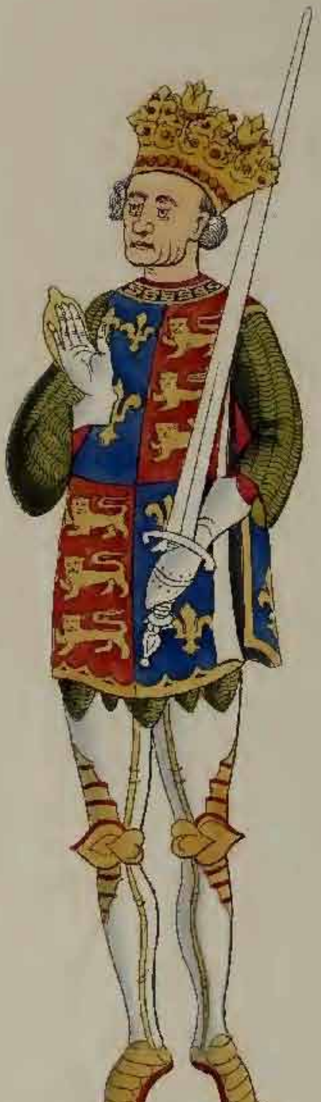
EXTENT OF THE IMPRESSION.

The impression of the present edition of Shakespeare has been strictly limited to One Hundred and Fifty copies, great care being taken that not a single perfect copy of the work shall be made up out of the waste sheets, which are the very few printed in excess to take the place of any that may be soiled or damaged. The only object in adhering so strictly to the limit is to protect, to their fullest extent, the interests of the original subscribers to the work, not from any views of exclusiveness.

Every copy of each of the first nine volumes of this work is certified as to the extent of the impression, and a number assigned and entered in every copy.

The paper on which this work is printed is of the best and most durable quality, manufactured by Messrs. Dickinson and Co.



KING HENRY 5th

THE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

THE TEXT FORMED FROM

A new Collation of the early Editions:

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ALL
THE ORIGINAL NOVELS AND TALES ON WHICH THE PLAYS ARE FOUNDED;
COPIOUS ARCHÆOLOGICAL ANNOTATIONS ON EACH PLAY;
AN ESSAY ON THE FORMATION OF THE TEXT;
AND A LIFE OF THE POET:

BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, ESQ., F.R.S.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY; THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE; THE NEWCASTLE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY; THE ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY, AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE; FELLOW OF THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES; AND CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETIES OF SCOTLAND, POICTIERS, PICARDIE, AND CAEN (ACADEMIE DES SCIENCES), AND OF THE COMITE DES ARTS ET MONUMENTS.

VOLUME X.

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH.
KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND WOOD-ENGRAVINGS
BY
FREDERICK WILLIAM FAIRHOLT, ESQ., F.S.A.
AUTHOR OF 'COSTUME IN ENGLAND,' ETC.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR, BY J. E. ADLARD, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.
1861.

Distribution of Copies.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF PRUSSIA.
S. A. R. LE DUC D'AUMALE, Orleans House, Twickenham.
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH AND QUEENSBURY, K.G.
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.
HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF FALMOUTH.
THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF WARWICK.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD FARNHAM, K.P.
THE RIGHT HON. LORD LONDESBOROUGH.
HIS EXCELLENCY M. SILVAIN VAN DE WEYER.
SIR JOHN T. L. BETHUNE, Bart., Kilconquhar, Fife.
SIR HARFORD JONES BRYDGES, Bart., F.L.S.
SIR WILLIAM JARDINE, Bart., F.R.S.E., F.L.S.
SIR FITZROY KELLY, M.P.
THE HON. EDWARD CECIL CURZON, Whitehall.
R. S. HOLFORD, Esq., M.P.
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES, Esq., M.P.
THE BARON ROTHSCHILD, M.P.
A. SMOLLETT, Esq., M.P., Cameron House, Dunbartonshire.
JAMES PILKINGTON, Esq., M.P., Park Place, Blackburn.
THE LIBRARY OF THE IMPERIAL COURT OF AUSTRIA.
WILLIAM ATKINSON, Esq., Ashton Hayes, Cheshire.
THE LIBRARY OF THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, London.
THE LIBRARY OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Cambridge.
THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES of London.
THE LIBRARY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.
M. OCTAVE DELEPIERRE, Secrétaire de Légation de S. M. le Roi des Belges.
THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, Plymouth.
MRS. SEBASTIAN BAZLEY, Agden Hall, Lymm, Warrington.
HENRY STEVENS, Esq., F.S.A., Morley's Hotel, London.
CLEMENT TUDWAY SWANSTON, Esq., Q.C., F.R.S., F.S.A.
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, Cambridge.
JOHN C. NICHOLL, Esq., 33, Belgrave Square.
DR. COGSWELL, for the Astor Library, New York.
THE REV. ARCHIBALD WEIR, B.A., Trinity College, Oxford.
ROBERT LANG, Esq., Bristol.
H. T. D. BATHURST, Esq., Audit Office, Somerset House.
FREDERIC OUVRY, Esq., F.S.A., 29, Upper Gower Street.
HENRY HUCKS GIBBS, Esq., St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park.
THE REV. DR. HAWTREY, Provost of Eton College.
J. G. WOODHOUSE, Esq., 47, Henry Street, Liverpool.
D. D. HOPKYNS, Esq., Weycliffe, St. Catharine's, Guildford.
CHARLES WALTON, Esq., Manor House, East Acton.
GEORGE LIVERMORE, Esq., Boston, U.S.
CHARLES COBDEN, Esq., George Street, Manchester.
WILLIAM JAMES CLEMENT, Esq., The Council House, Shrewsbury.
THE REV. WILLIAM BORLASE, M.A., Vicar of Zennor, near St. Ives, Cornwall.
THOMAS TURPIN, Esq., Rose Hill Lodge, Brighton.
MORTIMER HARRIS, Esq., Dublin.
JAMES MACKENZIE, Esq., Doune Terrace, Edinburgh.

DISTRIBUTION OF COPIES.

T. CHAPMAN BROWNE, Bookseller, Bible and Crown, Leicester.
DR. BUCHANAN WASHBOURN, Gloucester.
THOMAS FARMER COOKE, Esq., Belgrave, Leicester.
THE LONDON INSTITUTION, Finsbury Circus.
WILLIAM BALFOUR BAIKIE, M.D., Gosport.
THE HULL SUBSCRIPTION LIBRARY.
GEORGE GILL MOUNSEY, Esq., Castletown, near Carlisle.
DAVID WILLIAMS WIRE, Esq.
ALFRED GEORGE, Esq., 15, Arlington Street, Piccadilly.
THOMAS SHEDDEN, Esq., Glasgow.
DR. BELL FLETCHER, Birmingham.
JAMES PARKER, Esq., Great Baddow House, near Chelmsford.
WILLIAM HENRY BROWN, Esq., Chester.
JOSEPH BARNARD DAVIS, Esq., M.R.C.S. Engl., F.S.A., Shelton, Staffordshire.
THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, St. Andrews, N.B.
PLOWDEN C. J. WESTON, Esq., Hagley House, South Carolina, U.S.
THE FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY, Liverpool.
THE REV. C. J. CRAWFORD, D.D., Woodmansterne, Surrey.
W. P. HUNT, Esq., Ipswich.
JOHN WESTON, Esq., Northwich.
ROBERT M'CONNELL, Esq., Aigburth, near Liverpool.
JOHN KELSO REID, Esq., New Orleans.
F. W. FAIRHOLT, Esq., F.S.A., 11, Montpelier Square, Brompton.
ROBERT P. RAYNE, Esq., New Orleans, U.S.
THE NEWARK STOCK LIBRARY, Newark-on-Trent.
THE LIBRARY OF THE HON. SOC. OF LINCOLN'S INN.
CHARLES GIBBS, Esq., 2nd Queen's Royal Regiment.
BENJAMIN GODFREY WINDUS, Esq., Tottenham Green.
JOHN MATHER, Esq., Mount Pleasant, Liverpool.
MRS. BAILEY, Easton Court, Tenbury.
WILLIAM M. MACDONALD, Esq., Rossie Castle, Montrose.
SAMUEL A. PHILBRICK, Esq., Colchester.
HENRY WILLIAM PEEK, Esq., Wimbledon House, Surrey.
ZELOTES HOSMER, Esq., Boston, U.S.
JOHN STAUNTON, Esq., Longbridge House, near Warwick.
WILLIAM EUING, Esq., Glasgow.
WILLIAM HARRISON, Esq., F.G.S., Galligreaves House, Blackburn.
THOMAS COOMBS, Esq., South Street, Dorchester
THE LIBRARY OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM.
HARMAN GRISEWOOD, Esq., Daylesford House, co. Worcester.
THE CITY OF LONDON LIBRARY, Guildhall.
THE LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY, Dublin.
MRS. ALLSOPP, Willington, near Burton-on-Trent.
JOHN B. JELL, Esq., Bank of England, Liverpool.
SAMUEL TIMMINS, Esq., Birmingham.
WILLIAM LEAF, Esq., Park Hill, Streatham, Surrey.
DR. RALPH FLETCHER, Gloucester.
T. S. GODFREY, Junior, Esq., Balderton Hall, Notts.
GEORGE WASHINGTON RIGGS, Esq., Washington, U.S.
ROBERT LENOX KENNEDY, Esq., New York.
THOMAS P. BARTON, Esq., Duchess County, New York.
WILLIAM D. GRIFFITHS, Esq., 15, St. Mary Axe.
WILLIAM B. ASTOR, Esq., New York.
JOHN HAES, Esq., Park Road, Stockwell.
PROFESSOR JOHN B. HOEGEL, Vienna.
MESSRS. ASHER & Co., Berlin.
S. LEIGH SOTHEBY, Esq., The Woodlands, Norwood.
WILLIAM H. RIGGS, Esq., New York.
WILLIAM TYSSEN AMHURST, Esq., Didlington Park.
EDWIN FORREST, Esq., New York.

List of Plates.

PAGE

1. Portrait of King Henry the Fifth, from a contemporary illuminated Manuscript . . . . . *Frontispiece*

2. Facsimiles of the Title-page and first leaf from the first edition of the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, published in 1600 . . 21

3. Facsimile of a Page of Henry the Fourth, from the Dering Manuscript, being the earliest written copy of any of Shakespeare's plays known to exist 64

4. The Ballad of the Noble Acts of King Arthur, copied from the original black-letter broadside preserved in the Bagford Collection . . 74

5. The Knights of the Round Table, from an illuminated Manuscript preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris . . . 147

6. Facsimile of the Title-pages of the two earliest known Editions of the Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth 242

7. Facsimile of the Entries respecting Shakespeare's Plays from the original Registers preserved amongst the Records of the Stationers' Company 280

8. Facsimiles of the Title-page and first leaf of the earliest edition of Henry the Fifth 290

The Second Part
of
King Henry the Fourth.

INTRODUCTION.

THE historical portion of the Second Part of Henry the Fourth is chiefly founded upon the narrative of that king's reign which is given in Holinshed's Chronicle, 1587; but slender hints for a few scenes of the play may be traced in an older drama, of little merit, entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company on May 14th, 1594, to Thomas Creede, as "a booke intituled the Famous Victories of Henrye the Fyft, conteyninge the honorable battell of Agincourt." This production was certainly written before 1588, the year of Tarlton's death, the part of the Clown, one of the characters in it, having been undertaken by that celebrated actor. The same drama is supposed to be alluded to by Nash, in his Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell, 1592, wherein he exclaims,—"What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dolphin to sweare fealtie." No printed edition of this play, however, is now known before one which appeared in the year 1598, the copyright then, as in 1594, belonging to Thomas Creede. It was republished in 1617, under the title of, "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt, as it was acted by the Kinges Maiesties Seruants," the last assertion being probably untrue, and inserted with the view of deceiving the public by pretending that it was acted by Shakespeare's company, and hence leading them to believe that it was the production of the great dramatist. The imprint of this edition varies considerably in different copies.

Some are stated to be, "imprinted by Barnard Alsop, and are to be sold by Tymothie Barlow at his shop in Paules Churchyard at the Signe of the Bull-head, 1617," while others are merely said to be "imprinted by Barnard Alsop dwelling in Garter-place in Barbican, 1617;" and copies with either of these imprints are occasionally found undated. Upon this play Shakespeare constructed some of the incidents which are introduced into the two parts of Henry the Fourth and Henry the Fifth, and, to a small extent, this circumstance has operated disadvantageously, the poet's recollection of the older drama having occasionally interfered with the free exercise of his own invention, or with a truthful use of the historical materials of Holinshed. The principal incidents adopted from this drama in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth are the taking away the crown by the Prince before the death of Henry, and the banishment of the boon companions of the former to a distance of ten miles from the Court. There is no allusion in the old play to the intestine disturbances which form the groundwork of the historical portion of Shakespeare's comedy. The scene in which the Prince strikes the Chief Justice, and is committed by him to the Fleet, is wisely omitted by Shakespeare, who merely introduces casual allusions to that incident, remembering, however, the old play, when he reinstates the judge in his office, he being appointed "protector" in that drama, and no authority for either circumstance being traced in history. The following extract from the Famous Victories will suffice to show the slight nature of Shakespeare's obligations to that play, in which, it is scarcely necessary to observe, the characters are those of Shakespeare only in name,—

Ned. But whether are yee going now?

Henry 5. To the courte, for I heare say, my father lyes verie sicke.

Tom. But I doubt he will not die.

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

Jockey. Will you goe to the court with that cloake so full of needles?

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

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

Henry 5. Why, man, tis a signe that I stand uppon thornes, till the crowne be on my head.

Jockey. Or that every needle might be a pricke to theyr hearts that repine at your doings.

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

Porter. What a rapping keepe you at the Kings courte gate?

Henry 5. Heres one that must speake with the King.

Porter. The King is very sicke, and none must speake with him.

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

Porter. You are my Lord the young Prince.

Henry. Then go 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 have nothing to doo here, what you are in my fathers court.

Ned. I will write him in my tables, for so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Justice, I will put him out of his office. [*The Trumpet sounds.*

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 already sent to the Fleet. Now, truly, that man is more fitter to rule the realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my son, and hee by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other! I had thought one whiles I had lived, to have seene this noble realm of England flourish by thee my son, but now I see it goes to ruine and decay. [*He weepes.*

Enters Lord of Oxford.

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

Henry 4. Who, my sonne Harry?

Oxford. *I* and please your majestie.

Henry 4. *I* know wherefore he commeth, but looke that none come with him.

Oxford. A very disordered companie, and such as make very ill rule in your majesties 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 goe all together.

Oxford. And please your grace, none must goe with you.

Henry 5. Why, I must needs have them with me. Otherwise I can doo 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 provide 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! I know wherefore thy comming is. Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath ever bene, that thou shouldst forsake mee, and followe this vilde and reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly: Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings will end thy fathers dayes. [*He weeps.*] I, so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the presence of thy sicke father, in that disguised sort. I tell thee, my sonne, that there is never a needle in thy cloke, but it is a pricke to my heart, and never an ilat-hole, but it is a hole to my soule; and wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy hand I know not, but by conjecture. [*He weepes.*

Henry 5. My conscience accuseth me, most soveraigne Lord, and welbeloved father, to answere first to the last poynt, That is, whereas you conjecture that this hand and this dagger shall be armde against your life: no, know my beloved father, far be the thoughts of your sonne, sonne saide I, an unworthy sonne for so good a father: but far be the thoughts of any such pretended mischiefe: and I most humbly render it to your majestics hand, and live my Lord and soveraigne for ever: and with your dagger arme show like vengeance upon the body of that your sonne, I was about to say, and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that your wilde slave; tis not the Crowne that I come for, sweete Father, because I am unworthy, and those wilde and reprobate companions I abandon, and utterly abolish their company for ever. Pardon, sweet father, pardon, the least thing and most desire: and this ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my back, and sacrifice it to the divell, which is master of all mischief: pardon me, sweet father, pardon me: good my Lord of Exeter, speake for me: pardon me, pardon, good father: not a word: ah he will not speake one word: A Harry, now thrice unhappy Harry! But what shall I doe: I will go take mee into some solitary place, and there lament my sinfull life, and when I have done, I will lay me downe and die. [*Exit.*

Henry 4. Call him againe, call my sonne againe.

Henry 5. And doth my father call me againe? Now, Harry, happy be the time that thy father calleth thee againe.

Henry 4. Stand up, my sonne, and do not thinke thy father; but at the request of thee my sonne, I will pardon thee, and God blesse thee, and make thee his servant.

Henry 5. Thanks, good my Lord, and no doubt but this day, even this day, I am borne new againe.

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

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Dericke.

Dericke. Thou art a stinking whore, and a whorson stinking whore! Doest think it ile take it at thy hands?

Enter John Cobler *running.*

John. Dericke, D.D. Hearesta, dod, never while thou livest use that. Why, what will my neighbours say, and thou go away so?

Dericke. Shees a narrant whore, and ile have the law on you, John.

John. Why, what hath she done?

Dericke. Marry, marke thou, John, I will prove it that I will.

