout. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, V, v, 42-43, "most royal *imp*
of fame."

60 *figo*] a scornful gesticulation with the fingers. See note on III, vi, 55,
supra.

65 *lower*] The Folios read *fewer*. Malone restored *lower* from the Quarto.
 Cf. line 81, *infra*.

It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor 70 pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

FLU. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now? 80

Gow. I will speak lower.

FLU. I pray you and beseech you that you will.

[Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.]

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

*Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, and
MICHAEL WILLIAMS*

COURT. 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.

WILL. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes 90 there?

K. HEN. A friend.

WILL. Under what captain serve you ?

K. HEN. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

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

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

BATES. He hath not told his thought to the king ? ⁹⁹

K. HEN. No ; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am : the violet smells to him as it doth to me ; the element shows to him as it doth to me ; all his senses have but human conditions : his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man ; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are : yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army. 111

BATES. He may show what outward courage he will ; but I believe, as cold a night as 't is, 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.

K. HEN. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king : I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

96 *our estate*] our situation.

103 *the element*] the sky.

106 *are higher mounted*] soar higher.

115 *at all adventures*] at all hazards.

BATES. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved. 122

K. HEN. 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 any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

WILL. 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. 132

WILL. 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 any thing, 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; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection. 145

136 *at the latter day*] at the last day, at the day of judgment.

139-140 *rawly left*] left young and helpless.

142 *when blood . . . argument*] when shedding of blood is the subject of their thought, their business in hand.

K. HEN. 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 arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle, war is His vengeance; so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: 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 damna-

147 *sinfully miscarry*] perish in sin, die without repenting of their sins.

161 *contrived*] actually committed, perpetrated.

165-166 *native punishment*] punishment in their native country.

172 *unprovided*] sc. with religious rites, unprepared spiritually.

tion 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. 188

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

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

K. HEN. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed. 189

WILL. 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.

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

WILL. You pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a 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, 't is a foolish saying. 200

177 *mote*] Malone's correction of the Folio reading *moth*, which was commonly pronounced "mote."

196 *an elder-gun*] a pop-gun made of elder-wood, a toy gun.

K. HEN. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

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

K. HEN. I embrace it.

WILL. How shall I know thee again?

K. HEN. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

WILL. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. HEN. There. 210

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

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

WILL. Thou darest as well be hanged.

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

WILL. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

BATES. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. 221

K. HEN. 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 to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. [Exeunt Soldiers.]

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,

201 *round*] blunt, outspoken.

206 *gage*] pledge.

207 *bonnet*] military headgear.

224-225 *cut French crowns*] an allusion to the felonious practice of clipping coin of the realm, with a quibble on crowns in the sense of heads.

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 230
 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 ?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?
 What are thy rents ? what are thy comings in ?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth ! 240
 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 fear'd
 Than they in fearing.
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery ? O, be sick, great greatness,
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure !
 Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation ? 250
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending ?

227 *careful*] anxious, full of care or anxiety.

231-232 *whose sense . . . wringing*] who has no feeling for any suffering save that which wrings his own heart, that which he endures himself.

241 *thy soul of adoration*] the essential virtue which men adore in thee.

250 *blown from adulation*] blown from the lips of flatterers.

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
 'T is not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp 260
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd 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 Phœbus and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn, 270
 Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,

256 *balm*] oil used at the king's coronation.

259 *farced*] stuffed, swollen, pompous.

266 *distressful*] earned by the pain of hard work.

268 *a lackey*] a running footman.

271 *help Hyperion to his horse*] Hyperion is here the sun-god, and is identical with "Phœbus" of line 269. Ovid calls the sun by the same title in *Metamorphoses*, xiv, 406. Shakespeare represents the early riser as helping the sun to mount his horse, an unique variation on the ordinary myth, which figures the sun as driver of a chariot. Shakespeare's habit of accenting "Hyperion" on the second syllable defies classical usage, which places the accent on the third syllable, but is the common Elizabethan practice.

And follows so the ever-running year,
 With profitable labour, to his grave:
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 Had the fore-hand 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. 280

Re-enter ERPINGHAM

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

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

ERP. I shall do't, my lord. *[Exit.]*

K. HEN. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
 Possess them not with fear; take from them now
 The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
 Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
 O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
 My father made in compassing the crown! 290
 I Richard's body have interred new;
 And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears

276 *fore-hand and vantage*] upper hand and advantage.

280 *best advantages*] applies to best advantage.

287-288 *The sense . . . hearts from them*] The Folio here reads *reck'n-
 ing of* in place of *reckoning if*, which Steevens adopted. The pas-
 sage seems to mean "Deprive the English soldiers of the power of
 ciphering, if the numerical superiority of the enemy be likely to
 stagger their courage."

Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
 Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
 Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
 Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
 Since that my penitence comes after all,
 Imploring pardon.

300

Re-enter GLOUCESTER

GLOU. My liege!

K. HEN. 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.*]

SCENE II — THE FRENCH CAMP

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and others

ORL. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

DAU. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! laquais!
 ha!

297 *Two chantries*] These chapels were erected by Henry V on opposite sides of the river Thames, in the neighbourhood of Richmond, one being served by Carthusian monks and called "Bethlehem" at Sheen, the other by men and women of the order of St. Bridget, and called "Sion" at Isleworth.

300-301 *Since . . . pardon*] Since it is clear that penitence and prayer must come to supplement and complete all work of expiation, and petition for pardon of my sin.

2 *Montez à cheval . . . laquais!*] This indulgence in a mixture of French and English apparently serves to keep the audience in

ORL. O brave spirit!

DAU. *Via!* les eaux et la terre.

ORL. Rien puis? l'air et le feu.

DAU. Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE

Now, my lord constable!

CON. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

DAU. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes, 10
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

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

Enter Messenger

MESS. The English are embattled, you French peers.

CON. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,

mind of the nationality of the Frenchmen when they re-enter the stage. Cf. IV, v, 1-6, *infra*.

4-6 *Via!* . . . Orleans] These broken sentences apparently re-echo the Dauphin's boasts of his horse at III, vii, 21-23, *supra*, where he declares that the animal "is pure *air and fire*; and the dull elements of *earth and water* never appear in him, but only while his rider mounts him." "*Via!* (*i. e.*, away — a common ejaculation of horsemen)" now says the Dauphin, "water and earth (have no part in me and my horse)." "Nothing indeed?" says Orleans, "you ride through air and fire." "Ay! and fly through heaven," retorts the Dauphin. Possibly *Rien puis?* is a misreading of the more ordinary French *Rien plus?* (anything further?). The variation does not materially alter the sense.

11 *dout them*] put them (*i. e.*, English eyes) out; *dout* is Rowe's emendation of the Folio reading *doubt*, which might possibly be retained in the sense of "daunt," "cause to doubt or fear."

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;
 Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins 20
 To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
 That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
 And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
 The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
 'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
 That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
 Who in unnecessary action swarm
 About our squares of battle, were enow
 To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
 Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30
 Took stand for idle speculation:
 But that our honours must not. What's to say?
 A very little little let us do,
 And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
 The tucket sonance and the note to mount;
 For our approach shall so much dare the field
 That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ

GRAND. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
 Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,

18 *shales*] shells or pods.

21 *curtle-axe*] broad, curving sword.

29 *hilding*] mean, base.

31 *Took . . . speculation*] Merely stood idly looking on.

35 *The tucket sonance*] The trumpet blast.

36 *dare the field*] a term in falconry, used of the hawk when, rising in the air, it terrifies birds on the ground.

Ill-favouredly become the morning field: 40
 Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
 And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
 Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
 And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
 The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
 With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel bit
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless; 50
 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
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

40 *Ill-favouredly become the . . . field*] Make a poor show on the field.

41 *curtains*] colours, ensigns.

44 *beaver*] face-guard of the helmet.

45 *like fixed candlesticks*] Candlesticks were often made in the shape of human figures holding the socket for the candle in stretched-out hands.

47 *Lob down*] Droop.

48 *down-roping*] hanging down in rope-like fashion. See note on III, v, 23, *supra*, "*roping* icicles."

49 *gimmel bit*] bit formed of a chain or interlinked rings. The Folios read *Iymold*, which Johnson changed to *gimmel*. Both the forms "*gymold*" and "*gimmel'd*" are found in contemporary literature, applied to chain-mail.

52 *their hour*] their hour of death.

54 *battle*] army.

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

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

CON. I stay but for my guidon: to the field! 60
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.*]

SCENE III — THE ENGLISH CAMP

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

GLOU. Where is the king?

BED. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

WEST. Of fighting men they have full three score
thousand.

EXE. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

SAL. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:

60 *guidon*] standard or ensign. The Folio reads *Guard: on*, which many editors adopt, making the constable refer to the absence of his escort, and then give the order to advance. But the next line seems to confute this interpretation, and makes the change adopted here imperative.

61 *the banner from a trumpet*] the banner or small flag attached to a trumpet.

4 *five to one*] Holinshed estimates the French force at 60,000, and gives the English numbers on one page as 10,000, and on another as 15,000. Shakespeare's "five to one" may be correct.

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,
 And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu! 10

BED. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go
 with thee!

EXE. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
 And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
 For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Salisbury.*]

BED. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
 Princely in both.

Enter the KING

WEST. O that we now had here
 But one ten thousand of those men in England
 That do no work to-day!

K. HEN. What's he that wishes so?
 My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
 If we are mark'd to die, we are enow 20
 To do our country loss; and if to live,
 The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
 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;

10 *my kind kinsman*] Salisbury's family had intermarried with Westmoreland's.

16-18 *O that we now . . . to-day*] The speaker, Westmoreland, was not present at the battle of Agincourt. This despairing exclamation is assigned in the Quarto to Warwick, who was also absent; he was at Calais. Holinshed merely says that "one of the host" uttered this note of despair. But a contemporary life of Henry V — *Henrici Quinti Gesta* — assigns the exclamation to Sir Walter Hungerford.

It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England : 30
 God's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more, methinks, would share from me
 For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more !
 Rather proclaim it, 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 :
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is call'd the feast of Crispian : 40
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
 And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian :"
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
 And say "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."

26 *yearns*] grieves.

39 *That fears . . . with us*] That fears to be our comrade in death.

40 *the feast of Crispian*] October 25 was the day of two brothers, Crispin and Crispian, who suffered martyrdom for their fidelity to Christianity at Soissons, about 300 A. D. Both followed the trade of shoemakers, and hence became jointly the patron saints of cobblers. See line 57, *infra*, and cf. IV, vii, 88.

45 *the vigil feast*] the eve of the festival.

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember with advantages 50
 What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words,
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers; 60
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition:
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 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.

Re-enter SALISBURY

SAL. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:

50 *with advantages*] with embellishments.

53-54 *Bedford . . . Gloucester*] Of these six noblemen, only Exeter and Gloucester as a matter of fact fought at Agincourt.

57 *Crispin Crispian*] The names of the two brother-saints commemorated on the day of the battle. See note on line 40, *supra*, and cf. IV, vii, 88, *infra*.

63 *gentle his condition*] raise him to rank of gentleman.

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

70

K. HEN. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WEST. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. HEN. Thou dost not wish more help from Eng-
land, coz?

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

K. HEN. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand
men;

Which likes me better than to wish us one.

You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY

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

80

Before thy most assured overthrow:

For certainly thou art so near the gulf,

Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,

The constable desires thee thou wilt mind

Thy followers of repentance; that their souls

May make a peaceful and a sweet retire

From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies

Must lie and fester.

K. HEN. Who hath sent thee now?

MONT. The Constable of France.

K. HEN. I pray thee, bear my former answer back: 90

69 *battles*] battle order.

70 *expedience*] speed, expedition.

83 *englutted*] engulfed, swallowed up.

86 *retire*] retreat, withdrawal.

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.
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt
 Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
 They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven; 101
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
 Mark then abounding valour in our English,
 That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
 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;
 Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd 110
 With rainy marching in the painful field;
 There's not a piece of feather in our host —

91 *achieve*] conquer, finish off. Cf. III, iii, 8, "half-achieved" [*i. e.*, half conquered] Harfleur.

104 *abounding*] Thus the Folios. The Quarto has *abundant* which gives the general intention of the word. There is probably some additional suggestion of "rebounding."

105 *the bullet's grazing*] the bullet's glancing off after grazing.

107 *Killing . . . mortality*] Killing when they are at the point of death, when they are relapsing into the mortal elements, out of which they were created.

110 *gilt*] gilding, outward brilliance.

Good argument, I hope, we will not fly —
 And time hath worn us into slovenry:
 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, —
 As, if God please, they shall, — my ransom then 120
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

MONT. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [Exit.]

K. HEN. I fear thou'lt once more come again for
 ransom.

Enter YORK

YORK. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
 The leading of the vaward. 130

K. HEN. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march
 away:

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [Exeunt.]

130 *vaward*] vanguard.

131 *brave York*] Edward, Duke of York, who figures as Duke of Aumerle in *Rich. II.*, was son of Edmund Langley (also Duke of York), who was fourth son of Edward III. Holinshed describes him as leading the van at Agincourt, and adds that "he of a *haultie* courage had desired that office" (III, 553).

SCENE IV—THE FIELD OF BATTLE

Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, French Soldier, and Boy

PIST. Yield, cur!

FR. SOL. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

PIST. Qualitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman? what is thy name? discuss.

FR. SOL. O Seigneur Dieu!

PIST. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman: Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark; O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox, Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom. 10

FR. SOL. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

PIST. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys; Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat In drops of crimson blood.

FR. SOL. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

4 *calmie custure me*] This gibberish seems suggested by a favourite Irish air of the day, to which English words were often set, which was called "Calen o eusture me," meaning "young maiden, my treasure." Cf. Clement Robinson's *Handefull of pleasant delites*, 1584 (*Ed. Arber*, p. 33): "A Sonet of a Louer in the praise of his lady. To Calen o Custure me, sung at euerie lines end."

9 *fox*] sword; the figure of a fox was engraved on the blade of well-tempered weapons.

13 *Moy*] A reference to "muy," a measure of corn, from the Latin "modius," a bushel.

14 *rim*] rim, or membrane, of the belly, the peritoneum.

PIST. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

20

FR. SOL. O pardonnez moi!

PIST. 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. Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

FR. SOL. Monsieur le Fer.

BOY. He says his name is Master Fer.

PIST. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

BOY. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, 30
and firke.

PIST. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

FR. SOL. Que dit-il, monsieur?

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

PIST. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

FR. SOL. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, 40
me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison:
gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

19 *luxurious*] lascivious.

28 *Master Fer! I'll fer him*] Pistol plays aimlessly on the Frenchman's
name. Cf. *M. Wives*, IV, ii, 160-162, "Come, Mother *Prat*. . .
I'll *prat* her."

firke] beat, thrash.

29 *ferret him*] treat him as the ferret tortures the rabbit.

PIST. 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.

PIST. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

FR. SOL. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

BOY. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardon- 50
ner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

FR. SOL. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remer-
cîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

PIST. Expound unto me, boy.

BOY. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into 60
the hands of one, as he thinks, the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

PIST. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.
Follow me!

BOY. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.*] 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." Bar-
dolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his 70
nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged;

70-71 *devil. . . dagger*] a reference to the burlesque encounters between the Devil and the Vice, stock characters of the old morality plays.

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.*]

SCENE V—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN, and RAMBURES

CON. O diable!

ORL. O Seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

DAU. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes. O méchante fortune!

Do not run away.

[*A short alarum.*]

CON. Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAU. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

ORL. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

BOUR. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame! 10

Let us die in honour: once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

The Vice's weapon was a dagger of thin wood or lath. Cf. *Tw. Night*, IV, ii, 120-126: "Like to the *old vice* . . . Who with *dagger of lath* In his rage and his wrath Cries ah ha! to the devil . . . *Pare thy nails, dad.*"

1-5 *O diable* . . . *fortune!*] For the use of French, cf. IV, ii, 2, *supra*, and note.

7 *perdurable*] lasting, eternal.

11 *Let us die in honour: once!*] Thus the Quarto. The First Folio reads *Let us dye in once*, for which the second and later Folios read *Let us flye in once*.

Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
 Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door
 Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
 His fairest daughter is contaminated.

CON. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
 Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

ORL. We are enow yet living in the field
 To smother up the English in our throngs,
 If any order might be thought upon.

20

BOUR. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
 Let life be short; else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY and forces, EXETER, and others

K. HEN. Well have we done, thrice valiant country-
 men:

But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

EXE. The Duke of York commends him to your
 majesty.

K. HEN. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this
 hour

I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
 From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

EXE. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,

15 *no gentler*] of no higher rank.

18 *on heaps*] in crowds, altogether.

offer up our lives] Steevens inserts after these words a line from the Quarto, which is absent from the Folio, *Unto these English, or else die with fame.*

Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
 Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
 The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. 10
 Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
 Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
 And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
 And cries aloud "Tarry, dear 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!"
 Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up: 20
 He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
 And, with a feeble gripe, says "Dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign."
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
 And so espoused to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
 Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
 But I had not so much of man in me, 30
 And all my mother came into mine eyes
 And gave me up to tears.

8 *Larding the plain*] Fattening the earth. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, ii, 105,
 "Falstaff . . . lards the lean earth as he walks along."

9 *honour-owing*] honour-owning, honourable.

11 *haggled*] hacked.

21 *raught*] reached; the old preterite of "reach."

31-32 *And all my mother came into mine eyes . . . tears*] Cf. *Tw. Night*,

K. HEN. I blame you not;
 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [Alarum.
 But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
 The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
 Give the word through. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII—ANOTHER PART OF THE FIELD

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

FLU. Kill the poys and the luggage! 't is expressly
 against the law of arms: 't is as arrant a piece of knav-
 ery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience,
 now, is it not?

Gow. 'T is 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

II, i, 36-38: "I am yet so near *the manners of my mother*, That
 upon the least occasion more *mine eyes* will tell tales of me."

34 *mistful*] growing dim with coming tears: Warburton's correction of
 the Folio reading *mistful*.

36 *The French . . . men*] According to Holinshed, a few French horse-
 men suddenly raided some unguarded tents of the English camp,
 while the main army was in the field, and killed many of the
 servants; some survivors of the latter, seized with panic, spread
 the report, which had small foundation, that the French army was
 re-forming for attack, whereupon Henry V gave the order for the
 slaughter of his French prisoners. Subsequently, he announced
 that such Frenchmen who still kept the field would be denied
 quarter.

away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant king! 10

FLU. Ay, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

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

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take 20 it.

FLU. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world, 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 Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. 30 If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did,

9-10 cut . . . throat] See note on IV, vi, 36, *supra*.

in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

FLU. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the 40 tales 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 and his good judgements, 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.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

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

50

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY and forces; WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and others

K. HEN. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:

37 *Cleitus*] The story of Alexander the Great's murder of his friend Clitus is told in Plutarch's *Life of Alexander* which Shakespeare read in Sir Thomas North's famous translation.

46 *great-belly*] great-bellied. According to Stubbe's *Anatomie of Abuses* (New Shak. Soc., p. 55), it was fashionable to wear these "dublets with great bellies," *i. e.*, tunics heavily padded. Unpadded dublets were known as "thin-bellied doublets." See *L. L. L.*, III, i, 16, "with your arms crossed on your *thin-belly doublet*."

If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
 Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
 If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
 And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
 Enforced 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

EXE. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

GLOU. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. HEN. How now! what means this, herald?
 know'st thou not

That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
 Comest thou again for ransom?

MONT. 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 drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
 So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
 In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
 Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage

58 *skirr*] scurry.

61-62 *And not a man . . . mercy*] See note on IV, vi, 36, *supra*.

66 *fined*] agreed to pay as fine.

70 *book*] register.

Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
 Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
 To view the field in safety and dispose
 Of their dead bodies!

K. HEN. I tell thee truly, herald, 80
 I know not if the day be ours or no;
 For yet a many of your horsemen peer
 And gallop o'er the field.

MONT. The day is yours.

K. HEN. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
 What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

MONT. They call it Agincourt.

K. HEN. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
 Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLU. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't
 please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the 90
 Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles,
 fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. HEN. They did, Fluellen.

FLU. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties
 is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in
 a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their
 Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this
 hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do
 believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek
 upon Saint Tavy's day. 100

77 *Yerk*] Jerk.

88 *Crispin Crispianus*] See IV, iii, 40 and 57, *supra*.

97 *Monmouth caps*] Caps made at Monmouth were reckoned of best
 quality throughout Elizabeth's reign, both for civilians and soldiers.

K. HEN. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

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

K. HEN. Thanks, good my countryman.

FLU. 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. 111

K. HEN. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.]

EXE. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. HEN. Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy
cap?

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

K. HEN. An Englishman? 120

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

K. HEN. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit
this soldier keep his oath?

FLU. He is a craven and a villain else, an 't please
your majesty, in my conscience. 130

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

FLU. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub 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 Jacksauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la!

K. HEN. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meetest the fellow. 140

WILL. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. HEN. Who servest thou under?

WILL. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

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

K. HEN. Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILL. I will, my liege. [Exit.

K. HEN. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm:

181-182 *a gentleman . . . degree*] a gentleman of such high rank as not to allow him to answer a challenge from one of the soldiers of low degree.

133 *as good . . . devil*] a popular proverb. Cf. *Lear*, III, iv, 139, "The prince of darkness is a gentleman."

137 *a Jacksauce*] a saucy Jack; a common term of contempt.

149 *Alençon*] Holinshed mentions a personal encounter between the king and the Duke of Alençon in the course of the battle of Agincourt. The king was almost felled by the duke, but he succeeded in striking the Frenchman down, and in killing two of the duke's companions. The duke himself was killed by the king's guard.

if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love. 153

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

K. HEN. Knowest thou Gower? 160

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

K. HEN. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

FLU. I will fetch him. [Exit.]

K. HEN. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
 The glove which I have given him for a favour
 May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
 It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
 Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick: 170
 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,
 And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
 And quickly will return an injury:
 Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
 Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [Exeunt.]

175 *hot as gunpowder*] Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, V, iv, 121, "this *gunpowder* Percy."

SCENE VIII—BEFORE KING HENRY'S PAVILION

Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS

WILL. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN

FLU. 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.

WILL. Sir, know you this glove?

FLU. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

WILL. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[Strikes him.]

FLU. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England!

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

10

WILL. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

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

WILL. I am no traitor.

FLU. 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's.

Enter WARWICK and GLOUCESTER

WAR. How now, how now! what's the matter?

FLU. My Lord of Warwick, here is — praised be God

13 *into plows*] a blundering mode of saying "in blows." For "plows," cf. III, ii, 60, *supra*.

for it! — a most contagious treason come to light, look ²⁰
 you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his
 majesty. www.libtool.com.cn

Enter KING HENRY and EXETER

K. HEN. How now! what's the matter?

FLU. 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.

WILL. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow
 of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to
 wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him, if he did:
 I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have ³⁰
 been as good as my word.

FLU. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's
 manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lousy knave
 it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and
 witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of
 Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your con-
 science, now.

K. HEN. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the
 fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike; 40
 And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

FLU. And please your majesty, let his neck answer
 for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

²⁰ *contagious*] blunder for "outrageous."

³⁸⁻³⁹ *Give me thy glove . . . fellow of it*] The king asks for the glove
 which Williams is wearing in his cap, and which the king had
 given him at his request. See IV, i, 209-210, *supra*. The king
 had kept the fellow to it, and now produces it.

K. HEN. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

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

K. HEN. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

WILL. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, ⁵⁰ your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you to take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. HEN. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow; And wear it for an honour in thy cap Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns: And, captain, you must needs be friends with him. ⁶⁰

FLU. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

WILL. I will none of your money.

FLU. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 't is a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it. ⁷⁰

Enter an English Herald

K. HEN. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

HER. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. HEN. What prisoners of good sort are taken,
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EXE. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the
 king;

John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
 Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
 Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. HEN. 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 80
 One hundred twenty six: added to these,
 Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
 Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd 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:
 Charles Delabreth, high constable of France; 90
 Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
 The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;

74-104 *Charles Duke of Orleans . . . But five and twenty*] All this passage repeats practically verbatim the words of Holinshed.

90 *Charles Delabreth*] Properly Charles D'Albret. Holinshed gives the name as "Charles lord de la Breth, high constable of France." Cf. III, v, 40, *supra*.

91 *Jaques*] Contrary to Shakespeare's dissyllabic treatment of this name when applied to the well-known character in *As you like it*, the word is here a monosyllable.

Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dolphin,

John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrals.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead? 100

[*Herald shews him another paper.*]

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
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,
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!

EXE.

'T is wonderful!

