

# THE FAMOVS VICTORIES of HENRY THE FIFTH

CONTAINING THE HONOURABLE BATTELL OF AGIN-COURT: AS IT  
WAS PLAIDE BY THE QUEENES MAIESTIES PLAYERS

LONDON: Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598<1> (anonymous)

Original Spelling

Transcribed by BF.

THE  
FAMOUS VICTORIES  
of Henry the  
fifth:

Containing the Honourable  
Battell of Agin-court:

*As it was plaide by the Queenes Maiesties  
Players.*



LONDON  
Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598.

Words discussed in the glossary are underlined.  
Run-ons (closing open ends) are indicated by ~~~

## PERSONS OF THE PLAY <2>

The English Court, Officials:

Henry 5, *Prince Henry*  
Henry 4, *King Henry IV*  
York, *Duke of York*  
Oxford, *Earl of Oxford* <3>  
Exeter, *Earl of Exeter*  
Archbishop, *Archbishop of Canterbury*  
Secretary, *Secretary to King Henry V*  
Mayor, *Lord Mayor of London*  
Justice, *Lord Chief Justice*  
Clerk, *Clerk of the Office*  
Jailor, *Jayler*  
Receivers, Two Receivers  
Sheriff of London

English Citizens:

*Knaveish friends of Prince Henry*  
Ned  
Tom  
Jockey (*Sir John Old-castle*)  
Theefe, a *Thief (Cuthbert Cutter)*  
Dericke  
J. Cobler, *John Cobler*  
Wife, *Wife of John Cobler*  
Robin, *Robbin Pewterer*  
Lawrence, *Lawrence Costermonger*  
Boy, *A Vintner's Boy*  
Soldier, *an English Soldier*

The French Court, Officials, Military:

Charles, *King of France*  
Katharine, *Princess of France*  
Dolphin, *French Prince (Dauphin)*  
Archbishop, *Archbishop of Burges*  
Burgundy, *Duke of Burgondie*  
Constable, *Lord High Constable of France*  
*Messenger, Herald*

French Soldiers:

Frenchman, 1 Soldier, 2 Soldier, 3 Soldier  
Drummer, *Jack Drummer*  
Captain, a *French Captain*

---

1. This play is known to have been written before 1588, as an extant cast list shows that Richard Tarlton (Queenes Majesties Players), who died in 1588, played the part of "Dericke." *See Appendix IV.*

2. Cast list has been made uniform, as shown, and lines accordingly assigned within the text.

3. Proponents of the Oxfordian authorship theory note with unquiet satisfaction the unhistoric depiction of the Earl of Oxford as a primary counselor and valiant warrior in this play. In the Shakespeare plays his role was eliminated and his functions and lines assigned to other characters.

## CONTENTS

### *The Famous Victories of Henry the fifth*

Scenes 1-7: Corresponding to actions in *Henry IV, Part I*

Scenes 8-(part of) 9: Corresponding to actions in *Henry IV, Part II*

Scenes (part of) 9-20: Corresponding to actions in *Henry V*

### Appendix I

Glossary

Length

Sources

Suggested Reading

### Appendix II: Connections

### Appendix III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

### Appendix IV: Anecdote from *Tarltons Jestes*

---

## Scene 1

[*Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.*]

HENRY 5: Come away Ned and Tom.

NED and TOM: Here my Lord.

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

NED: Faith my Lord, I haue got fiue hundred pound.

HENRY 5: But tell me Tom, how much hast thou got?

TOM: Faith my Lord, some foure hundred pound.

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

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

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

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

HENRY 5: But sirs, I maruell that sir John Old-castle  
Comes not away: Sounds, see where he comes. [*Enter Jockey i.e. Old-castle*]  
How now Jockey, what newes with thee?

JOCKEY: Faith my Lord, such newes as passeth,  
For the Towne of Detfort is risen,  
With hue and crie after your man, ... [20]  
Which parted from vs the last night,  
And has set vpon, and hath robd a poore Carrier.

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

JOCKEY: I my Lord, euen the very same.

HENRY 5: Now base minded rascal to rob a poore carrier,  
Wel it skils not, ile saue the base vilaines life:  
I, I may: but tel me Jockey, wherabout be the Receiuers?

JOCKEY: Faith my Lord, they are hard by,  
But the best is, we are a horse backe and they be a foote, ... [30]  
So we may escape them.

HENRY 5: Wel, I[f] the vilaines come, let me alone with them.  
But tel me Jockey, how much gots thou from the knaues?  
For I am sure I got something, for one of the vilaines  
So belamd me about the shoulders,  
As I shal feele it this month.

JOCKEY: Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred pound.

HENRY 5: A hundred pound, now brauely spoken Jockey:  
But come sirs, laie al your money before me.  
Now by heauen here is a braue shewe: ... [40]  
But as I am true Gentleman, I wil haue the halfe  
Of this spent to night, but sirs take vp your bags,  
Here comes the Receiuers, let me alone. [*Enters two Receiuers*]

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

HENRY 5: How now you vilaines, what are you?

1 RECEIVER: Speake you to him.

2 RECEIVER: No I pray, speake you to him.

HENRY 5: Why how now you rascals, why speak you not?

1 RECEIVER: Forsooth we be -- Pray speake you to him.

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

2 RECEIVER: Forsooth he can tel the tale better then I.

1 RECEIVER: Forsooth we be your fathers Receiuers.

HENRY 5: Are you my fathers Receiuers?  
Then I hope ye haue brought me some money.

1 RECEIVER: Money, Alas sir we be robd.

HENRY 5: Robd, how many were there of them?

1 RECEIVER: Marry sir, there foure of them:  
And one of them had sir John Old-Castles bay Hobbie, ... [60]  
And your blacke Nag.

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

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

HENRY 5: Gogs wounds you lamd them fairerly, ... [70]  
So that they haue carried away your money.  
But come sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines?

BOTH RECEIVERS: I beseech your grace, be good to vs.

NED: I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once.

[HENRY 5:] Well, stand vp and get you gone,  
And looke that you speake not a word of it,  
For if there be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin. [*Exeunt Receiuers.*]  
Now sirs, how like you this?  
Was not this brauely done?  
For now the vilaines dare not speake a word of it, ... [80]  
I haue so feared them with words.  
Now whither shall we goe?

ALL: Why, my Lord, you know our old hostes  
At Feuersham.

HENRY 5: Our hostes at Feuersham, blood what shal we do there?  
We haue a thousand pound about vs,  
And we shall go to a pettie Ale-house.  
No, no: you know the olde Tauerne in Eastcheape,  
There is good wine: besides, there is a pretie wench  
That can talke well, for I delight as much in their toongs,  
As any part about them. ... [90]

ALL: We are readie to waite vpon your grace.

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

NED: Gogs wounds, brauely spoken Harry.

## Scene 2

[*Enter John Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence Costermonger.*]

J. COBLER: All is well here, all is well maisters.

ROBIN: How say you neighbour John Cobler?  
I thinke it best that my neighbour  
*Robin Pewterer* went to Pudding lane end, ... [100]  
And we will watch here at Billingsgate ward,  
How say you neighbour *Robin*, how like you this?

ROBIN [?]: Marry well neighbours:  
I care not much if I goe to Pudding lanes end.  
But neighbours, and you heare any adoe about me,

Make haste: and if I heare any ado about you,  
I will come to you. [*Exit Robin.*]

LAWRENCE: Neighbour, what newes heare you of the young Prince?

J. COBLER: Marry neighbor, I heare say, he is a toward yoong Prince,  
For if he met any by the hie way, ... [110]  
He will not let to talke with him.  
I dare not call him theefe, but sure he is one of these taking fellowes.L

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

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

LAWRENCE: No, no, neighbour, I warrant you.

J. COBLER: Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sleepe,  
If you will, we will sit down, ... [120]  
For I thinke it is about midnight.

LAWRENCE:. Marry content neighbour, let vs sleepe. [*Enter Dericke rouing.*]

DERICKE: Who, who there, who there? [*Exit Dericke. Enter Robin.*]

ROBIN: O neighbors, what meane you to sleepe,  
And such ado in the streetes?

BOTH: How now, neighbor, whats the matter? [*Enter Dericke againe.*]

DERICKE: Who there, who there, who there?

J. COBLER: Why, what ailst thou? here is no horses.

DERICKE: O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there?

ROBIN: Hold him neighbor Cobler. ... [130]

ROBIN. Why I see thou art a plaine Clowne.

DERICKE: Am I a clowne? sownes, maisters, Do Clownes go in silke apparell?I am sure all we  
gentlemen Clownes in Kent scant go so  
Well: Sownes, you know clownes very well:

Heare you, are you maister Constable? and you be, speake,  
For I will not take it at his hands.

J. COBLER: Faith I am not maister Constable,  
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

DERICKE: Is not maister Constable here? ... [140]  
Well it is no matter, ile haue the law at his hands.

J. COBLER: Nay I pray you do not take the law of vs.

DERICKE: Well, you are one of his beastly officers.

J. COBLER: I am one of his bad officers.

DERICKE: Why then I charge thee looke to him.

J. COBLER: Nay but heare ye sir, you seeme to be an honest  
Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night:  
And we would be loth to haue any thing adoo,  
Therefore I pray thee put it vp.

DERICKE: First, thou saiest true, I am an honest fellow, ... [150]  
And a proper handsome fellow too,  
And you seeme to be poore men, therefore I care not greatly  
Nay, I am quickly pacified:  
But and you chance to spie the theefe,  
I pray you laie hold on him.

ROBIN: Yes that we wil, I warrant you.

DERICKE: Tis a wonderful thing to see how glad the knaue  
Is, now I haue forgiuen him.

J. COBLER: Neighbors do ye looke about you. ... [160]  
How now, who's there? [*Enter the Theefe.*]

THEEFE: Here is a good fellow, I pray you which is the  
Way to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape?

DERICKE: Whoope hollo, now Gads Hill, knowest thou me?

THEEFE: I know thee for an Asse.

DERICKE: And I know thee for a taking fellow,  
Upon Gads hill in Kent:  
A bots light vpon ye.

THEEFE: The whorson vilaine would be knockt.

DERICKE: Maisters, vilaine, and ye be men stand to him,  
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you. ... [170]

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

THEEFE: It is not too late for true men to walke.

LAWRENCE: We know thee not to be a true man.

THEEFE: Why, what do you meane to do with me?  
Sownes, I am one of the kings liege people.

DERICKE: Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege people?

THEEFE: I marry am I sir, what say you to it?

DERICKE: Marry sir, I say you are one of the Kings filching people.

J. COBLER: Come, come, lets haue him away. ... [180]

THEEFE: Why what haue I done?