John. What wilt thou prove?

Dericke. That she cald me in to dinner. John, marke the tale well, John, and, when I was set, she brought me a dish of roots, and a peece of barell butter therein: and she is a very knave, and thou a drab, if thou take her part.

John. Hearesta, Dericke, is this the matter? Nay, and it be no worse, we will go home again, and all shall be amended.

Dericke. Oh, John, hearesta, John, is all well?

John. I, all is well.

Dericke. Then ile go home before, and breake all the glasse-windowes.

Enter the King with his Lords.

Henry 4. Come, my Lords, I see it boots mee not to take any physike, for all the physitians in the world cannot cure mee, no, not one. But, good my lords, remember my last Will and Testament concerning my sonne, for truely, my Lords, I do not thinke but he will prove as valiant and victorious a King, as ever raigned in England.

Both. Let heaven and earth be witnesse betweene us, if wee accomplish not thy will to the uttermost.

Henry 4. I give you most unfained thankes, good my Lords: Draw the curtaines and depart my chamber a while, and cause some musicke to rocke me a sleepe. [*He sleepeth.—Exeunt Lords.*

Enter the Prince.

Henry 5. Ah, Harry, thrice unhappy, that hath neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I will goe; nay, but why doe I not goe to the chamber of my sicke father, to comfort the melancholy soule of his body, his soule, said I; heere is his body, but his soule is, wheras it needs no bodie. Now, thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I crave pardon for all. Oh, my dying father curst be the day wherein I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherin I was begotten! but what shall I doe? if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I will weepe day and night untill 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 Lord, take off my crowne; remove my chayre a little backe, and set me right.

Ambo. 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 wilde traytor that hath done it, to deprive my sonne; they that would doe it now, would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.

Enter Lord of Oxford, *with the* Prince.

Oxford. Here and please your Grace, 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 given you a lesson for all, and do you now begin againe? Why, tell me, my sonne, doest thou thinke the time so long, that thou wouldest have it before the breath be out of my mouth.

Henry 5. Most soveraigne Lord, and welbeloved father, I came into your chamber, to comfort the melancholy soule of your body, and finding you at that time past all recovery, and dead to my thinking, God is my witnesse, and what should I doo, but with weeping teares lament the death of you my father; and after that, seeing the crowne, I tooke it. And tell me, my father, who might better take it then I, after your death; but seeing you live, I most humbly render it into your majesties hands, and the happiest man alive, that my father live: And live my Lord and father for ever.

Henry. Stand up, my sonne, thine answere hath sounded well in mine eares, for I must needs confesse that I was in a very sound sleepe, and altogether unmindfull of thy comming: but, come neare, my sonne, and let mee put thee in possession whilst I live, that none deprive thee of it after my death.

Henry 5. Well may I take it at your majesties hands, but it shal never touch my head, so long as my father lives. [*He taketh the crowne.*

Henry 4. God give thee joy, my sonne; God blesse thee, and make thee his servant, and send thee a prosperous raigne. For God knowes, my sonne, how hardly I came by it, and how hardly I have maintained it.

Henry 5. Howsoever you came by it, I know not, and now I have it from you, and from you I wil keepe it: and he that seekes to take the crown from my head, let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine, or I will pearce him to the heart, where 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 ever raigned in England.

L. Ambo. His former life shewes no lesse.

Henry 4. Well, my lords, I know not whether it be for sleep, or drawing neare of drowsie summer of death, but I am very much given to sleepe. Therefore, good my lords, and my sonne, draw the curtaines, depart my chamber, and cause some musicke to rocke me asleepe. [*Exeunt omnes. The King dyeth.*

Enter the Theefe.

Theefe. Ah, God, I am now much like to a byrd which hath escaped out of the cage; for so soone as my Lord Chiefe Justice heard that the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go, for feare of my Lord the young Prince, but here comes some of his companions; I will see and I can get any thing of them, for olde acquaintance.

Enter Knights raunging.

Tom. Gogs wounds, the King is dead!

Jockey. Dead! then, gogs blood, wee shall be all kings.

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

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

Ned. Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes!

Jockey. Why, what will become of thee now? Fye upon him, how the rascall stinkes.

Theefe. Marry, I will goe and serve my maister againe.

Tom. Gogs blood, doest think that he will have any such scabd knave 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 will not be long before he come this way; and hereafter I will tell 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 heaven, and his person like unto a God.

Ned. But who would have thought that the King would have chang'de his countenance so?

Jockey. Did you not see with what grace he sent his embassage into France, to tell the French king that Harry of England hath sent for the crowne, and Harry of England will have it.

Tom. But twas but a little to make the people believe, that hee was sorrie for his fathers death. [*The trumpets sound.*

Ned. Gogs wounds, the King comes; lets all stand aside.

Enter the King with the Archbishop and the Lord of Oxford.

Jockey. How doo you, my Lord?

Ned. How now, Harry? Tut, my Lord, put away these dumpes; you are a King, and all the realme is yours. What, man? do you not remember the old sayings? You know I must be Lord Chiefe Justice of England. Trust mee, my Lord, me thinks you are very much changed: and 'tis but with a little sorrowing, to make folkes believe the death of your father grieves you, and 'tis nothing so.

Henry 5. I prethee, Ned, mend thy manners, and be more modester in thy tearmes, for my unfeined griefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering and dissembling talke; thou sayest I am changed; so I am indeed, and so must thou be and that quickly, or else I must cause thee to be chaunged.

Jockey. Gogs wounds, how like you this? Sownds, tis not so sweet as musicke.

Tom. I trust we have not offended your Grace no way.

Henry 5. Ah, Tom, your former life grieves me, and makes me to abandon and abolish your company for ever; and, therefore, not upon pain of death to approch my presence by ten miles space; then, if I heare well of you, it may bee I will doe somewhat for you; otherwise looke for no more favour at my hands, then at any other mans: and, therefore, be gone, we have other matters to talke on. [*Exeunt Knights.*] Now, my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, what say you to our embassage into France?

The play of the Famous Victories furnished Shakespeare with the name of Oldcastle for that of one of his principal characters, Falstaff having been originally so called in both parts of Henry the Fourth. In the second scene of the first act of the Second Part, as printed in 1600, *Old.* is found as the prefix of a speech, which is rightly assigned to Falstaff in the folio of 1623. There can be no doubt but that the name of Oldcastle was originally written in the place of Falstaff throughout the author's manuscript of this play, and that the instance above alluded to arose from an accidental omission, on the part of the compositor, or of the reviser of the manuscript, to substitute the name of Falstaff. There is another piece of evidence to the same effect in the second scene of the third act, where Shallow speaks of Sir John Falstaff as having been, when a boy, "page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk." It was Oldcastle, not Falstaff, to whom this description applies, the former being introduced in Weever's Mirror of Martyrs, 1601, as stating that his father "made meanes that I was made Sir Thomas Mowbrais page." By depicting Sir John Oldcastle in a manner that attached some ridicule to his name, Shakespeare unwittingly gave offence, to use the words of Dr. James, who wrote about the year 1630, to "personages descended from his title, as peradventure by manie others allso whoe ought to have him in honourable memorie;" so that, in the Epilogue, the poet found it necessary to disclaim the supposition that the dramatic Falstaff was a satire upon the real Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, who died a martyr. This reference also shows that the Epilogue was written some time after the first composition of the play, and after the name of Oldcastle had been altered.

The incident of the Prince giving the Chief Justice a box on the ear was prominently introduced into the old play, but is only alluded to by Shakespeare, though in a manner to show that he had the Famous Victories in his recollection. Falstaff's page says to his master, on seeing the Chief Justice:—"Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph." Falstaff in the same scene thus addresses Gascoigne:—"For the box of the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young lion repents." Gascoigne, when Henry refers to the incident in the fifth act, mentions that he had struck him in the "very seat of judgement," a circumstance thus mentioned by Holinshed, who, speaking of the "wanton pastime" in which Prince Henry passed his youth, says, that "where on a time *hee stroke the chiefe justice on the face with his fiste*, for emprisoning one of his mates, he was not only committed to straighte prison himselfe by the sayde chief justice, but also of his father put out of the privie counsell and banished the courte." Holinshed has here followed Hall, using nearly the same words. It appears, however, from the king's reference to his father's words,—"Happy am I," &c.,—that Shakespeare must have been acquainted with the following version of the anecdote, as related in Sir Thomas Elyot's book entitled the Governour,—"The moste renouned prince, king Henry the fyfte, late kynge of Englande, durynge the lyfe of his father, was noted to be fiers and of wanton courage. It hapned, that one of his servauntes, whom he favoured well, was for felony by him committed, arrained at the Kynges Benche; whereof the prince being advertised, and incensed by lyghte persones aboute him, in furious rage came hastily to the barre where his servante stode as a prisoner, and commaunded him to be ungyved and set at libertie; whereat all men were abashed, reserved the chiefe Justice, who humbly exhorted the prince to be contented, that his seruaunt mought be ordred accordynge to the aunciente lawes of this realme; or if he wolde have hym saved from the rigour of the lawes, that he shulde obteyne, if he moughte, of the kynge his father, his gratious pardon, wherby no lawe or justyce shulde be derogate. With whiche answere the prince nothynge appeased, but rather more inflamed, endevored hym selfe to take away his servant. The juge, considering the perillous example, and inconvenience that mought therby ensue, with a valyant spirite and courage, commanded the prince, upon his alegeance, to leave the prisoner, and depart his way. With which commandment the prince, being set all in a fury, all chafed and in a terrible maner, came up to the place of jugement, men thynking that he wold have slayne the juge, or have done to hym some damage; but the juge sittynge styll without moving, declaring the majestie of the kynges place of jugement, and with an assured and bolde countenaunce, had to the prince, these wordes followyng,—'Syr, remembre yourselfe, I kepe here the place of the kyng your soveraine lorde and father, to whom ye owe double obedience; wherfore eftsoones in his name, I charge you desyste of your wylfulnes and unlaufull enterprise, and from hensforth give good example to those, whyche hereafter shall be your propre subjectes. And nowe, for your contempte and disobedience, go you to the prysone of the Kynges Benche, whereunto I commytte you, and remayne ye there prysoner untyll the pleasure of the kynge your father be further knowen.' With whiche wordes being abashed, and also wondrynge at the mervaylous gravitie of that worshypfulle justyce, the noble prince layinge his weapon aparte, doying reverence, departed, and wente to the Kynges Benche, as he was commanded. Wherat his servauntes disdaynynge, came and shewed to the kynge all the hole affaire. Whereat he awhyles studyenge, after as a man all ravyshed with gladnes, holdynge his eien and handes up towarde heven, abraided, saying with a loude voice, 'O mercifull God, howe moche am I, above all other men, bounde to your infinite goodnes, specially for that ye have gyven me a juge, who feareth nat to minister justyce, and also a sonne, who can suffre semblably, and obeye justyce!'" This is the earliest authority for the story that has yet been discovered. It is copied nearly verbatim by Stow, who is usually supposed to be the source familiar to Shakespeare. According to this version, the Prince did not strike the judge. Holinshed asserts that the blow was inflicted, but the precise allusion to the manner in which the insult was supposed to have been perpetrated, as alluded to by Shakespeare, is found only in the play of the Famous Victories. There can be but little doubt that all the three versions of the anecdote were familiar to the great dramatist.

The action of the Second Part of Henry the Fourth commences with the account of the defeat of Hotspur at Shrewsbury in the year 1403, and it closes with the accession of Henry the Fifth to the throne in 1413; but the dramatist has not introduced all the leading historical incidents of this period. On the contrary, he has nearly restricted himself to the consideration of Northumberland's rebellion, which, in defiance of chronology, is made to occupy the entire period between the battle of Shrewsbury and the death of Henry the Fourth. The truth of history is also violated in other particulars, for Northumberland did not rise against the king immediately after that battle, but, after disbanding his forces, came and surrendered himself to Henry at York, and, in the parliament of 1404, he was restored to most of his dignities. The defeat of Northumberland and the Scots by the Sheriff of Yorkshire is introduced at an erroneous period, and other circumstances are mentioned that are irreconcilable with chronological accuracy as well as inconsistent with fact, Shakespeare here, as in other instances, using historical events for dramatic purposes without reference to the exactitude of history. The chief incidents of the serious portion of the comedy are taken, with variations, from Holinshed's Chronicle, ed. 1587, the following extracts from which exhibit the main circumstances adopted by the great dramatist,—