110

102 *Davy Gam*] David Gam or Ab Llewelyn, a Welsh warrior who was faithful to Henry IV during Glendower's revolt. Before he fell at Agincourt it is recorded of him that he was ordered to discover the strength of the enemy and reported to the king "There are enough to be killed, enough to take prisoners, and enough to run away." Raleigh tells this story in his *History of the World*, Bk. v, Sec. iii (ed. 1829, vi, 273).

104 *But five and twenty*] Holinshed mentions a report to this effect, but adds that greater credit attaches to the allegation that the English loss at the battle of Agincourt was between five and six hundred men.

K. HEN. 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.

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

K. HEN. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledge-
ment,
That God fought for us.

FLU. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. HEN. Do we all holy rites;
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.

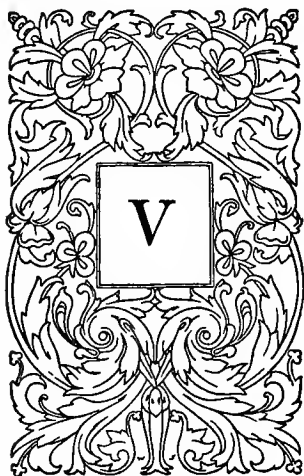
[*Exeunt.*]



ACT FIFTH — PROLOGUE

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
the excuse
Of time, of numbers and due
course of things,
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 winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys, 10
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd
sea,

Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
 Seems to ~~prepare his way:~~ so let him land,
 And solemnly see him set on to London.
 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 bruised helmet and his bended sword
 Before him through the city: he forbids it,
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride; 20
 Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
 Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
 In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
 How London doth pour out her citizens!
 The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
 Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
 As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
 Were now the general of our gracious empress, 30

12 *whiffler*] an officer who marches at the head of a procession to clear the way. It is said to be derived from "whiffle," a fife or pipe, which the man on occasion blew to give notice of his approach. But in Elizabethan days he invariably carried in his hands only a light staff.

14 *solemnly . . . set on*] in solemn state . . . set forward.

21-22 *Giving full trophy . . . to God*] Transferring all credit for the honours, trophies, tokens, or signs and outward show of the victory from himself to God.

25 *in best sort*] in best array.

29 *by a lower . . . likelihood*] to take a similitude or similar event, of inferior importance, but exciting no less affectionate emotion.

30-32 *Were now . . . his sword*] This is a reference to Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favourite, who was at the

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,
 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
 All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
 Till Harry's back return again to France :
 There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd
 The interim, by remembering you 't is past.
 Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

40

[Exit.

time of the production of this play Lord Deputy of Ireland, and was engaged in repressing a native rebellion. He had passed through London on 27 March, 1599, on his way to Ireland, and had been accorded a great popular ovation. Shakespeare's anticipation of his triumphant return was not realised. His government of Ireland proved a failure, and he came home in September in disgrace.

32 *broached*] spitted, transfixed.

38-39 *The emperor's coming . . . between them*] Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, came to England on 14 May, 1416, on a mission of mediation between England and France.

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SCENE I — FRANCE

THE ENGLISH CAMP

Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

FLU. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention ¹⁰ 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

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

FLU. 'T is no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurvy, lousy knave, God pless you.

PIST. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

⁵ *scauld*] scabby; a low word of contempt, implying filth.

¹⁸ *art thou bedlam*] art thou a madman.

Trojan] This word, like "Greek," often figures in Elizabethan drama as a contemptuous synonym for "fellow."

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek. 20

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

P1ST. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

FLU. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it?

P1ST. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

FLU. You say very true, scauld knave, when God's 30 will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

FLU. 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.

P1ST. Must I bite? 40

19 *fold up Parca's fatal web*] end thy life. The "Parcae" were the Fates of classical mythology. Cf. Pistol's phrase, *2 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 189: "*Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say!*"

26 *Cadwallader*] a valiant native ruler of Wales of the twelfth century.

34 *a squire of low degree*] a punning allusion to a popular burlesque romance in metre, bearing this name.

36 *astonished him*] put him into a panic.

39 *coxcomb*] fool's head. Cf. line 50, *infra*.

FLU. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question ~~too~~ ~~and~~ ~~bambiguities~~.

PIST. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat and eat, I swear —

FLU. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

PIST. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

FLU. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is good for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks 50 hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

PIST. Good.

FLU. Ay, leeks is good: hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

PIST. Me a groat!

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

PIST. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

FLU. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but 60 cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [Exit.]

PIST. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and gall-

60 a woodmonger] a dealer in wood.

68-69 gleeking and galling] gibing or sneering and mocking.

ing at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, 70 he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*]

PIST. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now? News have I, that my Doll is dead i' the spital Of malady of France; And there my rendezvous is quite cut off. Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn, And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand. 80 To England will I steal, and there I'll steal: And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars, And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*]

73 *condition*] temper, behaviour, manners.

74 *huswife*] hussy, jilt.

75 *Doll*] Thus the Folios. It is Shakespeare's error for "Nell," which was the christian name of Pistol's wife, Mrs. Quickly. Cf. II, i, 17-18, *supra*, "he is married to *Nell Quickly*."

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SCENE II — FRANCE

A ROYAL PALACE

Enter, at one door, KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another, the FRENCH KING, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, ALICE and other Ladies; the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, and his train

K. HEN. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
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!

FR. KING. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met: 10
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. ISA. 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;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,

1 *Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met*] Peace, for making which we have met, be to this meeting.

16 *in their bent*] in the inclination of their glance.

The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
 The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
 Have lost their quality, and that this day
 Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love. 20

K. HEN. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

Q. ISA. You English princes all, I do salute you.

BUR. My duty to you both, on equal love,
 Great Kings of France and England! That I have
 labour'd,

With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
 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 prevail'd
 That, face to face and royal eye to eye, 30

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,
 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,

17 *fatal balls of murdering basilisks*] There is here a quibble on the word "basilisks" which meant both "large cannons" and "fabulous serpents," which killed men by their gaze.

27 *bar*] tribunal.

31 *congreeted*] saluted, bid each other welcome. Cf. the equally rare form "congreeing" for "agreeing," I, ii, 182, *supra*.

33 *rub*] obstacle; a technical term in the game of bowls. Cf. II, ii, 188, *supra*.

And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
 Corrupting in it own fertility. 40
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
 Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
 Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas
 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,
 Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank, 50
 Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
 Losing both beauty and utility.
 And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
 Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,

40 *it*] *its*. Thus the First and Second Folios. The form "its" came into general use after Shakespeare's day.

42 *even pleach'd*] matted together, thickly interwoven, so as to present an even surface. Cf. *Much Ado*, III, i, 7, "the *pleached* bower."

45 *darnel*] ray-grass, a weed of the open fields. Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, III, ii, 44.

rank fumitory] a weed often found in cornfields.

46 *coulter*] the blade of the ploughshare.

47 *deracinate*] root out.

49 *burnet*] a sweet-smelling salad plant, associated by Bacon in his essay on "Gardens" with wild thyme and water mint.

52 *kecksies*] hemlock stalks.

54 *And as*] Capell's correction of the Folio reading *And all*.

55 *Defective in their natures*] Failing in their proper virtues.

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
 That nothing do but meditate on blood, — 60
 To swearing and stern looks, diffused attire
 And every thing that seems unnatural.
 Which to reduce into our former favour
 You are assembled: and my speech entreats
 That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
 Should not expel these inconveniences
 And bless us with her former qualities.

K. HEN. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the
 peace,

Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace 70
 With full accord to all our just demands;
 Whose tenours and particular effects
 You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

BUR. The king hath heard them; to the which
 as yet

There is no answer made.

K. HEN. Well then the peace,
 Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

61 *diffused attire*] dishevelled dress. Thus the Third and Fourth Folios; the First and Second Folios read *defus'd attire*. "Defused" is not uncommon in the sense of confused, disordered. For the general sense, cf. III, vi, 76, *supra*, "a horrid suit of the camp."

63 *favour*] comeliness.

65 *let*] impediment.

FR. KING. I have but with a cursorary eye
 O'er glanced the articles: pleaseth your grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us once more, with better heed
 To re-survey them, we will suddenly
 Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

80

K. HEN. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
 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,
 Any thing in or out of our demands;
 And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
 Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

90

Q. ISA. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
 Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
 When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

77 *cursorary*] a unique expansion of "cursory." The Folios read *curselary*
 81-82 *we will suddenly . . . answer*] we will immediately determine our
 definite and final answer. "Accept" is here a participle, *i. e.*,
 "accepted" or "adopted."

84-85 *And brother Clarence . . . Huntingdon*] Holinshed notices the
 presence of both these noblemen among those taking part in the
 peace negotiations. Thomas, Duke of Clarence, was next brother
 of Henry V. John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, was the re-hab-
 ilitated son of John Holland, Duke of Exeter, who as an adherent
 of Richard II, his half brother, had been executed by Henry IV.
 Neither of these persons figure elsewhere in the play nor do they
 speak a word in this scene. They are omitted from the traditional
dramatis personæ.

90 *consign*] seal.

94 *nicely*] captiously, pedantically.

K. HEN. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us :
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. ISA. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*]

K. HEN. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear 100
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

KATH. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot
speak your England.

K. HEN. O fair Katharine, 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?

KATH. Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell vat is "like me."

K. HEN. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like
an angel. 110

KATH. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

ALICE. Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.

K. HEN. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not
blush to affirm it.

KATH. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont
pleines de tromperies.

K. HEN. What says she, fair one? that the tongues
of men are full of deceits?

ALICE. Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of
deceits: dat is de princess. 120

120 *dat is de princess*] Thus the Folios. The meaning may be "that
is the princess's opinion." The sentence may possibly be inter-
rupted by the King.

K. HEN. The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say "I love you:" 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?

130

KATH. Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

K. HEN. 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 leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour 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 favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp

124 *plain*] unaffected, straightforward.

128 *I wear out my suit*] I waste my time in wooing.

133 *you undid me*] you would ruin me, would defeat me.

134-135 *measure . . . measure . . . measure*] metre . . . slow dignified dance . . . amount.

138 *under the correction . . . spoken*] subject to allowance being made for the boastfulness of the speaker.

139 *buffet*] get to blows.

141 *sit like a Jack-an-apes*] sit tight like a monkey.

142 *look greenly*] look like a nervous young lover.

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 ; for 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 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 his 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.

167

148 *let thine eye . . . cook*] let thy gaze fashion me to thy fancy.

148-149 *I speak . . . plain soldier*] Cf. for the construction, *K. John*, II, i, 462, "He speaks plain cannon fire."

152-153 *of plain and uncoined constancy*] as of plain sterling metal, which has not yet been stamped or manipulated for circulation as coinage.

158 *fall*] fall away, shrink.

KATH. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France? www.libtool.com.cn

K. HEN. 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. 175

KATH. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. HEN. 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.

KATH. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle. 188

K. HEN. 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?

KATH. I cannot tell.

K. HEN. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you

191 *much at one*] much alike.

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 scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

KATH. I do not know dat.

209

K. HEN. No; 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour 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 Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?

KATH. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France. 217

K. HEN. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour 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, be-

202 *scrambling*] struggling, fighting, cf. I, i, 4, *supra*.

206-7 *go to Constantinople . . . beard*] an anachronism. The Turks did not occupy Constantinople till 1453, thirty-one years after Henry's death.

208 *flower-de-luce*] lily, fleur-de-lys, the emblem of the French monarchy.

215 *cher et devin déesse*] a specimen of the King's "fausse French" (line 216).

shrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off 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 Henry Plantagenet is thine;" who, though I 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, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me?

243

222 *untempering effect*] unsoftening, unconciliatory quality.

228 *ill layer up*] bad preservative, with an allusion to the wrinkling power of age. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, V, i, 82, "a wet cloak *ill laid up* (*i. e.*, badly folded)."

241 *broken music*] a quibble on a technical musical term, which was used in contrast with "consort." Certain musical instruments, like viols, violins, and flutes, were played in sets of four or quartettes, thereby constituting what was known as a "consort." If one or more of the four instruments in a set were replaced by another instrument, the result was described as "broken music."

KATH. Dat is as it sall please de roi mon père.

K. HEN. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate; www.kateibtool.com.cn

KATH. Den it sall also content me.

K. HEN. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen. 249

KATH. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

K. HEN. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATH. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. HEN. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

ALICE. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France, — I cannot tell vat is baiser en English. 260

K. HEN. To kiss.

ALICE. Your majesty entendre better que moi.

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

ALICE. Oui, vraiment. 265

K. HEN. O Kate, nice customs courtesy 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

252-253 *d'une de votre . . . serviteur*] The Folio reads less intelligibly
d'une nostre Seigneur indignie serviteur.

266 *nice*] prudish.

268 *weak list*] feeble bounds.

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.

Re-enter the FRENCH KING and his QUEEN, BURGUNDY, and other Lords

BUR. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. HEN. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English. 281

BUR. Is she not apt?

K. HEN. 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 of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

BUR. 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, 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. 294

288-289 *conjure . . . make a circle*] Magicians traced a circle within which they summoned the spirits they conjured up to appear. There is a quibble here on circle in the sense of "crown."

K. HEN. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

BUR. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. HEN. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

BUR. 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, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. HEN. 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.

BUR. As love is, my lord, before it loves. 310

K. HEN. 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.

FR. KING. 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.

302-303 *well summered*] well looked after, well nurtured by summer heat.

303-304 *Bartholomew-tide*] St. Bartholomew's Day, 24 August.

307 *This moral*] The interpretation or application of this fable.

314 *perspectively*] as in a perspective glass, which was contrived so as to produce optical illusions of various kinds. Cf. *Rich. II*, II, ii, 18-20: "Like *perspectives*, which, rightly gazed upon, Show nothing but confusion, eyed awry, Distinguish form."

K. HEN. Shall Kate be my wife?

FR. KING. So please you.

K. HEN. 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. 321

FR. KING. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. HEN. Is't so, my lords of England?

WEST. The king hath granted every article: His daughter first, and then in sequel all, According to their firm proposed natures.

EXE. Only he hath not yet subscribed 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, Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.

FR. KING. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied, But your request shall make me let it pass. 335

K. HEN. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance, Let that one article rank with the rest; And thereupon give me your daughter.

FR. KING. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms 340 Of France and England, whose very shores look pale

332 *Præclarissimus*] Shakespeare copies both the French and Latin of this speech from Holinshed, who wrote *Præclarissimus* by mistake for *Præcharissimus*. In the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes, the conclusion of which the text here describes, Henry is called "præcarissimus."

With envy of each other's happiness,
 May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
 Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
 In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
 His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

ALL. Amen!

K. HEN. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness
 all,

That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. ISA. God, the best maker of all marriages, 350
 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,
 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. Amen!

360

K. HEN. 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;
 And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

356 *paction*] compact, league. Theobald's correction of the First Folio reading *pation*.

(stage direction) *Sennet*] Flourish on trumpets. Thus the First Folio. The later Folios read *Sonet*, which Rowe interpreted as an announcement that the chorus's speech which follows was in sonnet form.

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EPILOGUE

Enter Chorus

CHOR. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
 Our bending author hath pursued the story,
 In little room confining mighty men,
 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
 Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
 This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
 By which the world's best garden he achieved,
 And of it left his son imperial lord.
 Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
 Of France and England, did this king succeed; 10
 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.*]

2 *bending*] sc. under the weight of his task.

4 *Mangling by starts*] Distorting by interruptions, by fragmentary treatment, by breaches of continuity.

7 *the world's best garden*] The kingdom of France has already been called "this best garden of the world," V, ii, 36, *supra*.

9 *in infant bands*] in swaddling clothes.

13 *Which oft . . . shown*] a reference to the three parts of *Hen. VI* and to the dramatic pieces on which they were based.

14 *let this acceptance take*] let this find acceptance.

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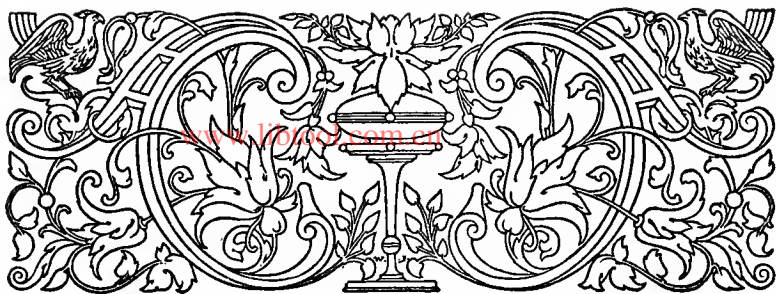
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THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

WITH ANNOTATIONS AND
A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIDNEY LEE

VOLUME XIII

KING HENRY VIII

WITH A SPECIAL INTRODUCTION BY EDWARD DOWDEN
AND AN ORIGINAL FRONTSPIECE BY F. C. COWPER



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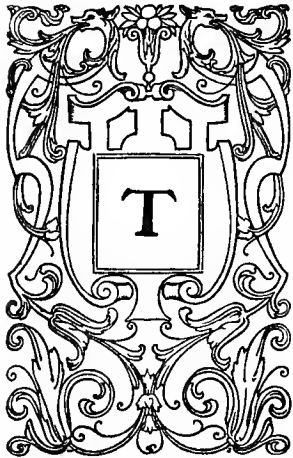
CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION TO KING HENRY VIII	
BY EDWARD DOWDEN	ix
TEXT OF THE PLAY	1

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INTRODUCTION



THE Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight" was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it brings to a close the series of Shakespeare's English historical plays. The text appears to be given with a degree of accuracy not commonly found in the First Folio.

Differences of opinion as to the date at which the play was written exist among critics. Malone believed that it belonged, in part at least, to the year 1603, while Queen Elizabeth was still living; the panegyric of the queen uttered by Cranmer's prophetic lips was meant, Malone supposed, for her own ears; the lines which refer to King James I were, according to his conjecture, a later addition. He argued that a eulogy of Elizabeth would have been peculiarly distasteful to her successor, the

KING HENRY VIII

son of Mary Queen of Scots. But many eulogies of Elizabeth appeared during the reign of James. It is enough here to recall the fact that in 1611 the translators of the Bible coupled the name of the king in their address to him with the well-known mention of "that bright Occidental Star, Queen Elizabeth, of most happy memory." On the other hand it is far from likely that Elizabeth would have been gratified by the reference to herself as "an aged princess," by the homage paid in the play to the virtue of Queen Katharine of Aragon, and by the free handling of her father's motives in the matter of the divorce, and of her mother's moral pliability, which is smiled at—though in no unkindly spirit—by the writer of the third scene of the second act.

Malone supposed that among the lines added in a revision of the play after the death of Elizabeth were those which seem to refer to the colonising of Virginia :

"Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations."

"I suspect," he wrote, "that the panegyrick on the King was introduced either in the year 1606, or in 1612, when a lottery was granted expressly for the establishment of English Colonies in Virginia." But we may believe that these lines were written in 1612 or 1613 without the needless conjecture that they were "introduced." An allusion in Act V, scene 4, to the "strange Indian . . . come to court" was pointed out by Malone

INTRODUCTION

as a note of time, but he could not discover to what circumstance the allusion refers. Five Indians were brought to England in 1611; one of these, distinguished for his stature, remained in the country until 1614, and was publicly exhibited, says Halliwell-Phillipps, in various parts of London.

If we can show that a play dealing with the reign of Henry VIII was produced for the first time at the Globe Theatre in the year 1613, and that this corresponded in its general design and in details with the play printed in the First Folio, there will be little reason to doubt that the play of 1613 was that which Shakespeare's fellows gave to the reading public ten years later, or that the play was written almost immediately before it was produced on the stage. Every one acquainted with theatrical history is aware that, owing to the burning of the Globe Theatre, which furnished a striking piece of news for letter-writers of the day, these things can readily be shown. The testimony of Sir Henry Wotton, writing on July 2, 1613, to his nephew, Sir Edmund Bacon, is the most important of several such notices of the event: "Now, to let matters of State sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this Week at the Banks side. The Kings Players had a new Play, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of *Henry* the 8th, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of Pomp and Majesty, even to the matting of the Stage; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the Guards with

KING HENRY VIII

their embroidered Coats, and the like; sufficient in truth within a while to make Greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King *Henry* making a Masque at the Cardinal *Wolsey's* House, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the Paper, or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the Thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoak, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole House to the very ground." Wotton adds that "nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks." A manuscript letter of Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering (June 30, 1613) tells us that the fire took place "while Bourbage his companie were acting at the Globe the play of Henry 8." Chamberlaine gives a similar account of the calamity in a letter (July 8, 1613) to Sir Ralph Winwood. And Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's "Chronicle," states that the house was "filled with people to behold the play videlicet of Henry the 8."

The title — probably a second title — "All is True," mentioned by Sir Henry Wotton, is referred to three times in the Prologue to the play as given in the Folio of 1623. To doubt that the play before us was the new play presented at the Globe in June, 1613, seems the very credulity of scepticism. Yet there have been doubters; and among them are Halliwell-Phillipps and Mr. Boyle. The ground of Halliwell-Phillipps's opinion seems to be that in a ballad written on the occasion of

INTRODUCTION

the burning of the Globe Theatre, it is said that "the reprobates prayed for the fool and Henry Condy" (Condell); but the reprobates may have prayed for their favourite fool, although no fool appeared in "King Henry VIII." The internal evidence supports the date generally accepted, 1612-1613. Queen Katharine, wronged yet nobly enduring injuries, is, like Queen Hermione of the "Winter's Tale," transported to the English court. The characteristics of the versification of Shakespeare's latest plays are found in parts of "King Henry VIII." The decorative splendour of the play could not have been contrived on a public stage at a much earlier date; now the pomps of court masques had reacted upon the drama of the public theatres, and had created a popular demand for spectacle which authors and managers endeavoured to gratify. The chronicle history had in a great degree fallen out of favour at this time; but a chronicle history set forth not in the old-fashioned way of "King Henry V," set forth rather with all that magnificence at which Sir Henry Wotton smiles, might delight those who, as the prologue puts it, came "to see away their shilling richly in two short hours."

In 1613 the court had been the scene of sumptuous solemnities and entertainments. The marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Elector Palatine had been celebrated with great ceremony. The masquers of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn reached Whitehall by water in barges, like the masquers at Cardinal Wolsey's banquet in "King Henry VIII." The masquers of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn rode to court in Indian habits,

KING HENRY VIII

brandishing cane darts of the finest gold, attended by Indian slaves and Indian torch-bearers, the staves of their torches being "great canes all over gilded." Has it been ever suggested that the Indian who came to court with the long tool was one of these, and that Fletcher, after his way, could not forbear an unbecoming *double entendre*? Certainly in the spring of 1613 it may well have occurred to those who managed the Globe that the London people who could not obtain admission to Whitehall might be glad to witness a coronation, a masque, and a royal baptism upon the stage, and all at the price of a shilling. Royal persons had been the central figures in the splendid celebrations of February. Royal persons might play their parts at the Globe in June. The chronicle history might be revived for an occasion, but it should be a chronicle history in the new fashion, spectacular, dazzling, and at the same time, in order that it might not be a mere show, pathetic, presenting things

"That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high and working."

And thus "King Henry VIII" may come to have been composed.

Attention has been given by students of our drama to the influence of dramatic example. A new form of drama, a new type of character, is invented and proves popular. A score of imitative plays follows, the authors hoping by like means to capture a like popularity. "Philaster," we are told by one distinguished critic,

INTRODUCTION

introduces the new stage Romance ; and then, in a kind of gallant rivalry, "Cymbeline" is produced. Perhaps sufficient attention has not been directed to the influence of a desire for dramatic difference. Such a desire is potent with actors upon the stage. One eminent actor presents a Hamlet brimming over with tender sentiment ; the ground for such a presentation is occupied ; and the next Hamlet will be one possessed by a Berserker rage. In 1605 appeared in print a play dealing with the person and the reign of King Henry VIII, by Samuel Rowley, which bore the odd title "When You see Me, You know Me." It was a somewhat farcical play, abounding in "fool and fight" — a phrase of Fletcher's, which occurs not only in the Prologue to "King Henry VIII," but reversed ("fight and fool") in the fifth act of "Women Pleased." It paid little or no regard to historical truth or even verisimilitude. The King, disguised, comes to blows with his disreputable subject Black Will, and is for a time a prisoner in the Counter. One fool is not enough for one play, and Will Summers contends in wit with Patch. The historical play of 1613 must not repeat the fantasies and follies of Rowley ; in the Prologue the contrast is emphasised ; it is a drama

"full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow" ;

and also it is a drama in which those who give their money "out of hope they may believe" can "find truth" ; one of its titles, indeed, expresses this distinction — "All is True." Yet it should not be overlooked, on the

KING HENRY VIII

other hand, that to Rowley's play the authors of "King Henry VIII" are indebted for at least one or two dramatic points; these have been noted by Karl Elze, the editor of the earlier of the two Jacobean presentations of the reign of King Henry VIII.