ROBIN: Thou has robd a poore fellow,  
And taken away his goods from him.

THEEFE: I neuer sawe him before.

DERICKE: Maisters who comes here? [*Enter the Vintners boy.*]

BOY: How now good man Cobler?

J. COBLER: How now Robin, what makes thou abroad  
At this time of night?

BOY: Marrie I haue been at the Counter,  
I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like. ... [190]

J. COBLER: What is that Robin, what is the matter?

BOY: Why this night about two houres ago, there came the young Prince, and three or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noyse of Musitians, and were very merry for the space of an houre, then whether their Musicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much Wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flue against the wals, and then they drew their swordes, and went into the streete and fought, and some tooke one part, & some tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there was such a bloodie fray as passeth, and none coulde part ... [200] them untill such time as the Mayor and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at the last with much adoo, they tooke them, and so the yong Prince was carried to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came a Messenger from the Court in all haste from the King, for my Lord Mayor and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not.

J. COBLER: Here is newes indeede *Robert*.

LAWRENCE: Marry neighbour, this newes is strange indeede, I thinke it best neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe first. ... [210]

THEEFE: What meane you to doe with me?

J. COBLER: We mean to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the Sessions day.

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

J. COBLER: Nay thou must go to the country prison, to Newgate, Therefore come away.

THEEFE: I prethie be good to me honest fellow.

DERICKE: I marry will I, ile be verie charitable to thee, For I will neuer leaue thee, til I see thee on the Gallowes. ... [220]

### Scene 3

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

OXFORD: And please your Maiestie, heere is my Lord Mayor and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with your Maiestie.

HENRY 4: Admit them to our presence. [*Enter the Mayor and the Sheriffe.*]  
Now my good Lord Mayor of London,  
The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to tel you of a

matter which I haue learned of my Councell: Herein I understand, that you haue committed my sonne to prison without our leaue and license. What although he be a rude youth, and likely to giue occasion, yet you might haue considered that he is a Prince, and my sonne, and not to be halled to prison by euery subiect. ... [230]

MAYOR: May it please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue to tell our tale?

HENRY 4: Or else God forbid, otherwise you might thinke me an unequall Judge, hauing more affection to my sonne, then to any rightfull iudgement.

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

HENRY 4: Go too, say on.

MAYOR: Then if it please your Maiestie, this night betwixt ... [240] two and three of the clocke in the morning, my Lord the yong Prince with a very disordred companie, came to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape, and whether it was that their Musicke liked them not, or whether they were ouercome with wine, I know not, but they drew their swords, and into the streete they went, and some tooke my Lord the yong Princes part, and some tooke the other, but betwixt them there was such a bloodie fray for the space of halfe an houre, that neither watchmen nor any other could stay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were sent for, and at the last with much adoo we staid them, but it was long first, ... [250] which was a great disquieting to all your louing subiects thereabouts: and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had sent them to trie vs, whether we would doo iustice, or whether it were of their owne voluntarie will or not, we cannot tell: and therefore in such a case we knew not what to do, but for our own safeguard we sent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace, and your Maiesties sonne. And thus most humbly beseeching your Maiestie to thinke of our answeere.

HENRY 4: Stand aside untill we haue further deliberated on ... [260] your answeere. [*Exit Mayor*]  
Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry,  
That hath gotten a sonne, which with greefe  
Will end his fathers dayes.

Oh my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince indeed,  
And to deserue imprisonment,  
And well haue they done, and like faithfull subiects:  
Discharge them and let them go.

EXETER: I beseech your Grace, be good to my Lord the  
yong Prince. ... [270]

HENRY 4: Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

OXFORD: Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriffe haue bene  
too precise in this matter.

HENRY 4: No: they haue done like faithfull subiects:  
I will go my selfe to discharge them, and let them go. [*Exit omnes*]

#### **Scene 4**

[*Enter Lord chiefe Justice, Clarke of the Office, Jayler, John Cobler, Dericke and the Theefe.*]

JUSTICE: Jayler bring the prisoner to the barre.

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

JUSTICE: Hold thy hand vp at the barre.

THEEFE: Here it is my Lord ... [280]

JUSTICE: Clearke of the Office, reade his inditement.

CLEARKE: What is thy name?

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

JUSTICE: I, I thinke so, but we will know it better before  
you go.

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

CLERK: What is thy name? ... [290]

THEEFE. What need you to ask, and haue it in writing.

CLERK: Is not thy name Cuthbert Cutter?

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

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

DERICKE: O maisters stay there, nay lets neuer belie the man, ... [300] for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but he hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great rase of Ginger, that bouncing Besse with the iolly buttocks should haue had; that greeues me most.

JUSTICE: Well, what sayest thou, art thou guiltie, or not guiltie?

THEEFE: Not guiltie, my Lord.

JUSTICE: By whom wilt thou be tride?

THEEFE: By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe whether you will. ... [310]

*[Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.]*

HENRY 5: Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain, what makes you heere? I must goe about my businesse my selfe, and you must stand loytering here.

THEEFE: Why my Lord, they haue bound me, and will not let me goe.

HENRY 5: Haue they bound thee villain? why, how now my Lord?

JUSTICE: I am glad to see your grace in good health.

HENRY 5: Why my Lord, this is my man, Tis maruell you knew him not long before this, I tell you he is a man of his hands. ... [320]

THEEFE: I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare.

JUSTICE: Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknowledging him to be your man.

HENRY 5: Why my Lord, what hath he done?

JUSTICE: And it please your Maiestie, he hath robbed a poore Carrier.

DERICKE: Heare you sir, marry it was one Dericke, Goodman Hobblings man of Kent.

HENRY 5: What, wast you batten-breech?  
Of my word my Lord, he did it but in iest.

DERICKE: Heare you sir, is it your mans qualitie to rob folks in ... [330]  
iest? In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest.

HENRY 5: Well my Lord, what do you meane to do with my man?

JUSTICE: And please your grace, the law must passe on him,  
According to iustice, then he must be executed.

*[Bullough: the next 3 lines probably printed in error.]*

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

HENRY 5: Well my Lord, what meane you to do with my man?

JUDGE. And please your grace the law must passe on him,  
According to iustice, then he must be executed.

HENRY 5: Why then belike you meane to hang my man? ... [340]

JUSTICE: I am sorrie that it falles out so.

HENRY 5: Why my Lord, I pray ye, who am I?

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

HENRY 5: You say true, my Lord:  
And you will hang my man?

JUSTICE: And like your grace, I must needs do iustice.

HENRY 5: Tell me my Lord, shall I haue my man?

JUSTICE: I cannot my Lord ... [350]

HENRY 5: But will you not let him go?

JUSTICE: I am sorie that his case is so ill.

HENRY 5: Tush, case me no casings; shal I haue my man?

JUSTICE: I cannot, nor I may not, my Lord.

HENRY 5: Nay, and I shal not say, & then I am answered?

JUSTICE: No.

HENRY 5: No: then I will haue him. [*He giueth him a boxe on the eare.*]

NED: Gogs wounds my Lord, shal I cut off his head?

HENRY 5: No, I charge you draw not your swords,  
But get you hence, prouide a noyse of Musitians, ... [360]  
Away, be gone. [*Exit Ned and Tom*]

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

HENRY 5: Nay and you be not, you shall haue more.

JUSTICE: Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?

HENRY 5: You, who knowes not you?  
Why man, you are Lord chiefe Justice of England.

JUSTICE: Your Grace hath said truth, therfore in striking  
me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me onely, but  
also your father: whose liuely person here in this place I doo  
represent. And therefore to teach you what prerogatiues  
meane, I commit you to the Fleete, untill we haue spoken ... [370]  
with your father.

HENRY 5: Why then belike you meane to send me to the Fleete?

JUSTICE: I indeed, and therefore carry him away. [*Exeunt Henry 5 with the Officers.*]

JUSTICE: Jayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe,  
until the next sises.

JAYLER: At your commandement my Lord, it shalbe done. [*Exent Jayler and Theefe*]

### Scene 5

[*Enter Dericke and John Cobler.*]

DERICKE: Sownds maisters, heres adoo,  
When Princes must go to prison:  
Why John didst euer see the like?

J. COBLER: O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like. ... [380]

DERICKE: Why John thou maist see what princes be in choller.  
A Judge a boxe on the eare, Ile tel thee John, O John,  
I would not haue done it for twentie shillings.

J. COBLER: No nor I, there had bene no way but one with vs,  
We should haue bene hangde.

DERICKE: Faith John, Ile tel thee what, thou shalt be my  
Lord chiefe Justice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire,  
And ile be the yong prince, and hit thee a boxe on the eare,  
And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatiues  
Meane, I commit you to the Fleete. ... [390]

J. COBLER: Come on, Ile be your Judge,  
But thou shalt not hit me hard.

DERICKE: No, no.

J. COBLER: What hath he done?

DERICKE: Marry he hath robd Dericke.

J. COBLER: Why then I cannot let him go.

DERICKE: I must needs haue my man.

J. COBLER: You shall not haue him.

DERICKE: Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare:  
How say you, shall I not haue my man? ... [400]

J. COBLER: No marry shall you not.

DERICKE: Shall I not, John?

J. COBLER: No Dericke.

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

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

DERICKE: Who art thou, Sownds, doost not know thy self?

J. COBLER: No.

DERICKE: Now away simple fellow, ... [410]  
Why man, thou art *John* the Cobler.

J. COBLER: No I am my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

DERICKE: Oh John, Masse you saist true, thou art indeed.

J. COBLER: Why then to teach you what prerogatiues mean  
I commit you to the Fleete.

DERICKE: Wel I will go, but yfaith you gray beard knaue, Ile course you.  
[Exit. And straight enters again.]

Oh John, Come, come out of thy chair, why what a clown  
weart thou, to let me hit thee a box on the eare, and now  
thou seest they will not take me to the Fleete. I thinke that  
thou art one of these Worenday Clownes. ... [420]

J. COBLER: But I maruell what will become of thee?

DERICKE: Faith ile be no more a Carrier.

J. COBLER: What wilt thou doo then?

DERICKE: Ile dwell with thee and be a Cobler.

J. COBLER: With me? alas I am not able to keepe thee,  
Why, thou wilt eate me out of doores.

DERICKE: Oh John, no John, I am none of these great slouching  
fellowes, that deuoure these great peeces of beefe and brewes,  
alasse a trifle serues me, a Woodcocke, a Chicken, or a Capons  
legge, or any such little thing serues me. ... [430]

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

DERICKE: Rootes, why are you so good at rooting? Nay, Cobler, weele haue you ringde.