A.D. 1405.—Whilest such dooings were in hand betwixt the English and French, as the besieging of Marke castell by the earle of saint Paule, and the sending foorth of the English fleet, under the governance of the lord Thomas of Lancaster, and the earle of Kent, the king was minded to have gone into Wales against the Welsh rebels, that under their cheefteine Owen Glendouer, ceassed not to doo much mischeefe still against the English subjects. But at the same time, to his further disquieting, there was a conspiracie put in practise against him at home by the earle of Northumberland, who had conspired with Richard Scroope, archbishop of Yorke, Thomas Mowbraie earle marshall, sonne to Thomas duke of Norfolke, who for the quarrell betwixt him and king Henrie had beene banished, as ye have heard, the lords Hastings, Fauconbridge, Berdolfe, and diverse others. It was appointed that they should meet altogither with their whole power upon Yorkeswold, at a daie assigned, and that the earle of Northumberland should be cheefteine, promising to bring with him a great number of Scots. The archbishop, accompanied with the earle marshall, devised certeine articles of such matters, as it was supposed that not onelie the commonaltie of the Realme, but also the nobilitie found themselves greeved with: which articles they shewed first unto such of their adherents as were neere about them, and after sent them abroad to their freends further off, assuring them that for redresse of such oppressions, they would shed the last drop of blood in their bodies, if need were. The archbishop, not meaning to staie after he saw himselfe accompanied with a great number of men, that came flocking to Yorke to take his part in this quarrell, foorthwith discovered his enterprise, causing the articles aforsaid to be set up in the publike streets of the citie of Yorke, and upon the gates of the monasteries, that ech man might understand the cause that mooved him to rise in armes against the king, the reforming whereof did not yet apperteine unto him. Hereupon knights, esquiers, gentlemen, yeomen, and other of the commons, as well of the citie, townes and countries about, being allured either for desire of change, or else for desire to see a reformation in such things as were mentioned in the articles, assembled togither in great numbers; and the archbishop comming foorth amongst them clad in armor, incouraged, exhorted, and, by all meanes he could, pricked them foorth to take the enterprise in hand, and manfullie to continue in their begun purpose, promising forgivenesse of sinnes to all them whose hap it was to die in the quarrell; and thus not onelie all the citizens of Yorke, but all other in the countries about, that were able to beare weapon, came to the archbishop, and the earle marshall. In deed the respect that men had to the archbishop, caused them to like the better of the cause, since the gravitie of his age, his integritie of life, and incomparable learning, with the reverend aspect of his amiable personage, mooved all men to have him in no small estimation. The king, advertised of these matters, meaning to prevent them, left his journie into Wales, and marched with all speed towards the north parts. Also Rafe Nevill, earle of Westmerland, that was not farre off, togither with the lord John of Lancaster the kings sonne, being informed of this rebellious attempt, assembled togither such power as they might make, and togither with those which were appointed to attend on the said lord John to defend the borders against the Scots, as the lord Henrie Fitzhugh, the lord Rafe Cevers, the lord Robert Umfrevill, and others, made forward against the rebels, and comming into a plaine within the forrest of Galtree, caused their standards to be pitched downe in like sort as the archbishop had pitched his, over against them, being farre stronger in number of people than the other, for, as some write, there were of the rebels at the least twentie thousand men. When the earle of Westmerland perceived the force of the adversaries, and that they laie still and attempted not to come forward upon him, he subtillie devised how to quaile their purpose, and foorthwith dispatched messengers unto the archbishop to understand the cause as it were of that great assemblie, and for what cause, contrarie to the kings peace, they came so in amour. The archbishop answered, that he tooke nothing in hand against the kings peace, but that whatsoever he did, tended rather to advance the peace and quiet of the common-wealth, than otherwise; and where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free accesse, by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him; and therefore he mainteined that his purpose to be good and profitable, as well for the king himselfe, as for the realme, if men were willing to understand a truth: and herewith he shewed foorth a scroll, in which the articles were written wherof before ye have heard. The messengers returning to the earle of Westmerland, shewed him what they had heard and brought from the archbishop. When he had read the articles, he shewed in word and countenance outwardly that he liked of the archbishops holie and vertuous intent and purpose, promising that he and his would prosecute the same in assisting the archbishop, who, rejoising hereat, gave credit to the earle, and persuaded the earle marshall, against his will as it were, to go with him to a place appointed for them to commune togither. Here, when they were met with like number on either part, the articles were read over, and without anie more adoo, the earle of Westmerland and those that were with him agreed to doo their best, to see that a reformation might be had, according to the same. The earle of Westmerland using more policie than the rest: Well, said he, then our travell is come to the wished end: and where our people have beene long in armour, let them depart home to their woonted trades and occupations: in the meane time, let us drinke togither in signe of agreement, that the people on both sides maie see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point." They had no sooner shaken hands togither, but that a knight was sent streight waies from the archbishop, to bring word to the people that there was peace concluded, commanding ech man to laie aside his armes, and to resort home to their houses. The people beholding such tokens of peace, as shaking of hands, and drinking togither of the lords in loving manner, they being alreadie wearied with the unaccustomed travell of warre, brake up their field and returned homewards; but in the meane time, whilest the people of the archbishops side withdrew awaie, the number of the contrarie part increased, according to order given by the earle of Westmerland; and yet the archbishop perceived not that he was deceived, untill the earle of Westmerland arrested both him and the earle marshall, with diverse other. Thus saith Walsingham. But others write somewhat otherwise of this matter, affirming that the earle of Westmerland in deed, and the lord Rafe Evers, procured the archbishop and the earle marshall, to come to a communication with them upon a ground just in the midwaie betwixt both the armies, where the earle of Westmerland in talke declared to them how perilous an enterprise they had taken in hand, so to raise the people, and to moove warre against the king, advising them therefore to submit themselves without further delaie unto the kings mercie, and his sonne the lord John, who was present there in the field with banners spred, redie to trie the matter by dint of sword, if they refused this counsell: and therefore he willed them to remember themselves well; and if they would not yeeld and crave the kings pardon, he bad them doo their best to defend themselves. Hereupon as well the archbishop as the earle marshall submitted themselves unto the king, and to his sonne the lord John that was there present, and returned not to their armie. Whereupon their troops scaled and fled their waies; but being pursued, manie were taken, manie slaine, and manie spoiled of that that they had about them, and so permitted to go their waies. Howsoever the matter was handled, true it is that the archbishop, and the earle marshall, were brought to Pomfret to the king, who in this meane while was advanced thither with his power, and from thence he went to Yorke, whither the prisoners were also brought, and there beheaded the morrow after Whitsundaie in a place without the citie, that is to understand, the archbishop himselfe, the earle marshall, sir John Lampleie, and sir Robert Plumpton. Unto all which persons, though indemnitie were promised, yet was the same to none of them at anie hand performed. By the issue hereof, I meane the death of the foresaid, but speciallie of the archbishop, the prophesie of a sickelie canon of Bridlington in Yorkeshire fell out to be true, who darklie inough foretold this matter, and the infortunate event thereof. The archbishop suffered death verie constantlie, insomuch as the common people tooke it, he died a martyr, affirming that certeine miracles were wrought as well in the field where he was executed, as also in the place where he was buried: and immediatlie upon such bruits, both men and women began to worship his dead carcasse, whom they loved so much when he was alive, till they were forbidden by the kings freends, and for feare gave over to visit the place of his sepulture. The earle marshals bodie by the kings leave was buried in the cathedrall church, manie lamenting his destinie; but his head was set on a pole aloft on the wals for a certeine space, till by the kings permission, after the same had suffered manie a hot sunnie daie, and manie a wet shower of raine, it was taken downe and buried togither with the bodie, After the king, accordinglie as seemed to him good, had ransomed and punished by greevous fines the citizens of Yorke, which had borne armour on their archbishops side against him, he departed from Yorke with an armie of thirtie and seven thousand fighting men, furnished with all provision necessarie, marching northwards against the earle of Northumberland. At his comming to Durham, the lord Hastings, the lord Fauconbridge, sir John Collevill of the Dale, and sir John Griffith, being convicted of the conspiracie, were there beheaded. The earle of Northumberland, hearing that his counsell was bewraied, and his confederats brought to confusion, through too much hast of the archbishop of Yorke, with three hundred horsse got him to Berwike. The king comming forward quickelie, wan the castell of Warkewoorth. Whereupon the earle of Northumberland, not thinking himselfe in suertie at Berwike, fled with the lord Berdolfe into Scotland, where they were received of David lord Fleming. The king comming to Berwike, commanded them that kept the castell against him to render it into his hands, and when they flatlie denied so to doo, he caused a peece of artillerie to be planted against one of the towers, and at the first shot overthrowing part thereof, they within were put in such feare, that they simplie yeelded themselves without any maner of condition, wholie to remaine at the kings pleasure. Hereupon the chiefest of them, to wit, sir William Greistoke, sonne to Rafe baron of Greistoke, sir Henrie Beinton, and John Blenkinsop, with foure or five other were put to death, and diverse other were kept in prison. Some write that the earle of Northumberland at his entring into Scotland, delivered the towne of Berwike unto the Scots, who hearing of King Henries approch, and despairing to defend the towne against him, set fire on it and departed. There was not one house that was left unburnt, except the friers and the church. After that the king had disposed things in such convenient order as stood with his pleasure at Berwike, he came backe, and had the castell of Alnewike delivered unto him, with all other the castels that belonged to the erle of Northumberland in the north parts, as Prodhow, Langlie, Cockermouth, Aluham, and Newsteed. Thus having quieted the north parts, he tooke his journie directlie into Wales, where he found fortune nothing favourable unto him, for all his attempts had evill successe, in somuch that losing fiftie of his cariages through abundance of raine and waters, he returned; and comming to Worcester, he sent for the archbishop of Canturburie, and other bishops, declaring to them the misfortune that had chanced to him, in consideration whereof he requested them to helpe him with some portion of monie, towards the maintenance of his warres, for the taming of the presumptuous and unquiet Welshmen. In the meane time, the French king had appointed one of the marshals of France called Montmerancie, and the master of his crosbowes, with twelve thousand men, to saile into Wales to aid Owen Glendouer. They tooke shipping at Brest, and having the wind prosperous, landed at Milford-haven, with an hundred and fourtie ships, as Thomas Walsingham saith; though Enguerant de Monstrellet maketh mention but of an hundred and twentie. The most part of their horsses were lost by the waie for lacke of fresh water. The lord Berkleie, and Henrie Paie, espieng their advantage, burnt fifteene of those French ships, as they laie at road there in the haven of Milford: and shortlie after the same lord Berkleie, and Sir Thomas Swinborne, with the said Henrie Paie, tooke other fourteene ships, as they came that waie with provision of vittels and munition foorth of France to the aid of the other. In the meane while, the marshall Montmerancie, with his armie, besieged the towne of Carmarden, and wan it by composition, granting to the men of warre that kept it against him, licence to depart whither they would, and to take with them all their mooveable goods; the castell of Penbroke they assaulted not, esteeming it to be so well manned, that they shuld but lose their labour in attempting it. Notwithstanding they besieged the towne of Hereford-west, which neverthelesse was so well defended by the earle of Arundell and his power, that they lost more than they wan, and so they departed towards the towne of Denbigh, where they found Owen Glendouer abiding for their comming, with ten thousand of his Welshmen. Here were the Frenchmen joifullie received of the Welsh rebels, and so when all things were prepared, they passed by Glamorganshire towards Worcester, and there burnt the suburbes: but hearing of the kings approch, they suddenlie returned towards Wales. The king with a great puissance followed, and found them imbattelled on a high mounteine, where there was a great vallie betwixt both the armies, so that either armie might plainelie perceive the other, and either host looked to be assailed of his adversarie, and therefore sought to take the advantage of ground. Thus they continued for the space of eight daies from morning till night, readie to abide, but not to give battell. There were manie skirmishes, and diverse proper feats of armes wrought in that meane while, in the which the French lost manie of their nobles and gentlemen, as the lord Patroullars de Tries, brother to the marshall of France, the lord Matelonne or Martelonne, the lord de la Valle, and the bastard of Bourbon, with other, to the number, as some have written, of five hundred. But Enguerant de Monstrellet affirmeth, that upon their returne into France, there wanted not above threescore persons of all their companies. After they had laine thus one against an other the space of eight daies, as before is said, vittels began to faile, so that they were inforced to dislodge. The French and Welshmen withdrew into Wales, and though the Englishmen followed, yet impeached with the desart grounds and barren countrie, thorough which they must passe, as our felles and craggie mounteins, from hill to dale, from marish to wood, from naught to woorsse, as Hall saith, without vittels or succour, the king was of force constrained to retire with his armie, and returne againe to Worcester, in which returne the enimies tooke certeine cariages of his laden with vittels. The Frenchmen after the armies were thus withdrawne, returned into Britaine, making small brags of their painefull journie.

A.D. 1408.—The earle of Northumberland, and the lord Bardolfe, after they had beene in Wales, in France and Flanders, to purchase aid against king Henrie, were returned backe into Scotland, and had remained there now for the space of a whole yeare; and as their evill fortune would, whilest the king held a councell of the nobilitie at London, the said earle of Northumberland and lord Bardolfe, in a dismall houre, with a great power of Scots returned into England, recovering diverse of the earles castels and seigniories, for the people in great numbers resorted unto them. Heereupon incouraged with hope of good successe, they entred into Yorkeshire, and there began to destroie the countrie. At their coming to Threske, they published a proclamation, signifieng that they were come in comfort of the English nation, as to releeve the common-wealth, willing all such as loved the libertie of their countrie, to repaire unto them, with their armor on their backes, and in defensible wise to assist them. The king advertised hereof, caused a great armie to be assembled, and came forward with the same towards his enimies; but yer the king came to Notingham, sir Thomas, or, as other copies have, Rafe Rokesbie shiriffe of Yorkeshire, assembled the forces of the countrie to resist the earle and his power, comming to Grimbaut-brigs, beside Knaresbourgh, there to stop them the passage; but they returning aside, got to Weatherbie, and so to Tadcaster, and finallie came forward unto Bramham more, neere to Haizelwood, where they chose their ground meet to fight upon. The shiriffe was as readie to give battell as the earle to receive it, and so with a standard of S. George spred, set fiercelie upon the earle, who under a standard of his owne armes incountred his adversaries with great manhood. There was a sore incounter and cruell conflict betwixt the parties, but in the end the victorie fell to the shiriffe. The lord Bardolfe was taken, but sore wounded, so that he shortlie after died of the hurts. As for the earle of Northumberland, he was slaine outright: so that now the prophesie was fulfilled, which gave an inkling of this his heavie hap long before; namelie, *Stirps Persitina periet confusa ruina;* for this earle was the stocke and maine root of all that were left alive called by the name of Persie; and of manie more by diverse slaughters dispatched. For whose misfortune the people were not a little sorrie, making report of the gentlemans valiantnesse, renowme, and honour, and applieng unto him certeine lamentable verses out of Lucane; for his head, full of silver horie heares, being put upon a stake, was openlie carried through London, and set upon the bridge of the same citie: in like maner was the lord Bardolfes. The bishop of Bangor was taken and pardoned by the king, for that when he was apprehended, he had no armor on his backe. This battell was fought the nineteenth day of Februarie. The king, to purge the North parts of all rebellion, and to take order for the punishment of those that were accused to have succoured and assisted the earle of Northumberland, went to Yorke, where when manie were condemned, and diverse put to great fines, and the countrie brought to quietnesse; he caused the abbat of Hailes to be hanged, who had beene in armour against him with the foresaid earle.

A.D. 1412.—In this fourteenth and last yeare of king Henries reigne, a councell was holden in the white friers in London, at the which, among other things, order was taken for ships and gallies to be builded and made readie, and all other things necessarie to be provided for a voiage which he meant to make into the holie land, there to recover the citie of Jerusalem from the infidels. For it greeved him to consider the great malice of Christian princes, that were bent upon a mischeefous purpose to destroie one another, to the perill of their owne soules, rather than to make war against the enimies of the Christian faith, as in conscience, it seemed to him, they were bound. He held his Christmas this yeare at Eltham, being sore vexed with sicknesse, so that it was thought sometime that he had beene dead; notwithstanding, it pleased God that he somwhat recovered his strength againe, and so passed that Christmasse with as much joy as he might.

A.D. 1413.—The morrow after Candlemas daie began a parlement, which he had called at London, but he departed this life before the same parlement was ended; for now that his provisions were readie, and that he was furnished with sufficient treasure, soldiers, capteins, vittels, munitions, tall ships, strong gallies, and all things necessarie for such a roiall journie as he pretended to take into the holie land, he was eftsoones taken with a sore sicknesse, which was not a leprosie striken by the hand of God, saith maister Hall, as foolish friers imagined; but a verie apoplexie, of the which he languished till his appointed houre, and had none other greefe nor maladie; so that what man ordeineth, God altereth at his good will and pleasure, not giving place more to the prince, than to the poorest creature living, when he seeth his time to dispose of him this waie or that, as to his omnipotent power and divine providence seemeth expedient. During this his last sicknesse, he caused his crowne, as some write, to be set on a pillow at his beds head, and suddenlie his pangs so sore troubled him, that he laie as though all his vitall spirits had beene from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verelie that he had beene departed, covered his face with a linnen cloth. The prince his sonne being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, tooke awaie the crowne, and departed. The father, being suddenlie revived out of that trance, quicklie perceived the lacke of his crowne; and having knowledge that the prince his sonne had taken it awaie, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himselfe. The prince with a good audacitie answered; "Sir, to mine and all mens judgements, you seemed dead in this world; wherefore I, as your next heire apparant, tooke that as mine owne, and not as yours." Well, faire sonne, said the king with a great sigh, what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well, said the prince, if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keepe it with the sword against all mine enimies, as you have doone. Then said the king, I commit all to God, and remember you to doo well. With that he turned himselfe in his bed, and shortlie after departed to God in a chamber of the abbats of Westminster called Jerusalem, the twentith daie of March, in the yeare 1413, and in the yeare of his age 46, when he had reigned thirteene yeares, five moneths and od daies, in great perplexitie and little pleasure, or foureteene yeares, as some have noted, who name not the disease whereof he died, but refer it to sicknesse absolutelie, whereby his time of departure did approach and fetch him out of the world. We find that he was taken with his last sickenesse, while he was making his praiers at saint Edwards shrine, there as it were to take his leave, and so to proceed foorth on his journie: he was so suddenlie and greevouslie taken, that such as were about him feared least he would have died presentlie; wherfore to releeve him, if it were possible, they bare him into a chamber that was next at hand, belonging to the abbat of Westminster, where they laid him on a pallet before the fire, and used all remedies to revive him. At length, he recovered his speech, and understanding and perceiving himselfe in a strange place which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king; "Lauds be given to the father of heaven, for now I know that I shall die heere in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem." Whether this was true that so he spake, as one that gave too much credit to foolish prophesies and vaine tales, or whether it was fained, as in such cases it commonlie happeneth, we leave it to the advised reader to judge. His bodie with all funerall pompe was conveied unto Canturburie, and there solemnlie buried, leaving behind him by the ladie Marie daughter to the lord Humfrie Bohun earle of Hereford and Northampton, Henrie prince of Wales, Thomas duke of Clarence, John duke of Bedford, Humfrie duke of Glocester, Blanch duchesse of Bauier, and Philip queene of Denmarke; by his last wife Jane, he had no children. This king was of a meane stature, well proportioned, and formallie compact, quicke and livelie, and of a stout courage. In his latter daies he shewed himselfe so gentle, that he gat more love amongst the nobles and people of this realme, than he had purchased malice and evill will in the beginning. But yet to speake a truth, by his proceedings, after he had atteined to the crowne, what with such taxes, tallages, subsidies, and exactions as he was constreined to charge the people with; and what by punishing such as moved with disdeine to see him usurpe the crowne, contrairie to the oth taken at his entring into this land, upon his returne from exile, did at sundrie times rebell against him, he wan himselfe more hatred, than in all his life time, if it had beene longer by manie yeares than it was, had beene possible for him to have weeded out and removed. And yet doubtlesse, woorthie were his subjects to tast of that bitter cup, sithens they were so readie to joine and clappe hands with him, for the deposing of their rightfull and naturall prince king Richard, whose cheefe fault rested onlie in that, that he was too bountifull to his freends, and too mercifull to his foes; speciallie if he had not beene drawne by others, to seeke revenge of those that abused his good and courteous nature.