If the play was in part a response to the popular desire for spectacle, quickened by the ceremonies and masques, unseen by the London crowd, of February, 1613, there was need of haste to catch the enthusiasm of the moment. Two authors could produce a play faster than one. No dramatist of equal distinction had a pen more facile and fluent than that of Fletcher. But the great name in chronicle history was not "Fletcher"; it was the name of Shakespeare. It is possible — though highly doubtful — that Shakespeare and Fletcher had already worked in collaboration upon "The Two Noble Kinsmen." Shakespeare had now withdrawn from dramatic authorship, but it is at least conceivable that an urgent request made on behalf of the Globe Theatre may have induced him to lend his name to the great pageant chronicle-play, and to contribute some five or six scenes. We are in the region of conjecture, but conjectures may have their use and value, if only they are not — as too often happens — put forward in the guise of ascertained fact. It seems reasonable to suppose that Fletcher, whose relations with the stage were closer and more active than those of Shakespeare, and whose zeal of invention was at its height, while Shakespeare's had certainly declined, formed the general plan or scheme of the play. Splendid spectacle was required; he had himself, at least from

INTRODUCTION

the date of the production of "Philaster," a reputation for mastery in the pathetic and what we should now call the sentimental. He planned the whole drama in such a way that great opportunities should be given for spectacular display, and that great opportunities should be given for his own gift in moving pity and tender sentiment. The scheme of "King Henry VIII," we may say with some confidence, is one which could not have been devised by Shakespeare. It has no dramatic centre; no ascent, no culmination, no subsidence. The tragedy of Buckingham is succeeded by the tragedy of Wolsey, and this by the tragedy of Queen Katharine; then the play closes with triumphs and rejoicings. The fifth act, for one who has been deeply interested in the story of the Cardinal and the story of the Queen, is an artistic impertinence.

The only way in which unity can be educed out of the dramatic incoherence of the play is by subordinating our interest in persons to interest in an idea of national progress; but this is a way proper rather to a philosophy of history than to a work of dramatic art. If the dominant facts of the reign of Henry VIII were the ruin of feudalism, the growth of a great monarchy, the fall of Catholicism, and the establishment of the reformed faith, we can discover these facts in the chronicle history. Buckingham is crushed; Wolsey falls; Katharine is forced into retirement and dies; Anne Bullen, a "spleeny Lutheran," takes the place of the Catholic Queen; and the same strong hand that overthrew the Cardinal supports and sustains Cranmer; finally, there is a prophecy of

KING HENRY VIII

the maintenance of the monarchy and the peaceful establishment of Protestantism under Elizabeth and James. Thus, in a sense, the nation of England becomes the protagonist of the play, and, though we sympathise with the sorrows and afflictions of this individual or of that, once exalted but inevitably overwhelmed by the law of national evolution, we must needs close our survey of the reign with a chant of triumph. This is, indeed, a coherent conception, but it does not lend itself to the purposes of drama. And it was not with the aid of philosophical conceptions such as this that Shakespeare created his plays.

Having made the conjecture that Fletcher formed the scheme of the play, let us go on to conjecture on what principles the work was apportioned to each author. Shakespeare's part could be no insignificant or subordinate one. His name in historical drama was still — in the modern phrase — the name to conjure with. It is not unlikely that the play was generally supposed in 1613 to be the work of the author of "King Henry IV" and "King Henry V," for when "The Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell," first printed in 1602, was republished in 1613, the publisher, probably with a view to catch the coins of those who had been interested in the drama announced as to be given at the Globe in June, put upon his title-page the wholly unwarranted words "written by W. S." W. S. had come before the public once again, and the old play, dealing with the reign of King Henry VIII, was palmed off upon unwary buyers as the work of the author whose name at that moment

INTRODUCTION

was in their mouths. Shakespeare, then, we may suppose, would be asked to write the opening of the play. To balance this Fletcher would write the closing scene, and win, with the eloquent prophecy of Cranmer, that "praise in departing" which an actor and an author desire. But Shakespeare was not merely to open the play; he was also to introduce each of the leading *dramatis personæ*. In the first scene Wolsey and Buckingham confront each other. In the second, the King and Queen Katharine are presented, and the character of Wolsey is developed. Shakespeare retired for a time, and is not again required until the scene (II, iii) in which a part has been assigned to Anne Bullen. She has appeared, indeed, in her beauty in an earlier scene (I, iv), but the words she utters are hardly more than a dozen, and it is somewhat singular that although the King addresses her, kisses her, and takes her out, the occasion for a dialogue is allowed to pass, and she opens her lips not once to her future lover and husband. In like manner, although Gardiner first enters in a scene written by Fletcher, he speaks no more than a line or two. He has no real part to play until the first scene of the fifth act, which was written by Shakespeare. Cranmer, again, is introduced by Shakespeare, and developed by Fletcher. Norfolk and Cromwell are brought first upon the stage by Shakespeare. The admirably shrewd Old Lady is altogether of his creation. Some minor parts are sketched in the first instance by Fletcher, and where dialogue for narrative purpose, without character, is required, as when a Second Gentleman gives information to a First Gentle-

KING HENRY VIII

man, or *vice versa*, the hand of Fletcher is sufficient. He has the merit of creating the excellent little part of Griffith, the gentleman-usher, and faithful chronicler of Wolsey's virtues.

Thus it seems to have been agreed that Shakespeare was to put his stamp, in the first instance, upon each of the more important characters. This having been done, Fletcher was free to deal with them upon the lines of his fellow-craftsman's invention. One great scene was naturally assigned to the creator of Hermione — that of the trial of the Queen's cause, with Wolsey and Campeius as judges, in which the injured Katharine stands before us in all her moral dignity, yet with some of the impatience and indignation of hard-trying womanhood. A large fragment of another great scene is also Shakespeare's — the scene (III, ii) in which two strong men, the King and Wolsey, stand face to face, no longer as friends, and the strength of the Cardinal is subdued by the leonine force of his sovereign.

What was left to Fletcher? The answer is: The larger part of the play, including the development of much that Shakespeare had brought into being. It may be said generally that all the scenes which involved great spectacular effects were undertaken by the inferior dramatist, — the banquet at York House, with the entrance of the masquers, the coronation, Katharine's vision of angels, and the christening of the infant Elizabeth. And, again speaking generally, Fletcher claimed as his own the scenes in which pathetic sentiment predominates, and, on the other hand, those of social gayety and rejoicing.

INTRODUCTION

In Act II, scene i, a First Gentleman and a Second Gentleman, who are characterless, explain the position of affairs and prepare the audience for the entrance of Buckingham after his arraignment; he delivers himself of his eloquent and pathetic speeches — melodious passages in a subdued bravura style — and the First Gentleman and Second Gentleman bring the scene to a close. This occasion for tender and moving eloquence was naturally seized by Fletcher. Again, while the encounter between the King and Wolsey in Act III, scene ii, belongs to the stronger dramatist, the pathos of the fallen Wolsey, with speeches once more in a subdued bravura style, is that of Fletcher, and the part of Cromwell, which Shakespeare had barely introduced, is substantially given to him, for pathos must be redoubled by its echo. Wolsey's farewell to his greatness and what follows, if somewhat out of keeping with Shakespeare's presentation of the crafty and mundane Churchman, are admirable in their rhetorical address to the feelings of the spectators and are worthy of a high place in a book of "Beautiful Extracts." So it is also with the scene in which the mind of the dying Katharine hovers midway between earth and heaven, a scene written perhaps under Shakespeare's inspiration, one in which we certainly see Fletcher at his highest. As if to balance the great trial scene of Shakespeare, another great scene in which Katharine plays an eminent part — that which opens with the song of Orpheus and his lute and proceeds to the conference of the two Cardinals with the Queen (III, i) — was claimed by Fletcher, and was executed by him with true dramatic power.

KING HENRY VIII

It must be admitted that this view respecting the authorship of "King Henry VIII" is of comparatively recent date. We have seen on the evidence of the reprint of "Thomas, Lord Cromwell," that in 1613 the play was probably ascribed by the public to Shakespeare. Ten years later it was published as Shakespeare's under the authority of his friends and fellow-actors Heminge and Condell. They admitted into the First Folio plays which perhaps were the work of more authors than one, such as the three parts of "King Henry VI" and "Titus Andronicus"; they admitted no play in which it can be shown that Shakespeare did not bear a hand. When "King Henry VIII" was revived in 1664, and Betterton enacted the King, it was said that the great tragedian, instructed by Sir William D'Avenant, who had been instructed by "old Mr. Lowen," rendered the part as Lowen had been instructed to present it by "Mr. Shakespeare himself." Only in our own day has an attempt been made, in an able paper by Mr. Robert Boyle (printed in the Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society, 1880-1886), to deprive Shakespeare of his traditional rights in the play, and to assign the authorship wholly to Fletcher and Massinger. It may be that Fletcher received assistance from Massinger; Mr. Boyle has made an ingenious case, but the weight of external evidence against his opinion is strong; and few competent critics have failed to discern, in characterisation, versification, imagery, diction, style, internal evidence of a kind which convinces them that in many parts of the play a greater hand than that of Massinger

INTRODUCTION

or of Fletcher is at work. Mr. Boyle has to suppose that the play by Shakespeare, "All is True," was destroyed in the Globe fire of 1613, and that in 1616 or 1617 its place was supplied by the two leading Jacobean dramatists. There is not a particle of evidence to show that the play of 1613 was lost. If the prompter had snatched up anything before quitting the house, he would have snatched up the manuscript before him. Had the manuscript perished, the play could have been recovered by assembling the actors, not one of whom suffered from the fire, and calling upon them to recite their parts. To suppose that Heminge and Condell would six years later have put forth as Shakespeare's a play written by Fletcher and Massinger, and known by them not to be the play of 1613, strains to an extreme the elasticity of critical belief.

It is far otherwise with the theory accepted in this Introduction, which is associated with the eminent name of Mr. James Spedding, which had been reached independently, and with results identical in detail, by Mr. S. Hickson, which was confirmed by the several verse-tests applicable to the play, and which has received the assent of the majority of scholars. In 1758 in some (posthumously published) notes by Roderick, a fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, attention was called to certain metrical peculiarities of the play — the unusual number of verses ending with a redundant syllable, the management of the *cæsura*, and the frequent clash between the emphasis required by the meaning and the metrical cadence of the line. Emer-

KING HENRY VIII

son, in "Representative Men" (1850), conjectured that Shakespeare in "King Henry VIII" was working upon the basis of an older play by another author, who was "a thoughtful man, with a vicious ear." In Wolsey's soliloquy and the dialogues with Cromwell he found not the metre of Shakespeare, "whose secret is that the thought constructs the tune"; he found lines "constructed to a given tune," and verse "which has even a trace of pulpit eloquence." Several years previously, Alfred Tennyson had casually remarked in the hearing of Spedding, "that many passages in 'Henry VIII' were very much in the manner of Fletcher." Bearing this suggestion in mind, and paying special attention to the versification, Spedding read the play through, and came to the conclusion that at least two different hands — if not three — had been employed in the composition of it. One of these hands he recognised as Shakespeare's; the other, or one of the others, was as certainly the hand of Fletcher. To Shakespeare he assigned the following portions: Act I, scenes i and ii; Act II, scenes iii and iv; Act III, scene ii (to the exit of the King); Act V, scene i. Spedding's results were published in "The Gentleman's Magazine" of August, 1850. It was a gratifying confirmation rather than a surprise to him to learn that Samuel Hickson, the writer of a valuable study of the shares of Shakespeare and Fletcher in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," had arrived, some three or four years earlier, at exactly the same conclusion with respect to the authorship of the play and the division of scenes between the two writers.

INTRODUCTION

Statistics, compiled by Mr. Fleay, Dr. Furnivall, and Dr. Ingram, as to the percentages of double endings, weak or light endings, and unstopped lines in the parts of the play attributed to each author, seemed to support these results. The redundant syllable is far more frequent with Fletcher than with Shakespeare; the emphasis laid on a short word forming the redundant syllable is rarely found except in Fletcher. Any one who possesses an ear and who is acquainted with Fletcher's verse must assuredly recognise him in such lines as the following:

“As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.”

These verses are signed and sealed by Fletcher as manifestly as if he had subscribed his name to them; the closing monosyllable “so” is Fletcher's seal. On the other hand there are not many persons who could read the following passage and not cry at the end, “*Aut Shakespeare aut diabolus*”:

“ANNE. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.
OLD LADY. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet

KING HENRY VIII

Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings ; and which gifts,
Saving your limping, the capacity
Of your soft, cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it."

Shakespeare's verse in his latest plays is wonderful in its freedom ; yet it is well-girt. When Fletcher's verse most seeks freedom, it attains licentiousness.

The contrast in diction and style between the two writers is as marked, though it may be less easy to define. The presence in the Shakespearian part of words not elsewhere used by Shakespeare is — if the words be of the *kind* which he employs — rather an argument for his authorship than against it ; in every one of his acknowledged plays occurs a considerable number of words which are not elsewhere found in his writings. His vocabulary is ample because his needs are so spacious. Fletcher's meanings lie in the words, which are not living things in the highest sense, but words that may be found in the dictionary with the significations of a dictionary. Shakespeare's words are plastic, or rather alive, incalculable in their uses, and their collocation often creates difficulties for one who would examine each sentence with the spectacles of a grammarian ; the meaning often flashes through them or across them, like the meaning of an eye which anticipates speech. "*Bosom up* my counsel," "outworths," "he *bores* me with some trick," "*self-mettle* tires him," "front him in that file," "mounting his eyes" — these expressions, taken from the first two scenes of "King Henry VIII," are found in no

INTRODUCTION

other play by Shakespeare; but they are precisely the kind of words and phrases which he uses when a stress of thought or imagination calls for them; and other dramatists, the stream of whose ideas and imagery runs less swiftly, do not so often require the phrases which leap against the obstacles to expression and overtop them. Spedding, writing of Act I, scene i, has described certain of the characteristics of Shakespeare's latest style in a masterly summary, which deserves to be quoted: "The opening of the play — the conversation between Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny — seemed to have the full stamp of Shakespeare, in his latest manner; the same close-packed expression; the same life, and reality, and freshness; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated." Nothing better can be said, or can be said more admirably, than this.

Yet it has to be admitted that Spedding's arguments have not carried conviction to all readers of the play.

KING HENRY VIII

Mr. W. Aldis Wright recognises the presence of two hands in "King Henry VIII," and that one of these is Fletcher's ~~who does not deny~~; but he is unable to find Shakespeare's hand anywhere at work. Poets are often fine — they are not always sure — critics. Mr. Swinburne believed that the entire play was written by Shakespeare, but in two styles, one of these a tentative style closely resembling that of Fletcher. Robert Browning, in a letter to Mr. Furnivall ("Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society," 1880–1886, p. 119), expressed his agreement with Mr. Boyle — "I see little that transcends the power of Massinger and Fletcher to execute. . . . The versification is nowhere Shakespeare's." Even Mr. Fleay, who had accepted Spedding's theory, assigns in his "Life and Work of Shakespeare" (1886) to Massinger certain portions of the play which he had formerly ascribed to Shakespeare, and limited Shakespeare's share in the drama to I, ii; II, iii; II, iv. Nevertheless, so far has Spedding's theory obtained acceptance that it may be styled the orthodox belief, and it is reassuring to find that those of heretical opinion are divided among themselves, the one against the other.¹

¹ Professor Thorndike has confirmed the results of the verse tests by what he styles "the 'em-them test." Shakespeare prefers "them" to the shortened "em," which is Fletcher's favourite form. In the Shakespearian 1168 lines "them" occurs 17 times, "'em" 5 times; in Fletcher's 1604 lines "them" occurs 4 times, "'em" 57 times. It has been noticed that in Shakespeare's part the word *confessor* seems to be pronounced "cónfessor," in Fletcher's part "conféssor." This pronunciation test could probably be applied to other words, and especially to the division of syllables in verse, as in *conscience* (dissyllable or trisyllable), *business*, *prayers*, *Ireland*, *hour*, *boy*, *toward*,

INTRODUCTION

The historical sources used by the writers of "King Henry VIII" were the Chronicle of Hall and that of Holinshed, "The Life of Cardinal Wolsey" by his gentleman usher, George Cavendish (this was unpublished when the play was written, but it had been seen in manuscript and used by Holinshed), and, for the accusation and acquittal of Cranmer in Act V, "Foxe's Acts and Monuments of the Church," commonly known as Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." It was noticed by Gerald Massey in his book on "Shakespeare's Sonnets" that words of Essex spoken before his execution supplied suggestions for the speech of Buckingham after his arraignment. Sometimes the historical originals are closely followed by the dramatists, as, for example, in the speech of Queen Katharine (Act II, scene iv) beginning, "Sir, I desire you do me right and justice." It would be unjust to call such imitation servile; where history furnished matter that was really dramatic, it was the part of sound judgment to lose as little as possible of what must needs be true to nature. Both writers appear to have dealt with their historical material in substantially the same manner. In the treatment of the chronological sequence of events great freedom is shown, and dramatic skill was needed to disguise the transfers to and fro of historical incidents. The entire action lies between the year 1520, the date of the Field

Christian, and in particular to the treatment of the termination *ion* or *tion*, in such words as *suspicion*, *action*, *coronation*, especially in cases where by the treatment of the termination nine-syllable verse is converted into one of ten syllables. Another test might possibly be found in the frequency of "ye" in the objective case instead of "you."

KING HENRY VIII

of the Cloth of Gold, and 1544 or 1545, the date of Cranmer's appearance before the Council. But after having been carried forward to 1544 or 1545 we are immediately carried back to 1533, when Elizabeth was christened. These transpositions of events are Fletcher's; but Shakespeare in the opening scene of the play deals freely — though showing more discretion — with chronology. While the historical events of "King Henry VIII" are chosen from a quarter of a century, these events as represented on the stage are those of only seven days. Lapses of time occur between the first day (ending Act I, scene iv) and the second, between the fourth (Act III, scene i) and the fifth, between the fifth (Act III, scene ii) and the sixth, and finally between the sixth (Act IV, scenes i and ii) and the seventh. The events of these seven days are condensed into the theatrical "two short hours," of which the Prologue speaks.

The play, unlike any historical drama of the Elizabethan age in which Shakespeare had no part, has had a great stage history. In the part of Queen Katharine, Mrs. Siddons almost excelled herself. "The genius of Shakespeare," wrote Dr. Johnson, "comes in and goes out with Katharine"; but these words are not to be taken as literally true. Wolsey in his strength is a superb figure, and has been a favourite all through the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries with eminent actors. The Queen, however, in her outward humiliation — still very Queen and very woman — is the Katharine of her better days, while the Cardinal undergoes one of those

INTRODUCTION

moral transformations which we dare not say are untrue to life, but which are difficult to transfer successfully from life to art. When Johnson asked Mrs. Siddons which of Shakespeare's characters pleased her most, she answered promptly that she thought the character of Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII" the most natural. "I think so too, madame," said he, "and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble out to the theatre myself." The King can easily be misinterpreted by an inferior actor, and Hazlitt in his criticism of the play seems to have caught his conception of Henry from some such actor. "His gross appearance," writes Hazlitt, "his blustering demeanour, his vulgarity, his arrogance, his sensuality, his cruelty, his hypocrisy, his want of common decency and humanity, are marked in strong lines." These words are surely overcharged. The Henry of Shakespeare is not conceived on such simple lines as the critic imagined. There is something majestic in his easy, leonine power. "John Bull" had not been invented in Shakespeare's day; but under other names he figured in history and on the stage; and in the King we recognise him, glorified and royal, with some of those powerful qualities which insure popularity with his fellow-countrymen, and some of those infirmities which often seem even to add to such popularity.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

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KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ¹

KING HENRY the Eighth.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAMPUCIUS, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.
CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury.
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.
Bishop of Lincoln.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
GRIFFITH, Gentleman-usher to Queen Katharine.
Three Gentlemen.
DOCTOR BUTTS, Physician to the King.
Garter King-at-Arms.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

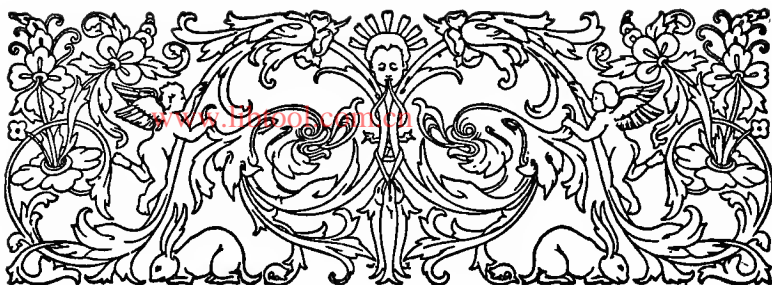
QUEEN KATHARINE, wife to King Henry, afterwards divorced.
ANNE BULLEN, her Maid of Honour, afterwards Queen.
An old Lady, friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, woman to Queen Katharine.

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shows ; Women attending upon the Queen ; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

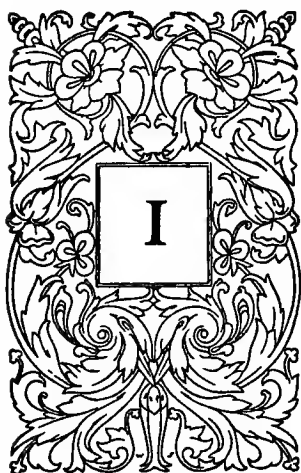
Spirits.

SCENE: *London ; Westminster ; Kimbolton.*

¹ This piece was printed for the first time in the First Folio of 1623. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes. A list of the "dramatis personæ" was first given by Rowe.



THE PROLOGUE



COME NO MORE TO
make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a seri-
ous brow,
Sad, high and working, full of
state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the
eye to flow,
We now present. Those that
can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall
a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such
as give

Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may see away their shilling

10

1 *I come no more*] For Shakespeare's employment of the device of the Prologue, see *Hen. V*, note to Prol. line 1.

3 *working, full of state*] moving (or perturbing), full of dignity.

12 *shilling*] the price of a good seat in the theatre of Shakespeare's day.

Richly in two short hours. Only they
 That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
 A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
 In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
 Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
 To rank our chosen truth with such a show
 As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
 Our own brains and the opinion that we bring 20
 To make that only true we now intend,
 Will leave us never an understanding friend.
 Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
 The first and happiest hearers of the town,
 Be sad, as we would make ye: think ye see
 The very persons of our noble story
 As they were living; think you see them great,
 And follow'd with the general throng and sweat
 Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
 How soon this mightiness meets misery: 30
 And if you can be merry then, I'll say
 A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

15 *A noise of targets*] An allusion to crude and noisy exhibitions of skill with the sword and buckler, or broadsword and quarterstaff, to which the stage was occasionally devoted.

16 *motley coat . . . yellow*] a particoloured coat trimmed with yellow; the ordinary garb of the fool or clown on the stage.

20-21 *the opinion . . . we now intend*] Thus the Folio. The passage means "the reputation that we enjoy for strictly following the truth." The writer's insistence on the play's veracity here and in lines 9 and 18 supports the notion that the piece is identical with *All is True*, a play dealing with Henry VIII's reign, which was produced at the Globe Theatre in the summer of 1613.

24 *happiest*] most propitious; cf. Latin "felix," luck-bringing.



ACT FIRST — SCENE I — LONDON

AN ANTE-CHAMBER IN THE PALACE

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK at one door; at the other, the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM and the LORD ABERGAVENNY

BUCKINGHAM



GOOD MORROW, AND well met. How have ye done Since last we saw in France?

NOR. I thank your grace, Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer Of what I saw there.

BUCK. An untimely ague Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when Those suns of glory, those two lights of men, Met in the vale of Andren.

NOR. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde: I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;

1-2 *How have ye done . . . saw*] How have ye fared since last we saw one another?

3 *a fresh admirer*] an untried admirer, one capable of fresh impressions.

Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung
 In their embracement, as they grew together; 10
 Which had they, what four throned ones could have
 weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

BUCK. All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

NOR. Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: men might say,
 Till this time pomp was single, but now married
 To one above itself. Each following day
 Became the next day's master, till the last
 Made former wonders its. To-day the French,
 All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
 Shone down the English; and to-morrow they 20

6-7 *Those suns . . . Arde*] A reference to the meeting in June, 1520, of Henry VIII, King of England, with Francis I, King of France, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in the valley of Ardres, in Picardy, between the towns of Guines and Ardres, frontier towns respectively of English and French territory. As a matter of fact, the Duke of Norfolk was not present (cf. l. 8) at this historic interview, though the Duke of Buckingham took part in it, and was not at the time, as Shakespeare relates, his "chamber's prisoner" (line 13).

10 *as*] as if.

15-16 *Till this time . . . above itself*] A grandiloquent way of saying that the pomp was more than twice as great as that of any former display. Pomp had married a greater pomp, and the result was something above a twofold pomp.

16-18 *Each following day . . . wonders its*] Each day surpassed its predecessor in splendid ceremonial, until the last day made its own all the glories that went before. "Its," which the Folio prints "it's," is a form rarely used by Shakespeare.

19 *clinquant . . . all in gold*] all glittering with golden tinsel.

Made Britain India: every man that stood
 Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
 As cherubins, all gilt: the madams too,
 Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting: now this masque
 Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them; him in eye
 Still him in praise; and being present both,
 'T was said they saw but one, and no discerner
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns —
 For so they phrase 'em — by their heralds challenged
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believed.

30

BUCK.

O, you go far.

NOR. As I belong to worship, and affect

25 *pride*] splendour of raiment.

25-26 *their very labour . . . painting*] their exertion brought colour to their cheeks.

30 *As presence did present them*] As they came into view.

32-33 *they saw but one . . . censure*] one could not distinguish between them and no spectator dared express an opinion as to which looked the finer.

33 *these suns*] Cf. line 6, *supra*, "those two *lights* of men."

38 *Bevis*] Bevis of Southampton, a Saxon warrior of William the Conqueror's time, and the hero of a well known Middle English romance, which credited him with invincible prowess. Cf. *2 Hen. VI*, II, iii, 90 and note.

39-44 *As I belong to worship . . . full function*] As I am a gentleman

[7]

In honour honesty, the tract of every thing 40
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
 Order gave each thing view; the office did
 Distinctly his full function.

BUCK. Who did guide,
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

NOR. One, certes, that promises no element
 In such a business.

BUCK. I pray you, who, my lord?

NOR. All this was order'd by the good discretion 50
 Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

BUCK. The devil speed him! no man's pie is freed
 From his ambitious finger. What had he
 To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder

of rank, and aspire to truthfulness in accordance with my sense of honour, the course of all this pageantry, even on the lips of an honest narrator, would lack much of the spirit to which the real action gave expression. All was on a royal scale, nothing menaced the due fulfilment of the arrangements. Order gave each detail fit prominence. The officers precisely carried out the whole of the duties allotted to them.

42-49 *All was royal . . . such a business*] Theobald's arrangement of this passage. The First Folio assigns to Buckingham the words *All was royal . . . great sport together*, and gives the rest to Norfolk.

48-49 *One, certes . . . business*] One certainly who gave no promise that such a business was in his sphere. (*Certes* is a monosyllable.) "Element" is similarly used in the modern phrase "Out of his element."

54 *fierce vanities*] Cf. *Lucrece*, 894, "Thy violent vanities can never last."

That such a keech can with his very bulk
 Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
 And keep it from the earth.

NOR. Surely, sir,
 There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends;
 For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace
 Chalks successors their way, nor call'd upon 60
 For high feats done to the crown; neither allied
 To eminent assistants; but, spider-like,
 Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
 The force of his own merit makes his way;
 A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
 A place next to the king.

ABER. I cannot tell
 What heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
 Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
 Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
 If not from hell, the devil is a niggard, 70
 Or has given all before, and he begins
 A new hell in himself.

BUCK. Why the devil,

55 *a keech*] a roll of hardened fat. Cf. *2 Hen. IV*, II, i, 90, "good-wife *Keech*, the butcher's wife." Wolsey, who was reputed by his foes to be a butcher's son, was very corpulent.

56 *Take up . . . the beneficial sun*] Engross for his own advantage the beneficent sun.

58 *puts him to these ends*] fits him to attain these objects.

60-61 *call'd upon For*] promoted to office on account of.

64 *Out of his . . . gives us note*] Capell's correction of the Folio reading, *Out of his Selfe-drawing Web*. *O giues vs note*. The line means "Working from the web of his own creation he makes us realize" how.

65 *for him*] for his own advantage.

Upon this French going out, took he upon him,
 Without the privy o' the king, to appoint
 Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
 Of all the gentry; for the most part such
 To whom as great a charge as little honour
 He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
 The honourable board of council out,
 Must fetch him in he papers.

ABER.

I do know

80

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
 By this so sicken'd their estates that never
 They shall abound as formerly.

BUCK.

O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em
 For this great journey. What did this vanity
 But minister communication of
 A most poor issue?

73 *going out*] expedition.

75 *the file*] the list or roll.

77-80 *To whom . . . he papers*] Whom he intended to load up with heavy work and responsibility with an inverse ratio of honourable reward; and his own letter of command by his own authority, without the concurrence of the council, must press into the service those whom he puts on his register.

82 *sicken'd their estates*] impaired their fortunes.

83 *abound*] prosper.

84 *Have broke their backs . . . on 'em*] a reference to the excessive cost of apparel. Cf. *K. John*, II, i, 70, "Bearing their birth-rights proudly on *their backs*."

86-87 *minister . . . poor issue*] give occasion for a conference which produced a paltry result. Holinshed uses very similar expressions of the result of the royal interview, viz.: "A *vain* talk to be had and *communication* to be *ministered* of things of no importance."

NOR. Grievingly I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

BUCK. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspired, and not consulting broke
Into a general prophecy: That this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

90

NOR. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

ABER. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?

NOR. Marry, is 't.

ABER. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate!

BUCK. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

NOR. Like it your grace, 100
The state takes notice of the private difference

90 *the hideous storm*] Holinshed reports "an hideous storme of wind and weather" on 18 June, immediately after the meeting of the kings.

93 *Dashing . . . aboded*] Splashing (with mud) . . . foreboded.

95 *hath flaw'd the league*] has broken the treaty. This breach did not take place till 6 March, 1522, nearly two years after the interview between the two kings.

97 *The ambassador is silenced*] The French ambassador is refused an audience by the English king.

98 *proper*] The epithet is, of course, ironical.

100 *carried*] managed, conducted.

Like it your grace] If it please your grace.

Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you —
 And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
 Honour and plenteous safety — that you read
 The cardinal's malice and his potency
 Together; to consider further that
 What his high hatred would effect wants not
 A minister in his power. You know his nature,
 That he 's revengeful, and I know his sword
 Hath a sharp edge; it 's long and 't may be said 110
 It reaches far, and where 't will not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
 You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock
 That I advise your shunning.

*Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, the purse borne before him, certain of the
 Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The CARDINAL in his
 passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on
 him, both full of disdain*

WOL. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?
 Where's his examination?

FIRST SEC. Here, so please you.

WOL. Is he in person ready?

FIRST SEC. Ay, please your grace.

WOL. Well, we shall then know more; and Bucking-
 ham

Shall lessen this big look.

[Exeunt Wolsey and his Train.]

112 *he darts it*] he hurls it.

115 *surveyor*] overseer, steward, factor. Cf. line 222, *infra*. This man's name was Charles Knevet, or Knyvet, who had been lately dismissed from his office.

116 *examination*] deposition.

BUCK. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
 Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore best 121
 Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
 Outworths a noble's blood.

NOR. What, are you chafed?
 Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only
 Which your disease requires.

BUCK. I read in 's looks
 Matter against me, and his eye reviled
 Me as his abject object: at this instant
 He bores me with some trick: he's gone to the king;
 I'll follow and outstare him.

NOR. Stay, my lord,
 And let your reason with your choler question 130
 What 't is you go about: to climb steep hills
 Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
 A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
 Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
 Can advise me like you: be to yourself
 As you would to your friend.

120 *This butcher's cur*] Wolsey's enemies in his own lifetime spread the report that he was a butcher's son. His father, though of humble origin, was a burgess of good standing at Ipswich.

122 *A beggar's book . . . blood*] "Book" is here "love of study," "learning." Cf. 2 *Hen. VI*, IV, vii, 68: "my *book* preferr'd me to the king." Buckingham scornfully means that learned poverty is a better recommendation than high birth.

123 *are you chafed?*] are you enraged?

127 *his abject object*] the object of his scorn.

128 *bores*] stabs or undermines.

134 *Self-mettle*] His own impetuous spirit.

BUCK. I'll to the king;
 And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
 This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
 There's difference in no persons.

NOR. Be advised;
 Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot 140
 That it do singe yourself: we may outrun,
 By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
 And lose by over-running. Know you not,
 The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er
 In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advised:
 I say again, there is no English soul
 More stronger to direct you than yourself,
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

BUCK. Sir,
 I am thankful to you; and I'll go along 150
 By your prescription: but this top-proud fellow —
 Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
 From sincere motions — by intelligence
 And proofs as clear as founts in July when
 We see each grain of gravel, I do know
 To be corrupt and treasonous.

NOR. Say not "treasonous."

138 *Ipswich*] Wolsey's native place.

139 *There's difference in no persons*] There's no respect due to rank;
 all respect of person is at an end.

152-153 *Whom from the flow . . . sincere motions*] Whom I designate
 thus not from mere excess of ill-temper, but from just motives,
 from reasons of integrity.

BUCK. To the king I'll say 't; and make my vouch

as strong
 As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
 Or wolf, or both — for he is equal ravenous
 As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief 160
 As able to perform 't; his mind and place
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally —
 Only to show his pomp as well in France
 As here at home, suggests the king our master
 To this last costly treaty, the interview,
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
 Did break i' the rinsing.

NOR. Faith, and so it did.

BUCK. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning
 cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew
 As himself pleased; and they were ratified 170
 As he cried "Thus let be," to as much end
 As give a crutch to the dead: but our count-cardinal
 Has done this, and 't is well; for worthy Wolsey,
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows —
 Which, as I take t, is a kind of puppy
 To the old dam, treason — Charles the emperor,
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt —

164 *suggests*] prompts, incites.

167 *rinsing*] Pope's emendation of the Folio's reading *wrenching*.

168 *give me favour*] excuse me, permit me to speak.

169 *the combination*] the treaty.

176 *Charles the emperor*] The Emperor Charles V, nephew of Queen Katharine, paid a hasty visit to England in May, 1520, two or three weeks before the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

For 't was indeed his colour, but he came
 To whisper Wolsey — here makes visitation:
 His fears were that the interview betwixt
 England and France might through their amity
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menaced him: he privily
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow —
 Which I do well, for I am sure the emperor
 Paid ere he promised; whereby his suit was granted
 Ere it was ask'd — but when the way was made
 And paved with gold, the emperor thus desired,
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
 As soon he shall by me, that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

NOR. I am sorry
 To hear this of him, and could wish he were
 Something mistaken in 't.

BUCK. No, not a syllable:
 I do pronounce him in that very shape
 He shall appear in proof.

*Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant at arms before him, and two or
 three of the Guard*

BRAN. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

SERG. Sir,
 My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl

178 *colour*] pretext.

195 *Something mistaken in 't*] Somehow misunderstood as to his action.

199 *the Duke of Buckingham*] The duke was arrested on April 16, 1521.

Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I 200
 Arrest thee of high treason in the name
 Of our most sovereign king.

BUCK. Lo you, my lord,
 The net has fall'n upon me! I shall perish
 Under device and practice.

BRAN. I am sorry
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
 The business present: 't is his highness' pleasure
 You shall to the Tower.

BUCK. It will help me nothing
 To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
 Which makes my whitest part black. The will of
 heaven

Be done in this and all things! I obey. 210
 O my Lord Abergavenny, fare you well!

BRAN. Nay, he must bear you company. [*To Aber-*
gavenny] The king
 Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
 How he determines further.

ABER. As the duke said,
 The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
 By me obey'd!

BRAN. Here is a warrant from
 The king to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies

200 *Hereford*] pronounced dissyllabically. Capell's correction of the
 Folio error *Hertford*.

204 *Under device and practice*] By trickery and unfair stratagem.

211 *Abergavenny*] The Folios spell *Aburgany*, and the name is still so
 pronounced.

217 *to attach Lord Montacute*] to arrest Lord Montacute. Montacute

Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

BUCK. *www.libtool.com.cn* So, so;

These are the limbs o' the plot: no more, I hope. 220

BRAN. A monk o' the Chartreux.

BUCK. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

BRAN. He.

BUCK. My surveyor is false; the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold; my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun. My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.* .

SCENE II — THE SAME

THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER

Cornets. Enter KING HENRY, leaning on the CARDINAL's shoulder; the Nobles, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL: the CARDINAL places himself under the KING's feet on his right side

KING. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level

was Henry Pole, eldest brother of Cardinal Pole, son-in-law of Lord Abergavenny, and grandson of George, Duke of Clarence, Richard III's brother and victim.

222 *surveyor*] steward, factor. Cf. line 115, *supra*.

223 *my life is spann'd*] my life is measured, my days are numbered.

225-226 *Whose figure . . . sun*] Buckingham means that this present calamity invests him with the dark figure or form of a shadow by withdrawing him from the sun of royal favour.

2-3 *i' the level Of a full-charged confederacy*] within range of the aim of a matured conspiracy. The figure is drawn from a loaded cannon.

Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks
 To you that choked it. Let be call'd before us
 That gentleman of Buckingham's; in person
 I'll hear him his confessions justify;
 And point by point the treasons of his master
 He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying "Room for the Queen!" Enter QUEEN KATHARINE, ushered by the DUKE OF NORFOLK, and the DUKE OF SUFFOLK: she kneels. The KING riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses and placeth her by him

Q. KATH. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

KING. Arise, and take place by us: half your suit 10
 Never name to us; you have half our power:
 The other moiety ere you ask is given;
 Repeat your will and take it.

Q. KATH. Thank your majesty.
 That you would love yourself, and in that love
 Not unconsider'd leave your honour nor
 The dignity of your office, is the point
 Of my petition.

KING. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. KATH. I am solicited, not by a few,
 And those of true condition, that your subjects 20
 Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
 Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
 Of all their loyalties: wherein although,
 My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches

19 *true condition*] honest temper.

21 *flaw'd*] cracked.

Most bitterly on you as putter on
 Of these exactions, yet the king our master —
 Whose honour heaven shield from soil! — even he
 escapes not
 Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
 The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
 In loud rebellion.

NOR. Not almost appears;
 It doth appear; for, upon these taxations, 30
 The clothiers all, not able to maintain
 The many to them 'longing, have put off
 The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
 Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
 And lack of other means, in desperate manner
 Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
 And danger serves among them.

KING. Taxation!
 Wherein? and what taxation? My lord cardinal,
 You that are blamed for it alike with us,
 Know you of this taxation?

WOL. Please you, sir, 40
 I know but of a single part in aught

24 *putter on*] instigator.

27-28 *breaks The sides of loyalty*] bursts the bounds of loyalty.

32 *The many to them 'longing . . . spinsters*] The train of workers depending on them, have dismissed the (male) spinners.

36 *Daring the event to the teeth*] Recklessly defying the consequence.

37 *danger serves among them*] danger has taken service among them, is in their train. "Danger" is boldly personified.

41-43 *I know . . . steps with me*] I fill merely a limited part in state affairs, and only hold a front place in that file or company of coun-

Pertains to the state, and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. KATH. No, my lord,
You know no more than others: but you frame
Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devised by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

50

KING. Still exaction!
The nature of it? in what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Q. KATH. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is named your wars in France: this makes bold mouths: 60
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now

sellors, who keep step with me, who march in the same line with me.
"Tell steps," *i. e.*, count steps, merely means "keep step," (as of a
file of soldiers). For a similar use of "file," cf. III, ii, 171, *infra*.

45 *known alike*] ultimately known to all alike.

47 *be their acquaintance*] come to their knowledge.

52 *exclamation*] outcry or denunciation.

60 *this makes bold mouths*] this elicits bold speech.

Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
 This tractable obedience is a slave
 To each incensed will. I would your highness
 Would give it quick consideration, for
 There is no primer business.

KING. By my life,
 This is against our pleasure.

WOL. And for me,
 I have no further gone in this than by
 A single voice, and that not pass'd me but 70
 By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
 Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
 My faculties nor person, yet will be
 The chronicles of my doing, let me say
 'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake
 That virtue must go through. We must not stint
 Our necessary actions, in the fear
 To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
 As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
 That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further 80
 Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
 By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is

64 *This tractable obedience . . . will*] The spirit of docile obedience gives way, succumbs to each individual's roused sense of resentment.

67 *no primer business*] *Business* is Hanmer's emendation for the Folio reading *baseness*. The queen means that no matter of state presses more urgently for attention.

75 *the rough brake*] the rugged barrier or obstacle.

78 *To cope malicious censurers*] Of encountering malicious critics.

82 *sick interpreters . . . weak ones*] interpreters distorted in mind; in fact, weak sort of creatures. "Once" is often found for "once for all," "in a word."

Not ours or not allow'd; what worst, as oft,
 Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
 For our best act. If we shall stand still,
 In fear our notion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
 We should take root here where we sit, or sit
 State-statues only.

KING. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
 Things done without example, in their issue 90
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
 A trembling contribution! Why, we take
 From every tree lop, bark, and part o' the timber,
 And though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
 The air will drink the sap. To every county
 Where this is question'd send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has denied 100
 The force of this commission: pray, look to 't;
 I put it to your care.

WOL. [To the Secretary] A word with you.
 Let there be letters writ to every shire,
 Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
 Hardly conceive of me: let it be noised

83 *not allow'd*] not approved.

84 *Hitting . . . quality*] satisfying a lower or coarser conception.

94 *stick them in our will*] stab, ruin them at will.

95 *trembling*] causing tremor, terrible.

96 *lop*] the small branches or twigs of trees.

105 *Hardly conceive of me*] Think ill of me.

That through our intercession this revokement
 And pardon comes: I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. [Exit Secretary.]

Enter Surveyor

Q. KATH. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

KING. 110 It grieves many:
 The gentleman is learn'd and a most rare speaker;
 To nature none more bound; his training such
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
 When these so noble benefits shall prove
 Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so complete,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with ravish'd listening, could not find 120
 His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his, and is become as black
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear —
 This was his gentleman in trust — of him
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
 The fore-recited practices; whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

114 *out of himself*] beyond himself, outside the treasures of his own mind.

116 *Not well disposed*] Not joined with a good disposition.

120 *Almost with ravish'd listening*] Listening with almost rapt attention.

WOL. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what
 Most like a careful subject, have collected 150
 Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

KING. Speak freely.

SURV. First, it was usual with him, every day
 It would infect his speech, that if the king
 Should without issue die, he'll carry it so
 To make the sceptre his: these very words
 I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
 Lord Abergavenny, to whom by oath he menaced
 Revenge upon the cardinal.

WOL. Please your highness, note
 This dangerous conception in this point.
 Not friended by his wish, to your high person 140
 His will is most malignant, and it stretches
 Beyond you to your friends.

Q. KATH. My learn'd lord cardinal,
 Deliver all with charity.

KING. Speak on:
 How grounded he his title to the crown
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
 At any time speak aught?

SURV. He was brought to this
 By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton.

140-141 *wish . . . will*] These two words are often found contrasted in the Elizabethan literature. Here "wish" means "inclination" and "will" means "deliberate resolve."

145 *fail*] failure of issue. Cf. II, iv, 198, *infra*, "my issue's *fail*."

147 *Nicholas Henton*] The man's name was Nicholas Hopkins. See I, i, 221, *supra*, II, i, 22, *infra*. Henton was the village near Bristol

KING. What was that Henton?

SURV. www.libtool.com.cn Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor, who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.

KING. How know'st thou this? 150

SURV. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey: I replied,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 't was the fear indeed, and that he doubted
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; "that oft," says he, 160
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature living but
To me should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued: Neither the king nor 's heirs,
Tell you the duke, shall prosper: bid him strive

where the Carthusian order had a monastery, of which Hopkins was an inmate. The slip is the dramatist's.

152 *at the Rose*] a manor house in Suffolk Lane in the city of London, subsequently occupied by the Merchant Taylors' School.

162 *a choice hour*] a chosen hour.

164 *confession's*] Theobald's emendation, suggested by Holinshed's words, of the Folio reading *commissions*.

To gain the love o' the commonalty: the duke
Shall govern England." 170

Q. KATH. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

KING. Let him on.
Go forward.

SURV. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 't was danger-
ous for him

To ruminate on this so far, until 180
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do: he answer'd "Tush,
It can do me no damage;" adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

KING. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha!
There's mischief in this man: canst thou say further?

SURV. I can, my liege.

KING. Proceed.

SURV. Being at Greenwich,

184 *fail'd*] died.

186 *so rank?*] The word is applied to weeds, which have grown to a wild height. The king exclaims in surprise, "Had Buckingham's plans got to such a pitch?"

After your highness had reproved the duke
About Sir William Bulmer, —

KING. www.libtool.com.cn I remember 190

Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his. But on; what hence?

SURV. "If" quoth he "I for this had been committed,
As to the Tower I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him."

KING. A giant traitor!

WOL. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. KATH. God mend all! 201

KING. There's something more would out of thee;
what say'st?

SURV. After "the duke his father," with the "knife,"
He stretched him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on 's breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo
His father by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

KING. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd; 210
Call him to present trial: if he may

209 *his period*] his end in view.

210 *attach'd*] arrested.

Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
 Let him not seek 't of us; by day and night!
 He 's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — AN ANTECHAMBER IN THE PALACE

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN and LORD SANDS

CHAM. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
 Men into such strange mysteries?

SANDS. New customs,
 Though they be never so ridiculous,
 Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

CHAM. As far as I see, all the good our English
 Have got by the late voyage is but merely
 A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
 For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly
 Their very noses had been counsellors
 To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. 10

SANDS. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one
 would take it,
 That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
 Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

214 *to the height*] "in excelsis."

2 *strange mysteries?*] strange arts, artificial fashions.

7 *A fit or two o' the face*] A grimace or two.
shrewd] knowing.

10 *Pepin or Clotharius*] French kings of early date.

11 *new legs*] new curtsies.

12-13 *spavin Or springhalt*] diseases of horses affecting their powers of motion.

CHAM. Death! my lord,
 Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
 That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter SIR THOMAS LOVELL

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

LOV. Faith, my lord,
 I hear of none but the new proclamation
 That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

CHAM. What is 't for?

LOV. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
 That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors. 20

CHAM. I'm glad 't is there: now I would pray our
 monsieurs

To think an English courtier may be wise,
 And never see the Louvre.

LOV. They must either,
 For so run the conditions, leave those remnants
 Of fool and feather that they got in France,
 With all their honourable points of ignorance
 Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks,
 Abusing better men than they can be
 Out of a foreign wisdom, renouncing clean
 The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings, 30
 Short blister'd breeches and those types of travel,
 And understand again like honest men,
 Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,

30 *tall stockings*] high stockings.

31 *blister'd*] puffed out.

They may, "cum privilegio," wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

SANDS. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

CHAM. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

LOV. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies; 40
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

SANDS. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are
going,
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

CHAM. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

SANDS. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

CHAM. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going?

LOV. To the cardinal's: 50
Your lordship is a guest too.

CHAM. O, 't is true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,

35 lag end] fag end, dregs.

45 plain-song] simple melody.

48 Your colt's tooth] Your youthful passions.

To many lords and ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

LOV. That churchman bears a bounteous mind
indeed,

A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us;
His dews fall every where.

CHAM. No doubt he's noble;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

SANDS. He may, my lord; has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine: 60
Men of his way should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples.

CHAM. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along. Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford
This night to be comptrollers.

SANDS. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*]

58 *a black mouth*] a slanderous tongue.

63 *My barge stays*] The speaker is in the king's palace at Bridewell on the river Thames, and is proceeding westward by water to York Place (now Whitehall), Cardinal Wolsey's palace at Westminster.

67 *your lordship's*] at your lordship's service.

SCENE IV Enter A. HALLS IN YORK PLACE

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the CARDINAL, a longer table for the guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen as guests, at one door; at another door, enter SIR HENRY GUILDFORD

GUILD. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN, LORD SANDS, and SIR THOMAS LOVELL

O, my lord, you're tardy:
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

CHAM. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

SANDS. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal 10
But half my lay thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,

(stage direction) *Hautboys*] Musical instruments resembling flutes.
a state] a canopy. The word often means "a chair of state," as in
the later stage directions of the Scene.