J. COBLER: But Dericke, though we be so poore, Yet wil we haue in store a crab in the fire, With nut-browne Ale, that is full stale, Which wil a man quaile, and laie in the mire.

DERICKE: A bots on you, and be -- ; but for your Ale, ... [440] Ile dwel with you, come lets away as fast as we can. [*Exeunt.*]

### Scene 6

[*Enter the yoong Prince, with Ned and Tom.*]

HENRY 5: Come away, sirs, Gogs wounds Ned, Didst thou not see what a boxe on the eare I tooke my Lord chiefe Justice?

TOM: by gogs blood it did me good to see it, It made his teeth iarre in his head. [*Enter sir John Old-Castle (Jockey).*]

HENRY 5: How now sir John Old-Castle, What newes with you

JOCKEY: I am glad to see your grace at libertie, I was come, I, to visit you in prison. ... [450]

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

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

HENRY 5: But Ned, so soone as I am King, the first thing I wil do, shal be to put my Lord chief Justice out of office, ... [460] And thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Justice of England.

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

HENRY 5: Then Ned, ile turne all these prisons into fence  
Schooles, and I will endue thee with them, with landes to  
maintaine them withall: then I wil haue a bout with my Lord  
chiefe Justice: thou shalt hang none but picke purses and  
horse stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that fellow  
that will stand by the high way side couragiously with his ... [470]  
sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow giue him  
commendations; beside that, send him to me and I will giue  
him an anuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine  
him all the dayes of his life.

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

NED: But whither are ye going now?

HENRY 5: To the Court, for I heare say, my father lies verie  
sicke.

TOM: But I doubt he wil not die.

HENRY 5: Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shal be no  
sooner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the Crowne on my ... [480]  
head.

JOCKEY: Wil you goe to the Courte with that cloake so full  
of needles?

HENRY 5: Cloake, ilat-holes, needles, and all was of mine  
owne deuising, and therefore I wil weare it.

TOM: I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

HENRY 5: Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns, til  
the Crowne be on my head.

JOCKEY: Or that euery needle might be a prick to their harts  
that repine at your doings. ... [490]

HENRY 5: Thou saist true Jockey, but thers some wil say, the  
yoong Prince will be a well toward yoong man and all this  
geare, that I had as leeu they would breake my head with a

pot, as to say any such thing. But we stand prating here too long. I must needs speake with my father, therefore come away.

PORTER: What a rapping keep you at the Kings Court gate?

HENRY 5: Heres one that must speake with the King.

PORTER: The King is verie sick, and none must speak with him.

HENRY 5: No you rascall, do you not know me?

PORTER: You are my Lord the yong Prince. ... [500]

HENRY 5: Then goe and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him.

NED: Shall I cut off his head?

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

NED: I will write him in my Tables, for so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Justice, I wil put him out of his Office. [*The Trumpet sounds.*]

HENRY 5: Gogs wounds sirs, the King comes,  
Lets all stand aside. [*Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter.*]

HENRY 4: And is it true my Lord, that my sonne is alreadie sent to the Fleete? now truly that man is more fitter to rule ... [510]  
the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my sonne, and he by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other. I had thought once, whiles I had liued to haue seene this noble Realme of England flourish by thee my sonne, but now I see it goes to ruine and decaie. [*He wepeth. Enters Lord of Oxford*]

OXFORD: And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne,  
That commeth to speake with you,  
He saith, he must and wil speake with you ... [520]

HENRY 4: Who? my sonne Harry?

OXFORD: I and please your Maiestie.

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

OXFORD: A verie disordered company, and such as make  
Verie ill rule in your Maiesties house.

HENRY 4: Well, let him come,  
But looke that none come with him. ... [*He goeth.*]

OXFORD: And please your grace,  
My Lord the King sends for you.

HENRY 5: Come away sirs, lets go all together.

OXFORD: And please your grace, none must go with you.

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

OXFORD: The King your father commaunds  
There should none come.

HENRY 5: Well sirs then be gone,  
And prouide me three Noyse of Musitians. [*Exeunt knights.*]  
[*Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.*]

HENRY 4: Come my sonne, come on, a Gods name, ... [540]  
I know wherefore thy comming is,  
Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene,  
That thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilde and  
Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly:  
Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings  
Wil end thy fathers dayes. [*He weepes.*]  
I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence  
of thy sick father, in that disguised sort. I tel thee my sonne,  
that there is neuer a needle in thy cloke, but is a prick to my  
heart, & neuer an ilat-hole, but it is a hole to my soule: and ... [550]  
wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I know not,  
but by coniecture. [*He weeps.*]

HENRY 5: My conscience accuseth me, most soueraign Lord,  
and welbeloued father, to answere first to the last point, That  
is, whereas you coniecture that this hand and this dagger  
shall be armde against your life: no, know my beloued father,  
far be the thoughts of your sonne, -- sonne said I, an unworthie

sonne for so good a father: but farre be the thoughts  
of any such pretended mischiefe: and I must humbly render  
it to your Maiesties hand, and liue my Lord and soueraigne  
for euer: and with your dagger arme show like vengeance ... [560]  
vpon the bodie of that -- your sonne, I was about say and  
dare not, ah woe is me therefore, -- that your wilde slaue. Tis  
not the Crowne that I come for, sweete father, because I am  
unworthie, and those vilde & reprobate company I abandon,  
& utterly abolish their company for euer. Pardon sweete  
father, pardon: the least thing and most desir'd [desire, Q.]: and this  
ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe, and sacrifice it  
to the diuel, which is maister of al mischiefe: Pardon me,  
sweet father, pardon me: good my Lord of Exeter speak for  
me: pardon me, pardon good father. Not a word: ah he wil  
not speak one word! A[h] Harry, now thrice unhappie Harry! ... [570]  
But what shal I do? I wil go take me into some solitarie place,  
and there lament my sinfull life, and when I haue done, I wil  
laie me downe and die. [*Exit.*]

HENRY 4: Call him againe, call my sonne againe. [*The Prince returns.*]

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

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

HENRY 5: Thanks good my Lord, & no doubt but this day, ... [580]  
Euen this day, I am borne new againe.

HENRY 4: Come my son and Lords, take me by the hands. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

### Scene 7

[*Enter Dericke.*]

DERICKE: Thou art a stinking whore, & a whoreson stinking whore,  
Doest thinke ile take it at thy hands? [*Enter John Cobler running.*]

J. COBLER: Dericke, D.D. Hearesta,  
Do D. neuer while thou liuest vse that.  
Why, what wil my neighbors say, and thou go away so?

DERICKE: Shees an arrant whore, and Ile haue the lawe on you John.

J. COBLER: Why what hath she done? ... [590]

DERICKE: Marry marke thou John.  
I wil proue it, that I wil.

J. COBLER: What wilt thou proue?

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

J. COBLER: Hearesta Dericke, is this the matter?  
Nay, and it be no worse, we will go home againe, ... [600]  
And all shall be amended.

DERICKE: Oh John, hearesta John, is all well?

J. COBLER: I, all is wel.

DERICKE: Then ile go home before, and breake all the glasse windowes.

### Scene 8

*[Enter the King with his Lords.]*

HENRY 4: Come my Lords, I see it bootes me not to take any  
phisick, for all the Phisitians in the world cannot cure me, no  
not one. But good my Lords, remember my last wil and  
Testament concerning my sonne, for truly my Lordes, I doo  
not thinke but he wil proue as valiant and victorious a King, ... [610]  
as euer raigned in England.

BOTH: Let heauen and earth be witnessse betweene vs, if  
we accomplish not thy wil to the uttermost.

HENRY 4: I giue you the most unfained thanks, good my lords,  
Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,  
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sleepe. *[Exit Lords.]*  
*[He sleepeth. Enter the Prince.]*

HENRY 5: Ah Harry, thrice unhappie, that hath neglect so  
long from visiting of thy sicke father, I will goe. Nay but why  
doo I not go to the Chamber of my sick father, to comfort the  
melancholy soule of his bodie: his soule said I, here is his ... [620]  
bodie indeed, but his soule is whereas it needs no bodie. Now  
thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much,  
and could not I craue pardon for all. Oh my dying father,

curst be the day wherin I was borne, and accursed be the  
houre wherin I was begotten, but what shal I do? if weeping  
teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected  
too soone, I wil weepe day and night until the  
fountaine be drie with weeping. [*Exit.*]  
[*Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.*]

EXETER: Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King.

HENRY 4: Now my Lords.

OXFORD: How doth your Grace feele your selfe?

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

BOTH: And please your grace, the crown is taken away.

HENRY 4: The Crowne taken away,  
Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this deed:  
No doubt tis some vilde traitor that hath done it,  
To depriue my sonne, they that would do it now,  
Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.  
[*Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.*]

OXFORD: Here and please your Grace, ... [640]  
Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.

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

HENRY 5: Most soueraign Lord, and welbeloued father, ... [650]  
I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy  
Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time  
Past all recouerie, and dead to my thinking,  
God is my witnesse, and what should I doo,  
But with weeping tears lament the death of you my father,  
And after that, seeing the Crowne, I tooke it:  
And tel me my father, who might better take it then I,

After your death? but seeing you liue,  
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands,  
And the happiest man aliue, that my father liue: ... [660]  
And liue my Lord and Father, for euer.

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

HENRY 5: Well may I take it at your maiesties hands,  
But it shal neuer touch my head, so long as my father liues. ... [670]  
[*He taketh the Crowne.*]

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

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

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

BOTH LORDS: His former life shewes no lesse.

HENRY 4: Wel my lords, I know not whether it be for sleep,  
Or drawing neare of drowsie summer of death,  
But I am verie much giuen to sleepe,  
Therefore good my Lords and my sonne, ... [690]  
Draw the Curtaines, depart my Chamber,  
And cause some Musicke to rocke me a sleepe. [*Exit omnes. The King dieth.*]

## Scene 9

[*Enter the Theefe.*]

THEEFE: Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird  
Which hath escaped out of the Cage,  
For so soone as my Lord chiefe Justice heard  
That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,  
For feare of my Lord the yong Prince:  
But here comes some of his companions,  
I wil see and I can get any thing of them,  
For old acquaintance. ... [700]  
[*Enter Knights raunging.*]

TOM: Gogs wounds, the King is dead

JOCKEY: Dead, then gogs blood, we shall be all kings.

NED: Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord chiefe Justice  
Of England.

TOM: Why how, are you broken out of prison?

NED: Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes.

JOCKEY: Why what will become of thee now?  
Fie vpon him, how the rascall stinkes.

THEEF Marry I wil go and serue my maister againe.

TOM: Gogs blood, doost think that he will haue any such ... [710]  
Scab'd knaue as thou art? what man, he is a king now.