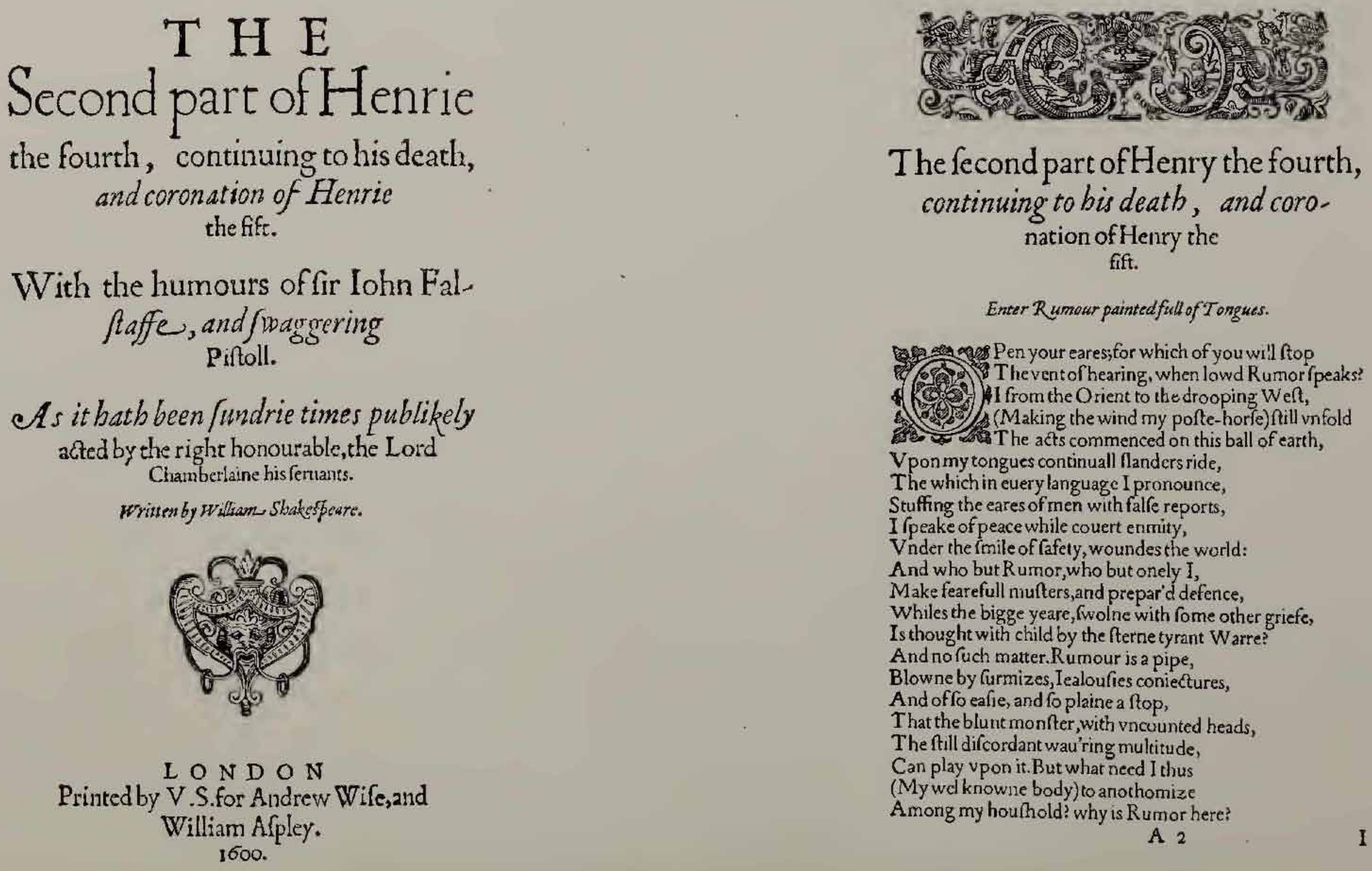
Henrie prince of Wales, son and heire to K. Henrie the fourth, borne in Wales at Monmouth on the river of Wie, after his father was departed tooke upon him the regiment of this realme of England, the twentith of March, the morrow after proclamed king, by the name of Henrie the fift, in the yeare of the world

5375, after the birth of our Saviour, by our account, 1413, the third of the emperor Sigismund; the three and thirtith of Charles the sixt French king, and in the seventh yeare of governance in Scotland under Robert brother to him that, before entrance into his kingdome 1390, had John to name, which by devise and order of the states was changed into Robert the third, who at Rotsaie, a towne in the Iland of Got, 1406, deceassed by occasion thus. As upon hope in this governor to himselfe conceived how to come to the crowne, he at the castell of Falkland, latelie had famisht his coosine David the kings elder sonne and heire, a dissolute yoong prince, yet to his fathers exceeding sorrow, at whose deceasse the father verie carefull, and casting for the safegard of James his yoonger son and heire, from Basse the rocke in a well appointed ship, under charge of Henrie Saintcleere, earle of Orkeneie, into France to his old freend king Charles for good education and safetie this yoong prince he sent; who, in the course, whether for tempest or tendernes of stomach, tooke land in Yorkeshire at Flamborrow, that after by wisedome and good consideration of the king and his councell was thought verie necessarie here to be reteined. But by the sudden newes of this staie, the father, at supper as he sat, so stroken at hart that well nie streight had he fallen downe dead, yet borne into his chamber, where for greefe and pine within three daies next he deceassed. The yoong king James his sonne, after an eighteene yeares staie, in which time he had beene well trained in princehood, at last with right honorable marriage at saint Marie Overies unto Jone daughter to the earle of Summerset, coosine unto Henrie the sixt then king, and with manie other high gratuities here beside was sent and set in his rule and kingdome at home. Such great hope and good expectation was had of this mans fortunate successe to follow, that within three daies after his fathers deceasse, diverse noble men and honorable personages did to him homage, and sware to him due obedience, which had not beene seene doone to any of his predecessors kings of this realme, till they had beene possessed of the crowne. He was crowned the ninth of Aprill being Passion sundaie, which was a sore, ruggie, and tempestuous day, with wind, snow and sleet, that men greatlie marvelled thereat, making diverse interpretations what the same might signifie. But this king even at first appointing with himselfe, to shew that in his person princelie honors should change publike manners, he determined to put on him the shape of a new man. For whereas aforetime he had made himselfe a companion unto misrulie mates of dissolute order and life, he now banished them all from his presence, but not unrewarded, or else unpreferred, inhibiting them upon a great paine not once to approch, lodge, or sojourne within ten miles of his court or presence; and in their places he chose men of gravitie, wit, and high policie, by whose wise counsell he might at all times rule to his honour and dignitie; calling to mind how once to hie offense of the king his father, he had with his fist striken the cheefe justice for sending one of his minions (upon desert) to prison, when the justice stoutlie commanded himselfe also streict to ward, and he (then prince) obeied. The king after expelled him out of his privie councell, banisht him the court, and made the duke of Clarence (his yoonger brother) president of councell in his steed. This reformation in the new king Christ. Okl. hath reported, fullie consenting with this. But now that the king was once placed in the roiall seat of the realme, he vertuouslie considering in his mind that all goodnesse commeth of God, determined to begin with some thing acceptable to his divine maiestie, and therefore commanded the cleargie sincerelie and trulie to preach the word of God, and to live accordinglie, that they might be the lanternes of light to the temporaltie, as their profession required. The laie men he willed to serve God, and obeie their prince, prohibiting them above all things breach of matrimonie, custome in swearing; and namelie, wilfull perjurie. Beside this, he elected the best learned men in the lawes of the realme, to the offices of justice; and men of good living, he preferred to high degrees and authoritie. Immediatlie after Easter he called a parlement, in which diverse good statutes, and wholesome ordinances, for the preservation and advancement of the common-wealth were devised and established. On Trinitie sundaie were the solemne exequies doone at Canterburie for his father, the king himselfe being present thereat.

Meres, in his Palladis Tamia, 1598, mentions the play of Henry the Fourth as one of Shakespeare's tragedies then in existence, but without distinguishing it as a composition in two parts. It is certain, however, that the Second Part was written before February the 25th, 1597-8, because on that day Andrew Wise entered the First Part on the books of the Stationers' Company as containing "the conceipted mirth of Sir John Falstaffe," a fact which demonstrates that the name of Oldcastle had then been changed to that of Falstaff, whereas it clearly appears, from what has been previously stated, that Oldcastle was originally the name of the character in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth. The comedy was, in all probability, composed in the year 1597, soon after the production of the play of Richard the Second, which is quoted in it. Although probably never so popular as the First Part, it no doubt met with great success, and Ben Jonson, in Every Man out of his Humour, acted in 1599, thus makes a passing allusion to one of the characters in it,—" *Sav.* I'll give you some water for her eyes. When do you go, sir?—*Punt.* Certes, sweet lady, I know not.—*Fast.* He doth stay the rather, madam, to present your acute judgment with so courtly and well parted a gentleman as yet your ladyship hath never seen.—*Sav.* What is he, gentle monsieur Brisk? not that gentleman?—*Fast.* No, lady, this is a kinsman to justice Silence." There are no allusions in the Second Part of Henry the Fourth itself that satisfactorily prove anything as to the question of the date of its composition, with the exception of that contained in the Epilogue, the concluding words of which show that it was produced on the stage in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company on August the 23d, 1600, in the following terms,—" Andrewe Wyse, William Aspley; entred for their copies under the handes of the wardens, twoo bookes, the one called Muche adoo about Nothinge, thother the second parte of the history of Kinge Henry the iiij.th, with the humors of Sir John Fallstaff, wrytten by Mr. Shakespere."

Facsimiles from the First Edition of the Second Part of King Henry the fourth.



THE
Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, *and coronation of Henrie* the fift.

With the humours of ſir Iohn Fal-
ſtaffe, and ſwaggering
Piſtoll.

As it hath been ſundrie times publikely
acted by the right honourable, the Lord
Chamberlaine his ſeruants.

Written by William Shakeſpeare.

LONDON
Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wiſe, and
William Aſpley.
1600.

The ſecond part of Henry the fourth, *continuing to his death, and coro-* nation of Henry the fift.

Enter Rumour painted full of Tongues.

OPen your eares; for which of you wi'l ſtop
The vent of hearing, when lowd Rumor ſpeaks?
I from the Orient to the drooping Weſt,
(Making the wind my poſte-horſe) ſtill vnfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth,
Vpon my tongues continuall ſlanders ride,
The which in euery language I pronounce,
Stuffing the eares of men with falſe reports,
I ſpeake of peace while couert enmity,
Vnder the ſmile of ſafety, woundes the world:
And who but Rumor, who but onely I,
Make fearefull muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whiles the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefe,
Is thought with child by the ſterne tyrant Warre?
And no ſuch matter. Rumour is a pipe,
Blowne by ſurmizes, Iealouſies coniectures,
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wau'ring multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what need I thus
(My wel knowne body) to anothomize
Among my houſhold? why is Rumor here?

A 2 I

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Facsim.
22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

To face p. 23

The play was issued in the same year under the following title,—"The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600," 4to., 43 leaves. Other copies of the same edition, in quarto, not containing Sign. E 5 and E 6, have only 41 leaves, the reason of this consisting in the rather singular fact of Valentine Simmes, the printer, having accidentally in the first instance omitted to insert the first scene of the third act, and thus was compelled to reprint a sheet to render the edition complete, the perfect copies being distinguished by the peculiarity of the sheet E containing six instead of four leaves. The probability is that Simmes printed from a defective manuscript, for it is certain from the context that some of the omissions in the quarto, supplied in the folio, were written at the same time with the rest of the comedy. There is no other edition of the play in quarto, and it was not republished until it appeared in the collective folio of 1623, the editors of which seem to have used a play-house copy of the edition of 1600, in which were contained some additions to that text, as well as a few omissions. There is no reason whatever for supposing that any of the latter were made by Shakespeare's authority, although the additions were probably taken from the author's original manuscript. Some of the passages peculiar to the quarto were no doubt erased by the master of the Revels, while as to the rest, the players would be more likely to curtail the play for the convenience of acting, than to insert unauthorised additions to the play-house copy; and, indeed, there is manifest internal evidence that some of the passages in the quarto, omitted in the folio, proceeded from the hand of Shakespeare. It may, therefore, be reasonably assumed that both the edition of 1600 and that of 1623 are good authorities for the text of this comedy, and that a modern editor is justified in the formation of an eclectic text from those editions.

A small portion of the second part of Henry the Fourth, consisting chiefly of part of the opening and the scenes relating to the King's death, was incorporated into an alteration of the two parts formed into one, which was made for private representation under the direction of Sir Edward Dering of Surrenden, who died in the year 1644. The manuscript, which is the most ancient transcript of any of Shakespeare's plays known to exist, is still preserved; but it is of no critical authority. It is chiefly curious as exhibiting the early popularity of the comedy, and the mode in which plays were sometimes curtailed for the convenience of representation. The Second Part of Henry the Fourth does not appear to have been revived after the restoration of Charles the Second, nor until the time of Queen Anne, when Dogget personated the character of Shallow with great success.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, *Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V.*,
Thomas, *Duke of Clarence*,
Prince John of Lancaster,
Prince Humphrey of Gloster, *his sons.*
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Westmoreland.
Earl of Surrey.
Gower.
Harcourt.
Lord Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.
A Gentleman attending on the Chief-Justice.
Earl of Northumberland.
Scroop, *Archbishop of York.*
Lord Mowbray.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Bardolph.
Sir John Colevile.
Travers and Morton, *retainers of Northumberland.*
Sir John Falstaff.
His Page.
Bardolph.
Pistol.
Pointz.
Peto.
Shallow,
Silence, *Country Justices.*
Davy, *servant to Shallow.*
Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bullcalf, *recruits.*
Fang and Snare, *sheriff's officers.*

Lady Northumberland.
Lady Percy.
Mistress Quickly, *hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap.*
Doll Tearsheet.

Lords and Attendants; Porter, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

Rumour, *the Presenter.*
A Dancer, *speaker of the epilogue.*

SCENE—England.

Induction.

SCENE.—Warkworth. *Before* NORTHUMBERLAND'S *Castle.*

Enter RUMOUR, *painted full of tongues.*[1]

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant War,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe[2]
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,[3]
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
The still-discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus

My well-known body to anatomize
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king, before the Douglas' rage,
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,[4]
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
[*Exit.*

Act the First.

SCENE I.—Warkworth. *Before* Northumberland's *Castle.*

Enter Lord Bardolph.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here? Ho!

Enter Porter.

Where is the earl?
Port. What shall I say you are?
L. Bard. Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.
Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.
L. Bard. Here comes the earl. [*Exit* Porter.

Enter Northumberland.

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:[5]
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke,
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard. Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.
North. Good, an God will!
L. Bard. As good as heart can wish:—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John,
And Westmoreland and Stafford, fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!
North. How is this deriv'd?
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?
L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.
North. Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.
L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way;
And he is furnish'd with no certainties
More than he haply may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?
Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He asked the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade[6]
Up to the rowel-head;[7] and starting so,

He seem'd in running to devour the way,[8]
Staying no longer question.
North. Ha!—Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?
Of Hotspur, coldspur?[9] that rebellion
Had met ill luck?
L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.
North. Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers
Give, then, such instances of loss?
L. Bard. Who, he?
He was some hilding fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture.—Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,[10]
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask[11]
To fright our party.
North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,[12]
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say,—Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead!

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.
Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid:
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.
North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.[13]
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;
The tongue offends not that reports his death;
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead;
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.[14]
L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.
Mor. I am sorry, I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance, wearied and outbreath'd,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few, his death,—whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,—
Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops;
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,

That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester
Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain the appearance of the king,
Gan vail his stomach,[15] and did grace the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.
North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,[16]
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,[17]
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif![18]
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st hour[19] that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand
Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead![20]
Tra. This strained passion[21] doth you wrong, my lord.
L. Bard. Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.
Mor. The lives of all your loving complices
Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast the event of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,
Let us make head. It was your presurmise,
That, in the dole of blows,[22] your son might drop:
You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advis'd his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:
Yet did you say, Go forth; and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne action; what hath, then, befallen,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be?
L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss
Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,
That if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.
Mor. 'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers: he is a man
Who, with a double surety, binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, Rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, Rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;

Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,[23]
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;
And more, or less,[24] do flock to follow him.
North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed,—
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. *A Street.*

Enter FALSTAFF, *with his* Page *bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?[25]

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but, for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me:[26] the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake,[27] thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate[28] till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal: God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal,[29] for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he will be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said Master Dumbleton[30] about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned, like the glutton![31] may his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Architophel! a rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand,[32] and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking-up,[33] then they must stand upon security! I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I looked, he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance,[34] and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's,[35] and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield![36] An I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.[37]

Enter the Lord Chief-Justice *and an* Attendant.

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord of Lancaster.

Ch. Just. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gettest any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter,[38] hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Fal. My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty:—you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him!—I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well:[39] rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.[40]

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.[41]

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord,—

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

Ch. Just. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle,[42] my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy!

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.[43]

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go:—I cannot tell.[44] Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times,[45] that true valour is turned bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single?[46] and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the prince gave you,[47]—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents,—marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the king hath severed you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you, pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again.[48] There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.[49] Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt* Chief-Justice *and* Attendant.

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.[50]—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the diseases prevent my curses.[51] —Boy!—

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit* Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the* Archbishop of York's *palace.*

Enter the Archbishop, *the* Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, *and* BARDOLPH.

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and know our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes :—
And first, lord Marshal, what say you to it?
Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms ;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the king.
Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice ;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.
L. Bard. The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus ;—
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?
Hast. With him, we may.
L. Bard. Ay, marry, there's the point :
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand ;
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.
Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.
L. Bard. It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts :
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.
Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.
L. Bard. Yes, in this present quality of war ;[52]—
Indeed, the instant action,—a cause on foot,—
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds ; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,[53]
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;

And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,—
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up,—should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite;[54] or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.
Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth)
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation;
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.
L. Bard. What, is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?
Hast. To us no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,[55]
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm king
In three divided; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.
Arch. That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.
Hast. If he should do so,[56]
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.
L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces hither?
Hast. The Duke of Lancaster,[57] and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth.

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.
Arch. Let us on:
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond many![58] with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou would'st have him be!
And now being trimm'd up in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton-bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What truth is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now,—"O Earth, yield us that King again,
And take thou this!" O thoughts of men accurs'd!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.
Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?
Hast. We are Time's subjects, and Time bids, be gone.