11 *my lay thoughts*] my secular thoughts, thoughts unbecoming in an
ecclesiastic.

12 *a running banquet*] a hasty meal; sometimes the dessert or light
course of sweetmeats which terminates a banquet. Cf. V, iv, 62,
infra.

I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

LOV. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

SANDS. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

LOV. Faith, how easy?

SANDS. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

CHAM. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir
Harry,

Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this: 20
His grace is entering. Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

SANDS. By my faith,
And thank your lordship. By your leave, sweet
ladies:

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

ANNE. Was he mad, sir?

SANDS. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too:
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*]

CHAM. Well said, my lord. 30
So, now you're fairly seated. Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

27 *Was he mad, sir?*] Was he wild, sportive, sir?

30 *kiss you twenty*] kiss twenty women; "you" is the ethic dative.

SANDS. For my little cure,
Let me alone: w.libtool.com.cn

Hautboys. Enter CARDINAL WOLSEY, and takes his state

WOL. You're welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: this, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [Drinks.]

SANDS. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

WOL. My Lord Sands, 40
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.
Ladies, you are not merry: gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

SANDS. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

ANNE. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

SANDS. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing —

ANNE. You cannot show me.

SANDS. I told your grace they would talk anon.
[Drum and trumpet: chambers discharged.]

33 *cure*] cure of souls, parochial charge, congregation. Sands uses the word facetiously.

34 (stage direction) *state*] chair of state; cf. note on the stage direction at the opening of the Scene.

46 *if I make my play*] if I take a hand in the game.

49 (stage direction) *chambers discharged*] cannons fired.

WOL. What's that?

CHAM. Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit Servant.*]

WOL. www.libtool.com.cn What warlike voice, 50

And to what end, is this? Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you're privileged.

Re-enter Servant

CHAM. How now! what is 't?

SERV. A noble troop of strangers;
For so they seem: they've left their barge, and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

WOL. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him. 60

[Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and tables removed.]

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and once more
I shower a welcome on ye; welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING and others, as masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. They pass directly before the CARDINAL, and gracefully salute him

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

CHAM. Because they speak no English, thus they
pray'd

To tell your grace, that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,

But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct 70
Crave leave to view these ladies and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

WOL. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay
'em

A thousand thanks and pray 'em take their pleasures.
[*They choose. The King chooses Anne Bullen.*]

KING. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*]

WOL. My lord!

CHAM. Your grace?

WOL. Pray, tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty 80
I would surrender it.

CHAM. I will, my lord. [*Whispers the Masquers.*]

WOL. What say they?

CHAM. Such a one, they all confess,
There is indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

WOL. Let me see then.
By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.

75 *Till now . . . thee!*] The king's first introduction to Anne Boleyn took place not on the occasion of Wolsey's great banquet, but at an entertainment given by the king himself at Greenwich on May 5, 1527, to meet ambassadors from France.

79 *this place*] this seat of honour.

84 *take it*] take the seat of honour.

KING. [*Unmasking*] Ye have found him, cardinal:
 You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
 You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
 I should judge now unhappily.

WOL. I am glad
 Your grace is grown so pleasant.

KING. My lord chamberlain, 90
 Prithee, come hither: what fair lady's that?

CHAM. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
 daughter,

The Viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

KING. By heaven, she is a dainty one. Sweetheart,
 I were unmannerly, to take you out,
 And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen!
 Let it go round.

WOL. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
 I' the privy chamber?

LOV. Yes, my lord.

WOL. Your grace,
 I fear, with dancing is a little heated. 100

KING. I fear, too much.

WOL. There's fresher air, my lord,
 In the next chamber.

KING. Lead in your ladies, every one. Sweet partner,
 I must not yet forsake you. Let's be merry,
 Good my lord cardinal: I have half a dozen healths

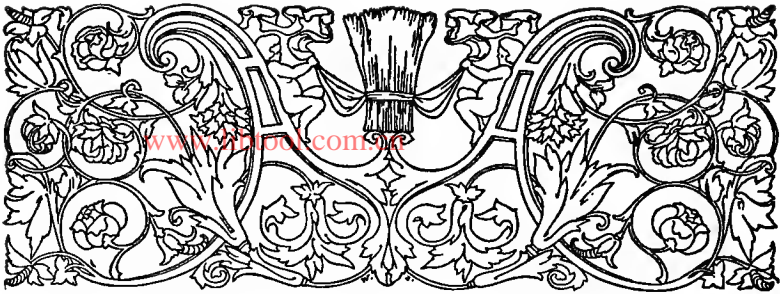
89 *I should . . . unhappily*] I should think some (licentious) mischief
 were intended. "Unhappily" here means unluckily, evilly,
 mischievously.

95 *take you out*] invite you to dance with me.

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour. Let the music knock it.

[Exeunt with trumpets.]

108 *knock it*] strike up.

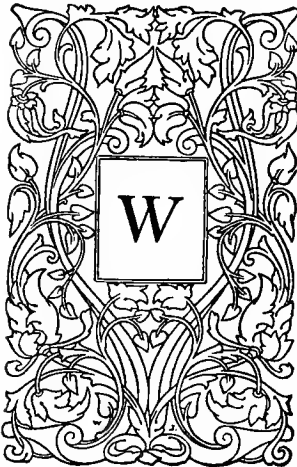


ACT SECOND — SCENE I — WESTMINSTER

A STREET

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting

FIRST GENTLEMAN



HITHER AWAY SO FAST?

SEC. GENT. O, God save ye!
Even to the hall, to hear what
shall become
Of the great Duke of Bucking-
ham.

FIRST GENT. I'll save you
That labour, sir. All's now
done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

SEC. GENT. Were you there?

FIRST GENT. Yes, indeed was

I.

SEC. GENT. Pray, speak what has happen'd.

FIRST GENT. You may guess quickly what.

SEC. GENT. Is he found guilty?

2 the hall] Westminster Hall, where the Duke of Buckingham was tried
on May 13, 1521.

FIRST GENT. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon 't.

SEC. GENT. I am sorry for 't.

FIRST GENT. So are a number more.

SEC. GENT. But, pray, how pass'd it? 10

FIRST GENT. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney on the contrary
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses; which the duke desired
To have brought viva voce to his face:
At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car, 20
Confessor to him; with that devil monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

SEC. GENT. That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?

FIRST GENT. The same.
All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but indeed he could not:
And so his peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life, but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

11 *in a little*] in brief. Cf. *Hen. V*, I, ii, 245: "Thus, then, *in few*
(*sc. words*)."

22 *Hopkins*] See I, ii, 147, *supra*, and note.

28 *learnedly*] technically.

28-29 *all Was either . . . forgotten*] All he said either excited mere

SEC. GENT. After all this, how did he bear himself?

FIRST GENT. When he was brought again to the bar,
to hear

31

His knell rung out, his judgement, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty:
But he fell to himself again and sweetly
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

SEC. GENT. I do not think he fears death.

FIRST GENT. Sure, he does not;

He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

SEC. GENT. Certainly

The cardinal is the end of this.

FIRST GENT. 'T is likely,

40

By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

 pity for his suffering or was overlooked, had no effect at all.

33 *he sweat extremely*] Holinshed in describing the duke's demeanour uses the words "He swet maruellouslie."

35 *fell to himself*] came to himself.

40 *the end of*] at the bottom of.

41 *Kildare's attainder*] Gerald Fitzgerald, ninth Earl of Kildare, who was removed from his first tenure of the Lord-Deputyship of Ireland in 1520.

43-44 *Earl Surrey . . . father*] "Father" here means "father-in-law." Kildare's successor in the Lord-Deputyship of Ireland was the Earl of Surrey, heir of the second Duke of Norfolk. He married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, and became third Duke of

SEC. GENT. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

FIRST GENT. At his return
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

SEC. GENT. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience, 50
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy —

FIRST GENT. Stay there, sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment, tipstaves before him, the
axe with the edge towards him, halberds on each side, accompanied
with SIR THOMAS LOVELL, SIR NICHOLAS VAUX, SIR WILLIAM
SANDS, and common people, &c.*

SEC. GENT. Let's stand close, and behold him.

BUCK. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgement,

Norfolk in 1524; the poet Earl of Surrey was his eldest son. Cf.
III, ii, 8 and 254-6, *infra*.

45 *envious*] malicious.

48 *find employment*] find in employment, find employment for.

(stage direction) *halberds*] halberdiers, men armed with halberds.

Sir William Sands] Theobald's correction from Holinshed of the
Folio "Sir Walter Sands."

And by that name must die: yet, heaven bear witness,
 And if I have a conscience, let it sink me, 80
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
 The law I bear no malice for my death;
 'T has done upon the premisses but justice:
 But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
 Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
 Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
 Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
 For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
 For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
 Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies 70
 More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying,
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice
 And lift my soul to heaven. Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace, for charity,
 If ever any malice in your heart 80
 Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.
 BUCK. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you

67 *build their evils*] "Evils" is usually interpreted as "privies." Cf. *Meas. for Meas.*, II, ii, 172, "And pitch our *evils* there." There is a possibility that the word here may mean no more than evil hopes or designs, and that the line is a warning against the hope of prospering in wickedness by removal of great men.

76 *the long divorce of steel*] the steel axe, which divorces for ever my soul from my body.

As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
 There cannot be those numberless offences
 'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
 Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his grace,
 And if he speak of Buckingham, pray tell him
 You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
 Yet are the king's, and, till my soul forsake,
 Shall cry for blessings on him: may he live 90
 Longer than I have time to tell his years!
 Ever beloved and loving may his rule be!
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness and he fill up one monument!

LOV. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
 Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

VAUX. Prepare there;
 The duke is coming: see the barge be ready,
 And fit it with such furniture as suits
 The greatness of his person.

BUCK. Nay, Sir Nicholas, 100
 Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was lord high constable
 And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:

85-86 *no black envy Shall mark my grave*] *Mark* is Hamner's correction of the Folio reading *make*, which some editors defend, interpreting "make my grave" as "bring my life to an end." But "mark" (*i. e.*, characterise) gives a simpler sense. "Envy" means "malice" or "hatred."

97 *undertakes*] takes charge of.

103 *poor Edward Bohun*] Holinshed represents Buckingham as giving himself this name on the scaffold. But his family name was

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
 And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for 't.
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first raised head against usurping Richard,
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd, 110
 And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
 Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
 Restored me to my honours, and out of ruins
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father: 120
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes: both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most;
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels

Stafford. He was distantly descended in the female line from Humphrey Bohun, the seventh and last Earl of Hereford of the Bohun family, who died in 1372.

106 *with that blood*] with the blood with which I now seal my death.

108 *raised head*] levied a rebel force. The reference is of course to the Duke of Buckingham, who figures in Shakespeare's play of *Richard III*.

Be sure you be not loose; for those you make friends
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again 130
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell:

And when you would say something that is sad,
 Speak how I fell. I have done; and God forgive me!

[Exeunt Duke and Train.]

FIRST GENT. O, this is full of pity! Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads
 That were the authors.

SEC. GENT. If the duke be guiltless,
 'T is full of woe: yet I can give you inkling 140
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

FIRST GENT. Good angels keep it from us!
 What may it be? You do not doubt my faith, sir?

SEC. GENT. This secret is so weighty, 't will require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

FIRST GENT. Let me have it;
 I do not talk much.

SEC. GENT. I am confident;
 You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear

127 *loose*] loose of tongue, blabbing.

129 *rub*] hindrance, check: a technical term in the game of bowls.

143 *faith*] good faith, fidelity.

146 *I am confident*] I have confidence in you.

A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?

FIRST GENT. Yes, but it held not:
For when the king once heard it, out of anger 150
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.

SEC. GENT. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now: for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was, and held for certain
The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately; 160
As all think, for this business.

FIRST GENT. 'T is the cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him at his asking
The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purposed.

SEC. GENT. I think you have hit the mark: but is 't
not cruel
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.

FIRST GENT. 'T is woeful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [Exeunt.]

152 *allay*] silence, restrain.

168 *too open . . . this*] in too exposed a place to discuss this.

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SCENE II — AN ANTE-CHAMBER IN THE PALACE

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, reading a letter

CHAM. "My lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason: His master would be served before a subject, if not before the king; which stopped our mouths, sir."

I fear he will indeed: well, let him have them:
He will have all, I think.

Enter to the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK

NOR. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

10

CHAM. Good day to both your graces.

SUF. How is the king employ'd?

CHAM. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

NOR. What's the cause?

CHAM. It seems the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

SUF. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

NOR. 'T is so:
This is the cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal:

4-5 *by commission and main power*] by warrant and main force.

That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.

SUF. Pray God he do! he'll never know himself else.

NOR. How holily he works in all his business! 21

And with what zeal! for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul, and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears and despairs; and all these for his marriage:

And out of all these to restore the king,

He counsels a divorce; a loss of her

That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years

About his neck, yet never lost her lustre,

30

Of her that loves him with that excellence

That angels love good men with, even of her

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,

Will bless the king: and is not this course pious?

CHAM. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'Tis
most true

These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,

And every true heart weeps for 't: all that dare

Look into these affairs see this main end,

The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open

18 *That blind priest . . . fortune*] Fortune, disposing of events blindly, is credited with endowing her eldest son with blindness.

19 *Turns what he list*] Directs affairs as he pleases.

29-30 *like a jewel . . . About his neck*] Cf. *Wint. Tale*, I, ii, 307-308.

"Why he that wears her like her medal hanging About his neck."

39 *The French king's sister*] Wolsey at one time vaguely thought of a marriage between Henry VIII and Margaret, sister of Francis I, King of France, whose first husband Charles, Duke of Alençon, died in

The king's eyes, that so long have slept upon 40
 This bold ~~bad~~ *man*.ol.com.cn

SUF. And free us from his slavery.

NOR. We had need pray,
 And heartily, for our deliverance;
 Or this imperious man will work us all
 From princes into pages: all men's honours
 Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
 Into what pitch he please.

SUF. For me, my lords,
 I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
 As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
 If the king please; his curses and his blessings 50
 Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
 I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
 To him that made him proud, the pope.

NOR. Let's in;
 And with some other business put the king
 From these sad thoughts that work too much upon him:
 My lord, you'll bear us company?

CHAM. Excuse me;
 The king has sent me elsewhere: besides,

1525. But she married two years later as her second husband, Henry, King of Navarre, and as Queen of Navarre was the celebrated author of the *Heptameron*. Cf. *infra*, III, ii, 85.

40 *slept upon*] been unobservant of.

41 *This bold bad man*] The expression is also found in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, I, i, 37, "a bold bad man."

47 *Into what pitch*] To whatever height or depth. The cardinal can elevate or depress men's fortunes.

49 *made without him*] not of his making, out of his sphere.

You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.

NOR. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain; and the King draws
the curtain and sits reading pensively.*]

SUF. How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted. 60

KING. Who 's there, ha ?

NOR. Pray God he be not angry.

KING. Who 's there, I say ? How dare you thrust
yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I ? ha ?

NOR. A gracious king that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

KING. Ye are too bold :
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ? 70

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS, with a commission

Who 's there ? my good lord cardinal ? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king. [*To Camp.*] You're wel-
come,

59 (stage direction) *the King draws the curtain*] "Draws" is here
"draws back." The curtain, or "traverse," in the Elizabethan
theatre hung across the back part of the stage, and was on occa-
sion withdrawn to indicate a change of scene or to disclose an
inner chamber, as here.

67 *estate*] government.

Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom :
 Use us and it. *[To Wol.]* My good lord, have great care
 I be not found a talker.

WOL. Sir, you cannot.
 I would your grace would give us but an hour
 Of private conference.

KING. *[To Nor. and Suf.]* We are busy ; go.

NOR. *[Aside to Suf.]* This priest has no pride in him ?

SUF. *[Aside to Nor.]* Not to speak of :
 I would not be so sick though for his place : 80
 But this cannot continue.

NOR. *[Aside to Suf.]* If it do,
 I'll venture one have-at-him.

SUF. *[Aside to Nor.]* I another.

[Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.]

WOL. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
 Above all princes, in committing freely
 Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :
 Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?
 The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,

74 *Most learned . . . kingdom*] Campeius's correct name was Cardinal Campeggio, who reached England as papal legate on Oct. 7, 1528.

76 *I be not found a talker*] I prove no mere maker of professions (but perform what I promise). Cf. *Rich. III*, I, iii, 352, "talkers are no good doers."

80 *so sick*] afflicted with illness (in the same degree as he is afflicted with pride); the reflection is ironical.

82 *one have-at-him*] one good blow at him. This is Dyce's correction of the First Folio reading *one; have at him*. The later Folios read *one heave at him*. Cf. *infra*, III, ii, 309, "Have at you!" and V, iii, 113, "now have at ye."

87 *The Spaniard*] The Spanish people.

Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
 The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
 I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms 90
 Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgement,
 Invited by your noble self, hath sent
 One general tongue unto us, this good man,
 This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
 Whom once more I present unto your highness.

KING. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
 And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
 They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

CAM. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers'
 loves,

You are so noble. To your highness' hand 100
 I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
 The court of Rome commanding, you, my lord
 Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant
 In the impartial judging of this business.

KING. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
 Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

WOL. I know your majesty has always loved her
 So dear in heart, not to deny her that
 A woman of less place might ask by law,
 Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her. 110

KING. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
 To him that does best: God forbid else. Cardinal,

91 *Have their free voices*] Speak with full liberty, with no restraint.

97 *the holy conclave*] the College of Cardinals in deliberative assembly.

104 *unpartial*] Shakespeare's ordinary spelling of "impartial."

105 *equal*] impartial.

Prithee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :
 I find him a fit fellow. [Exit Wolsey.]

Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER

WOL. [*Aside to Gard.*] Give me your hand : much joy
 and favour to you :
 You are the king's now.

GARD. [*Aside to Wol.*] But to be commanded
 For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

KING. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*]

CAM. My Lord of York, was not Doctor Pace
 In this man's place before him ?

WOL. Yes, he was. 120

CAM. Was he not held a learned man ?

WOL. Yes, surely.

CAM. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
 Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

WOL. How ! of me ?

CAM. They will not stick to say you envied him,
 And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
 Kept him a foreign man still ; which so grieved him
 That he ran mad and died.

WOL. Heaven's peace be with him !
 That's Christian care enough : for living murmurers
 There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;
 For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow, 130
 If I command him, follows my appointment :

126 *Kept . . . foreign man*] Kept him employed in foreign parts.
 130 *that good fellow*] Gardiner has no troublesome scruples.

I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

KING. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of
For such receipt of learning is Black-Friars;
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. O, my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience! 140
O, 't is a tender place; and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — AN ANTE-CHAMBER OF THE QUEEN'S
APARTMENTS

Enter ANNE BULLEN and an old Lady

ANNE. Not for that neither: here's the pang that
pinches:

His highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her — by my life,
She never knew harm-doing — O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire — after this process,

133 *griped by*] associated with.

6 *courses*] revolutions. Cf. *Sonnet LIX*, 6, "five hundred *courses* of the
sun."

To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

10

OLD L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

ANNE. O, God's will! much better
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.

OLD L. Alas, poor lady!
She's a stranger now again.

ANNE. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

20

OLD L. Our content
Is our best having.

10 *give her the avaunt!*] give her the order to quit, say "avaunt!" to her.

12 *much better*] it were much better that.

14 *that quarrel, fortune*] Here the act is put for the agent, *i. e.*, "quarrel" for "quarreller," or maker of quarrels.

15 *a sufferance panging*] a suffering causing as severe a pang or pain. For the general idea of this and the next line, 16, cf. V, i, 68-69, *infra*, and *Ant. and Cleop.* IV, xiii, 5-6: "The soul and body rive not more in parting Than greatness going off."

17 *She's a stranger now again*] a reference to Queen Katharine's Spanish nationality.

21 *perk'd up*] dressed up showily (while one's heart is breaking with grief).

23 *having*] possession.

ANNE. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a queen.

OLD L. www.libtool.com Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts — 30
Saving your mincing — the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

ANNE. Nay, good troth.

OLD L. Yes, troth, and troth; you would not be a
queen?

ANNE. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

OLD L. 'T is strange: a three-pence bow'd would hire
me,

Old as I am, to queen it: but, I pray you,
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

ANNE. No, in truth.

31 *Saving your mincing*] With all deference to your affected coyness.

32 *soft cheveril conscience*] a conscience of soft kid, which would stretch;
an india-rubber conscience.

34 *troth, and troth*] in sober truth.

36 *a three-pence bow'd*] a bent three-penny piece was often exchanged
by parties to an agreement, especially in the case of a betrothal.
But three-penny pieces were not known in Henry VIII's time; they
first came into circulation in 1561, during the reign of Queen
Elizabeth.

OLD L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little;
 I would not be a young count in your way, 41
 For more than blushing comes to: if your back
 Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 't is too weak
 Ever to get a boy.

ANNE. How you do talk!
 I swear again, I would not be a queen
 For all the world.

OLD L. In faith, for little England
 You 'ld venture an emballing: I myself
 Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
 No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the LORD CHAMBERLAIN

CHAM. Good morrow, ladies. What were 't worth to
 know 50
 The secret of your conference?

ANNE. My good lord,
 Not your demand; it values not your asking:
 Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

CHAM. It was a gentle business, and becoming
 The action of good women: there is hope
 All will be well.

40 *pluck off a little*] let us come lower down in the scale of preferment;
 let us descend to titles of lower rank.

46 *little England*] Pembrokeshire was commonly called "little England,
 beyond Wales," because of its fertility.

47 *an emballing*] an acceptance of the ball, one of the symbols of royalty.

48 *Carnarvonshire*] a mountainous and barren tract of country.
 'long'd] belonged.

52 *it values not*] it is not worth.

ANNE. Now, I pray God, amen!

CHAM. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty 60
Commends his good opinion of you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

ANNE. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes 70
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

CHAM. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you. [*Aside*] I have perused her well;
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled
That they have caught the king: and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem

61 *of you*] The Folio reads *of you, to you*.

67 *More . . . nothing*] All that I have or am is nothing, so that "more than my all" is still nothing.

74 *approve the fair conceit*] confirm (by my report) the high opinion.

78-79 *a gem . . . isle*] a courtier-like allusion to Queen Elizabeth.

To lighten all this isle? — I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

ANNE.

My honour'd lord.

80

[Exit Lord Chamberlain.]

OLD L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court,
Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here — fie, fie, fie upon
This compell'd fortune! — have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

ANNE. This is strange to me.

OLD L. How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, 't is an old story,
That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt: have you heard it?

90

ANNE. Come, you are pleasant.

OLD L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises mo thousands: honour's train

84 *Come pat . . . late*] Hit the right moment for gaining my petition.

86 *fresh fish*] novice.

87 *compell'd fortune*] involuntary fortune, fortune secured without exertion.

89 *forty pence*] a colloquial wager; "I'll bet you forty pence." For a like use of "forty," cf. III, ii, 253, *infra*.

92 *For all the mud in Egypt*] It was from the mud and slime of the river Nile that Egypt derived its rich fertility.

97-98 *honour's train . . . foreshirt*] a proverbial expression meaning future honours will be greater than those already possessed.

Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time
I know your back will bear a duchess: say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

ANNE.

Good lady, 100

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on 't. Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: pray, do not deliver
What here you've heard to her.

OLD L.

What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV — A HALL IN BLACK-FRIARS

Trumpets, sennet and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors; after them, the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY alone; after him, the BISHOPS OF LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and Saint ASAPH; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant at arms bearing a silver mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two CARDINALS; two

99 *your back . . . duchess*] you will be equal to bear the dignity of a duchess.

101 *your particular fancy*] your own imagination.

103 *salute my blood*] exhilarate me, raise my spirits.

(stage direction) *sennet*] trumpet notes.

two great silver pillars] the insignia of a cardinal.

Noblemen *with the sword and mace. The KING takes place under the cloth of state; the two CARDINALS sit under him as judges. The QUEEN takes place some distance from the KING. The BISHOPS place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory; below them, the Scribes. The LORDS sit next the BISHOPS. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the stage*

WOL. Whilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

KING. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

WOL. Be't so. Proceed.

SCRIBE. Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

CRIER. Henry King of England, &c.

KING. Here.

SCRIBE. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the court.

CRIER. Katharine Queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks.

Q. KATH. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here

¹² (stage direction) *goes about the court*] walks through the court.

¹³⁻⁵⁷ *Sir, I desire you . . . be fulfill'd*] The whole of Katharine's speech is taken almost verbatim from Holinshed's *Chronicle*.