NED: Hold thee, heres a couple of Angels for thee,  
And get thee gone, for the King wil not be long  
Before he come this way:  
And hereafter I wil tel the king of thee. [*Exit Theefe.*]

JOCKEY: Oh how it did me good, to see the king  
When he was crowned:  
Me thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,  
And his person like unto a God.

NED: But who would haue thought, ... [720]  
That the king would haue changde his countenance so?

JOCKEY: Did you not see with what grace  
He sent his embassage into France? to tel the French king  
That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,  
And Harry of England wil haue it.

TOM: But twas but a litle to make the people beleeeue,  
That he was sorie for his fathers death. [*The Trumpet sounds.*]

NED: Gogs wounds, the king comes,  
Lets all stand aside. [*Enter the King with the Archbishop, and the Lord of Oxford.*]

JOCKEY: How do you do my Lord? ... [730]

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

HENRY 5: I prethee Ned, mend thy manners, ... [740]  
and be more modester in thy tearmes,  
For my unfeined greefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering  
And dissembling talke, thou saist I am changed,  
So I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that quickly,  
Or else I must cause thee to be chaunged.

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

TOM: I trust we haue not offended your grace no way.

HENRY 5: Ah Tom, your former life greeues me,  
And makes me to abandon & abolish your company for euer ... [750]  
And therefore not vpon pain of death to approach my presence  
By ten miles space; then if I heare wel of you,  
It may be I wil do somewhat for you,  
Otherwise looke for no more fauour at my hands,  
Then at any other mans: And therefore be gone,  
We haue other matters to talke on. [*Exeunt Knights*]  
Now my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,  
What say you to our Embassage into France?

ARCHBISHOP: Your right to the French Crowne of France,  
Came by your great grandmother Izabel, ... [760]  
Wife to King Edward the third,  
And sister to Charles the French King.  
Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he wil,

Then must you take your sword in hand,  
And conquer the right.  
Let the vsurped Frenchman know,  
Although your predecessors haue let it passe, you wil not:  
For your Country men are willing with purse and men,  
To aide you.  
Then my good Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne, ... [770]  
That Scotland hath bene in league with France,  
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,  
I thinke it therefore best to conquere Scotland,  
And then I thinke that you may go more easily into France:  
And this is all that I can say, My good Lord.

HENRY 5: I thanke you, my good lord Archbishop of Canterbury,  
What say you my good Lord of Oxford?

OXFORD: And please your Maiestie,  
I agree to my Lord Archbishop, sauing in this:  
He that wil Scotland win, must first with France begin. ... [780]  
According to the old saying.  
Therefore my good Lord, I thinke it best first to inuade France,  
For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one,  
And conquere France, and conquere both. [*Enter Lord of Exeter.*]

EXETER: And please your Maiestie,  
My Lord Ambassador is come out of France.

HENRY 5: Now trust me my Lord,  
He was the last man that we talked of,  
I am glad that he is come to resolue vs of our answere,  
Commit him to our presence. ... [790]  
[*Enter Duke of Yorke.*]

YORKE: God saue the life of my soueraign Lord the king.

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

YORKE: And please your Maiestie,  
I deliuered him my Embassage,  
Whereof I tooke some deliberation,  
But for the answere he hath sent,  
My Lord Ambassador of Burges, the Duke of Burgony,  
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen,  
To bring the Embassage. ... [800]

HENRY 5: Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges  
Into our presence. [*Enter Archbishop of Burges.*]  
Now my Lord Archbishop of Burges,  
We do learne by our Lord Embassador,  
That you haue our message to do  
From our brother the French King:  
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed order,  
We giue you free libertie and license to speake.

ARCHBISHOP: God saue the mightie King of England! ... [810]  
My Lord and maister, the most Christian king,  
Charles the seuenth, the great & mightie king of France,  
As a most noble and Christian king,  
Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content  
To yeeld somewhat to your unreasonable demaunds,  
That if fiftie thousand crownes a yeare with his daughter  
The said Ladie Katheren, in marriage,  
And some crownes which he may wel spare,  
Not hurting of his kingdome,  
He is content to yeeld so far to your unreasonable desire. ... [820]

HENRY 5: Why then belike your Lord and maister,  
Thinks to puffe me vp with fifty thousand crowns a yere?  
No, tell thy Lord and maister,  
That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,  
Except the Crowne and kingdome it selfe:  
And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter.

ARCHBISHOP: And it please your Maiestie,  
My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,  
With this present. [*He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles.*]

HENRY 5: What a gilded Tunne? ... [830]  
I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it?

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

HENRY 5: A Tunne of Tennis balles?  
I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,  
What might the meaning therof be?

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

HENRY 5: But I know that you may declare your message ... [840]  
To a king: the law of Armes allowes no lesse.

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

HENRY 5: My lord prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me:  
But tel him, that in steed of balles of leather,  
We wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron,  
Yea such balles as neuer were tost in France,  
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it, ... [850]  
I, and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it.

ARCHBISHOP: I beseech your grace, to deliuer me your safe  
Conduct under your broad seale manual.  
Therefore get thee hence, and tel him thy message quickly,  
Least I be there before thee: Away, priest, be gone.

HENRY 5: Priest of Burges, know,  
That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one,  
And instead of my hand and seale,  
I will bring him my hand and sword:  
And tel thy lord & maister, that I Harry of England said it, ... [860]  
And I Harry of England wil performe it.  
My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct,  
Under our broad seale manual. [*Exeunt Archbishop, and the Duke of Yorke.*]  
Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,  
For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest  
French man in all France, shall rue the time that euer  
These Tennis balles were sent into England.  
My Lord, I wil that there be provided a great Nauy of ships,  
With all speed, at South-Hampton, ... [870]  
For there I meane to ship my men,  
For I would be there before him, if it were possible,  
Therefore come, but staie,  
I had almost forgot the chiefest thing of all, with chafing  
With this French Embassador.  
Call in my Lord chiefe Justice of England. [*Enter Lord chiefe Justice of England.*]

EXETER: Here is the King my Lord.

JUSTICE: God preserue your Maiestie.

HENRY 5: Why how now my lord, what is the matter?

JUSTICE: I would it were unknowne to your Maiestie.

HENRY 5: Why what aile[s] you? ... [880]

JUSTICE: Your Maiestie knoweth my grieffe well.

HENRY 5: Oh my Lord, you remember you sent me to the Fleete, did you not?

JUSTICE: I trust your grace haue forgotten that.

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

JUSTICE: And if it please your Maiestie, I am far unworthie  
Of so high a dignitie. ... [890]

HENRY 5: Tut my Lord, you are not unworthie,  
Because I thinke you worthie:  
For you that would not spare me,  
I thinke wil not spare another,  
It must needs be so, and therefore come,  
Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

### Scene 10

[*Enter a Captaine, John Cobler and his wife.*]

CAPTAIN: Come, come, there's no remedie,  
Thou must needs serue the King.

J. COBLER: Good maister Captaine let me go,  
I am not able to go so farre. ... [900]

WIFE: I pray you good maister Captaine,  
Be good to my husband.

CAPTAIN: Why I am sure he is not too good to serue the king.

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

CAPTAIN: No, no, thou shalt go.

J. COBLER: Oh sir, I haue a great many shooes at home to Cobble.

WIFE: I pray you let him go home againe.

CAPTAIN:.. Tush I care not, thou shalt go. ... [910]

J. COBLER: Oh wife, and you had beene a louing wife to me,  
This had not bene, for I haue said many times,  
That I would go away, and now I must go  
Against my will. [*He weepeth. Enters Dericke.*]

DERICKE: How now ho, *Basillus Manus*, for an old codpeece.  
Maister Captaine shall we away?  
Sownds how now John, what a crying?  
What make you and my dame there?  
I maruell whose head you will throw the stooles at,  
Now we are gone. ... [920]

WIFE: He tell you, come ye cloghead,  
What do you with my potlid? heare you,  
Will you haue it rapt about your pate? [*She beateth him with her potlid.*]

DERICKE: Oh good dame, [*Here he shakes her.*]  
And I had my dagger here, I wold worie you al to peeces,  
That I would.

WIFE: Would you so, Ile trie that. [*She beateth him.*]

DERICKE: Maister Captaine will ye suffer her?  
Go too, dame, I will go backe as far as I can,  
But and you come againe,  
Ile clap the law on your backe thats flat:  
Ile tell you maister Captaine what you shall do:  
Presse her for a souldier. I warrant you,  
She will do as much good as her husband and I too. [*Enters the Theefe.*]  
Sownes, who comes yonder?

CAPTAIN:.. How now good fellow, doest thou want a maister?

THEEFE: I truly sir.

CAPTAIN:.. Hold thee then, I presse thee for a souldier,  
To serue the King in France.

DERICKE: How now Gads, what doest know vs, thinkest? ... [940]

THEEFE: I, I knew thee long ago.

DERICKE: Heare you maister Captaine?

CAPTAIN:.. What saist thou?

DERICKE: I pray you let me go home againe.

CAPTAIN:.. Why, what wouldst thou do at home?

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

CAPTAIN:.. I warrant thee he wil not steale it from thee, ... [950]  
Come lets away.

DERICKE: Come maister Captaine lets away,  
Come follow me.

J. COBLER: Come wife, lets part louingly.

WIFE: Farewell good husband.

DERICKE: Fie what a kissing and crying is here?  
Sownes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe?  
Why John come away, doest thinke that we are so base  
Minded to die among French men?  
Sownes, we know not whether they will laie ... [960]  
Us in their Church or no: Come M. Captain, lets away.

CAPTAIN:.. I cannot staie no longer, therefore come away. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

### **Scene 11**

[*Enter the King (of France), Prince Dolphin, and Lord high Constable of France.*]

KING: Now my Lord high Constable,  
What say you to our Embassage into England?

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

KING: I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse, ... [970]  
But if the King of England make against vs,  
We must haue thrice so many moe.

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

KING: Oh my sonne, although the King of England be  
Yoong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is rulde  
By his wise Councillors. [*Enter Archbishop of Burges.*]

ARCHBISHOP: God saue the life of my soueraign lord the king. ... [980]

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

ARCHBISHOP: And please your Maiestie,  
He is so far from your expectation,  
That nothing wil serue him but the Crowne  
And kingdome it self, besides, he bad me haste quickly  
Least he be there before me, and so far as I heare,  
He hath kept promise, for they say, he is alreadie landed  
At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the Riuer of Sene,  
And laid his siege to the Garrison Towne of *Harflew*. ... [990]

KING: You haue made great haste in the meane time,  
Haue you not?