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.*

This direction for the appearance of Rumour is found only in the quarto of 1600. The direction explains the sixth line:—

"Upon my tongues continual slanders ride."

Rumour appears to have been exhibited in a similar manner in the masques preceding Shakespeare's time, and subsequently.—*Knight.*

Stephen Hawes, in his Pastime of Pleasure, had long ago exhibited her (*Rumour*) or Fame, in the same manner:

A goodly lady, envyroned about
With *tongues* of fire——.

And so had Sir Thomas More, in one of his Pageants:

Fame I am called, merveyle you nothing
Thoughe with *tonges* I am compassed all rounde.

Not to mention her elaborate portrait by Chaucer, in the Booke of Fame; and by John Higgins, one of the assistants in the Mirror for Magistrates, in his Legend of King Albanacte.—*Farmer.*

In a masque presented on St. Stephen's night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin-coat *full of* winged *tongues*. Rumour is likewise a character in Sir Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield, 1599. So also in the whole magnificent Entertainment given to King James, and the Queen his Wife, 15th March, 1603, by Thomas Decker, 4to. 1604: "Directly under her in a cart by herselfe, *Fame* stood upright: a woman in a watchet roabe, thickly set with *open eyes* and *tongues*, a payre of large golden winges at her backe, a trumpet in her hand, a mantle of sundry cullours traversing her body: all these ensignes displaying but the propertie of her swiftnesse and aptnesse to disperse *Rumoure.*" —*Steevens.*

Holinshed, in his description of a pageant of the time of Henry the Eighth, mentions Report as entering "apparelled in crimson sattin, full of toongs."

Carew, in his masque of Cœlum Britannicum, introduces Momus "attired in a long darkish robe all wrought over with poiniards, serpents, tongues," &c.

[2] *Rumour is a pipe.*

Here the poet imagines himself describing *Rumour*, and forgets that *Rumour* is the speaker.—*Johnson.*

Johnson accuses Shakespeare of forgetting, in this place, that Rumour is the speaker; had he read on for six lines further, he would have found that the poet did not forget that circumstance, but makes Rumour remark how needless it was for her to describe herself; and then proceeds to tell why she was come.—*Seymour.*

[3] *So easy and so plain a stop.*

The *stops* are the *holes* in a flute or pipe. So, in Hamlet: "Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb:—Look you, these are the *stops*." Again: "You would seem to know my *stops*."—*Steevens.*

[4] *This worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.*

The old copies read—"worm-eaten *hole*." Northumberland had retired and fortified himself in his castle, a place of strength in those times, though the building might be impaired by its antiquity; and, therefore, I believe our poet wrote:—"And this worm-eaten *hold* of ragged stone."—*Theobald.*

Theobald is certainly right. So, in the Wars of Cyrus, 1594:

Besieg'd his fortress with his men at arms,
Where only I and that Libanio stay'd
By whom I live. For when the *hold* was lost, &c.

Again, in King Henry VI. Part III.:

She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your *hold*, my lord.—*Steevens.*

[5] *Should be the father of some stratagem.*

Some *stratagem*, according to Mason, means here some great, important, or dreadful event. So, in the Third Part of King Henry VI. the father who had killed his son says:

O pity, God! this miserable age!
What *stratagems*, how fell, how butcherly!
This mortal quarrel daily doth *beget!*

I cannot see any occasion for annexing to "stratagem," either here or in the instance quoted by Mason, from Henry VI., a meaning different from the obvious one, device, contrivance, to oppose or prevent the enemy.—*Seymour.*

[6] *Of his poor jade.*

Jade is not used by Shakespeare as a *term* of contempt; for King Richard II. gives this appellation to his favourite horse Roan Barbary, which Henry IV. rode at his coronation:

That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand.

The commentators suppose that a *jade* meant a horse kept for drudgery, a hackney; but this is not the fact. It was only another name for a horse, as *nag* since. Thus we have

Hollow pampered *jades* of Asia.

And Ford, in his Lover's Melancholy, Act ii. Sc. 2:—

Like *high fed jades* upon a tilting day.—*Singer.*

[7] *Up to the rowel-head.*

I think that I have observed in old prints the *rowel* of those times to have been only a single spike.—*Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson had either forgotten the precise meaning of the word *rowel*, or has made choice of inaccurate language in applying it to the single spiked spur, which he had seen in old prints. The former signifies the moveable spiked wheel at the end of a spur, such as was actually used in the time of Henry the Fourth, and long before the other was laid aside. Shakespeare certainly meant the spur of his own time.—*Douce.*

The *rowel*, every reader of a single book of heraldry knows, was always a minute wheel radiated like a star. *Up to the rowel-head* implies, up to the head of one of the spikes with which the rowel was radiated.—*Heron.*

[8] *He seem'd in running to devour the way.*

So, in the Book of Job, chap. xxxix: "He *swalloweth* the ground in fierceness and rage." The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's Sejanus:

But with that speed and heat of appetite,
With which they greedily *devour the way*
To some great sports.—*Steevens.*

So Ariel, to describe his alacrity in obeying Prospero's commands:—"I *drink* the air before me."—*M. Mason.*

[9] *Of Hotspur, coldspur.*

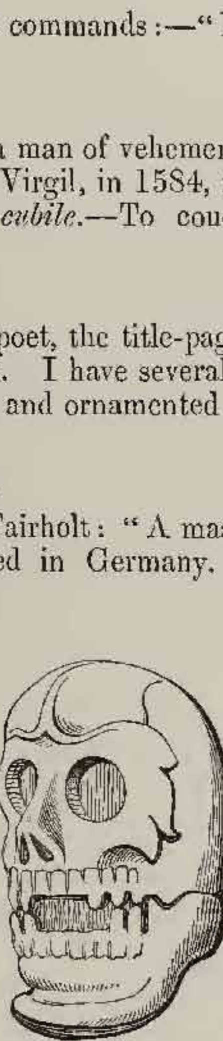
Hotspur seems to have been a very common term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. Stanyhurst, who translated four books of Virgil, in 1584, renders the following line:—*Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.*—To couch not mounting of mayster vanquisher *hoatspur.*—*Steevens.*

[10] *Like to a title-leaf.*

It may not be amiss to observe, that, in the time of our poet, the title-page to an elegy, as well as every intermediate leaf, was totally black. I have several in my possession, written by Chapman, the translator of Homer, and ornamented in this manner.—*Steevens.*

[11] *Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask.*

The following note was communicated to me by Mr. Fairholt: "A mask used by an actor in the old 'Todtentauz' as formerly practised in Germany. It is carved in white wood, and is now in the Old German Museum of Nuremberg. In the little volume describing the ceremonies of the Fete Dieu founded by René of Anjou in Provence, published at Aix, 1777, is an engraving of 'Le Jeu de la Mort' thus described—'il est représenté par une figure noire, avec des ossendut de squelette peints dessus, avec une laide testiere trés-bien caracterisée. Toute son jeu consiste à faire aller & venir sa faulx sur le pavé & l'approcher des pieds de tout le monde, qui pour s'en débarrasser donne quelque chose à son quêteur. C'est le plus triste, le plus désagréable, & le plus horrible de tous les Entremets.' The popularity of these Jeux des Morts is curiously illustrated by an adventure of Don Quixote (Part 2, book i. cap. xi.) who meets a company of Strollers arranged for its performance, one of whom tells him, 'Sir, we are strollers belonging to Angelo el



Malo's company; this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing in a village on the other side of yon hill, a piece representing the Cortez, or Parliament of Death; and this evening we are to play it again in that village just before us; which being so near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing, we come in the clothes we act our parts in. That lad there acts Death.' He is described as having 'a human visage,' and with him are a series of characters showing that the play was a realization of the old painted Dances of Death on cemetery walls and perpetuated in old woodcuts."

[12] *So woe-begone.*

This word was common enough amongst the old Scottish and English poets, as G. Douglas, Chaucer, Lord Buckhurst, Fairfax; and signifies, *far gone in woe.*—*Warburton.*

So, in the Spanish Tragedy:—

> Awake, revenge, or we are *wo-begone!*

Again, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:

> So *woe-begone*, so inly charg'd with woe.

Again, in A Looking Glass for London and England, 1598:

> Fair Alvida, look not so *woe-begone.*

Dr. Bentley is said to have thought this passage corrupt, and therefore (with a greater degree of gravity than my readers will probably express) proposed the following emendation:

> "So dead, so dull in look, *Ucalegon,*
> "Drew Priam's curtain," &c.

The name of *Ucalegon* is found in the third book of the Iliad, and the second of the Æneid.—*Steevens.*

Dr. Bentley's proposed substitution of *Ucalegon* for *woe-begone*, is a most striking example of the uselessness of learning when unaccompanied with judgment to direct it. Where too had the doctor found that Ucalegon drew Priam's curtain? and, it may be added, where did Shakespeare find that any one did so? It is not very uncommon for our poet to forget his reading, and make events change places. Thus a little further on, he has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's; and it is not improbable that in the present instance he might have misapplied the vision of Hector to Æneas so finely described in the second book of the Æneid.—*Douce.*

So pale and frightlesse a wretch drew Priam's curtaine in the dead of night, and told him, halfe Troy was burn'd; he was of my mind, I would have done so myself.—*Suckling's Discontented Colonell*, 1642.

[13] *Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.*

Dr. Johnson would give this line to Bardolph; however, he does not offer to alter the text, but candidly proposes a mode of distributing the parts of the speech, which he thinks belong to several interlocutors. I cannot see any advantage to be gained by it. Grief is talkative, and can bear no interruption. Cibber, in adapting this scene to the circumstance of Prince Edward's murder, in the tragedy of Richard III., has given this line to King Henry, the father of Edward, and has thereby rendered the scene more affecting. Morton is, I think, too much overwhelmed with the weight of his unhappy tidings to reason so conclusively and coolly as in the lines which Dr. Johnson gives to him. Lord Bardolph very properly breaks silence, by saying,—"I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead." Great part of this scene between Northumberland and Travers is not unskilfully woven into the first act of Cibber's alteration of Richard III., and applied to Henry VI.'s lamentation for the murder of his son. The celebrated imprecation of Northumberland, so deservedly praised by Addison and Dr. Johnson, Cibber would not lose; he transplanted several lines of it into his fourth act, and with the remainder he closed the dying speech of Richard.—*Davies.*

Dr. Johnson would give this line to the Lord Bardolph, and the conclusion of the speech to Morton; but, surely, without necessity or improvement: the contradictions which the change is meant to remove are well suited to the distraction of the speaker's mind.—*Seymour.*

[14] *Remember'd knolling a departing friend.*

So in our author's 71st Sonnet:

——you shall hear the surly *sullen* bell
Give warning to the world that *I am fled.*

This significant epithet has been adopted by Milton:

I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide water'd shore
Swinging slow with *sullen* roar.

Departing, I believe, is here used for *departed.*—*Malone.*

I cannot concur in this supposition. The *bell*, anciently, was rung before expiration, and thence was called the *passing bell*, that is, the bell that solicited prayers for the soul *passing* into another world.—*Steevens.*

I am inclined to think that this bell might have been originally used to drive away demons who were watching to take possession of the soul of the deceased. In the cuts to some of the old service books which contain the Vigiliæ mortuorum, several devils are waiting for this purpose in the chamber of a dying man, to whom the priest is administering extreme unction.—*Douce.*

The following is a passage in Stubbs's Anatomie of Abuses, 1585, p. 75. He is relating the dreadful end of a swearer in Lincolnshire,—"At the last, the people perceiving his ende to approche, *caused the bell to tolle;* who, hearing the bell toll for him, rushed up in his bed very vehemently."—*Brand.*

[15] *Gan vail his stomach.*

Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune.—*Johnson.*

From *avaller*, Fr. to cast down, or to let fall down.—*Malone.* This phrase has already appeared in the Taming of the Shrew:

Then *vail your stomachs*, for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your husband's foot.—*Reed.*

Thus, to *vail the bonnet* is to pull it off. So, in the Pinner of Wakefield, 1599:

And make the king *vail bonnet* to us both.

To *vail* a staff, is to let it fall in token of respect. Thus, in the same play:

And for the ancient custom of *vail-staff*,
Keep it still; claim thou privilege from me:
If any ask a reason, why? or how?
Say, English Edward *vail'd his staff* to you.—*Steevens.*

[16] *Buckle under life.*

Buckle, to bend or bow; to yield to pressure. Still in use in the provinces. "Ninepences a little buckled," Lestrange's Anecdotes, MS. Harl. In the play of the Witch of Edmonton, by Rowley, Dekker, Ford, &c. 1658, the witch, Elizabeth Sawyer, is introduced gathering sticks, with this soliloquy:

> ——— Why should the envious world
> Throw all their scandalous malice upon me,
> 'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,
> And, like a bow *buckled* and bent together,
> By some more strong in mischiefs than myself?

Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside, and Newgate Market, all burned; and seen Anthony Joyce's house in fire; and took up, which I keep by me, a piece of glass of the Mercer's Chapel in the street, where much more was, so melted and *buckled* with the heat of the fire like parchment.—*Pepys*, 1666.

But the said Antonio being returned in March last with his family, to dwell again in his own house, and on his entrance there, hearing the noise of a man walking in his chamber, and seeing the boards *buckle* under his feet as he walked, though no man to be seen in the chamber (for they went on purpose to look), he returned with his family to dwell on the other side of the river.—*Mather's Recording of Illustrious Providences*, 1684.

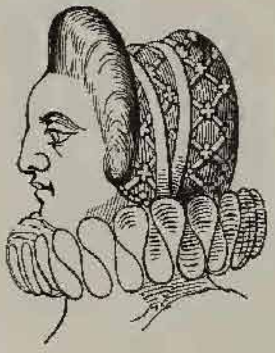
[17] *Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief.*

Shakespeare elsewhere uses *grief* for *bodily pain.* Falstaff, in King Henry IV. Part I., speaks of "the *grief* of a wound." *Grief*, in the latter part of this line, is used in its present sense, for sorrow; in the former part, for *bodily pain.*—*Malone.*

Grief, in ancient language, signifies *bodily pain*, as well as *sorrow.* So, in A Treatise of Sundrie Diseases, &c. by T. T. 1591: "—he being at that time griped sore, and having *grief* in his lower bellie." *Dolor ventris* is, by our old writers, frequently translated "*grief* of the guts." I perceive no need of alteration.—*Steevens.*

[18] *And hence, thou sickly quoif.*

An anachronism, the author here thinking of the costume of his own time. See the annexed engraving of a quoif of the sixteenth century.



[19] *The ragged'st hour.*

Theobald and the subsequent editors read—The *rugged'st.* But change is unnecessary, the expression in the text being used more than once by our author. In As You Like It, Amiens says, his voice is *ragged*; and *rag* is employed as a term of reproach in the Merry Wives of Windsor, and in Timon of Athens. See also the Epistle prefixed to Spenser's Shepherd's Calender, 1579: "—as thinking them fittest for the rustical rudeness of shepheards, either for that their rough sound would makes his rimes more *ragged*, and rustical," &c. The modern editors of Spenser might here substitute the word *rugged* with just as much propriety as it has been substituted in the present passage, or in that in As You Like It: "My voice is *rugged*." Again, in the Rape of Lucrece:

> Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,—
> Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name.

Again, in our poet's eighth Sonnet:

Then let not Winter's *ragged* hand deface
In thee thy summer.

Again, in the play before us:—

A *ragged* and fore-stalled remission.—*Malone.*

I believe *ragged* here is much the same as *rugged.* The crest of the Earl of Warwick was the bear and ragged staff, and "the tops of the ragged rocks" are mentioned in Isaiah, c. 2, v. 21.—*Seymour.*

[20] *And darkness be the burier of the dead.*

The conclusion of this noble speech is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical; *darkness,* in poetry, may be *absence of eyes,* as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark, that by an ancient opinion it has been held, that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease.—*Johnson.*

A passage resembling this speech, but feeble in comparison, is found in the Double Marriage of Beaumont and Fletcher:

———— That we might fall,
And in our ruins swallow up this kingdom,
Nay the whole world, and make a second chaos.—*Boswell.*

Before this land shall wear the Roman yoke,
Let first the adamantine axle crack,
Which binds the ball terrestrial to her poles,
And dash the empty air! let planets drop
Their scalding jelly, and, all flame being spent,
Entomb the world in everlasting smoke!—
Fuimus Troes, or the True Trojanes, 1633.

In our own day the Second Part is very seldom produced; but when it is, the players destroy the connecting link, by suppressing one of the finest scenes which Shakspere ever wrote—the scene between Northumberland, Lord Bardolph, and Morton, at Warkworth Castle. Colley Cibber, however, wrenched the scene out of its place; and, cutting it up into a dozen bits, stuck it here and there throughout his alteration of Richard III.—*Knight.*

In Cibber's alteration of Richard the Third, the line in the text, and some of the preceding ones, are given as the dying words of Richard. In the same piece, the doubts and lamentations of Northumberland, on hearing the various accounts of the battle of Shrewsbury, are transferred to Henry the Sixth, and the battle of Tewksbury.