No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
 In what have I offended you? what cause
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure, 20
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable,
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry
 As I saw it inclined: when was the hour
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew 30
 He were mine enemy? what friend of mine
 That had to him derived your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
 He was from thence discharged? Sir, call to mind
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you: if in the course
 And process of this time you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock or my love and duty, 40
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,

17 *indifferent*] impartial.

18 *equal*] fair, just. The word means much the same as "indifferent" in the previous line.

32 *to him derived your anger*] drawn on himself your anger.

41 *Against your sacred person*] A repetition of "aught" from the end of line 39 is implied before these words.

Turn me away, and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharp'st kind of justice. Please you, sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgement: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
 A year before: it is not to be question'd 50
 That they had gather'd a wise council to them
 Of every realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful: wherefore I humbly
 Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
 Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
 I will implore: if not, i' the name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

WOL. You have here, lady,
 And of your choice, these reverend fathers; men
 Of singular integrity and learning,
 Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled 60
 To plead your cause: it shall be therefore bootless
 That longer you desire the court, as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectify
 What is unsettled in the king.

CAM. His grace
 Hath spoken well and justly: therefore, madam,

48-49 *one The wisest prince*] Holinshed's phrase is "one of the wittiest princes."

60 *the elect*] the élite.

62 *That longer . . . court*] That you desire the court to sit longer, that you wish the proceedings prolonged.

It's fit this royal session do proceed,
 And that without delay their arguments
 Be now produced and heard.

Q. KATH. Lord cardinal,

To you I speak.

WOL. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. KATH. Sir,

I am about to weep; but, thinking that 70
 We are a queen, or long have dream'd so, certain
 The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

WOL. Be patient yet.

Q. KATH. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induced by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge
 You shall not be my judge: for it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
 Which God's dew quench! Therefore I say again, 80
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

WOL. I do profess

You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity and display'd the effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom

76 *Induced by potent circumstances*] Impelled by powerful reasons.

77 *make my challenge*] a law term for a defendant's formal protest
 or challenge of a juryman's qualification.

81 *abhor*] a technical term in canon law for "protest."

O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me
 wrong;
 I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
 For you or any: how far I have proceeded, 90
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the consistory,
 Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me
 That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
 The king is present: if it be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood! yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. If he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him 100
 It lies to cure me; and the cure is to
 Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
 His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
 And to say so no more.

Q. KATH. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 To oppose your cunning. You're meek and humble-
 mouth'd;
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,

96 *gainsay my deed*] deny what I have done.

99-100 *free of your report . . . wrong*] innocent of your allegation, he knows that I am not immune from the wrong your charge does me, from the tongue of slander.

104 *unthink your speaking*] recant in thought your words.

108-109 *You sign . . . seeming*] You give outward sign of your high position and vocation in all external aspects.

With meekness and humility; but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride. 110
 You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
 Where powers are your retainers, and your words,
 Domestics to you, serve your will as 't please
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour than
 Your high profession spiritual; that again
 I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
 Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
 To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness, 120
 And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*]

CAM. The queen is obstinate,
 Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
 Disdainful to be tried by 't: 't is not well.
 She's going away.

KING. Call her again.

CRIER. Katharine Queen of England, come into the
 court.

GENT. USH. Madam, you are call'd back.

113-115 *Where powers . . . office*] Where all forms of power are at your call, and words are used by you as mere menials in your service, to bear any significance you at will invest them with, to serve any end that you appoint for them. The general meaning of the second clause of the passage is that Wolsey's use of words pays no heed to truth.

116 *You tender . . . honour*] You bestow more care on, you value more highly, your personal titles of honour, your private distinctions.

127 GENT. USH.] Malone, following the account in Holinshed, gives this speech to "Griffith."

Q. KATH. What need you note it? pray you, keep

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When you are call'd, return. Now the Lord help!
 They vex me past my patience. Pray you, pass on: 130
 I will not tarry, no, nor ever more
 Upon this business my appearance make
 In any of their courts. [*Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.*]

KING. Go thy ways, Kate:
 That man i' the world who shall report he has
 A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
 For speaking false in that: thou art, alone,
 If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
 Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
 Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
 Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out, 140
 The queen of earthly queens. She's noble born,
 And like her true nobility she has
 Carried herself towards me.

WOL. Most gracious sir,
 In humblest manner I require your highness,
 That it shall please you to declare in hearing
 Of all these ears — for where I am robb'd and bound,
 There must I be unloosed, although not there
 At once and fully satisfied — whether ever I

139 *Obeying in commanding*] combining the habit or temper of obedience with the capacity of command or rule.

140 *could speak thee out*] had tongues to declare thy praise.

144 *require*] request, intreat.

147 *although . . . satisfied*] though immediate and full satisfaction does not lie in your avowal of my innocence, in your releasing me from the bonds of slander which bind me.

Did broach this business to your highness, or
 Laid any scruple in your way which might 150
 Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady, spake one the least word that might
 Be to the prejudice of her present state
 Or touch of her good person?

KING. My lord cardinal,
 I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
 That you have many enemies that know not
 Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do: by some of these 160
 The queen is put in anger. You're excused:
 But will you be more justified? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never desired
 It to be stirr'd, but oft have hinder'd, oft,
 The passages made toward it: on my honour,
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
 And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to 't,
 I will be bold with time and your attention:
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came; give heed
 to 't:

My conscience first received a tenderness, 170
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd

165 *passages*] advances.

166 *I speak . . . point*] I affirm the cardinal's statement on this point.

170-171 *My conscience . . . prick*] Thus Shakespeare translates Holinshed's "a certaine scrupulositie that pricked my conscience."

170 *a tenderness*] an uneasiness.

By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary : i' the progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he,
 I mean the bishop, did require a respite,
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager, 180
 Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast ; which forced such way
 That many mazed considerings did throng
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methought
 I stood not in the smile of heaven, who had
 Commanded nature that my lady's womb,
 If it conceived a male-child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to 't than 190
 The grave does to the dead ; for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them : hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgement on me, that my kingdom,

172 *Bishop of Bayonne*] Holinshed's error for Grammont, Bishop of Tarbes.

174 *the Duke of Orleans*] the second son of Francis I, King of France.

176 *Ere . . . resolution*] Before any definite conclusion was reached.

181 *Sometimes*] Used like " sometime " for " formerly."

182 *bosom*] Holinshed here reads " bottom." But Shakespeare varied the phrase. The " bosom " is the " heart."

185 *mazed considerings*] bewildering thoughts.

193 *had air'd them*] had given them air or breath.

Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
 Be gladdened in 't by me; then follows that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer 200
 Toward this remedy whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that 's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience, which
 I then did feel full sick and yet not well,
 By all the reverend fathers of the land
 And doctors learn'd. First I began in private
 With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek,
 When I first moved you.

LIN. Very well, my liege.

KING. I have spoke long; be pleased yourself to say 210
 How far you satisfied me.

LIN. So please your highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me,
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't

196 *gladded*] gladdened.

198 *my issue's fail*] the failure of my issue; cf. I, ii, 145, "our *fail*."

199-200 *hulling in . . . conscience*] drifting like a dismasted hulk in
 the troubled sea of my conscience. A ship is said to "hull" when
 she is dismasted and her hull or hulk is at the mercy of the waves.

208 *How . . . I did reek*] How I sweated, perspired with this weight of
 anxiety.

209 *moved*] consulted.

213 *bearing a state . . . in 't*] engendering a momentous situation of
 affairs, involving crucial issues.

And consequence of dread, that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt,
 And did entreat your highness to this course
 Which you are running here.

KING. I then moved you,
 My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
 To make this present summons: unsolicited
 I left no reverend person in this court; 220
 But by particular consent proceeded
 Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
 For no dislike i' the world against the person
 Of the good queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alleged reasons, drive this forward:
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come with her,
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
 That 's paragon'd o' the world.

CAM. So please your highness,
 The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness 231
 That we adjourn this court till further day:

214-215 *I committed . . . to doubt*] The bishop's courage allowed him to go no further in offering counsel than to admit that the point was open to grave doubt and required fullest investigation.

228 *To wear . . . with her*] To adapt our life so as to enjoy her companionship.

229-230 *the primest . . . o' the world*] the most perfect creature that admits of comparison with her in the world. Shakespeare often uses the word "paragon" as a verb in the sense of "compare" or "admit of comparison"; cf. *Othello*, II, i, 61-62, "a maid That *paragons* description and wild fame."

Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

KING. [Aside] I may perceive
These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Prithee, return; with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along. — Break up the court: 240
I say, set on.

[*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

238-239 *Cranmer, Prithee, return*] Cranmer was at the moment absent
on a foreign mission. Cf. III, ii, 64, *infra*.

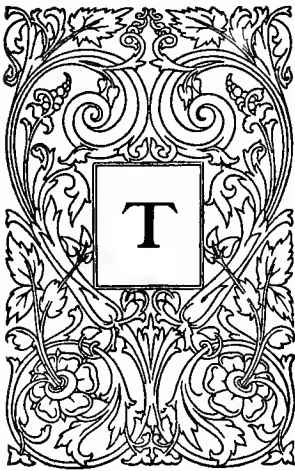


ACT THIRD — SCENE I — LONDON

THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS

The QUEEN and her Women, as at work

Q. KATHARINE



TAKE THY LUTE, WENCH:
my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou
canst: leave working.

SONG

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing:
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

10

10 *sea*] pronounced to rhyme with "play."

Enter a Gentleman

Q. KATH. How now!

GENT. An 't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. KATH. Would they speak with me?

GENT. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. KATH. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour? 20
I do not like their coming. Now I think on 't,
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the two CARDINALS, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS

WOL. Peace to your highness!

Q. KATH. Your graces find me here part of a house-
wife;

I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

WOL. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. KATH. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience, 30
Deserves a corner: would all other women

17 *presence*] presence-chamber, where a royal personage receives visitors.

23 *all hoods make not monks*] a familiar proverb, which Shakespeare
twice quotes in Latin, viz.: *Meas. for Meas.*, V, i, 261 and *Tw.*

Night, I, v, 50-51; "cucullus non facit monachum."

31 *Deserves a corner*] Requires privacy.

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
 My lords, I care not, so much I am happy
 Above a number, if my actions
 Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
 Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
 I know my life so even. If your business
 Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
 Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

WOL. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina
 serenissima, —

40

Q. KATH. O, good my lord, no Latin;
 I am not such a truant since my coming,
 As not to know the language I have lived in:
 A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-
 picious;

Pray speak in English: here are some will thank you,
 If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
 Believe me, she has had much wrong: lord cardinal,
 The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
 May be absolved in English.

WOL. Noble lady,
 I am sorry my integrity should breed,
 And service to his majesty and you,

50

32 *free*] innocent. Cf. *Hamlet*, III, ii, 236, "we that have *free souls*" and II, iv, 99, *supra*.

36-37 *Envy . . . so even*] Malice and disreputable opinion exerted their utmost power against my actions. I know my life so regular (as to answer every test). "Even" is used in the somewhat different sense of "placid" in line 166, *infra*, "A soul as *even* as a calm."

37-38 *If your business . . . wife in*] If it be your business to investigate my conduct, and especially my conduct in wifely relations.

So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
 We come not by the way of accusation,
 To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
 Nor to betray you any way to sorrow —
 You have too much, good lady — but to know
 How you stand minded in the weighty difference
 Between the king and you, and to deliver,
 Like free and honest men, our just opinions 60
 And comforts to your cause.

CAM. Most honour'd madam,
 My Lord of York, out of his noble nature,
 Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
 Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
 Both of his truth and him, which was too far,
 Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
 His service and his counsel.

Q. KATH. [*Aside*] To betray me. —
 My lords, I thank you both for your good wills;
 Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
 But how to make ye suddenly an answer, 70
 In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
 More near my life, I fear, with my weak wit,
 And to such men of gravity and learning,
 In truth, I know not. I was set at work
 Among my maids, full little, God knows, looking
 Either for such men or such business.

56 *betray . . . sorrow*] involve you in any degree of sorrow.

60 *free*] impartial.

61 *And comforts*] [And to offer] sympathetic assistance.

65 *was too far*] went too far, was immoderate.

74 *set at work*] sitting at work.

For her sake that I have been — for I feel
 The last fit of my greatness — good your graces,
 Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
 Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless! 80

WOL. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these
 fears:

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. KATH. In England
 But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
 That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
 Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure —
 Though he be grown so desperate to be honest —
 And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
 They that must weigh out my afflictions,
 They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
 They are, as all my other comforts, far hence 90
 In mine own country, lords.

CAM. I would your grace
 Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. KATH. How, sir?

CAM. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
 He's loving and most gracious: 't will be much
 Both for your honour better and your cause;

77 *For her sake . . . been*] For the sake of the position of queen that I
 once filled.

78 *The last fit of*] The last chapter (in the tale) of.

86 *Though . . . honest*] Though an Englishman adopt so desperate a
 course as to give honest counsel.

87 *And live a subject?*] And venture to face life as a subject of King
 Henry?

88 *weigh out*] fully appreciate or estimate.

For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You'll part away disgraced.

WOL. He tells you rightly.

Q. KATH. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge 100
That no king can corrupt.

CAM. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. KATH. The more shame for ye: holy men I thought
ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye:
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries;
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once 110
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

WOL. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. KATH. Ye turn me into nothing: woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! would you have me —
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits —

101-102 *Your rage mistakes us . . . shame for ye*] Your angry passion leads you to misunderstand us. The queen understands the remark as an insinuation that she is in error as to who her interlocutors are, and retorts that her misapprehension is their own fault.

113 *envy*] malice.

Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
 Alas, has banish'd me his bed already,
 His love, too long ago! I am old, my lords, 120
 And all the fellowship I hold now with him
 Is only my obedience. What can happen
 To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
 Make me a curse like this.

CAM. Your fears are worse.

Q. KATH. Have I lived thus long — let me speak
 myself,
 Since virtue finds no friends — a wife, a true one?
 A woman, I dare say without vain-glory,
 Never yet branded with suspicion?
 Have I with all my full affections
 Still met the king? loved him next heaven? obey'd
 him? 130

Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
 And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour, a great patience.

WOL. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
 To give up willingly that noble title 140

131 *Been . . . superstitious to him*] Have, owing to the greatness of my affection, paid him superstitious reverence, showed him more consideration than was needed.

137 *Yet . . . patience*] Yet will I offer in my example the merit of a great patience in addition to that which the most faithful wife can show.

Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

WOL. www.libtool.com.cn Pray, hear me.

Q. KATH. Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady!
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas, poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me; 150
Almost no grave allow'd me: like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

WOL. 160
If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits

145 *Ye have . . . your hearts*] A reference to the traditional remark of Pope Gregory VIII, when he saw children of the Angli in the slave market at Rome, "Non Angli, sed Angeli." Elizabethan writers were fond of playing with the phrase.

151-152 *the lily . . . field*] Cf. Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, II, vi, 16: "*The lily, lady of the flowering field.*"

They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
 A soul as even as a calm: pray think us
 Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

CAM. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
 virtues

With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
 As yours was put into you, ever casts 170
 Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
 Beware you lose it not: for us, if you please
 To trust us in your business, we are ready
 To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. KATH. Do what ye will, my lords: and pray for-
 give me,

If I have used myself unmannerly;
 You know I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray do my service to his majesty:
 He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers 180
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
 Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
 That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

166 *even*] placid. Cf. line 37, *supra*, note.

176 *used myself*] behaved myself.

SCENE II — ANTE-CHAMBER TO THE KING'S
 APARTMENT

Enter the DUKE OF NORFOLK, the DUKE OF SUFFOLK, the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN

NOR. If you will now unite in your complaints
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
 Cannot stand under them: if you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise
 But that you shall sustain moe new disgraces,
 With these you bear already.

SUR. I am joyful
 To meet the least occasion that may give me
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
 To be revenged on him.

SUF. Which of the peers
 Have uncontentn'd gone by him, or at least
 Strangely neglected? when did he regard

2 *force them with a constancy*] urge them with consistency.

8 *my father-in-law, the duke*] The duke is the Duke of Buckingham. Shakespeare here confuses the Duke of Buckingham's son-in-law, the Earl of Surrey and 3rd Duke of Norfolk, with that son-in-law's son, the poet Earl of Surrey. The date of the events dramatised in this scene is 1529; the Earl of Surrey, who had married the Duke of Buckingham's daughter, had been since 1524 (3rd) Duke of Norfolk, and his son, the poet earl, was less than twelve years old. See II, i, 43, *supra*, and note.

11 *Strangely neglected*] Not been exposed to the neglect commonly accorded an alien. The negative particle is implied here. The word "uncontentn'd" in the first clause of the sentence lends the second clause its negative force.

The stamp of nobleness in any person
Out of himself?

CHAM. My lords, you speak your pleasures:
What he deserves of you and me I know;
What we can do to him, though now the time
Gives way to us, I much fear. If you cannot
Bar his access to the king, never attempt
Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
Over the king in 's tongue.

NOR. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the king hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

20

SUR. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

NOR. Believe it, this is true:
In the divorce his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

SUR. How came
His practices to light?

SUF. Most strangely.

13 *Out of himself*] except himself.

16 *Gives way to us*] Gives us opportunities.

22-23 *he 's settled . . . come off*] he is so inextricably involved in the king's anger, he is so deeply implicated in the royal displeasure, that there is no chance of his getting free of it.

26 *his contrary proceedings*] his private procedures contradicting his public action.

SUR. O, how, how ?

SUF. The cardinal's letters to the pope miscarried, 30
 And came to the eye o' the king: wherein was read
 How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
 To stay the judgement o' the divorce; for if
 It did take place, "I do" quoth he "perceive
 My king is tangled in affection to
 A creature of the queen's, Lady Anne Bullen."

SUR. Has the king this ?

SUF. Believe it.

SUR. Will this work ?

CHAM. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts
 And hedges his own way. But in this point 40
 All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
 After his patient's death: the king already
 Hath married the fair lady.

SUR. Would he had !

SUF. May you be happy in your wish, my lord !
 For, I profess, you have it.

SUR. Now, all my joy

Trace the conjunction !

SUF. My amen to 't !

NOR. All men's !

38-39 *he coasts . . . hedges*] he skulks; "coasts" applies to a vessel creeping clandestinely along the coast; "hedges" means the same sort of movement on land, and is used of a fugitive who steals along under the cover of hedges.

41-42 *the king . . . lady*] Henry's marriage to Anne Boleyn took place on 14 November, 1532, and was not announced till the following April.

45 *Trace the conjunction*] Follow the union. "Conjunction" was an astrological term for the auspicious meeting of two planets.

SUF. There's order given for her coronation:
 Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
 To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
 She is a gallant creature and complete
 In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
 Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
 In it be memorized. 50

SUR. But will the king
 Digest this letter of the cardinal's?
 The Lord forbid!

NOR. Marry, amen!

SUF. No, no;
 There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose
 Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
 Is stol'n away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
 Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and
 Is posted as the agent of our cardinal,
 To second all his plot. I do assure you
 The king cried "Ha!" at this. 60

CHAM. Now God incense him,
 And let him cry "Ha!" louder!

NOR. But, my lord,
 When returns Cranmer?

SUF. He is return'd in his opinions, which

51-52 *which shall . . . memorized*] shall be made memorable by it
 (*i. e.*, the blessing). There is an obvious reference to the reign of
 Queen Elizabeth.

53 *Digest*] suffer or condone.

61 "Ha!"] An exclamation of angry surprise.

64 *He is return'd . . . opinions*] Cranmer has come back in so far as
 he has sent his opinions home. Cranmer had been despatched on

Have satisfied the king for his divorce,
 Together with all famous colleges
 Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
 His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
 Her coronation. Katharine no more
 Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager
 And widow to Prince Arthur. 70

NOR. This same Cranmer's
 A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
 In the king's business.

SUF. He has; and we shall see him
 For it an archbishop.

NOR. So I hear.

SUF. 'T is so.

The cardinal!

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL

NOR. Observe, observe, he's moody.

WOL. The packet, Cromwell,
 Gave't you the king?

CROM. To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

WOL. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

CROM. Presently

He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
 He did it with a serious mind; a heed 80
 Was in his countenance. You he bade
 Attend him here this morning.

a mission to the universities of Europe in order to ascertain the views of the great canonists of the day on the subject of Henry VIII's proposed divorce; cf. II, iv, 238-239, *supra*.

80 *a heed*] deep attention, careful thought.

WOL. Is he ready
 To come abroad?
 CROM. I think, by this he is.
 WOL. Leave me awhile. [Exit Cromwell.]
 [Aside] It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
 The French king's sister: he shall marry her.
 Anne Bullen! No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:
 There's more in't than fair visage. Bullen!
 No, we'll no Bullens. Speedily I wish
 To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke! 90
 NOR. He's discontented.
 SUF. May be, he hears the king
 Does whet his anger to him.
 SUR. Sharp enough,
 Lord, for thy justice!
 WOL. [Aside] The late queen's gentlewoman, a
 knight's daughter,
 To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!
 This candle burns not clear: 't is I must snuff it;
 Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous
 And well deserving? yet I know her for
 A spleeny Lutheran, and not wholesome to
 Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of 100
 Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
 An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer, one
 Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
 And is his oracle.

85 *the Duchess of Alençon*] See II, ii, 39, *supra*, and note.

92 *Does whet his anger to him*] like a wild boar whetting his tusks
 against a tree, when an object of attack is in view.

101 *hard-ruled*] difficult to rule.

NOR. He is vex'd at something.

SUR. I would 't were something that would fret the string,

The master-cord on 's heart!

Enter KING, reading of a schedule, and LOVELL

SUF. The king, the king!

KING. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together? Now, my lords, 110
Saw you the cardinal?

NOR. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him: some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; straight
Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard, and anon he casts
His eye against the moon: in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

KING. It may well be;
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning 120
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required: and wot you what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing,

107 *master-cord*] chief artery.

124 *Forsooth, an inventory*] No such error is known to have been committed by Wolsey. Shakespeare credits the cardinal with an unlucky act of absentmindedness, which Holinshed assigns to

The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
 I find at such proud rate that it out-speaks
 Possession of a subject.

NOR. It's heaven's will:
 Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
 To bless your eye withal.

KING. If we did think
 His contemplation were above the earth,
 And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
 Dwell in his musings: but I am afraid
 His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
 His serious considering.

[*King takes his seat; whispers Lovell, who goes to the Cardinal.*

WOL. Heaven forgive me!
 Ever God bless your highness!

KING. Good my lord,
 You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
 Of your best graces in your mind; the which

another bishop of the day, Thomas Ruthal, Bishop of Durham, who wrote at the king's order an estimate of the wealth of the kingdom, and then by mistake forwarded to his royal master, instead of his report of the national property, a full statement of his own personal possessions. The royal reprimand on the discovery of the bishop's error caused his death. Wolsey helped to secure the bishop's disgrace, and it is therefore an act of poetic justice on Shakespeare's part to make him suffer for an imaginary inadvertency of the like kind; see line 210, *infra*.

125 *parcels*] items.

127-128 *out-speaks Possession of a subject*] exceeds the due property of a subject.

You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span 140
 To keep your earthly audit: sure, in that
 I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
 To have you therein my companion.

WOL. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time; a time
 To think upon the part of business which
 I bear i' the state; and nature does require
 Her times of preservation, which perforce
 I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
 Must give my tendance to.

KING. You have said well.

WOL. And ever may your highness yoke together, 150
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well
 With my well saying!

KING. 'T is well said again;
 And 't is a kind of good deed to say well:
 And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you:
 He said he did, and with his deed did crown
 His word upon you. Since I had my office,
 I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
 Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
 But pared my present havings, to bestow
 My bounties upon you.

140 *spiritual leisure*] leisure for spiritual exercises.

141 *earthly audit*] secular accounts.

142 *ill husband*] poor manager or economist.

155-156 *with his deed did crown His word*] notably made good his word
 by his act. Cf. *Macb.*, IV, i, 149; "To crown my thoughts *with acts*."

159 *pared my present havings*] diminished my present possessions.

WOL. [Aside] What should this mean? 160

SUR. [Aside] The Lord increase this business!

KING. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us or no. What say you?

WOL. My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires, 170
Yet filed with my abilities: mine own ends
Have been mine so that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

KING. Fairly answer'd;

168-169 *which . . . man's endeavours*] The antecedent here is the bestowal of royal graces, *i. e.*, favours, and not the cardinal's "studied purposes." The king's favours were greater than any man's endeavours could merit.

171 *Yet filed . . . abilities*] Yet they kept pace with, marched in file with, my abilities. The Folio reading here is *fill'd*, which Hanmer corrected to *filed*. The substantive "file" is used somewhat similarly, I, ii, 42, *supra*.