DOLPHIN: I pray you my Lord, how did the King of England  
take my presents?

ARCHBISHOP: Truly my Lord, in verie ill part,  
For these your balles of leather,  
He will tosse you balles of brasse and yron:  
Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him,  
He is such a hautie and high minded Prince,  
He is as fierce as a Lyon. ... [1000]

CONSTABLE: Tush, we wil make him as tame as a Lambe,  
I warrant you. [*Enters a Messenger.*]

MESSENGER: God saue the mightie King of France.

KING: Now Messenger, what newes?

MESSENGER: And it please your Maiestie,  
I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew.  
Which is so beset on euery side,  
If your Maiestie do not send present aide,  
The Towne will be yeelded to the English King.

KING: Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still ... [1010]  
Till our Country be spoyled under our noses?  
My Lords, let the Normanes, Brabants, Pickardies,  
And Danes, be sent for with all speede:  
And you my Lord High Constable, I make Generall  
Ouer all my whole Armie.  
Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Bows,  
Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment.

DOLPHIN: I trust your Maiestie will bestow,  
Some part of the battell on me,  
I hope not to present any otherwise then well. ... [1020]

KING: I tell thee my sonne,  
Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life,  
I should thinke my selfe quite conquered,  
and the English men to haue the victorie.

DOLPHIN: Why my Lord and father,  
I would haue the pettie king of England to know,  
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

KING: I know well my sonne,  
But at this time I will haue it thus:  
Therefore come away. [*Exit omnes.*] ... [1030]

## **Scene 12**

*Enter Henry the Fifth, with his Lords.*]

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

YORKE: And it please your Maiestie,  
There are many of your men sicke and diseased,  
And many of them die for want of victuals. ... [1040]

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

OXFORD: I beseech your grace, to graunt me a boone.

HENRY 5: What is that my good Lord?

OXFORD: That your grace would giue me the  
Euantgard in the battell.

HENRY 5: Trust me my Lord of Oxford, I cannot:  
For I haue already giuen it to my unck[1]e the Duke of York, ... [1050]  
Yet I thanke you for your good will. [*A Trumpet soundes.*]  
How now, what is that?

YORKE: I thinke it be some Herald of Armes. [*Enters a Herald.*]

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

HENRY 5: Herald tell them that I defie them,  
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me, ... [1060]  
And as wron[g]full vsurpers of my right:  
And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell,  
Tell them that I thinke they know how to please me:  
But I pray thee what place hath my lord Prince Dolphin  
Here in battell.

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

HENRY 5: Why then he doth me great iniurie,  
I thought that he & I shuld haue plaid at tennis together, ... [1070]  
Therefore I haue brought tennis balles for him,  
But other maner of ones then he sent me.  
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,  
That I haue iniured my hands with other kind of weapons  
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,  
And that he shall finde it ere it be long,  
And so adue my friend:

And tell my Lord, that I am readie when he will. [*Exit Herald.*]  
Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,

### Scene 13

[*Enter French Souldiers.*]

1 SOLDIER: Come away Jack Drummer, come away all,  
and me will tel you what me wil doo,  
Me wil tro one chance on the dice,  
Who shall haue the king of England and his lords.

2 SOLD: Come away Jacke Drummer,  
And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme. [*Enter Drummer.*]

DRUMMER: Oh the braue apparel that the English mans  
Hay broth ouer, I wil tel you what  
Me ha donne, me ha prouided a hundreth trunkes, ... [1090]  
And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.

1 SOLD: What do thou meane by trunkes?

2 SOLD: A shest man, a hundred shests.

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

DRUMMER: Oh the braue, the braue apparel that we shall  
Haue anon, but come, and you shall see what me wil tro  
At the kings Drummer and Fife, ... [1100]  
Ha, me ha no good lucke: tro you.

3 SOLD: Faith me wil tro at the Earle of Northumberland  
And my Lord a Willowby, with his great horse,  
Snorting, farting, oh braue horse.

1 SOLD: Ha, bur Ladie you ha reasonable good lucke,  
Now I wil tro at the king himselfe,  
Ha, me haue no good lucke. [*Enters a Captaine.*]

CAPTAIN: How now what make you here,  
So farre from the Campe?

2 SOLD: Shal me tel our captain what we haue done here? ... [1110]

DRUMMER: *Awee, awee.* [*Exeunt Drum, and one Soldier.*]

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

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

2 SOLD: Oh braue Captaine. ... [1120]

CAPTAIN:.. I am glad, and yet with a kinde of pitie  
To see the poore king:  
Why who euer saw a more flourishing armie in France  
In one day, then here is? Are not here all the Peeres of  
France? Are not here the Normans with their firie hand-  
Gunnnes, and slaunching Curtleaxes?  
Are not here the Barbarians with their hard horses,  
And lanching speares?  
Are not here Pickardes with their Crosbowes & piercing  
Dartes. ... [1130]  
The Henues with their cutting Glaues and sharpe  
Carbuckles.  
Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie?  
And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs?  
Why take an English man out of his warme bed  
And his stale drinke, but one moneth,  
And alas what wil become of him?  
But giue the Frenchman a Reddish roote,  
And he wil liue with it all the dayes of his life. [*Exit.*]

2 SOLD: Oh the braue apparel that we shall haue of the English mans. ... [1140]

#### **Scene 14**

*[Enters the king of England and his Lords.]*

HENRY 5: Come my Lords and fellowes of armes,  
What company is there of the French men?

OXFORD: And it please your Maiestie,  
Our Captaines haue numbred them,  
And so neare as they can iudge,  
They are about threescore thousand horsemen,  
And fortie thousand footemen.

HENRY 5: They threescore thousand,  
And we but two thousand. ... [1150]  
They threescore thousand footemen,  
And we twelue thousand.  
They are a hundred thousand,  
And we fortie thousand, ten to one:  
My Lords and louing Countrymen,  
Though we be fewe and they many,  
Feare not, your quarrel is good, and God will defend you:  
Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either haue  
A valiant victorie, or a honourable death.  
Now my Lords, I wil that my uncle the Duke of Yorke, ... [1160]  
Haue the auantgard in the battell.  
The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,  
The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,  
The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beside the army,  
That they may come fresh vpon them.  
And I my self with the Duke of Bedford,  
The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloster,  
Wil be in the midst of the battell.  
Furthermore, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,  
And the Earle of Northumberland, ... [1170]  
With their troupes of horsmen, be continually running like  
Wings on both sides of the army:  
My Lord of Northumberland on the left wing,  
Then I wil, that euey archer prouide him a stake of  
A tree, and sharpe it at both endes,  
And at the first encounter of the horsemen,  
To pitch their stakes downe into the ground before them,  
That they may gore themselues vpon them,  
And then to recoyle backe, and shoote wholly altogether,  
And so discomfit them. ... [1180]

OXFORD: And it please your Maiestie,  
I wil take that in charge, if your grace be therewith content.

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

OXFORD: I thanke your highnesse. [Exit]

HENRY 5: Well my Lords, our battels are ordeined,  
And the French making of bonfires, and at their bankets,  
But let them looke, for I meane to set vpon them. [*The Trumpet soundes.*]  
Soft, here comes some other French message. [*Enters Herauld.*]

HERALD: King of England, my Lord high Constable ... [1190]  
And other of my Lords, considering the poore estate of thee  
And thy poore Countrey men,  
Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ransome?  
Perhaps thou maist agree better cheape now,  
Then when thou art conquered.

HENRY 5: Why then belike your high Constable  
Sends to know what I wil giue for my ransome?  
Now trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of tennis bals  
No, not so much as one poore tennis ball,  
Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the field, to feed crowes, ... [1200]  
Then euer England shall pay one pennie ransome  
For my bodie.

HERALD: A kingly resolution.

HENRY 5: No Herald, tis a kingly resolution,  
And the resolution of a king:  
Here take this for thy paines. ... [*Exit Herald*]  
But stay my Lords, what time is it?

ALL: Prime my Lord.

HENRY 5: Then is it good time no doubt,  
For all England praieth for vs: ... [1210]  
What my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully vpon me?  
Why then with one voice and like true English hearts,  
With me throw vp your caps, and for England,  
Cry S. George, and God and St. George helpe vs. [*Strike Drummer. Exeunt omnes.*]  
[*The French men crie within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis, Mount Joy, S. Dennis.*]  
[*The Battell.*]

### Scene 15

[*Enters King of England, and his Lords.*]

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

OXFORD: And it please your Maiestie,  
There are of the French armie slaine, ... [1220]  
Aboue ten thousand, twentie sixe hundred  
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners:  
Besides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken prisoners.

Of our Maiesties Armie, are slaine none but the good  
Duke of Yorke, and not aboute fiue or six and twentie  
Common souldiers.

HENRY 5: For the good Duke of Yorke, my unckle,  
I am heartily sorie, and greatly lament his misfortune,  
Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath giuen vs,  
Doth make me much reioyce. But staie, ... [1230]  
Here comes another French message. [*Sound Trumpet. Enters a Herald, kneels.*]

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

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

HERALD: My Lord and maister, the conquered king of France,  
Sends thee long health, with heartie greeting.

HENRY 5: Herald, his greetings are welcome, ... [1240]  
But I thanke God for my health:  
Well Herald, say on.

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

HENRY 5: Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maister  
Send to me to burie the dead?  
Let him bury them, a Gods name.  
But I pray thee Herald, where is my Lord hie Constable,  
And those that would haue had my ransome? ... [1250]

HERALD: And it please your maiestie,  
He was slaine in the battell.

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

HERALD: And it please your Maiestie,  
Tis cald the Castle of Agincourt.

HENRY 5: Well then my lords of England,  
For the more honour of our English men,  
I will that this be for euer cald the battell of Agincourt. ... [1260]

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

HENRY 5: What is that Herald? say on.

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

HENRY 5: With a good will, so some of my Nobles  
View the place for feare of trecherie and treason.

HERALD: Your grace needs not to doubt that. ... [*Exit Herald.*]

HENRY 5: Well, tell him then, I will come.  
Now my lords, I will go into the field my selfe, ... [1270]  
To view my Country men, and to haue them honourably  
Buried, for the French King shall neuer surpasse me in  
Courtesie, whiles I am Harry King of England.  
Come on my lords. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

## Scene 16

[*Enters John Cobler, and Robbin Pewterer.*]

ROBIN: Now, John Cobler,  
Didst thou see how the King did behaue himselfe?

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

ROBIN: I John, there was a braue pollicie. ... [1280]  
[*Enters an English souldier, roming.*]

SOLDIER: What are you my maisters?

BOTH Why, we be English men.