[21] *This strained passion doth you wrong.*

This line, in the quarto, where alone it is found, is given to Umfrevile, who, as Steevens has observed, is spoken of in this very scene as absent. It was on this ground probably rejected by the player-editors. It is now, on the suggestion of Steevens, attributed to Travers, who is present, and yet, as that gentleman has remarked, "is made to say nothing on this interesting occasion."—*Malone.*

[22] *In the dole of blows.*

The *dole* of blows is the *distribution* of blows. *Dole* originally signified the portion of alms (consisting either of meat or money) that was given away at the door of a nobleman.—*Steevens.*

Then I perceive I must lift up my pole,
And deale your love-sick noddle such a *dole,*

> That ev'ry blow shall make so huge a clatter,
> Men ten leagues off shall aske, Hah! what's the matter?—
> *Britannia Triumphans*, 1637.

[23] *Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land.*

That is "stand over his country, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to protect her." It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen comrade in battle in this manner. Shakespeare has alluded to it in other places.—*Singer.*

[24] *And more and less.*

That is, great and small, all ranks. So, in Macbeth:—"Both *more* and *less* have given him the revolt."—*Steevens.*

[25] *What says the doctor to my water?*

The method of investigating diseases by the inspection of urine only, was once so much the fashion, that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, formed a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines, in consequence of the opinions they received concerning it. This statute was, soon after, followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic. John Day, the author of a comedy called Law Tricks, or Who would have thought it? 1608, describes an apothecary thus: "—his house is set round with patients twice or thrice a day, and because they'll be sure not to want drink, every one brings *his own water* in an urinal with him." Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady:

> I'll make her cry so much, that the physician,
> If she fall sick upon it, shall want *urine*
> To find the cause by.—*Steevens.*

The following amusing satirical anecdote on doctors judging by the water occurs in Culpeper's English Physitian Enlarged, 1661,—"A woman whose husband had bruised himself, took his water and away to the Doctor trots she; the Doctor takes the water and shakes it about, How long hath this party been ill (saith he). Sir, saith the woman, He hath been ill these two daies. This is a man's water, quoth the Doctor presently; this he learned by the word He; then looking on the water he spied blood in it, the man hath had a bruise, saith he; I, indeed, saith the woman, my husband fell down a pair of stairs backwards; then the Doctor knew well enough that what came first to danger must needs be his back and shoulders, said, the bruise lay there; the woman she admired at the Doctors skill and told him that if he could tell her one thing more, she would account him the ablest Physitian in Europe; wel, what was that? How many stairs her husband fel down; this was a hard question indeed, able to puzle a stronger Brain than Mr. Doctor had, to pumping goes he, and having taken the urinal and given it a shake or two, enquires where about she lived, and knowing well the place, and that the houses thereabouts were but low built houses, made answer (after another view of the urine for fashion sake) that probably he might fall down seven or eight stairs. Ah, quoth the woman, Now I see you know nothing, my husband fell down thirty. Thirty! quoth the Doctor, and snatching up the urinal, is here all the water, saith he? No, saith the woman, I spilt some of it in putting of it in; look you there, quoth Mr. Doctor, there were all the other stairs spilt."

[26] *To gird at me.*

That is, to *gibe.* So, in Lyly's Mother Bombie, 1594: "We maids are mad wenches; we *gird* them, and flout them," &c.—*Steevens.*

Gird, says Gifford, is a mere metathesis of *gride*, and means a thrust, a blow; the metaphorical use of the word for a smart stroke of wit, taunt, reproachful retort, &c., is justified by a similar application of kindred terms in all languages.

[27] *Thou whoreson mandrake.*

Mandrake is an herb of a narcotic and cold quality; especially the root, which is large and shaped like those of a parsnip, carrot, white briony, &c., and, in old times, has been applied to deaden pain in parts to be opened or cut off. Its roots are sometimes forked; which made the fruitful heads of antiquity fancy they were like the legs and thighs of man, and derive its Greek name, *quasi* Andragora.—*Davies.*

A root supposed to have the shape of a man. Quacks and impostors counterfeited, with the root briony, figures resembling parts of the human body, which were sold to the credulous as endued with specific virtues. See Sir Thomas Brown's Vulgar Errors, p. 72, edit. 1686, for some very curious particulars.—*Singer.*

A very diminutive or grotesque figure was often compared to a mandrake; that is, to the root, as above described. "He stands as if his legs had taken root,—a very *mandrake*," Wits.—*Nares.*

[28] *I was never manned with an agate till now.*

Manned, that is, waited on, attended. So, in Valentinian, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1647,

Lucina. You flatter:
Good sir, no more of that.
Chi. Well, I but tell you—
Lucina. Will you go forward? since I must be mann'd,
Pray, take your place.
Clau. Cannot you man us too, sir?
Chi. Give me but time.
Marc. And you 'll try all things.

An *agate* is used metaphorically for a very diminutive person, in allusion to the small figures cut in agate for rings and broaches. Thus Florio explains 'Formaglio: ouches, broaches, or tablets and jewels, that yet some old men wear in their hats, with *agath-stones*, cut and graven with some formes and images on them, namely of famous men's heads.' So in Romeo and Juliet:—

In shape no bigger than an *agate stone*,
On the fore finger of an alderman.—*Singer.*

Alluding to the little figures cut in *agates*, and other hard stones, for seals; and therefore he says, *I will set you neither in gold nor silver.* The Oxford editor alters it to *aglet*, a tag to the points then in use, a word, indeed, which our author uses to express the same thought: but *aglets*, though they were sometimes of gold or silver, were never *set* in those metals.—*Warburton.*

It appears from a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's Coxcomb, that it was usual for justices of peace either to wear an *agate* in a ring, or as an appendage to their gold chain: "—Thou wilt spit as formally, and show thy *agate* and hatched chain, as well as the best of them."—*Malone.*

Page. Not so strange as the metamorphosis of *Ajax* an't like your Grace.

Dem. Grace, you *Aggot*, hast not forgot that yet?

Page. No, and yet 'tis a wonder I ha'not, grace being so seldome used; I'm sure they say none at some ordinaries, for at sitting down they cannot intend it for hunger, and at rising up, they are either drunke, or have such mind a dice, they never remember, my Lord, then.—*Day's Ile of Gulls*, 1633.

[29] *He may keep it still as a face-royal.*

The quarto, 1600, and the folio, 1623, have it "*at* a face-royal:" it was corrected in the folio, 1632. The allusion seems to be to the coin called a *royal*, having a face upon it which produced no beard profitable to a barber.—*Collier.*

Johnson says that, by a *face-royal*, Falstaff means a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. As a *stag-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. Steevens imagines that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a real, or *royal;* that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face, than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other. Mason thinks that Falstaff's conceit is, 'If nothing be taken out of a *royal*, it will remain a *royal* still, as it was.' The reader will decide for himself. I have nothing better in the way of conjecture to offer.—*Singer.*

[30] *What said master Dumbleton.*

The folio has, *Dombleton;* the quarto, *Dommeldon.* This name seems to have been a made one, and designed to afford some apparent meaning. The author might have written—*Double-done*, (or, as M. Mason observes, *Double-down*,) from his making the same charge twice in his books, or charging twice as much for a commodity as it is worth. I have lately, however, observed that *Dumbleton* is the name of a town in Gloccstershire. The reading of the folio may therefore be the true one.—*Steevens.*

Steevens is in error where he says that Dumbleton is the name of a *town* in Gloccstershire. A small *village*, about seven miles from Tewkesbury, bears that name; but it is, I think, very improbable that Shakespeare could have alluded to this place as furnishing a title for Falstaff's tailor. At the period when this play was written, the manor of Dumbleton was held by the Abbey of Abingdon, having been given to it by King Athelstan in 931, and was vested in that house at the dissolution, when King Henry the Eighth sold it to Thomas Lord Audley and Sir Thomas Pope; it afterwards came into the family of the Cockses of Cleeve, Gloccstershire, descended from the Cockses, of Cocks-Hall, Kent, from whom Lord Somers, the present proprietor, inherits it.—*Bennett.*

[31] *Let him be dammed like the glutton.*

An allusion to the fate of the rich man, who had fared sumptuously every day, when he requested a drop of water to cool his tongue, being tormented with flames.—*Henley.*

[32] *To bear a gentleman in hand.*

To bear in hand is, to keep in expectation, to amuse with frivolous pretences.

I beare in hande, I threp upon a man that he hath done a dede or make hym byleve so. *Je fas accroyre* tert. conj., conjugate in the seconde boke. I beare hym in hande: *je luy fais acroyre*, construitur cum dativo. He beareth me in hande: *il me fait acroyre.* I shall beare them in hande: *je leur feray acroyre*, and so, joynyng the modes, tenses, nombres and persons of *je fais*, unto the pronowne and *croyre.* And in this sence I fynde also *je metz sus*, conjugate herafter in "I put," as I beare him in hande it was he that stale my horse: *je luy metz sus que ce fut luy qui me desroba mon cheual*,—Palsgrave, 1530.

[33] *If a man is thorough with them in honest taking up.*

That is, *if a man by taking up goods* is in their debt. To be *thorough* seems to be the same with the present phrase,—to be *in with* a tradesman.—*Johnson.*

I assure you, in these times, no man has his servant more obsequious and pliant, than gentlemen their creditors: to whom, if at any time you pay but a moiety, or a fourth part, it comes more acceptably than if you gave them a new-year's gift.—*Sog.* I perceive you, sir: I will take up, and bring myself in credit, sure.—*Every Man out of his Humour.*

That is, goods on credit; a common phrase in the writers of those times. So Falstaff, "gentleman would be thorough with 'em, in *honest* they stand upon security."—Again, in Donne,

> There's now as great an itch of bravery,
> And heat of *taking up.* Elegy, xvi.—*Whalley.*

[34] *He hath the horn of abundance.*

> But chiefly citizens, upon whose crowne
> Fortune her blessings most did tumble downe;
> And in whose eares (as all the world doth know)
> The horne of great aboundance still doth blow.
> *Pasquils Night-Cap*, 1612.

[35] *I bought him in Paul's.*

Falstaff alludes to a proverbial saying, which is thus given in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy:—"He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or alehouse, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the diverb is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife." The middle aisle of the old cathedral of St. Paul's was the resort of bullies, knights of the post, and others of the like reputable professions, who carried on their various occupations here with great success: indeed, bargains of all kinds were made here as commonly as on the Exchange, and with as little feeling of impropriety. Ben Jonson lays a scene in Every Man out of his Humour in the Middle Aisle of St. Paul's. He calls his Captain Bobadil "a Paul's man." But Paul's was also a sort of exchange; and announcements were fixed upon the pillars that corresponded with the newspaper advertisements of modern times. The "masterless serving-man" set up "his bill in Paul's," as well as the tradesman who called attention to his wares. These advertisements were denominated *Si quisses.* Paul's was also the resort of newsmongers and politicians; and sometimes was the scene of more important conferences than arose out of the gossip of the day. Bishop Carleton tells us that Babington's and Ballard's conspiracy was "conferred upon in Paul's Church." The spendthrifts resorted there for protection against their creditors; a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest: "There you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamplight, steal out." (Dekker's 'Gull's Horn Book,' 1609.) In Bishop Earle's 'Microcosmography,' 1628, we have an exceedingly amusing description of all the general features of Paul's Walk, of which the following passage will convey a notion of the style:—"It is a heap of stones and men, with a vast confusion of languages; and, were the steeple not sanctified, nothing liker Babel. The noise in it is like that of bees, a strange humming or buzz, mixed of walking, tongues, and feet. It is a kind of still roar, or loud whisper. It is the great exchange of all discourse, and no business whatsoever but is here stirring and a-foot. It is the synod of all pates politic, jointed and laid together in the most serious posture; and they are not half so busy at the parliament." That St. Paul's Church was, till the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, a common resort for all sorts of people we find from Pope's Essay on Criticism:—"Nor is Paul's church more free than Paul's Church-yard."—*Knight.*

So, in Fearful and lamentable Effects of Two dangerous Comets, no date; by Nashe, in ridicule of Gabriel Harvey: "*Paule's* church is in wonderfull perill thys yeare without the help of our conscionable brethren, for that day it hath not eyther broker, *maisterless serving-man*, or pennilesse companion, in the middle of it, the usurers of London have sworne to bestow a newe steeple upon it." In an old Collection of Proverbs, I find the following:—"Who goes to Westminster for a wife, to *St. Paul's* for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may meet with a whore, a knave, and a jade." In a pamphlet by Dr. Lodge, called Wit's Miserie, and the World's Madnesse, 1596, the devil is described thus:—"In *Powls* hee walketh like a gallant courtier, where if he meet some rich chuffes worth the gulling, at every word he speaketh, he maketh a mouse an elephant, and telleth them of wonders done in Spaine by his ancestors." I should not have troubled the reader with this quotation, but that it in some measure familiarizes the character of Pistol, which (from other passages in the same pamphlet) appears to have been no uncommon one in the time of Shakespeare. Dr. Lodge concludes his description thus: "His courage is boasting, his learning ignorance, his ability weakness, and his end beggary." Again, in Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

> —— get thee a gray cloak and hat,
> And walk in *Paul's* among thy cashier'd mates,
> As melancholy as the best.

I learn from a passage in Greene's Disputation between a He Coneycatcher and a She Coneycatcher, 1592, that *St. Paul's* was a privileged place, so that no debtor could be arrested within its precincts.—*Steevens.*

"It was the fashion of those times," (the times of King James I.), says Osborne, in his Memoirs of that monarch, "and did so continue till these, (the interregnum,) for the principal gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanicks, to meet in *St. Paul's* church by eleven, and walk in the middle isle till twelve, and after dinner from three to six; during which time some discoursed of business, others of news. Now, in regard of the universal commerce there happened little that did not first or last arrive here."—*Malone.*

Before the introduction of newspapers, the pillars of this church seem to have answered the same purposes as the columns of those daily publications. The following passage is from a volume of Harleian Manuscripts filled with scraps of letters and other concerns of Mrs. Jane Shelley (daughter of John Lynge, Esq. of Sutton in Herefordshire), who died in 1600. The writer, who appears to have been one of her servants, addressing his sister, complains of the strictness of his lady, and determines to leave her service: "It may be you will say I wer better to here of a new before I loose the ould servisse; my answer is, I cannot loose much by the bargain; for yf I take but *the basest course, and sett my bill in Paules*, in one or two dayes I cannot want a servisse," Harl. MSS. 2050.—*Blakeway.*

[36] *He'll buy me a horse in Smithfield.*

"He who goeth to Westminster for a wife, to Pauls for a man, and to Smithfield for a horse, may have a jade to his horse, a knave to his man, and a wagg-tail to his wife," Howell, 1659.

Civis.—Call the chamberlain, and let us have a chamber severallie. (i. e. apart to ourselves.)

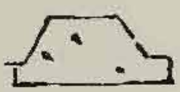
Roger.—With all spede, a Gods name. Chamberlain, prepare your chamber, with all thinges accordingly in the same, for my master and maistres. Whip maister Ostiler with a caste of ligerdemain; bestirre you, sirrha, and make xiid. of three botles of stinkng Haye and a pecke of Ottes. You can make a stoned horse a gelding, and a long taile a curtall. You knowe my meanyng wel enough: hem, sirrha, I saie nothyng but mum, I have seen you often in Smithfielde.—*Bulleyn's Dialogue.*

A pleasant fellow desirous to put off a lame horse, rode him from the Sunne Tavern within Cripplegate to the Sunne in Holborne neare to Fullers Rents; and minding the next day to sell him in Smithfeild, the chapman askt him why he looked so lean. Marry, no marvell, answered he; for, but yesterday, I rid him from Sunne to Sunne, and never drew bit.—*A Banquet of Jests new & old*, 1657.

But if any inconveniences arise from these corruptions of matrimony, they are not to be lookt upon as the discomforts of lawful wedlock, but as the punishments of rash and greedy riot, or the long experienc'd inconveniences of *Smithfield* barter. —*The Women's Advocate*, 1683.

[37] *Wait close, I will not see him.*

In a copy of ed. 1600, which has very early MS. notes, nearly contemporary with the impression, is a curious diagram in the margin in this place, representing probably the position of the characters on the stage of the Globe Theatre.



[38] *You hunt-counter.*

That is, blunderer. He does not, I think, allude to any relation between the judge's servant and the counter-prison.—*Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson's explanation may be countenanced by the following passage in Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub:

——Do you mean to make a hare
Of me, to *hunt counter* thus, and make these doubles,
And you mean no such thing as you send about?

Again, in Hamlet;

O, this is *counter*, you false Danish dogs.