176 *allegiant*] loyal.

A loyal and obedient subject is 180
 Therein illustrated; the honour of it
 Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rein'd honour, more
 On you than any; so your hand and heart,
 Your brain and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
 As 't were in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

WOL. 190 I do profess
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
 More than mine own; that am, have, and will be —
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
 Appear in forms more horrid — yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,

181-182 *the honour . . . act of it*] the honour attaching to loyalty is a fit reward of loyal action.

187-190 *every function . . . than any*] Every function at your command, quite apart from the legal ties of allegiance should, in right of personal affection, be more fully devoted to the service of me, your friend, than to that of anybody else.

192 *than am, have, and will be*] This is the Folio reading, which has been much disputed. Wolsey's utterance may justly be assumed to be disturbed by emotion, which embarrasses his speech, and injures its grammar. Here he takes up the king's exhortation, and asserts that he is, has been, and will be, all that his master expected him to be, *i. e.*, a labourer "for his highness' good."

193 *crack*] break, renounce.

Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

KING. 'T is nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a royal breast, 200
For you have seen him open 't. [*Giving him papers.*] Read
o'er this;

And after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit King, frowning upon the Cardinal: the nobles
throng after him, smiling and whispering.*]

WOL.

What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger. 'T is so;
This paper has undone me: 't is the account 210
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence!
Fit for a fool to fall by: what cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the king? Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 't will stir him strongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune

208 *makes him nothing*] crushes him altogether.

210 *This paper has undone me*] See note on line 124, *supra*.

214 *cross devil*] perverse devil. Cf. the modern expression "at *cross* purposes."

Will bring me off again. What's this? "To the Pope!"
 The letter, as I live, with all the business 221
 I writ to's holiness. Nay then, farewell!
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter to WOLSEY the DUKES OF NORFOLK and SUFFOLK,
 the EARL OF SURREY, and the LORD CHAMBERLAIN*

NOR. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who com-
 mands you
 To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands; and to confine yourself 230
 To Asher-house, my Lord of Winchester's,
 Till you hear further from his highness.

WOL. Stay:
 Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
 Authority so weighty.

SUF. Who dare cross 'em,
 Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?

220 *bring me off*] rescue me, re-establish me.

225-226 *I shall fall . . . evening*] This figurative description of death is often repeated by the Elizabethan dramatists. "Exhalation" was in common use for "meteor." Cf. Massinger, *The Virgin Martyr*, V, ii, 318: "*In the evening, When thou should'st pass with honour to thy rest, Wilt thou fall like a meteor.*"

231 *Asher-house*] Esher House, the property of the see of Winchester, which Wolsey himself had lately acquired. Esher was therefore one of his own palaces.

WOL. Till I find more than will or words to do it —
 I mean your malice — know, officious lords,
 I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
 Of what coarse metal ye are moulded — envy :
 How eagerly ye follow my disgraces, 240
 As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton
 Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !
 Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
 You have Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
 In time will find their fit rewards. That seal
 You ask with such a violence, the king,
 Mine and your master, with his own hand gave me ;
 Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
 During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
 Tied it by letters-patents : now, who 'll take it ? 250

SUR. The king, that gave it.

WOL. It must be himself, then.

SUR. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

WOL. Proud lord, thou liest

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
 Have burnt that tongue than said so.

SUR. Thy ambition,
 Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land

236–238 *Till I find . . . deny it*] Till I find more authority to compel this deed of renunciation than mere will or words on your part — I mean your malicious feeling — know, officious lords, that I dare, and am resolved, to refuse recognition of this order.

253 *forty hours*] This numeral was in common colloquial use for anything of limited extent. Cf. II, iii, 89, *supra*: “*forty* pence, no,” and *Cor.*, III, i, 243: “I could beat *forty* of them.”

Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :
 The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
 With thee and all thy best parts bound together,
 Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
 You sent me deputy for Ireland ; 260
 Far from his succour, from the king, from all
 That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him ;
 Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolved him with an axe.

WOL. This, and all else
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The duke by law
 Found his deserts. How innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you 270
 You have as little honesty as honour,
 That in the way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the king, my ever royal master,
 Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
 And all that love his follies.

256 *Buckingham, my father-in-law*] Shakespeare still persists in his wrong identification of the young Earl of Surrey of this period with that earl's father, the Duke of Norfolk, who married Buckingham's daughter, and figures as another character in this very scene. See II, i, 43-44, and III, ii, 8, *supra*, and notes.

262 *thou gavest him*] thou didst impute to him (*i. e.*, Buckingham).

269 *noble jury*] jury of noblemen, jury of his peers.

272-275 *That in the way of . . . follies*] The antecedent of "That" (*i. e.*, "who") is "I" from "I should tell you" of line 270. "Mate" means "match" or "compete with."

SUR. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you; thou shouldst
feel

My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet, 280
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

WOL. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

SUR. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets
You writ to the pope against the king: your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
My Lord of Norfolk, as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state 290
Of our despised nobility, our issues,
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen,
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life. I'll startle you

280 *jaded . . . scarlet*] ridden by this fellow in the scarlet robes (of a cardinal).

282 *dare . . . like larks*] a reference to the practice of catching larks by luring them to small mirrors sometimes called "*daring glasses*" fastened on pieces of scarlet cloth, when the fowler drew his net over them. "Dare" has a technical meaning here of causing birds to cower. "His cap" refers to the cardinal's scarlet biretta.

Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

WOL. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it!

NOR. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

WOL. So much fairer 300
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

SUR. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush and cry "guilty," cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.

WOL. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

SUR. I had rather want those than my head. Have
at you!
First that, without the king's assent or knowledge, 310
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.
NOR. Then that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, "Ego et Rex meus"
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the king
To be your servant.

295 *the sacring bell*] the little bell, which gives notice of the approach of the "Host" when carried in procession in Roman Catholic churches.

304 *Some of these articles*] The details of the articles which follow are drawn very literally from Holinshed.

SUF. Then that, without the knowledge
 Either of king or council, when you went
 Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
 To carry into Flanders the great seal.

SUR. Item, you sent a large commission 320
 To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
 Without the king's will or the state's allowance,
 A league between his highness and Ferrara.

SUF. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
 Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.

SUR. Then, that you have sent innumerable sub-
 stance —
 By what means got, I leave to your own conscience —
 To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
 You have for dignities, to the mere undoing
 Of all the kingdom. Many more there are; 330
 Which, since they are of you and odious,
 I will not taint my mouth with.

CHAM. O my lord!
 Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue:
 His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
 Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
 So little of his great self.

SUR. I forgive him.

SUF. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is —
 Because all those things you have done of late,

321 *Cassado*] Thus the Folios, following the text of Holinshed. Rowe
 and many succeeding editors read more correctly *Cassalis*. The
 man's surname is usually spelt "Casale."

322 *the state's allowance*] the government's approval.

329 *the mere undoing*] the absolute ruin.

By your power legatine, within this kingdom,
 Fall into the compass of a præmunire — 340
 That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
 To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
 Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
 Out of the king's protection. This is my charge.

NOR. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
 How to live better. For your stubborn answer
 About the giving back the great seal to us,
 The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
 So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

WOL. So farewell to the little good you bear me. 350
 Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory, 360
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,

340 *Fall . . . præmunire*] Subject you to the penalties of the statute of præmunire, which forbade the assertion of any foreign jurisdiction, such as the Pope's, in England.

343 *Chattels*] Theobald's correction of the Folio misreading, *Castles*. Holinshed uses here the word "cattels."

353 *hopes*] Thus the Folios. Steevens substituted *hope*.

Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
 I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have: 370
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, and stands amazed

Why, how now, Cromwell!

CROM. I have no power to speak, sir.

WOL. What, amazed
 At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fall'n indeed.

CROM. How does your grace?

WOL. Why, well;
 Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me, 380
 I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
 O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

369 *their ruin*] the ruin princes inflict.

CROM. I am glad your grace has made that right use
of it.

WOL. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer. 390
What news abroad?

CROM. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.

WOL. God bless him!

CROM. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord chancellor in your place.

WOL. That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

CROM. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome, 400
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

WOL. That's news indeed.

CROM. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

392 *your displeasure with the king*] the displeasure or disgrace you have
incurred with the king.

399 *orphans' tears*] The chancellor was the official guardian of orphans.

404 *in open*] in public.

WOL. There was the weight that pull'd me down.

O Cromwell,

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
 In that one woman I have lost forever:
 No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours, 410
 Or gild again the noble troops that waited
 Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
 I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
 To be thy lord and master: seek the king;
 That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
 What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
 Some little memory of me will stir him —
 I know his noble nature — not to let
 Thy hopeful service perish too: good Cromwell,
 Neglect him not; make use now, and provide 420
 For thine own future safety.

CROM.

O my lord,

Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo
 So good, so noble and so true a master?
 Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
 With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
 The king shall have my service, but my prayers
 For ever and for ever shall be yours.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman. 430
 Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;

408 *has gone beyond me*] has overreached me.

420 *make use*] make interest.

430 *thy honest truth*] thy fidelity.

And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition: 440
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate
 thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
 well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
 And prithee, lead me in: 450
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 't is the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal

455-457 *Had I but . . . enemies*] Holinshed reports that the cardinal in his last hours addressed these words to his servant, Master Kingston: "If I had served God as diligentlie as I have doone the king, he would not haue giuen me ouer in my greie haire."

I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM. Good sir, have patience.

WOL. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

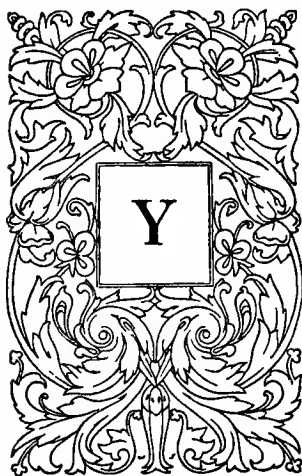
[Exeunt.]



ACT FOURTH — SCENE I
A STREET IN WESTMINSTER

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another

FIRST GENTLEMAN



YOU'RE WELL MET ONCE
again.

SEC. GENT. So are you.

FIRST GENT. You come to
take your stand here and behold
The Lady Anne pass from her
coronation?

SEC. GENT. 'T is all my busi-
ness. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came
from his trial.

FIRST GENT. 'T is very true:
but that time offer'd sorrow;
This, general joy.

SEC. GENT. 'T is well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds —

1 *You're well met once again*] The two gentlemen have met before, II, i
(for the same purpose of indicating the general course of the action).

As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward —
 In celebration of this day with shows, 10
 Pageants and sights of honour.

FIRST GENT. Never greater,
 Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

SEC. GENT. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
 That paper in your hand?

FIRST GENT. Yes; 't is the list
 Of those that claim their offices this day
 By custom of the coronation.

The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
 To be high-steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
 He to be earl marshal: you may read the rest.

SEC. GENT. I thank you, sir: had I not known those
 customs, 20

I should have been beholding to your paper.
 But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
 The princess dowager? how goes her business?

FIRST GENT. That I can tell you too. The Arch-
 bishop

Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
 Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
 Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
 From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
 She was often cited by them, but appear'd not:
 And, to be short, for not appearance and 30
 The king's late scruple, by the main assent
 Of all these learned men she was divorced,

8 *their royal minds*] their minds well affected to the king.
 31 *by the main assent*] by the general assent.

And the late marriage made of none effect:
 Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
 Where she remains now sick.

SEC. GENT. Alas, good lady! [*Trumpets.*
 The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.
 [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION

1. *A lively Flourish of Trumpets.*
2. *Then two Judges.*
3. LORD CHANCELLOR, *with purse and mace before him.*
4. Choristers, *singing.* Musicians.
5. Mayor of London, *bearing the mace. Then Garter, in his coat of arms, and on his head he wears a gilt copper crown.*
6. MARQUESS DORSET, *bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head a demicoronall of gold. With him, the EARL OF SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
7. DUKE OF SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the DUKE OF NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the QUEEN in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the BISHOPS OF LONDON and WINCHESTER.*

34 *Kimbolton*] The First and Second Folios print the word *Kymmaltou*, which gives the contemporary pronunciation.

36 *the queen is coming*] Anne Boleyn's coronation took place on 1 June, 1533.

(stage direction 5) *coat of arms*] The Garter king's coat of office emblazoned with the royal arms.

6 *demicoronall*] coronet.

7 *Collars of SS.*] Chains worn about the neck of which the links were shaped like the letter S.

9. *The old DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the QUEEN'S train.*
10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
- They pass over the stage in order and state.*

SEC. GENT. A royal train, believe me. These I know :
Who's that that bears the sceptre ?

FIRST GENT. Marquess Dorset :
And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

SEC. GENT. A bold brave gentleman. That should
be

40

The Duke of Suffolk ?

FIRST GENT. 'T is the same : high-steward.

SEC. GENT. And that my Lord of Norfolk ?

FIRST GENT. Yes.

SEC. GENT. [*Looking on the Queen.*] Heaven bless thee !
Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on.
Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more and richer, when he strains that lady :
I cannot blame his conscience.

FIRST GENT. They that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-ports.

SEC. GENT. Those men are happy ; and so are all are
near her.

50

I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

FIRST GENT. It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

46 *strains*] embraces.

SEC. GENT. Their coronets say so. These are stars
indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

FIRST GENT.

No more of that.

*[Exit procession; and then a
great flourish of trumpets.]*

Enter a third Gentleman

God save you, sir! where have you been broiling?

THIRD GENT. Among the crowd i' the abbey; where
a finger

Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

SEC. GENT.

You saw

The ceremony?

THIRD GENT. That I did.

FIRST GENT.

How was it?

60

THIRD GENT. Well worth the seeing.

SEC. GENT.

Good sir, speak it to us.

THIRD GENT. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,

70

67 *opposing freely*] freely displaying.

As loud and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks, —
 Doublets, I think, — flew up; and had their faces
 Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
 I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
 That had not half a week to go, like rams
 In the old time of war, would shake the press,
 And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
 Could say "This is my wife" there, all were woven 80
 So strangely in one piece.

SEC. GENT. But what follow'd?

THIRD GENT. At length her grace rose, and with
 modest paces
 Came to the altar, where she kneel'd and saintlike
 Cast her fair eyes to heaven and pray'd devoutly;
 Then rose again and bow'd her to the people;
 When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
 She had all the royal makings of a queen,
 As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
 The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
 Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir, 90
 With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
 Together sung "Te Deum." So she parted,
 And with the same full state paced back again
 To York-place, where the feast is held.

FIRST GENT. Sir,
 You must no more call it York-place; that 's past;
 For, since the cardinal fell, that title 's lost:
 'T is now the king's and call'd Whitehall.

THIRD GENT. I know it;

78 *the press*] the crowded mob. Cf. V, iv, 81, *infra*.

But 't is so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

SEC. GENT. *www.libronl.com.cn* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen? 100

THIRD GENT. Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of
Winchester,

Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,
The other, London.

SEC. GENT. He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

THIRD GENT. All the land knows that:
However, yet there is no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

SEC. GENT. Who may that be, I pray you?

THIRD GENT. Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him master 110
O' the jewel house,
And one, already, of the privy council.

SEC. GENT. He will deserve more.

THIRD GENT. Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to the court, and there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

BOTH. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

101 *the one of Winchester*] Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

103 *The other, London*] Stokesly, Bishop of London.

SCENE II — KIMBOLTON

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick; led between GRIFFITH, her Gentleman Usher, and PATIENCE, her woman

GRIFF. How does your grace?

KATH. O Griffith, sick to death!
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burthen. Reach a chair.
So; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

GRIFF. Yes, madam; but I think your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to 't.

KATH. Prithee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily, 10
For my example.

GRIFF. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

KATH. Alas, poor man!

6-7 *Cardinal Wolsey . . . dead*] Wolsey died on November 29, 1530.

But the events of this scene cannot be dated earlier than January, 1536. Queen Katherine died on January 7, 1536.

11 *the voice*] rumour.

13-14 *brought him . . . to his answer*] conveyed him as a man deeply stained with guilt to stand his trial.

GRIF. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
 Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
 With all his convent, honourably received him;
 To whom he gave these words, "O father abbot, 20
 An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
 Give him a little earth for charity!"
 So went to bed; where eagerly his sickness
 Pursued him still; and three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, which he himself
 Foretold should be his last, full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. 30

KATH. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
 Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
 And yet with charity. He was a man
 Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
 Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play:
 His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
 He would say untruths, and be ever double

17 *with easy roads*] by easy stages.

19 *convent*] the old form of convent, *i. e.*, monastery.

24 *eagerly*] sharply.

34 *stomach*] pride, arrogance.

35-36 *by suggestion . . . kingdom*] by crafty scheming subjected or enslaved all the kingdom to him. Holinshed writes of the cardinal thus: "This Cardinal was of a great stomach; for he computed himself equal with princes, and by craftie suggestions got into his hands innumerable treasure."

37 *presence*] royal presence.

Both in his words and meaning: he was never,
 But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
 His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
 But his performance, as he is now, nothing:
 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 The clergy ill example.

40

GRIF. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
 We write in water. May it please your highness
 To hear me speak his good now?

KATH. Yes, good Griffith;
 I were malicious else.

GRIF. This cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
 Exceeding wise, fair-spoken and persuading:
 Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
 And though he were unsatisfied in getting,
 Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, madam,
 He was most princely: ever witness for him
 Those twins of learning that he raised in you,

50

43 *Of his own body he was ill*] Holinshed writes: "He was vicious of his body," *i. e.*, he indulged in immoralities.

48-68 *This cardinal . . . fearing God*] Griffith's defence of the cardinal verbally adapts Edmund Campion's appreciation of Wolsey in his *History of Ireland* written about 1580, though not printed till 1633. Holinshed quotes Campion's friendly estimate, but expresses disagreement with it. Queen Katharine has already given Holinshed's own estimate of Wolsey.

Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 Unwilling to outlive the good that did it; 60
 The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
 So excellent in art and still so rising,
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 And found the blessedness of being little:
 And, to add greater honours to his age
 Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

KATH. After my death I wish no other herald,
 No other speaker of my living actions, 70
 To keep mine honour from corruption,
 But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
 Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
 With thy religious truth and modesty,
 Now in his ashes honour: peace be with him!
 Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
 I have not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
 Cause the musicians play me that sad note
 I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
 On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.* 80

GRIF. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
 For fear we wake her: softly, gentle Patience.

59 *Ipswich and Oxford*] Wolsey's design of a college at Ipswich came to nothing. Christ Church, which he founded in Oxford, is a permanent memorial of him.

60 *the good that did it*] the benefactor.

62 *in art*] in learning.

65 *felt himself*] knew himself.

78 *note*] tune, melody.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six person-ages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: at which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.

KATH. Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

GRIF. Madam, we are here.

KATH. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

GRIF. None, madam.

KATH. No? Saw you not even now a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly.

90

GRIF. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

KATH. Bid the music leave;
They are harsh and heavy to me. *[Music ceases.]*

(stage direction) vizards] masks.

changes] changes of figure in the dance, breaks in the dance.
94 leave] cease.

PAT. Do you note
 How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
 How long her face is drawn! how pale she looks,
 And of an earthy cold! Mark her eyes!
 GRIF. She is going, wench: pray, pray.
 PAT. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger

MESS. An 't like your grace, —
 KATH. You are a saucy fellow:
 Deserve we no more reverence?
 GRIF. You are to blame, 101
 Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
 To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
 MESS. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
 My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
 A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.
 KATH. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
 Let me ne'er see again. [*Exeunt Griffith and Messenger.*]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS

If my sight fail not,
 You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
 My royal nephew, and your name Capucius. 110
 CAP. Madam, the same; your servant.
 KATH. O, my lord,
 The times and titles now are alter'd strangely

112 *titles*] the mode in which she is addressed. She had just protested, at line 100, against the messenger calling her "your grace," and now notices the term "madam," which Capucius employs.

With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

CAP. www.libtool.com.cn Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,
The king's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

KATH. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon after execution: 121
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here but prayers.
How does his highness?

CAP. Madam, in good health.

KATH. So may he ever do! and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the kingdom! Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?

PAT. No, madam.

[Giving it to Katharine.]

KATH. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the king.

CAP. Most willing, madam. 130

KATH. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter, —
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her! —
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding —
She is young and of a noble modest nature:

118 *commendations*] greetings.

132 *model*] image in miniature.

I hope she will deserve well — and a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
 Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
 Is that his noble grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretched women, that so long 140
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow, —
 And now I should not lie — but will deserve,
 For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
 For honesty and decent carriage,
 A right good husband, let him be a noble :
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
 The last is, for my men ; they are the poorest,
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em, 150
 And something over to remember me by :
 If heaven had pleased to have given me longer life
 And able means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents : and, good my lord,
 By that you love the dearest in this world,
 As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
 Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the king
 To do me this last right.

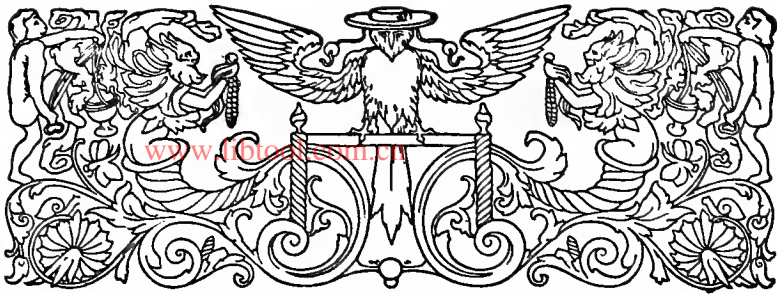
CAP. By heaven, I will,
 Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

KATH. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me 160
 In all humility unto his highness :
 Say his long trouble now is passing

146 *let him be a noble*] though he should be of noble blood.

159 *the fashion*] the form.

Out of this world; tell him, in death I bless'd him,
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,
My lord. Griffith, farewell. Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women. When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me, 170
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. *[Exeunt, leading Katharine.]*

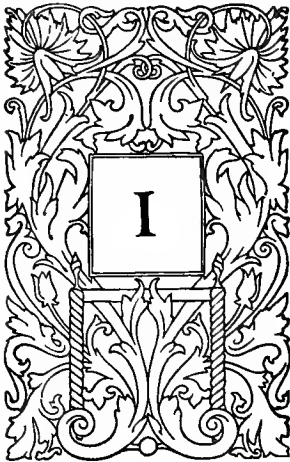


ACT FIFTH — SCENE I — LONDON

A GALLERY IN THE PALACE

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch
before him, met by SIR THOMAS LOVELL*

GARDINER



T'S ONE O'CLOCK, BOY,
is 't not?

BOY. It hath struck.

GAR. These should be hours
for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair
our nature
With comforting repose, and not
for us
To waste these times. Good
hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

LOV. Came you from
the king, my lord?

GAR. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.

7 *primero*] the fashionable game of cards.

LOV. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed, I'll take my leave.

GAR. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the
matter? 10

It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: affairs that walk,
As they say spirits do, at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

LOV. My lord, I love you;
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen 's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd
She'll with the labour end.

GAR. The fruit she goes with 20
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

LOV. Methinks I could
Cry the amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

GAR. But, sir, sir,
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you're a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,

13 *Some touch . . . business*] Some hint of the business that keeps you
up so late.

21-22 *it may find Good time*] it may enjoy safe delivery.

28 *way*] religious persuasion.

'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me, 30
 Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
 Sleep in their graves.

LOV. Now, sir, you speak of two
 The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
 Beside that of the jewel house, is made master
 O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, sir,
 Stands in the gap and trade of moe preferments,
 With which the time will load him. The archbishop
 Is the king's hand and tongue; and who dare speak
 One syllable against him?

GAR. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas, 40
 There are that dare; and I myself have ventured
 To speak my mind of him: and indeed this day,
 Sir, I may tell it you, I think I have
 Incensed the lords o' the council that he is —
 For so I know he is, they know he is —
 A most arch-heretic, a pestilence
 That does infect the land: with which they moved
 Have broken with the king; who hath so far
 Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
 And princely care foreseeing those fell mischiefs
 Our reasons laid before him, hath commanded 50
 To-morrow morning to the council-board

33 *remark'd*] noted, prominent.

36 *in the gap and trade*] the open road, the beaten track; "trade" often means "a trodden path."

43 *Incensed . . . that he is*] Roused the lords of the council by suggesting that he is. Cf. *Much Ado*, V, i, 223: "*incensed* me to slander the lady Hero."

47 *broken with*] broken silence with, informed.

He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
 And we must root him out. From your affairs
 I hinder you too long: good night, Sir Thomas.