SOLDIER: Are you English men? then change your language  
for all Kings Tents are set a fire,  
and all they that speake English will be kild.

J. COBLER: What shall we do Robin? faith ile shift,  
For I can speake broken French.

ROBIN: Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst speak?

J. COBLER: Commodeuales Monsieur.

ROBIN: Thats well, come lets be gone. ... [1290]  
[*Drum and Trumpet sounds.*]

### Scene 17

[*Enter Dericke roming, After him a Frenchman, and takes him prisoner.*]

DERICKE: O good *Mounser*.

FRENCHMAN: Come, come you villeaco.

DERICKE: O I will sir, I will.

FRENCHMAN: Come quickly you pesant.

DERICKE: I will sir, what shall I giue you?

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

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

FRENCHMAN: Wilt thou giue me as many crowns ... [1300]  
As lie on my sword?

DERICKE: I marrie will I, I but you must lay downe your  
Sword, or else they will not lie on your sword.  
[*Here the Frenchman laies downe his sword, and the clowne takes it vp,  
and hurles him downe.*]

DERICKE: Thou villaine, darest thou looke vp?

FRENCHMAN: O good *Mounsier* comparteue.  
*Monsieur* pardon me.

DERICKE: O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie,  
Doest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy short el?  
O villaine, now I will strike off thy head.  
[*Here whiles he turnes his backe, the French man runnes his wayes.*]

What is he gone, masse I am glad of it, ... [1310]  
For if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd again,  
And then I should haue been spilt,  
But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen.

### **Scene 18**

*[Enters King of France, King of England, and attendants.]*

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

CHARLES: What is it you demand,  
My louing brother of England? ... [1320]

HENRY 5: My Secretary hath it written; read it.

SECRETARY: Item, that immediately Henry of England  
Be crowned King of France.

CHARLES: A very hard sentence,  
My good brother of England.

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

CHARLES: Well, read on.

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

CHARLES: Why then you do not onely meane to ... [1330]  
Dispossesse me, but also my sonne.

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

CHARLES: You are very peremptorie,  
My good brother of England.

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

CHARLES: Why then belike, all that I haue here is yours. ... [1340]

HENRY 5: I euen as far as the kingdom of France reaches.

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

HENRY 5: It is as you please, here is my resolution.

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

HENRY 5: With a good will my good brother of France.  
Secretary deliuer him a coppie. [*Exit King of France and all their attendants.*]  
My lords of England go before, ... [1350]  
And I will follow you. [*Exeunt Lords. Henry speakes to himselfe.*]  
Ah Harry, thrice unhappie Harry,  
Hast thou now conquered the French King,  
And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,  
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,  
Which hath sought to win her fathers Crowne?  
Her fathers Crowne, said I: no it is mine owne:  
I, but I loue her, and must craue her,  
Nay I loue her and will haue her. [*Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.*]  
But here she comes: ... [1360]  
How now faire Ladie Katheren of France,  
What newes?

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

HENRY 5: Now trust me Kate,  
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,  
For none in the world could sooner haue made me debate it  
If it were possible:  
But tell me sweet Kate, canst thou tell how to loue? ... [1370]

KATHARINE: I cannot hate, my good Lord,  
Therefore far unfit were it for me to loue.

HENRY 5: Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,  
Canst thou loue the King of England?  
I cannot do as these Countries do,  
That spend halfe their time in woing;

Tush, wench, I am none such,  
But wilt thou go ouer to England?

KATHARINE: I would to God, that I had your Maiestie  
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres, ... [1380]  
I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke,  
Untill you had related all these unreasonable demands.

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

KATHARINE: How should I loue him, that hath dealt so hardly  
With my father.

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

KATHARINE: If I were of my owne direction, ... [1390]  
I could giue you answe:re:  
But seeing I stand at my fathers direction,  
I must first know his will.

HENRY 5: But shal I haue thy good wil in the mean season?

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

HENRY 5: Now before God, it is a sweete wench.  
*[She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.]*

KATHARINE: I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,  
That is beloued of the mightie King of England.

HENRY 5: Well, Kate, are you at hoast with me? ... [1400]  
Sweete Kate, tel thy father from me,  
That none in the world could sooner haue perswaded me to  
If then thou, and so tel thy father from me.

KATHARINE: God keepe your Maiestie in good health. ... *[Exit Kat.]*

HENRY 5: Farwel sweete Kate. In faith, it is a sweet wench,  
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,  
I would so rowse the Towers ouer his eares,  
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,  
Upon his hands and knees. ... *[Exit King]*

## Scene 19

[Enters Dericke, with his girdle full of shooes.]

DERICKE: How now? Sownes it did me good to see how ... [1410]

I did triumph ouer the French men.

[Enter John Cobler rouing, with a packe full of apparell.]

J. COBLER: Whoope Dericke, how doest thou?

DERICKE: What John, *Comedeuales*, aliue yet.

J. COBLER: I promise thee Dericke, I scapte hardly,

For I was within halfe a mile when one was kild.

DERICKE: Were you so?

J. COBLER: I trust me, I had like bene slaine.

DERICKE: But once kild, why it is nothing,

I was foure or fiue times slaine.

J. COBLER: Foure or fiue times slaine? ... [1420]

Why, how couldst thou haue been aliue now?

DERICKE: O John, neuer say so,

For I was cald the bloodie souldier amongst them all.

J. COBLER: Why, what didst thou?

DERICKE: Why, I will tell thee, John,

Euery day when I went into the field,

I would take a straw and thrust it into my nose.

And make my nose bleed, and then I wold go into the field,

And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,

Peace! a bloodie souldier, and bid me stand aside, ... [1430]

Whereof I was glad:

But marke the chance, John.

I went and stood behinde a tree, but marke then John.

I thought I had beene safe, but on a sodaine,

There steps to me a lustie tall French man,

Now he drew, and I drew,

Now I lay here, and he lay there,

Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward,

And skipped quite ouer a hedge,

And he saw me no more there that day, ... [1440]

And was not this well done John?

J. COBLER: Masse Dericke, thou hast a wittie head.

DERICKE: I John, thou maist see, if thou hadst taken my counsel,  
But what hast thou there?  
I thinke thou hast bene robbing the French men.