It should not, however, be concealed, that Randle Holme, in his Academy of Armory and Blazon, book iii, ch. 3, says:—"*Hunt counter*, when hounds *hunt it by the heel.*"—*Steevens.*

Hunt counter means, *base tyke*, or *worthless dog.* There can be no reason why Falstaff should call the attendant a blunderer, but he seems very anxious to prove him a *rascal.* After all, it is not impossible the word may be found to signify a *catchpole* or *bum-bailiff.* He was probably the Judge's *tipstaff.*—*Ritson.*

Perhaps the epithet *hunt-counter* is applied to the officer, in reference to his having reverted to Falstaff's salvo.—*Henley.*

I think it much more probable that Falstaff means to allude to the *counter*-prison. Sir T. Overbury, in his character of A Serjeant's Yeoman, 1616, (in modern language, a *bailiff's follower,*) calls him "a *counter*-rat."—*Malone.*

[39] *Very well, my lord, very well.*

In the quarto edition, printed in 1600, this speech stands thus:

"*Old.* Very well, my lord, very well:——"

I had not observed this, when I wrote my note to the First Part of Henry IV. concerning the tradition of Falstaff's character having been first called Oldcastle. This almost amounts to a self-evident proof of the thing being so: and that the play, being printed from the stage manuscript, Oldcastle had been all along altered into Falstaff, except in this single place by an oversight; of which the printers, not being aware, continued these initial traces of the original name.—*Theobald.*

[40] *And my waist slenderer.*

A similar quibble occurs in Lilly's Endimion,—"What a low stature shee is, and yet what a great foot she carrieth? How thriftie must shee be in whom there *is no waste?* How vertuous is she like to be, ouer whom no man can be iealous?"

[41] *The fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.*

Dr. Johnson says he does not understand the joke; he knows that dogs sometimes lead the blind, but asks, Why should a dog lead the fat? Dr. Farmer answers, "If the fellow's great belly prevented him from seeing his way, he would want a dog as well as the blind man." But this reply is by no means satisfactory; the definite article repeated in "the" man, and "the" great belly, seems to denote a reference to some well-known object at that time.—*Seymour.*

And though he had no absolute occasion for him, Shakespeare would still have supplied him with one. He seems to have been very little solicitous that his comparisons should answer completely on both sides. It was enough for him that *men* were sometimes led by dogs.—*Malone.*

The allusion was probably to some well-known character of the time. Ben Jonson, in his Discoveries, has an anecdote of a notorious thief of the day, who was remarkable for his great belly. A little more information respecting this person might perhaps identify him with the character here alluded to.—*Talbot.*

[42] *A wassel candle, my lord.*

A *wassel candle* is a *large candle lighted up at a feast.* There is a poor quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honey-comb.—*Johnson.*

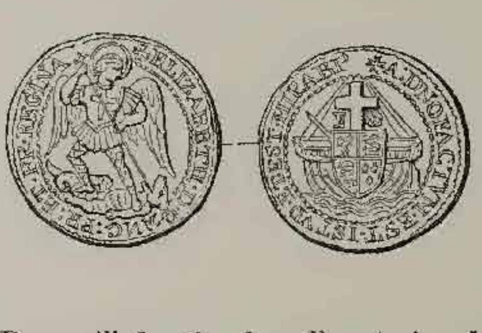
The same quibble has already occurred in Love's Labour's Lost, "That was the way to make his godhead *wax*."—*Steevens.*

[43] *Like his ill angel.*

So the quarto, 1600, both here and in Falstaff's reply. The folio has "*evil* angel" in the first place, and "*ill* angel" in the second. The mistake seems obvious: "*ill* angel" answers the purpose both of Falstaff and the Chief Justice. —*Collier.*

Evil is the reading of the folio; *ill* of the quarto. Theobald says, "If this were the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the witty and humorous evasion he has done in his reply." It may be answered, however, that the humour of the evasion is perhaps rather heightened by Falstaff's change of the epithet from *evil* to *ill*. When he says "an ill angel is light," his allusion is to the coin called an angel.—*Knight.*

If this were the true reading, Falstaff could not have made the witty and humorous evasion he has done in his reply. I have restored the reading of the oldest quarto. The Lord Chief Justice calls Falstaff the Prince's *ill angel* or genius: which Falstaff turns off by saying, an *ill angel* (meaning the coin called *an angel*) *is light;* but, surely, it cannot be said that he wants weight: ergo—the inference is obvious. Now money may be called *ill*, or *bad;* but it is never called *evil*, with regard to its being under weight. This Pope will facetiously call restoring *lost puns:* but if the author wrote a *pun*,



and it happens to be *lost* in an editor's indolence, I shall, in spite of his grimace, venture at bringing it back to light.—*Theobald.*

"As *light* as a clipt angel," is a comparison frequently used in the old comedies. So, in Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:

> ——The law speaks profit, does it not?——
> Faith, some *bad angels* haunt us now and then.—*Steevens.*

[44] *I cannot go, I cannot tell.*

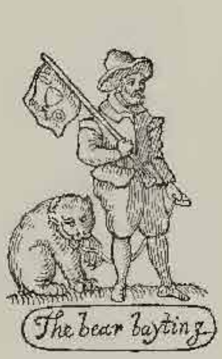
I cannot be taken in a reckoning: I cannot pass current.—*Johnson.*

Gifford, in a note on Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, vol. i. p. 125, objects to this explanation. "*I cannot tell* (he observes) means, *I cannot tell what to think of it*, and nothing more." The phrase, with that signification, was certainly common; but, as it will also bear the sense which Dr. Johnson has assigned to it, his interpretation appears to me to suit the context better. Let the reader judge.—*Boswell.*

[45] *In these costermonger times.*

In these times when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money.—*Johnson. Coster-monger*, means any thing *meanly* mercenary; in its original sense *a dealer in apples.*

Coster-monger, jocularly used as an adjective. Any thing meanly mercenary, like a petty dealer in apples, whose character was bad in various ways. See the above passage, where note, that *times* is not in the two folios, but is supplied from the quarto, and that *bear-herd* should probably be *bear-ward*, the quarto having *berod. Bear-herd* occurs, however, in other passages.—*Nares.*



[46] *Your wit single.*

Single, weak, silly.

Mit. Methinks, Cordatus, he dwelt somewhat too long on this scene; it hung in the hand.—*Cor.* I see not where he could have insisted less, and to have made the humours perspicuous enough.—*Mit.* True, as his subject lies; but he might have altered the shape of his argument, and explicated them better in single scenes.—*Cor.* That had been single indeed. Why, be they not the same persons in this, as they would have been in those?—*Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour.*

Single-witted and *single-soul'd* were common epithets with our ancestors, to designate *simple persons.* In the text there is a quibble on *double* in the previous sentence, but not necessarily implying that *single* is used in its ordinary sense. There is a somewhat similar quibble in Coriolanus,—

Men. You blame Marcius for being proud.

Brutus. We do it not alone.

Men. I know you can do very little alone for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous *single.*

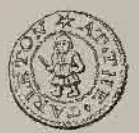
Dr. Johnson explains '*your wit single?*' to mean 'your merriment unfashionable? such as no one had any part in but himself: a calamity' (observes the Doctor) 'always incident to a grey-hair'd wit, whose allusions are to forgotten facts, and his illustrations drawn from notions obscured by time.' Steevens supposes that Shakespeare meant only that he had more *fat* than *wit*, that his wit was not increased in proportion to his body, which was bloated by intemperance to twice its original size.' But, what mark, or 'character of age,' is there in a man's not growing more *witty*, as he grows more *fat?* *Wit*, in this passage, means (a sense, which it has often been shewn to bear, by the commentators) *understanding, intellect.* And *single* (which they do not seem to have noticed) signifies, *weak, infirm, feeble, not strong.* 'Is not your wit single?' is equivalent to, 'is not your intellect impaired?' a certain mark of age. We will add some examples of this use of the word *single.* In Beaumont and Fletcher's Queen of Corinth, Neanthes having observed of Onos that he must be fifty years of age; Sosicles replies, 'All men believe it when they hear him speak; he utters such *single* matter' (i. e. such weak nonsense) 'in so infantly a voice.' In the Captain of the same authors, Iacomo calls to a drawer, 'More beer, boy, very sufficient *single* beer.' A little afterwards, this is called '*small* beer.' '*Single beer*' occurs also before in the same scene, and in Act II. Sc. 1. and is to be found in other authors.—*Anon.*

Falstaff had more fat than wit. The chief justice, in my opinion, intends to reproach him with being solely master of that wit which promoted dissipation, licentiousness, and debauchery. That his ideas and practice were perfectly conformable, he was become so habituated to loose discourse and a profligate mode of living, that he could not reform. In short, says the chief justice, your wit is confined to one subject, you are a perfect stranger to reasoning on any topic, except that which is connected with luxury, and leads to the tavern or the bawdy-house.—*Davies.*

[47] *The box o' the ear that the prince gave you.*

This incident is introduced into the old play of the Famous Victories, in which Tarlton usually took the part of the Clown. This fact appears from a curious anecdote related in Tarlton's Jests, 1611,—*An excellent jest of Tarlton suddenly spoken.*—At the Bul at Bishops-gate was a play of Henry the 5, 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 clowne: and Knel then playing Henry the 5., hit Tarlton a sound boxe 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 askes 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 eare: 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 still on my checke, that it burnes againe. The people laught at this mightily: and to this day I have heard it commended for rare; but no marvell, for he had many of these. But I would see our clownes in these dayes doe the like: no, I warrant ye, and yet they thinke well of themselves too.

Tarlton died in 1588, but his fame as a great comic actor continued in the memories of the public long after his death. Even in the seventeenth century, his name was a common one for the sign of a tavern. So, in a marginal note to Stowe's Annales, ed. 1615, p. 697,—"Tarleton so beloved that men use his picture for their signes." The present token is one of the rarest and most intrinsically curious in the whole range of the London series. There does not appear to be any specimen of it in the Beaufoy cabinet. The following curious allusion to Tarlton's name as an inn-sign does not appear to have been hitherto noticed,—



Howbeit, if they did onelie this, they were the more to be pardoned; but they are not ashamed to step one degree higher, by hanging out these monumentes of their grosse ignorance, for signes at innes and ale-houses (the toleration whereof I have wondered at) putting no difference betweene the renowned Scepter of K. Henry the 8. and Tartletons pipe. If this bee not to prophane the sacred Majestie of Princes, and disgrace nobility, surely I cannot judge. But this I am sure of, that if any private man were so handled, he would holde it an indignity unsufferable.—*Lomatius on Painting, by Haydock*, 1598.

[48] *I would I might never spit white again.*

The meaning of the words is plain; but the application of them here may be doubted. His meaning is, may I never again have wine enough to produce that effect: or rather, perhaps, may I never have a debauch over-night, to make me thirsty in the morning. I fear we must condemn the intemperance of our ancestors, when we find that this effect was often observed and alluded to. Spungius says, in Massinger,—"Had I been a pagan still, I should not have *spit white* for want of drink," that is, for want of more drink, to remedy the effect of what he had taken before. It was noticed also as a consequence of habitual intemperance. The unlucky pages, in Lyly's Mother Bombie, say that their masters had sodden their livers in sack for forty years, and—"That makes them *spit white* broath, as they do."—*Nares.*

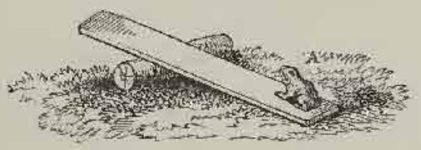
[49] *You are too impatient to bear crosses.*

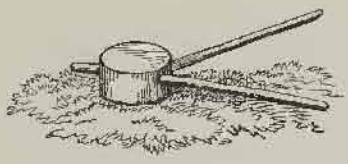
I believe a quibble was here intended. Falstaff had just asked his lordship to lend him *a thousand pound*, and he tells him in return that he is not to be entrusted with money. A *cross* is a coin so called, because stamped with a cross. So, in As You Like It:—

"If I should bear you, I should bear no *cross*."—*Steevens.*

[50] *If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.*

A diversion is common with boys in Warwickshire and the adjoining counties, on finding a toad, to lay a board about two or three feet long, at right angles, over a stick about two or three inches diameter, as per sketch. Then, placing the toad at A, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the creature forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth, and its return in general kills it. This is called Filliping the Toad.——A *three-man beetle* is an implement used for driving piles; it is made of a log of wood about eighteen or twenty inches diameter, and fourteen or fifteen inches thick, with one short, and two long handles, as per sketch. A man to each of the long handles manages the fall of the beetle, and a third man by the short handle assists in raising it to strike the blow. Such an implement was, without doubt, very suitable for *filliping* so corpulent a being as Falstaff.—*J. Johnson.*





Beetle, a large, heavy, wooden hammer, hooped with iron round its heads, and studded all over with nails, for the purpose chiefly of *riving* wood with iron wedges. In Scotland an article of the same sort is called *Bittle*. See Pirate, I. 128. Tusser, in his catalogue of farming implements has a plough-beetle.—*Moor.*

So, in A World of Wonders, A Mass of Murthers, A Covie of Coosnages, &c. 1595, sign. F. "—whilst Arthur Hall was weighing the plate, Bullock goes into the kitchen and fetcheth a heavie washing *betle*, wherewith he comming behinde Hall, strake him," &c.—*Reed.*

A *beetle* which laundrers do use to wash their buck and clothes.—*Hollyband's Dictionarie*, 1593. The wooden mallet used by pavers of streets is still so called, and the word is occasionally heard as a verb.

It would require such a ponderous *beetle* to fillip him, if by that word be meant what is called in Suffolk a gibbet. This is a barbarous act of boys, laying a toad or mouse, or other "small deer" on one end of a lath, or a piece of wooden hoop, its centre on the ledge of a gate equipoized:—a violent stroke (hyperbolically a fillip) on the other end sends the victim of cruelty high in the air. The fall or haply the rapidity of ascent kills the creature. It is hoped that this barbarism is, with others, now unpractised.—*Moor's Suffolk MS.*

[51] *Prevent my curses.*

To *prevent* means, in this place, to *anticipate.* So, in the 119th Psalm: "Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches."—*Steevens.*

[52] *Yes, in this present quality of war.*

This and the following nineteen lines appeared first in the folio. That copy reads:—"Yes, *if* this present," &c. I believe the old reading is the true one, and that a line is lost; but have adopted Dr. Johnson's emendation, because it makes sense. The punctuation now introduced appears to me preferable to that of the old edition, in which there is a colon after the word *action.* Bardolph, I think, means to say, "Indeed the *present* action (our cause being now on foot, war being actually levied,) lives so in hope," &c. otherwise the speaker is made to say, in general, that *all* causes once on foot afford no hopes that may securely be relied on; which is certainly not true.—*Malone.*

The reading of the old copy, merely substituting *in* for "*if*," as Johnson suggested, will bear this construction:—It never yet did hurt (says Hastings) to be sanguine. To which Lord Randolph replies:—

> Yes, *in* this present quality of war—(it has done hurt)
> Indeed the instant action, (i. e.) a cause on foot
> Lives so in hope, as in the early spring, &c.

To be over sanguine, has been and is most injurious in that particular crisis we are now arrived at; on the point of committing ourselves irrevocably:—false hopes at this time are as treacherous as early blossoms.—*Singer.*

"Hope," says Hastings, "never yet did harm." "Yes," says Bardolph, "in a state of affairs like the present, where action seems imminent, it *has* done harm to entertain (unfounded) hopes." He then proceeds to press on his friends, as their only chance of safety, the necessity of making the war *not* imminent—of postponing it until they have pondered well their resources, and received further supplies. All this is intelligible enough, and may be elicited with perfect ease from the ordinary text which was adjusted by Dr. Johnson—the original reading of the two lines in question being obviously disfigured by typographical errors.—*Anon.*

A great variety of conjectural emendations of the two lines commencing Bardolph's speech have been suggested. For example,—*if* this present quality of war *impede* the instant *act;* in this present quality of war *indeed of* instant action; *if* this *prescient* quality of war *induc'd* the instant action; *in* this present quality of war: indeed the instant *act and;* *in* this present quality of war, indeed *of* instant action; if this present quality of war *impel* the instant action. The last conjecture is by Steevens, who explains his reading thus,—

Hastings says, it never yet did hurt to lay down likelihoods and forms of hope. Yes, says Bardolph, it has in every case like ours, where an army inferior in number, and waiting for supplies, has, without that reinforcement, *impelled*, or hastily brought on, an immediate action.—*Steevens.*

If we may be allowed to read—*instanc'd*, the text may mean—Yes, it has done harm in every case like ours; indeed, it did harm in young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury, which the Archbishop of York has just *instanced* or given as an example.—*Tollet.*

Modern editors have changed the *if* of the original into *in*, and pointed the passage accordingly. They have thus made that unintelligible which, with care in the punctuation, presents little difficulty. As we read the passage, the meaning is this:—Hastings has said that it never yet did hurt to lay down forms of hope. Bardolph replies yes (it does hurt), *if* the present condition of our war—*if* the instant state of our action and cause on foot—lives only in such hope as the premature buds of an early spring.—*Knight.*

There is no harm, says Hastings, in taking probabilities into reckoning: yes, cries Bardolph, in the present condition of things, there is; hope, or a flattering calculation, as our cause stands, (in the instant action) is likely to deceive us, and our prospect of success is no more to be relied on than the premature promise of a spring which, to an experienced mind, suggests the likelihood of abortion, rather than of abundance. Bardolph's speech to "We fortify in paper," is not in the quarto.—*Seymour.*

[63] *When we mean to build.*

Shakespeare here refers to St. Luke's Gospel,—"For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?—Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him,—Saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish.—Or what king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?"