LOV. Many good nights, my lord: I rest your ser-
 vant. [*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*]

Enter KING and SUFFOLK

KING. Charles, I will play no more to-night;
 My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

SUF. Sir, I did never win of you before.

KING. But little, Charles,
 Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. 60
 Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

LOV. I could not personally deliver to her
 What you commanded me, but by her woman
 I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
 In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness
 Most heartily to pray for her.

KING. What say'st thou, ha?
 To pray for her? what, is she crying out?

LOV. So said her woman, and that her sufferance made
 Almost each pang a death.

KING. Alas, good lady!

SUF. God safely quit her of her burthen, and 70
 With gentle travail, to the gladding of
 Your highness with an heir!

KING. 'T is midnight, Charles;
 Prithee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember

52 convented] summoned or convened (to meet his accusers).

68-69 her sufferance . . . each pang a death] Cf. II, iii, 15-16, *supra*:

“his a sufferance panging As soul and body's severing.”

The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone;
 For I must think of that which company
 Would not be friendly to.

SUF. I wish your highness
 A quiet night, and my good mistress will
 Remember in my prayers.

KING. Charles, good night.

[Exit Suffolk.]

Enter SIR ANTHONY DENNY

Well, sir, what follows?

DEN. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop, 80
 As you commanded me.

KING. Ha! Canterbury?

DEN. Ay, my good lord.

KING. 'T is true: where is he, Denny?

DEN. He attends your highness' pleasure.

KING. Bring him to us.

[Exit Denny.]

LOV. *[Aside]* This is about that which the bishop
 spake:

I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER

KING. Avoid the gallery. *[Lovell seems to stay.]* Ha! I
 have said. Be gone.

What! *[Exeunt Lovell and Denny.]*

CRAN. *[Aside]* I am fearful: wherefore frowns he
 thus?

'T is his aspect of terror. All's not well.

86 *Avoid]* Quit, leave.

KING. How now, my lord! you do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

CRAN. [Kneeling] It is my duty 90
To attend your highness' pleasure.

KING. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have moved us and our council, that you shall 100
This morning come before us; where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

CRAN. [Kneeling] I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff 110
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,

106 *a brother of us*] a brother member of the Privy Council.

110-111 *Most thoroughly . . . asunder*] Cf. *Matthew*, III, 12; "whose fan is in his hand, and he will *thoroughly* purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner: but he will burn up the *chaff*."

There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
Than I myself, poor man.

KING. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend: give me thy hand, stand up:
Prithee, let's walk. Now, by my holidame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers, and to have heard you, 120
Without indurance further.

CRAN. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person; which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

KING. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole
world?

114-115 *rooted In us*] rooted in our minds.

116 *by my holidame*] Shakespeare uses the form "halidom" in *Two Gent.*, IV, ii, 131. The word literally means "state of holiness," and the phrase is equivalent to "i' faith."

121 *indurance*] imprisonment, for which Shakespeare frequently uses the word "durance." The form "indurance" seems to come from Foxe's *Actes and Monumentes*, 1576, Vol. II, p. 1759, Col. ii, where a full account is given of the arrest of Archbishop Cranmer and his conversation with the king. The speeches of the king in this Scene reproduce Foxe's words with much literalness.

122 *The good I stand on*] The advantage on which I rely.

123 *with mine enemies*] in partnership with mine enemies.

Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
 Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
 The justice and the truth o' the question carries 130
 The due o' the verdict with it: at what ease
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
 To swear against you? Such things have been done.
 You are potently opposed, and with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
 I mean, in perjured witness, than your master,
 Whose minister you are, whiles here he lived
 Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
 You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
 And woo your own destruction.

CRAN. God and your majesty 140
 Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
 The trap is laid for me!

KING. Be of good cheer;
 They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
 Keep comfort to you; and this morning see
 You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring 150
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them. Look, the good man weeps!
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!

128 *practices*] plots.

129 *not ever*] not always.

I swear he is true-hearted, and a soul
 None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*] He has
 strangled
 His language in his tears.

Enter Old Lady; Lovell following

GENT. [*Within*] Come back: what mean you?

OLD L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness manners. Now, good angels
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person 160
 Under their blessed wings!

KING. Now, by thy looks
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd?
 Say, ay, and of a boy.

OLD L. Ay, ay, my liege;
 And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
 Both now and ever bless her! 't is a girl,
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like you
 As cherry is to cherry.

KING. Lovell!

LOV. Sir?

KING. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[Exit.

162 *Is the queen deliver'd?*] Queen Anne Boleyn gave birth to Princess Elizabeth on September 7, 1533.

164 *a lovely boy*] The old lady in her perturbation makes this error, which she hastens to correct.

167 *and to be*] and (desires you) to be.

OLD L. An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll ha'
 more. www.fibtool.com.cn 171
 An ordinary groom is for such payment.
 I will have more, or scold it out of him.
 Said I for this, the girl was like to him ?
 I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
 While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II — BEFORE THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER

Pursuivants, Pages, &c., *attending*

Enter CRANMER, Archbishop of Canterbury

CRAN. I hope I am not too late; and yet the gentle-
 man
 That was sent to me from the council pray'd me
 To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
 Who waits there? Sure, you know me?

Enter Keeper

KEEP. Yes, my lord;
 But yet I cannot help you.

CRAN. Why?

Enter DOCTOR BUTTS

KEEP. Your grace must wait till you be call'd for.

CRAN. So.

176 *While it is hot*] A reference to the proverb "Strike while the iron's hot."

BUTTS. [*Aside*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad I came this way so happily: the king shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*]

CRAN. [*Aside*] 'T is Butts, The king's physician: as he pass'd along, How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me! Pray heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain, This is of purpose laid by some that hate me — God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice — To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me Wait else at door, a fellow-councillor, 'Mong boys, grooms and lackeys. But their pleasures Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING and BUTTS at a window above

BUTTS. I'll show your grace the strangest sight —

KING. What's that, Butts? 20

BUTTS. I think your highness saw this many a day.

KING. Body o' me, where is it?

BUTTS. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages and footboys.

KING. Ha! 't is he, indeed:

Is this the honour they do one another?

'T is well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought

13 *sound*] proclaim.

19 (stage direction) *at a window above*] It was not uncommon for a large room to have a window high up in the wall, from which persons in another chamber could overlook proceedings. The king and Butts now appeared on the balcony at the back of the stage.

They had parted so much honesty among 'em,
 At least good manners, as not thus to suffer
 A man of his place and so near our favour
 To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
 And at the door too, like a post with packets.
 By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
 Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
 We shall hear more anon.

30

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III — THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER

Enter LORD CHANCELLOR, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for CANTERBURY'S seat; DUKE OF SUFFOLK, DUKE OF NORFOLK, SURREY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, GARDINER, seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at lower end, as secretary. Keeper at the door

CHAN. Speak to the business, master secretary:
 Why are we met in council?

CROM. Please your honours,
 The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

GAR. Has he had knowledge of it?

CROM. Yes.

NOR. Who waits there?

KEEP. Without, my noble lords?

28 *parted*] divided, shared.

34 *the curtain*] the curtain of the window, behind which the king and Butts secrete themselves. A curtain hung in front of the balcony at the back of the stage.

SCENE III. The Folios make no new scene to begin here. This scenic division, which seems necessary, was first suggested by Pope.

GAR. Yes.

KEEP. My lord archbishop;
And has ~~done half an hour, to~~ know your pleasures.

CHAN. Let him come in.

KEEP. Your grace may enter now.

[Cranmer enters and approaches the council-table.]

CHAN. My good lord archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men, 10
In our own natures frail and capable
Of our flesh; few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,
Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chap-
lains, —

For so we are inform'd, — with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

GAR. Which reformation must be sudden too, 20
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,

9 *at this present*] at this moment.

11-12 *capable Of our flesh*] susceptible to the temptations of the flesh.

14 *misdemean'd*] misbehaved, misconducted.

22 *Pace . . . hands*] Do not guide them in their paces by merely leading them by the bridle.

24 *obey the manage*] obey the horseman's control. "Manage" is the

Out of our easiness and childish pity
 To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
 Farewell all ~~physic~~ and what follows then?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours,
 The upper Germany, can dearly witness, 30
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

CRAN. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching
 And the strong course of my authority
 Might go one way, and safely; and the end
 Was ever to do well: nor is there living,
 I speak it with a single heart, my lords,
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,
 Both in his private conscience and his place, 40
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
 Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it! Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice nourishment
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,

technical term applied to the art of training a horse, and to the whole range of equestrian exercises.

25 *Out of our easiness*] owing to our gentleness.

30 *The upper Germany*] In Foxe's *Actes* (Vol. II, p. 1759) Cranmer's enemies warn the king that tolerance of heresy might call forth "horrible commotions and uprores like in some partes of Germanie it did not long agoe." Foxe was doubtless referring to the fanatical outbreak in Thuringia and Saxony, led by Thomas Münzer, the anabaptist pastor of Mühlhausen in 1525.

38 *single*] single-minded, sincere.

Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

SUF. www.libtool.com.cn Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a councillor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you. 50

GAR. My lord, because we have business of more
moment,
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

CRAN. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, 60
You are so merciful. I see your end;
'T is my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

GAR. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary; 70

50 *by that virtue*] in virtue of that position.

59 *pass*] prevail.

64 *with modesty again*] with gentleness, back again to the true fold.

67-68 *I make . . . daily wrongs*] The meaning is that my doubt of
clearing myself is as small as your scruples are in daily wrongdoing.

That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

CROM. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty
To load a falling man.

GAR. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

CROM. Why, my lord?

GAR. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

CROM. Not sound?

GAR. Not sound, I say.

CROM. Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

GAR. I shall remember this bold language.

CROM. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

CHAN. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

GAR. I have done.

71-72 *your painted gloss . . . weakness*] Those that understand you discover in your specious plausible rhetoric mere talk and feeble reasoning.

78 *I cry your honour mercy*] I beg your pardon.

85-86 CHAN. *This is too much . . . my lords*] The Folios give this speech, like lines 87-91, to CHAM., *i. e.*, Chamberlain. Capell transferred both speeches to the chancellor; such a transference seems required by the tone of the chancellor's explanation to the king of this procedure for Cranmer's committal (lines 147-153).

CROM.

And I.

CHAN. Then thus for you, my lord: it stands agreed,
 I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
 You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner;
 There to remain till the king's further pleasure
 Be known unto us: are you all agreed, lords? 90

ALL. We are.

CRAN. Is there no other way of mercy,
 But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

GAR. What other
 Would you expect? you are strangely troublesome.
 Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard

CRAN. For me?
 Must I go like a traitor thither?

GAR. Receive him,
 And see him safe i' the Tower.

CRAN. Stay, good my lords,
 I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords;
 By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
 Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it 100
 To a most noble judge, the king my master.

CHAM. This is the king's ring.

SUR. 'T is no counterfeit.

SUF. 'T is the right ring, by heaven: I told ye all,
 When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
 'T would fall upon ourselves.

102 *the king's ring*] In mediæval and renaissance days the kings were constantly credited with the possession of a ring, which freed any on whom it was bestowed from all processes of law. Ownership of the king's ring could be pleaded as a royal pardon.

NOR. Do you think, my lords,
The king will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?

CHAM. 'T is now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him?
Would I were fairly out on't!

CROM. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations 110
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye: now have at ye!

Enter KING, frowning on them; takes his seat

GAR. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to
heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince,
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgement comes to hear 120
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

KING. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flattery now, and in my presence
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.

109 *gave me*] gave me to understand, suggested to me.

125 *They*] "They" are the "sudden commendations" (*i. e.*, impromptu flatteries) of line 122.

bare] Malone's emendation of the Folio reading *base*.

To me you cannot reach you play the spaniel,
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me;
 But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I'm sure
 Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody.

[To Cranmer] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the
 proudest

130

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
 By all that's holy, he had better starve
 Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

SUR. May it please your grace, —

KING. No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought I had had men of some understanding
 And wisdom of my council; but I find none.

Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,

This good man, — few of you deserve that title, —

This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy

At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?

140

Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission

Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye

Power as he was a councillor to try him,

Not as a groom: there's some of ye, I see,

More out of malice than integrity,

Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;

Which ye shall never have while I live.

CHAN.

Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace

133 *this place*] Rowe's correction of the Folio reading *his place*. Malone defends the Folio reading, understanding the king to warn hearers against thinking the places they fill would not equally well suit Cranmer.

146 *mean*] means, opportunity.

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
 Concerning his imprisonment, was rather, 150
 If there be faith in men, meant for his trial
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
 I'm sure, in me.

KING. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
 Take him and use him well; he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, if a prince
 May be beholding to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
 Be friends, for shame, my lords! My Lord of Canter-
 bury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me; 160
 That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

CRAN. The greatest monarch now alive may
 glory
 In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

KING. Come, come, my lord, you 'ld spare your
 spoons: you shall have two noble partners with you;
 the old Duchess of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dor-
 set: will these please you?

166 *your spoons*] the usual gifts of sponsors at a christening; usually they were gilt spoons with figures of the twelve Apostles carved on the handles, and were hence known as Apostles' spoons. As a matter of fact, Archbishop Cranmer's christening gift to the Princess Elizabeth was, according to Holinshed, "a standing cup of gold," *i. e.*, a cup on a stand or pedestal. Cf. V, v, opening stage direction, *infra*.

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you, 170
Embrace and love this man.

GAR. With a true heart
And brother-love I do it.

CRAN. And let heaven
Witness how dear I hold this confirmation.

KING. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true
heart:

The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus: "Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever."

Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain; 180
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV — THE PALACE YARD

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man

PORT. You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals: do
you take the court for Paris-garden? ye rude slaves,
leave your gaping.

[Within] "Good master porter, I belong to the larder."

175-177 *The common voice . . . for ever*] According to Foxe's *Actes*, 1576 (Vol. II, p. 1756), Cranmer's meekness "came into a *common prouerbe*: 'Do vnto my Lord of Canterbury displeasure or a shrewed turne, and then you may be sure to haue him your friend whiles he lyueth.'" "Shrewd" means "evil."

2 *Paris-garden*] a popular resort on the Bank-side in Southwark near the Globe Theatre. The garden's chief attraction was bear-baiting,

PORT. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, ye rogue! Is this a place to roar in? Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to 'em. I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

MAN. Pray, sir, be patient: 't is as much impossible —

Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons — 11

To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep

On May-day morning; which will never be:

We as may well push against Powle's as stir 'em.

PORT. How got they in, and be hang'd?

MAN. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot —

You see the poor remainder — could distribute,

I made no spare, sir.

PORT. You did nothing, sir.

MAN. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,

a sport which attracted disorderly audiences; cf. the modern use of the word "bear-garden." The first three Folios read *Parish Garden*, which the Fourth Folio corrected.

3 *gaping*] bawling.

4 *I belong to the larder*] I am an officer of the royal larder (and want to go out).

13 *May-day morning*] observed from dawn of day by all ranks of society as a public festival or holiday.

14 *Powle's*] The old spelling of "Paul's," the common name of St. Paul's Cathedral.

20 *Sir Guy . . . Colbrand*] heroes of the familiar romance of Sir Guy of Warwick, whose chief exploit was his triumph, in a duel at Winchester, over the Danish giant Colbrand.

To mow 'em down before me: but if I spared any 21
 That had a head to hit, either young or old,
 He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
 Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
 And that I would not for a cow, God save her!

[*Within*] "Do you hear, master porter?"

PORT. I shall be with you presently, good master
 puppy. Keep the door closed, sirrah.

MAN. What would you have me do? 29

PORT. What should you do, but knock 'em down by
 the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have
 we some strange Indian with the great tool come to
 court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry
 of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience,
 this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be
 father, godfather, and all together.

MAN. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a

24 *a chine*] sc. of beef, a good joint of meat.

25 *And . . . God save her*] a rustic mode of asseveration. "O I would
 not do that for a cow save her tail," is said to be commonly heard
 among Devonshire peasants by way of emphatic refusal.

31 *Moorfields*] a wide open space which served as muster-ground or
 parade ground for the citizen soldiers of London.

32 *some strange Indian*] doubtless a reference to a native of New
 England brought to England in 1611, called Epenew. His large
 proportions attracted attention, and "being a man of so great a
 stature," he was "showed up and down London for money as
 a wonder." See Smith's *Historie of New England*, ed. 1907,
 ii, 7.

33 *a fry*] a swarm.

37 *The spoons*] The christening spoons. Cf. V, iii, 166, *supra*.

fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: that fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pinked porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out "Clubs!"

38 *a brazier*] a play upon the word in its two senses of a worker in brass and a portable stove.

39-40 *by his face . . . now reigns in 's nose*] his nose is red-hot like burning coal. Cf. Falstaff's description of Bardolph's face, *1 Hen. IV*, III, iii, 41-42: "an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches."

41 *under the line*] under the equator, where the heat is greatest.

41-42 *fire-drake*] fiery dragon. The word is sometimes applied to the will-o'-the-wisp or "ignis fatuus" and sometimes to a meteor in the heavens. Falstaff likens Bardolph to "an ignis fatuus or a ball of wildfire," *1 Hen. IV*, III, iii, 39.

44 *a mortar-piece . . . us*] a piece of ordnance to blow us up.

46 *pinked porringer*] a cap ornamented with eyelet holes, resembling the perforated lid of the pot or dish in which porridge was commonly served. Porringer-caps, which were also known as Milan-bonnets, were fashionable forms of headgear. Cf. *T. of Shrew*, IV, iii, 64: "the cap . . . was moulded on a porringer," and note.

47 *the meteor*] a further reference to the "brazier" (38) and "fire-drake" (41).

48 "Clubs"] the cry of the London apprentices and roysterers generally, when they called their mates to their assistance in street affrays. Cf. *1 Hen. VI*, I, iii, 83: "I'll call for clubs if you will not away."

when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place: at length they came to the broomstaff to me; I defied 'em still: when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

56

PORT. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

53 *loose shot*] random marksmen.

55 *win the work*] win the fort: "work" was frequently used for outwork in fortification.

59 *the tribulation . . . Limehouse*] both expressions doubtless refer to disorderly bands of ruffians, who infested Tower Hill and Limehouse. Tower Hill enjoyed an unenviable reputation for turbulence, while Limehouse was infested by disorderly sailors. The playgoing youth of James I's day were often noisy and violent enough to justify identification with these street pests.

61 *in Limbo Patrum*] a jocular term for "prison," or perhaps here the "stocks." Literally, "limbus Patrum" was applied by the Schoolmen to the place in purgatory occupied by the patriarchs of the Old Testament, who flourished before the coming of Christ.

62 *the running banquet*] the course of whipping at the beadle's hands. For "running banquet," cf. I, iv, 12, *supra*.

Enter LORD CHAMBERLAIN

CHAM. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here. Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves? Ye have made a fine hand,
fellow!

There's a trim rabble let in: are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, 70
When they pass back from the christening.

PORT. An't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

CHAM. As I live,
If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: ye're lazy knaves;
And here ye lie baiting of bombards when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're come already from the christening: 80
Go, break among the press, and find a way out

67 *made a fine hand*] made a nice mess of it.

75-76 *lay ye all By the heels*] put you all in the stocks.

78 *baiting of bombards*] tormenting, or attacking, the great leather vessels holding liquor; tipping freely. "Bombards" are "black-jacks," big leather bottles. Cf. *1 Hen. IV*, II, iv, 436, "that huge *bombard* of sack."

81 *press*] crowd or mob. Cf. *IV*, i, 78, *supra*.

To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.

PORT. Make way there for the princess.

MAN. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.

PORT. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail;
I'll peck you o'er the pales else.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V — THE PALACE

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, CRANMER, DUKE OF NORFOLK with his marshal's staff, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the DUCHESS OF NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady; then follows the MARCHIONESS DORSET, the other godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks

GART. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send
prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and
mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

83 *A Marshalsea . . . play*] a prison shall keep you employed. The Marshalsea was the chief prison of Southwark.

86 *camlet*] a light woollen material, originally made of camel's hair.

87 *I'll peck . . . else*] I'll pitch you over the palings else. "Peck" and "pick" were both used in the sense of "pitch."

(stage direction) *standing-bowls*] bowls on stands, on feet or pedestals.

1-3 *Heaven . . . Elizabeth*] These words are taken with little change

Flourish. Enter KING and Guard

CRAN. [*Kneeling*] And to your royal grace, and the
good queen,

My noble partners and myself thus pray :
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye !

KING. Thank you, good lord archbishop :
What is her name ?

CRAN. Elizabeth.

KING. Stand up, lord.

[The King kisses the child.]

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee ! 10
Into whose hand I give thy life.

CRAN. Amen.

KING. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal :
I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

CRAN. Let me speak, sir,
For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant — heaven still move about her ! —
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be — 20
But few now living can behold that goodness —
A pattern to all princes living with her,

from Holinshed's account of the christening of Princess Elizabeth,
which took place on September 10, 1533, three days after her birth.

12 *gossips*] sponsors, god-parents.

And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
 Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her,
 Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
 She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn, 31
 And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows with
 her:

In her days every man shall eat in safety,
 Under his own vine, what he plants, and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
 God shall be truly known; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but, as when

23 *Saba*] The Queen of Sheba, who came to hear the wisdom of Solomon. "Sheba" figures as "Saba" in the Vulgate. Sabaeans for the people of Sheba is retained in the Authorised Version. The form "Saba" is common in Elizabethan poetry.

27 *piece*] model or pattern, with the meaning of supreme excellence.

33-34 *In her days . . . plants*] Cf. *Micah*, IV, 4: "But they shall sit every man under his vine . . . and none shall make them afraid."

37 *ways*] the Fourth Folio correction of *way*, the reading of the earlier Folios, which the employment of *those* in the next line renders impossible. For the expression, cf. III, ii, 436, *supra*, "the ways of glory."

39-55 *Nor shall this peace . . . wonders*] These seventeen lines, which pass from the praise of Elizabeth to that of James I, were possibly interpolated after the piece was first completed. They abound in

The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix, 40
 Her ashes new create another heir
 As great in admiration as herself,
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one —
 When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness —
 Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,
 Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him.
 Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine, 50
 His honour and the greatness of his name
 Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
 And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches

obsequious compliments to the reigning sovereign and have very little relevance to the context. Cf. Cranmer's speech (lines 56-62), which continues the reference to Queen Elizabeth.

- 40 *the maiden phoenix*] the phoenix which has no mate. The phoenix, according to the familiar classical myth, was consumed by fire at certain intervals, and was recreated from its own ashes. Cf. *Tempest*, III, iii, 21-24.
- 42 *As great in admiration*] As greatly to be admired. "Admiration" connotes in Elizabethan English both wonder and veneration.
- 52 *make new nations*] A possible reference to the contemporary colonisation of Virginia, which was first placed on a permanent basis by the promulgation, in 1607, of a royal charter which formally placed a large tract of North America under English dominion. A contemporary portrait of James I, now in the possession of the Earl of Verulam, entitles James "imperii Atlantici conditor."
- 53 *reach his branches*] a possible reference to the extension of James I's family connections through the marriage in 1613 of his eldest daughter Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine.

To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

KING. www.libtool.com.cn Thou speakest wonders.

CRAN. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die;
She must; the saints must have her; yet a virgin, 60
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

KING. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man! never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding; 70
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye;
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
Has business at his house; for all shall stay:
This little one shall make it holiday. [Exeunt.]

56 *She shall be*] Cranmer continues the eulogy of Queen Elizabeth, which was interrupted at line 39.

65 *did I get any thing*] did I beget any offspring of credit to me. The style here is feeble.

70 *your good brethren*] the aldermen. The Folios read *you good brethren*, which has been judged to be too a familiar form of address in the mouth of the king. Theobald substituted *your* for *you*.

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THE EPILOGUE

'T is ten to one this play can never please
All that are here: some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets; so, 't is clear,
They'll say 't is naught: others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry "That's witty!"
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we're like to hear
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women; 10
For such a one we show'd 'em: if they smile,
And say 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

11 *such a one we show'd 'em]* such (a good woman) we presented in
Queen Katharine.

14 *hold]* refrain.

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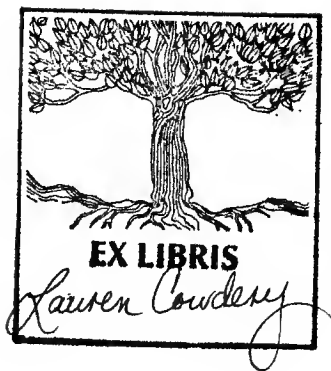
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