J. COBLER: I' faith Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell  
To carry home to my wife.

DERICKE: And I haue got some shooes,  
~~~ For Ile tel thee what I did, when they were dead,  
I would go take off all their shooes. ... [1450]

J. COBLER: I but Dericke, how shall we get home?

DERICKE: Nay sownds, and they take thee,  
They will hang thee.  
O John, neuer do so: if it be thy fortune to be hangd,  
Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoever thou doest.

J. COBLER: Why Dericke the warres is done,  
We may go home now.

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

J. COBLER: How is that, Dericke? ... [1460]

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

J. COBLER: I that I do.

DERICKE: Why then thou knowest weele go with it.

J. COBLER: I but Dericke, how shall we do for to meet them?

DERICKE: Sownds if I make not shift to meet them, hang me.  
Sirra, thou knowst that in euery Towne there wil  
Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke,  
Now I wil go to the Clarke and Sexton  
And keepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well, ... [1470]  
And thou shalt go and take a peece of cake, then Ile ring,  
And thou shalt say, Oh this fellow keepes a good stint,  
And then I will go drinke to thee all the way:  
But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come home,

Because we haue not a French word to cast at a Dog  
By the way?

J. COBLER: Why, what shall we do Dericke?

DERICKE: Why John, Ile go before and call my dame whore,  
And thou shalt come after and set fire on the house,  
We may do it John, for Ile proue it, ... [1480]  
Because we be souldiers.  
*[The Trumpets sound.]*

J. COBLER: Dericke helpe me to carry my shooes and bootes. *[Exeunt.]*

## Scene 20

*[Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exeter, then the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgondie, and attendants.]*

HENRY 5: Now my good brother of France,  
I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your answere?

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

HENRY 5: What, not King of France? then nothing.  
I must be King: but my louing brother of France, ... [1490]  
I can hardly forget the late iniuries offered me,  
When I came last to parley,  
The French men had better a raked  
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,  
Then to haue fiered my Tentes,  
And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,  
I would so rowse him, as he was neuer so rowsed.

CHARLES: I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie  
In this matter.  
But if this please you, that immediately you be ... [1500]  
Proclamed and crowned heire and Regent of France,  
Not King, because I my selfe was once crowned King.

HENRY 5: Heire and Regent of France, that is well,  
But that is not all that I must haue.

CHARLES: The rest my secretary hath in writing.

SECRETARY: Item, that Henry, King of England,  
Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,  
During the life of King Charles, and after his death,  
The Crowne with all rights, to remaine to King Henry  
Of England, and to his heires for euer. ... [1510]

HENRY 5: Well my good brother of France,  
There is one thing I must needs desire.

CHARLES: What is that my good brother of England?

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

CHARLES: Whereas they haue not sticke with greater  
Matters, I know they wil not sticke with such a trifle.  
Begin you my Lord Duke of Burgondie.

HENRY 5: Come my Lord of Burgondie,  
Take your oath vpon my sword. ... [1520]

BURGUNDY: I Philip Duke of Burgondie,  
Sweare to Henry King of England,  
To be true to him, and to become his league-man,  
And that if I Philip, heare of any forraigne power  
Comming to inuade the said Henry or his heires,  
Then I the said Philip to send him word,  
And aide him with all the power I can make,  
And thereunto I take my oath. [He kisseth the sword.]

HENRY 5: Come Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too. [*He kisseth the sword.*]  
Well my brother of France, ... [1530]  
There is one thing more I must needs require of you.

CHARLES: Wherein is it that we may satisfie your Maiestie?

HENRY 5: A trifle my good brother of France.  
I meane to make your daughter Queene of England,  
If she be willing, and you therewith content:  
How saist thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of England?

KATHARINE: How should I loue thee, which is my fathers enemy?

HENRY 5: Tut, stand not vpon these points,  
Tis you must make vs friends:  
I know Kate, thou are not a litle proud that I loue thee: ... [1540]  
What, wench, the King of England?

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

KATHARINE: I had best whilst he is willing,  
Least when I would, he will not:  
I rest at your Maiesties commaund.

HENRY 5: Welcome sweet Kate, but my brother of France,  
What say you to it?

CHARLES: With al my heart I like it,  
But when shall be your wedding day? ... [1550]

HENRY 5: The first Sunday of the next moneth,  
God willing.  
[*Sound Trumpets. Exeunt omnes.*]

---

## APPENDICES

by B.F. copyright © 2002

---

### Appendix I

Length: 12, 452 words

## Glossary

**and (ye be):** if.

**angel (n):** gold coin worth about ten shillings. FS (8-John, Errors, MWW, Ado, Caesar, Mac)  
Common.

**bad (a):** unfortunate. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam. Vic.

**barrel butter (n):** old salt butter. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Famous Victories

**Basillus Manus:** *Besa las manos*. Kiss hands; goodbye! (Spanish). Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic; Kyd  
Sol&Per.

**belamed (v):** lammed, beat. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

**bolliion/bullion (n):** bullion, any metal in a lump. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

**boot** (v): help. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Brooke Romeus; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; Lyly Bombie; Chettle Kind Hart;(anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Leic Gh.

**bots** (n): horse-disease, caused by parasitical flies or maggots. (3-1H4, Shrew, Pericles); Lyly Endymion, Midas, Bombie; (anon.) Mucedorus, Fam Vic; (disp.) Oldcastle.

**brave** (a): splendid, abundant. FS (MND, 1H4, Temp); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Fam Vic, Woodstock; Marlowe T1.

**brewis/brewes** (n): meat broth. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Mucedorus, Fam Vic, Ironside; Munday More.

**buckler** (n): support. FS (Shrew). buckler (n): shield. (4-1H4, Ado); Lyly Midas; Greene Fr Bac; (anon.) Fam Vic, Woodstock, Ironside . Common.

**carbuckle** (n): pointed spike carried in the center of the shield. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

**carpet-knight** (n): one who earns honors at court rather than in battle. FS (1-12th); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington.

**cheap** [better cheap] (adv): at a better rate. NFS. Cf. Fam Vic; Nashe Summers.

**clowne** (Dericke): countryman. Cf. Fam Vic.

**compartieue**: compatez vous (Fr.); have compassion. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

**costermonger** (n): fruit vender. FS (1-2H4, as an adj); (anon.) Fam Vic; Greene Cony, Fr Bac; Nashe Almond.

**Counter**: office, court, or hall of justice of a mayor; the prison attached to such a city court; the name of certain prisons for debtors, etc. in London, Southwark, and some other cities and boroughs. FS (1-MWW); Harvey 3d Letter (connects Thos Churchyard to the Counter) (anon.) Fam Vic, Marprelate, Arden, Nobody/Somebody; More; Marston, Chapman, Jonson Eastward Ho.

**curtel/curtle** (n): cutlas, short sword. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic, Locrine; Marlowe T1.

**cutter** (n): one eager to fight, bully, bravo, also cutthroat, highway robber. NFS. Cf. Lyly Pap; (anon.) Fam Vic-as a last name, Arden, Willobie, Penelope.

**dart** (n): spear, javelin. FS (Edw3, TNK); Golding Ovid; Marlowe T2; Kyd Sol&Per; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Mucedorus, Locrine, Leic Gh; Sidney Antony; Munday More, Huntington.

**drab** (n): slut, prostitute. FS (8); (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Yorkshire Tr; Pasquil Return; (disp.) Cromwell; Oldcastle; Marston Malcontent.

**embassage/ambassage** (n): message, messenger, mission. FS (7-Rich3, LLL, Rich2, Ado, Edw3, Sonnet 26); Lyly Campaspe; Marlowe T1; Greene Orl Fur; Chapman d'Olive; (anon.) Fam Vic, Dr. Dodypoll, Leic Gh.

**fence** (n): fencing, fighting skill. FS (many); Golding Abraham, Edwards Dam&Pith; (anon.) Fam Vic, Willobie, Arden.

**filching** (n, a): stealing. FS (3-H5, MWW, Sonnet 75); Golding Ovid; (anon.) Fam Vic, Arden; Greene Black Book, Cony, James IV.

**Fleet**: prison near a ditch running between Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street; associated with the Court of Star Chamber, contained many prisoners committed by Monarch's decree. Apparently Gabriel Harvey spent time in the Fleet. Cf. Marlowe Edw2; (anon.) Fam Vic. Marprelate; Harvey Sonnet (Apology), 3d Letter; Nashe Saffron.

**gear** (n): device, matter. FS (11); Golding Ovid, Abraham; Gascoigne Supposes; Edwards Dam&Pith; Lyly Sapho, Bombie; Marlowe T1, Edw2; Kyd Sp Tr; (disp.) Oldcastle; (anon.) Fam Vic; Munday Huntington.

**glaves** (n): swords. FS (1-Edw3); (anon.) Fam Vic; Arden, Loctrine.

**gogs wounds**: oath. FS (Shrew); Holinshed Murder of Arden; (anon.) Fam Vic; Greene Fr Bac. halled (v): hauled, or haled.

hoast/host [at host] (a): at home, in accord. FS (1-Errors); (anon.) Fam Vic.

**ilat-holes** (n): eyelet-holes. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

**lanching** (a): old form of lancing, piercing. FS (1-Lear); (anon.) Fam Vic.

**let to talk** (v): hesitate. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

**man of his hands** (n): man of valor; may also be a reference to skill as a highwayman. FS 1- (MWW); (anon.) Fam Vic.

Newgate: London's chief criminal prison. FS (1-1H4); Nashe Penniless; (anon.) Fam Vic, Marprelate, Arden; Harvey Pierce's Super; (disp.) Oldcastle; Munday More, Huntington.

**noise/noyse** [of musicians] (n): company or band of musicians. FS (2H4); (anon.) Fam Vic; Lyly Bombie; Nashe Summers. OED contemp citations: 1558 in Nichols Progr. Q. Eliz. I. 39 Nere unto Fanchurch was erected a scaffold richely furnished, whereon stode a noyes of instrumentes.

**policy** (n): trickery, cunning. FS (many); Golding Ovid; Gascoigne Supposes; Lyly Campaspe, Sapho, Endymion, Bombie; Kyd Sp Tr, Sol&Per; (anon.) Woodstock, Loctrine, Fam Vic, Ironside, Nobody, Leic Gh; Chettle Kind Hart. Wide contemp use. A major Shakespeare preoccupation, i.e.: 1H4: Neuer did base and rotten Policy / Colour her working with such deadly wounds.

**precise** (a): guided by Puritan precepts; code word for Puritan. FS (9-1H6, TGV, MWW, AWEW, Ham, MM); Lyly Campaspe, Gallathea, Sapho, Midas, Whip; Marlowe Jew of Malta; Greene James IV; (anon.) Fam Vic. Blast of Retreat, Willobie, Leic Gh.

**rase** (n): raze, root. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

**receivers** (n): treasury officials. Cf. Fam Vic.

**reddish** (n): radish. Cf. Fam Vic.

**relate** (v): rebate. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

**ringde/ringed** (a): like a pig, through the nose. Cf. Fam Vic.

**roving** (v): wandering aimlessly. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

**scab** (n): scurvy knave. FS (5-2H4, H5, 12th, T&C, Corio); (anon.) Fam Vic; Greene Fr Bac.

**shift** (v): manage. FS (4-2H4, MWW, Cymb, Temp); (anon.) Fam Vic.

**short el** (n): curtel; short sword. **measure with a short el** (v): deal unfairly. Cf. Fam Vic.

**site** (n): sight, display. Cf. Fam Vic.

**skills** (v): matters, cares. FS (3-Shrew, 12th, 2H6); Golding Ovid; Lyly Campaspe, Endymion, Love's Met, Gallathea; Greene Fr Bac; Chettle Kind Hart; (anon.) Fam Vic, Ironside, Leic Gh; (disp.) Greene's Groat.

**slaunching** (a): slashing obliquely. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic. Not in OED, but "slaunchways" means obliquely.

**stale** (a): old and strong. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic; Pasquil Countere.

**villeaco**: *villanaccio* (Ital.): rustic, clown.

**what you are**: because.

**wilde** (a): vilde, vile.

**worenday** (a): workaday, ordinary. NFS. Cf. (anon.) Fam Vic.

## Glossary: Place Names (nonclassical)

**Agincourt**: town near N. coast of France. FS (H5); (anon.) Fam Vic.

**Billingsgate ward, Pudding lane end:** between Eastcheap and the river. Cf. (anon.) *Fam Vic*, Arden; Pasquil Countercuff.

**Detfort:** Deptford, S. of the Thames, near Greenwich. Site of murder of Christopher Marlowe.

**Eastcheap:** N. of the Thames, in the City near London Bridge. Later legend calls the tavern the Boar's Head. In H2,4 (II.2.149) Bardolph calls it 'the old place ... in Eastcheap'.

**Faversham:** Faversham, seven miles from Canterbury near the main London road. (Site of the famous real-life murder of Arden).

**Gads Hill:** A hill two miles from Rochester on the London-Dover road. Also scene of robbery of courier carrying Ridolphi correspondence, Oxford robbery of Burghley couriers.

**Harfleur:** port at the mouth of the Seine, NW France. FS (H5); (anon.) *Fam Vic*.

## Sources

Holinshed, *Chronicles* (1587)

## Suggested Reading

Adams, Joseph Quincy, ed. *Chief Pre-Shakespearean Dramas*. Cambridge: Riverside Press (Houghton Mifflin), 1924.

Bullough, Geoffrey, ed. *Narrative and Dramatic Sources of Shakespeare. Vol. IV* (299-343). London: Routledge and Kegan Paul; New York: Columbia Univ. Press, 1962.

Pitcher, Seymour M. *The Case for Shakespeare's Authorship of "The Famous Victories"*. New York: State University of New York, 1961.

## Appendix II: Connections

### Precise: a code-word for "Puritan"

**Lyly** Campaspe (Pro.): although there be in your precise judgments an universal mislike, yet we may enjoy by your wonted courtesies a general silence.

**Gallathea** (III.1) TELUSA: And can there in years so young, in education so precise, in vows so holy, and in a heart so chaste,

**Sapho** (Pro.): yielding rather ourselves to the courtesy which we have ever found, than to the preciseness which we ought to fear.

**Midas** (I.1.) MARTIUS: Those that call conquerors ambitious are like those that term thrift covetousness, cleanliness pride, honesty preciseness.

**Woman/Moon** (III.2.1) VENUS: Phoebus, away. Thou mak'st her too precise.

**Shakes** 1H6 (V.4) WARWICK: The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

**TGV** (IV.4.5-6) LANCE: I have taught him (his dog), even as one would say precisely,

**MWW** (I.1) EVANS: (to Slender) Therefore, precisely, can you carry your good will to the maid?

(II.2) FALSTAFF: it is as much as I can do to keep the terms of my honor precise: ...  
 2H4 (II.3.40) LADY PERCY: To hold your honor more precise and nice  
 (IV.1.203) ARCH/YORK: He cannot so precisely weed this land  
 HAMLET (IV.4) ... Now, whether it be / Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
 Of thinking too precisely on the event, / A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom  
 And ever three parts coward, Of thinking too precisely on the event, ...  
 AWEW (II.2.12) CLOWN: such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court.  
 MM (I.272-74) LUCIO: ... and he (Claudio) was ever precise in promise-keeping.  
 (I.3.50) DUKE: Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise;  
 (II.1.51-52) ELBOW: I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure  
 In the speeches of Lance and Falstaff there is a good deal of humor directed at the Puritans; the  
 excesses of Angelo (Measure for Measure) are viewed in a more critical light.  
**Greene** James 4 (II.2.159) ATEUKIN: She's holy-wise and too precise for me.  
 Anon. Fam Vic. (272) OXFORD: Perchance the Mayor and the Sheriff  
 have been too precise in this matter.  
 Willobie (IV.1): You show yourself so fool-precise, / That I can hardly think you wise.  
 (IV.5): But her thy folly may appear, / Art thou preciser than a Queen;  
 (V.4): If death be due to every sin, / How can I then be too precise?  
 (XXV.5): You talk of sin, and who doth live / Whose daily steps slide not awry?  
 But too precise doth deadly grieve / The heart that yields not yet to die:  
 L Gh. (174-75): And many though me a Precisian, / But God doth know, I never was precise;

### Past all recovery

**Oxford poem:** Fram'd in the front of forlorn hope, past all recovery  
**Anon.** Locrine (II.v5.68) ALBANACT: My self with wounds past all recovery  
 Fam Vic (650) HENRY 5: Past all recovery, and dead to my thinking  
**Shakes** 2H6 (I.1) WARWICK: For grief that they are past recovery:  
**Edwards** D&P (796-97) DAMON: ... whereas no truth my innocent life can save,  
 But that so greedily you thirst my guiltless blood to have,  
 (1472) EUBULUS: Who knoweth his case and will not melt in tears?  
 His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon.  
**Kyd** Sp Tr (II.2.784-85) HIER: A habitation for their cursed souls,  
 There, in a brazen cauldron, fix'd by Jove, / In his fell wrath, upon a sulfur flame,  
 Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him / In boiling lead and blood of innocents.  
**Shakes** 1H6 (V.iv.44): Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents.  
 Rich3 (I.2.63) O earth! Which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!  
**Anon.** Woodstock (V.1) LAPOOLE: ... and my sad conscience bids the contrary  
 and tells me that his innocent blood thus spilt heaven will revenge.  
 Fam Vic. (814) ARCH: Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather content  
 Ironside (V.1.70) EDR: thirst not to drink the blood of innocents.  
 (V.2.159) EDR: and made a sea with blood of innocents; innocent blood:  
 Willobie (IX.5): A guilty conscience always bleeds  
 (XIII.2): I rather choose a quiet mind, / A conscience clear from bloody sins,  
 Oldcastle (I.1) SHERIFF: my Lord Powesse is gone Past all recovery.  
 Innocent/Guilty blood ... Drink blood  
**Geneva Bible** Deut. 21.9: The cry of innocent blood.; Deut. 32.35

Jer. 2.34: In thy wings is found the blood of the souls of the poor innocents.  
Genesis 4.11: which hath opened thy mouth to receive thy brother's blood ... .  
Rom. 12.19, 13.4

### **Knight ... Carpet, Trencher**

**Golding** Ovid Met. (XII.673): Was by that coward carpet knight bereaved of his lyfe, ...  
(XIII.123): Of Rhesus, dastard Dolon, and the coward carpetknyght

**Edwards** Dam&Pith (46) Aristippus: The king feeds you often from his own trencher.

**Anon** Fam. Vic. (844-45)ARCH: Meaning that you are more fitter for a tennis court  
Than a field, and more fitter for a carpet then the camp.

Mucedorus (Epi.): And weighting with a Trencher at his back,

Ironside (III.6.5): come on, / I say, ye trencher-scraping cutters, ye cloak-bag / carriers, ye sword  
and buckler carriers,

Penelope (XXX.3): These trencher flies me tempt each day,

(XXXV.5): Than taking down such trencher-knights.

**Shakes** 2H6 (IV.1) SUFFOLK: Obscure and lowly swain, ...

Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board.

TGV(IV.4) LAUNCE: ... and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber but he  
steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg:

LLL (V.2) BIRON: ... Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick, / That smiles his cheek in years ...  
... Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

Much Ado (V.2) BENEDICK: ... Troilus the first employer of panders, and / a whole bookful of  
these quondam carpet-mongers, ...

12th (III.4) SIR TOBY: He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on / carpet  
consideration; ...

Tempest (II.2) CALIBAN: ... Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish ...

R&J (I.5) First Servant: Where's Potpan, ... He / shift a trencher? he scrape a trencher!

Timon (I.1) Old Athenian: And my estate deserves an heir more raised  
Than one which holds a trencher.

(III.6) TIMON: ... You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies, ...

A&C (III.13) ANTONY: I found you as a morsel cold upon

Dead Caesar's trencher; nay, you were a fragment / Of Cneius Pompey's; ...

Coriolanus (IV.5) CORIO: Ay; 'tis an honest service than to meddle with thy  
mistress. Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence!

**Nashe** Summers (793): take / not up your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be  
waiting on my Lord's trencher.

**Munday** Huntington (XIII.246) LEICESTER: This carpet knight sits carping at our scars,  
And jests at those most glorious well-fought wars.

### **To be hanged in a strange country:**

**Anon.** Fam Vic (1451-55) DERICKE: Nay sounds, and they take thee, / They will hang thee.  
O John, never do so. If it be thy fortune to be hanged,

Be hanged in thy own language whatsoever thou doest.

**Greene** James IV (V.2.24) JAQUES: Est ce donc a tel point votre etat?

Faith then, adieu Scotland, adieu Signior Ateukin; me will  
homa to France and no be hanged in a strange country.

### Repent ... Folly:

**Edwards** Dam&Pith (112) GRONNO: Then, come on your ways; you must  
to prison in haste. / I fear you will repent this folly at last.

**Kyd** Sp Tr (III.6.404) HIER: Confess thy folly and repent thy fault;

**Greene** Fr Bac (V.3.36) BACON: Repentant for the follies of my youth,

**Anon.** Willobie (XXVIII.2): But they repent their folly past,

**Nashe** Summers (1434) WINTER: Wish'd, with repentance for his folly past,

**Shakes** H5 (III.6): ... England shall repent his folly, ...

### To be hanged in a strange country:

**Anon.** Fam Vic (1451-55) DERICKE: Nay sounds, and they take thee, / They will hang thee.

O John, never do so. If it be thy fortune to be hanged,

Be hanged in thy own language whatsoever thou doest.

**Greene** James IV (V.2.24) JAQUES: Est ce donc a tel point votre etat?

Faith then, adieu Scotland, adieu Signior Ateukin; me will

homa to France and no be hanged in a strange country.

## Appendix III: Vocabulary, Word Formation

**Distinctive Words, Phrases:** gog's wounds; weeping tears

**Compound Words:** 16 words (10 nouns, 6 adj).

ale-house (n), base-minded (a), button-breech (n), chair-makers (n), dagger-arm (n); gray-beard  
(a), hand-gun (n), high-minded (a), horse-stealers (n), ilat-hole (n), liege-man (n), liege-people  
(n), nut-brown (a), pick-purses (n), well-beloved (a); wild-headed (a)

**Words beginning with "con":** 14 words (4 verbs, 6 nouns, 3 adj, 1 adv, 1 prep).

concerning (prep), conduct (n), confess (v), conjecture (n, v), conquer (v), conquered (a),  
conquering (n), conquered (a), conqueror (n), conscience (n), considering (v), constable (n),  
content (a), continually (adv)

**Words beginning with "dis":** 10 words (3 verbs, 2 nouns, 5 adj).

discharge (v), discomfit (v), diseased (a), disgrace (n), disguised (a), disordered (a), dispossess  
(v), disquieting (n), dissembling (a), distressed (a)

**Words beginning with "mis":** (2 words (all nouns).

mischief (n), misfortune (n)

**Words beginning with "over":** 1 words -- overcome (v).

**Words beginning with "pre":** 8 words (2 verbs, 5 nouns, 2 adj, 1 adv).

precise (a), predecessors (n), prerogatives (n), presence (n), present (n, a, v), presently (adv), preserve (v), pretended (n)

**Words beginning with "re":** 20 words (11 verbs, 8 nouns, 1 adj).

receivers (n), recoil (v), recovery (n), regent (n), rejoice (v), related (v), remain (v), remedy (n), remember (v), remove (v), reparrel (n), repine (v), represent (v), reprobate (a), request (v), require (v), resolution (n), resolve (v), return (n), revengement (n)

**Words beginning with "un", "in":** 23 words (10/11/2). (4 verbs, 3 nouns, 10 adj, 5 prep, 1 conj).

indeed (conj), indict (v), indictment (n), injured (v), injury (n), innocence (n), innocent (a), instead (prep), into (prep), invade (v), unequal (a), unfeigned (a), unfit (a), unhappy (a), unknown (a), unmindful (a), unreasonable (a), until (prep), unto (prep), unwise (a), unworthy (a), under (prep), understand (v)

**Words ending with "able" :** 4 words (all adj).

charitable (a), honorable (a), reasonable (a), unreasonable (a)

**Words ending with "ize":** none.

**Words ending with "less":** none.

**Words ending with "ness":** 6 words (all nouns).

bigness (n), business (n), highness (n), readiness (n), wildness (n), witness (n)

**Words ending with "ship":** none.

**reflexives:**

behave yourself, feel yourself, gore themselves, know thyself, make yourselves sure, think myself

**Appendix IV: Anecdote from Tarltons Jests**

Tarlton, Richard. Anecdote from *Tarltons Jests*.

At the Bull [Inn] at Bishops-gate was a play of Henry the fift, wherein the judge was to take a box on the eare; and because he was absent that should take the blow, Tarlton himselfe, ever forward to please, tooke upon him to play the same judge, besides his own part of the clown: and Knel, then playing Henry the fift, hit Tarlton a sound blow indeed, which made the people laugh the more because it was he. But anon the judge goes in, and immediately Tarlton in his clownes cloathes comes out, and asks the actors, 'What newes?' 'O,' saith one, 'hadst thou been here, thou shouldest have seene Prince Henry hit the judge a terrible box on the ear.' 'What, man!' said Tarlton, 'strike a judge!' 'It is true, yfaith,' said the other. 'No other like,' said Tarlton; 'and it could not be but terrible to the judge, when the report so terrifies me that me thinkes the blow remaines stil on my cheeke that it burnes againe!' The people laught at this mightily.