[64] *To weigh against his opposite.*

Previously to these words, there is inserted in a modern annotated copy the following line,—"A careful leader sums what force he brings." It means, before we engage in any great and perilous undertaking, we should know how able we are to undergo such a work—how able we are to weigh against the opposite of such a work; that is, to contend successfully against the forces of the enemy. Mr. Singer says that, if any change is necessary, we should read "*this* opposite," instead of "*his* opposite." With submission we beg to say, that, if any change is necessary, "its" and not "this" is the word which must be substituted for "his." But no change is necessary: "his opposite" means the work's opposite; and it is no unfrequent idiom with Shakespeare to use "his" for "its."—*Anon.*

This interpolation mars entirely the integrity of the poet's simile, by introducing a new element, and interrupting its course; making what was before perfectly simple and consecutive, involved. The reading *last* for "least" may have been adopted from Steevens. The only other correction which the passage requires, if indeed that be necessary, is to read "*this* opposite," instead of *his*. "Much more in this great work," says Lord Bardolph, "should we examine our plan, our situation, and the frame of it. Agree upon a secure foundation of it. Question lookers-on, know our position; how far we are able to undertake such a work, and preponderate against *this* adversary." There is no necessity for further deviation from the old copy.—*Singer.*

[55] *One power against the French.*

During this rebellion of Northumberland and the archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven, in Wales, for the aid of Owen Glendower.—*Steevens.*

This is correct; the contest with Wales still went on, and a force was about this time sent to Calais, under Prince Thomas; Henry was still at war with the French, who had assisted Owen Glendower. I know not why Hastings says that he knew not who commanded this force.—*Courtnay.*

[56] *If he should do so.*

This passage is read, in the first edition, thus: "If he should do so, French and Welsh he leaves his back unarmed, they baying him at the heels, never fear that." These lines, which were evidently printed from an interlined copy not understood, are properly regulated in the next edition, and are here only mentioned to show what errors may be suspected to remain.—*Johnson.*

I believe the editor of the folio did not correct the quarto rightly; in which the only error probably was (as Capell has observed) the omission of the word *to*:—

To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd,
They baying him at the heels; never fear that.—*Malone.*

[57] *The duke of Lancaster.*

Prince John never had the title of Duke of Lancaster. He was not created a duke until the reign of Henry the Fifth, when, in 1414, he was made Duke of Bedford and Earl of Kendal. At this time Prince Henry was actually duke of Lancaster. Shakespeare was misled by Stowe, who, speaking of the first parliament of King Henry IV. says, 'Then the king rose, and made his eldest sonne prince of Wales, &c.; his *second sonne* was there made duke of Lancaster.' Annales, 1631. Prince John, however, was the third not the second son of Henry the Fourth.

[58] *O thou fond many!*

Many, a multitude; a company; followers; household attendants; family. Ray and Skinner give the word, the latter saying he had met with it only in Gouldman, and both in the last sense. It appears from Watson that it was in use in Yorkshire as lately as 1775. It is a common archaism.

Lo, serys, a part we have of oure entent,
  For to take Jhesu now we must provyde
A sotyl *meny* to be present,
  That dare fyth and wele abyde.—*Lud. Covent*, p. 270.

"Meny of plantes, *plantaige*," Palsgrave. Dryden uses the word: "The *many* rend the skies with loud applause."

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Hostess, Fang *and his* Boy *with her, and* Snare *following.*

Host. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Host. Where 's your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? will he stand to it?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an he comes but within my vice,[1]—

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he is an infinitive thing upon my score:—good Master Fang, hold him sure;—good Master Snare, let him not scape. He comes continuantly to Pie-corner, saving your manhoods, to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one[2] for a poor lone woman[3] to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter FALSTAFF, Page, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? O thou honey-seed[4] rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.[5]

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian![6] you fustilarian![7] I'll tickle your catastrophe.[8]

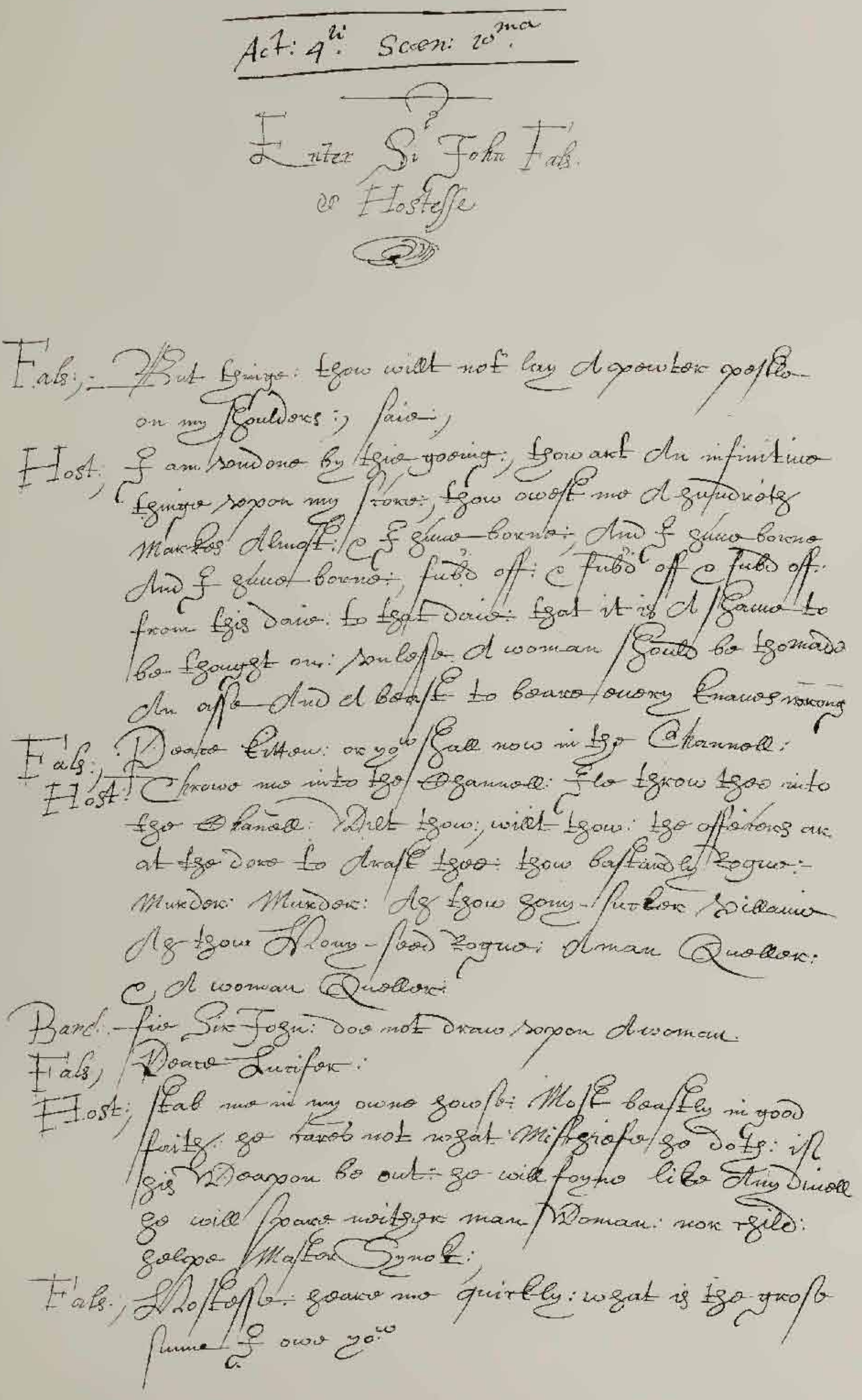
Enter the Lord Chief-Justice, *attended.*

Ch. Just. What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?

Facsimile from the Dering Manuscript of Henry the Fourth, the earliest written copy of any of Shakespeare's Plays known to exist.



Act: 4ti. Scen: 10ma.

Enter Sr John Fals.
& Hostesse

Fals; What thinge: thou wilt not lay A pewter pottle
on my shoulders; saie;
Host; I am undone by thie going; thou art An infinitive
thinge upon my score; thou owest me A hundreth
Markes Almost: & I have borne, And I have borne
And I have borne; fubd off: & fubd off & fubd off.
from this daie: to that daie: that it is A shame to
be thought on: unlesse A woman should be thomade
An asse And A beast to beare every knaves wrong
Fals; Deare Kitten: or you shall now in the Channell:
Host; Throwe me into the Channell: Ile throw thee into
the Channell: Wilt thou; wilt thou: the officers are
at the dore to arast thee: thou bastardly Rogue:
Murder: Murder: Ah thou hony-suckle villaine
Ah thou Hony-seed Rogue: A man Queller:
& A woman Queller:
Bard. fie Sir John: doe not draw upon A woman
Fals, Deare Lucifer:
Host; stab me in my owne house: Most beastly in good
faith. he cares not what Mischiefe he doth: if
his Weapon be out: he will foyne like Any divell
he will spare neither man Woman: nor child:
helpe Master Snare:
Fals. Hostesse: heare me quickly: what is the grosse
summe I owe you

Host:

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Facsim.
22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden

To face p. 64

Doth this become your place, your time, your business?
You should have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all,—all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course, to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet,[9] sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor,—thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech,[10] the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that, ere long, they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

Host. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Prithee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap[11] without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness; if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous:—no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong:—but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Takes her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower,—what news?

Gow. The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales,
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells. [*Gives a letter.*

Fal. As I am a gentleman,—

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman:—come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I stand on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking;[12] and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal,[13] or the German hunting in water-work,[14] is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i' faith I am loth to pawn my plate, so God save me, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her, [*to* BARDOLPH]; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, *and* Boy.

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gow. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well; what is the news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back?

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently:
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here,—I thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Street.*

Enter Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ.

P. Hen. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer.

Poin. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poin. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

Poin. Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poin. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee,—as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,—I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou thinkest me as far in the devil's book[15] as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poin. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poin. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poin. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poin. By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help.—By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villian have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH *and* Page.

Bard. God save your grace!

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph!

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass[16] [*to the* Page], you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's[17] maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice,[18] and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and so peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream, away!

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

Page. Marry, my Lord, Althæa dreamed[19] she was delivered of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation:—there it is, boy. [*Gives him money.*

Poin. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you.

Poin. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?[20]

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

Poin. [*reads*] "John Falstaff, knight,"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, "There is some of the king's blood spilt." "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrowed cap,[21] "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter:—

Poin. [*reads*] "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting,"—Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace!

Poin. [*reads*] "I will imitate the honourable Romans in brevity:"—sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded.—"I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Pointz; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayest; and so, farewell.

"Thine, by yea and no,—which is as much as to say, as thou usest him—JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and Sir JOHN with all Europe."

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words.[22] But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Poin. God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?[23]

Bard. At the old place, my lord,—in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord,[24]—of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poin. I am your shadow, my Lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph,—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence. [*Gives money.*

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* Page.] —This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poin. Put on two leathern jerkins[25] and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy descension![26] it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, Lady NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* Lady PERCY.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs:
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.
Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.
North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.
Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost,—yours and your son's.
For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!
For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the grey vault of heaven; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:
He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;
And speaking thick,[27] which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,

In military rules, humours of blood,
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave—
Second to none, unseconded by you—
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:—so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.
North. Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.
Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance made a little taste.
Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough,
To rain upon remembrance[23] with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation to my noble husband.
North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind,
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Enter two Drawers.

First Draw. What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

Sec. Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns[29] before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

First Draw. Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;[30] Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch:—the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

Sec. Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Pointz anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

First Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis:[31] it will be an excellent stratagem.

Sec. Draw. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter Hostess *and* DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats[32] as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, What's this?—How do you now?

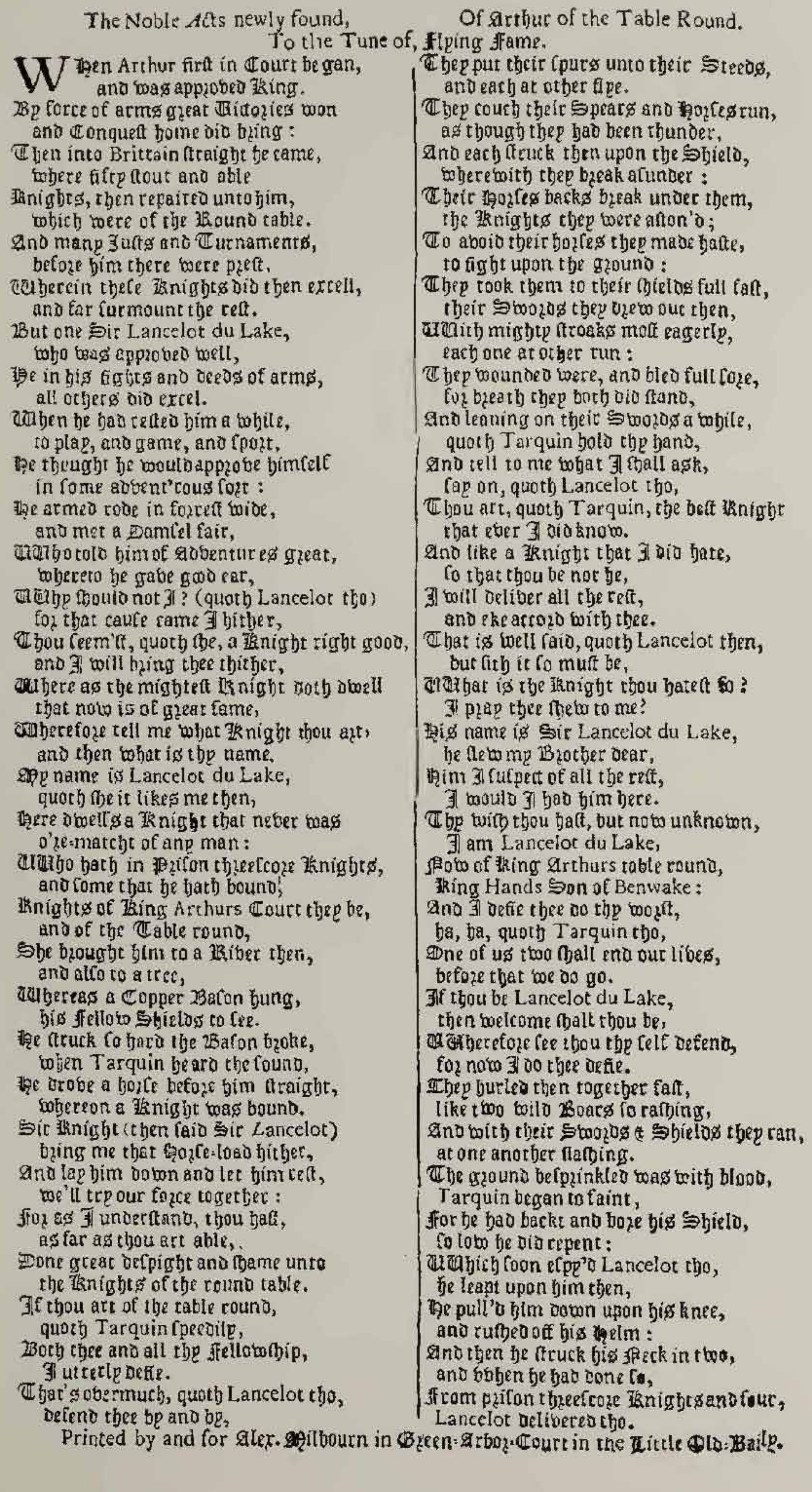
Dol. Better than I was:—hem.

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold.—Look, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. [*singing*] "When Arthur first in court"[33]—Empty the jorden. [*Exit first Drawer.*]—"And was a worthy king."—How now, Mistress Doll!

Facsimile of the Ballad of King Arthur, from an original Black letter copy preserved in the Bayford Collection



The Noble *Acts* newly found, Of Arthur of the Table Round.

To the Tune of, Flying Fame.

When Arthur firſt in Court began,
and was approved King.
By force of arms great Victories won
and Conqueſt home did bring:
Then into Brittain ſtraight he came,
where fifty ſtout and able
Knights, then repaired unto him,
which were of the Round table.
And many Juſts and Turnaments,
before him there were preſt.
Wherein theſe Knights did then excell,
and far ſurmount the reſt.
But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
who was approved well,
He in his fights and deeds of arms,
all others did excel.
When he had reſted him a while,
to play, and game, and ſport,
He thought he would approve himſelf
in ſome advent'rous ſort:
He armed rode in forreſt wide,
and met a Damſel fair,
Who told him of Adventures great,
whereto he gave good ear,
Why ſhould not I? (quoth Lancelot tho)
for that cauſe came I hither,
Thou ſeem'ſt, quoth ſhe, a Knight right good,
and I will bring thee thither,
Where as the mighteſt Knight doth dwell
that now is of great fame,
Wherefore tell me what Knight thou art,
and then what is thy name.
My name is Lancelot du Lake,
quoth ſhe it likes me then,
Here dwell's a Knight that never was
o're-matcht of any man:
Who hath in Priſon threeſcore Knights,
and ſome that he hath bound;
Knights of King Arthurs Court they be,
and of the Table round,
She brought him to a River then,
and alſo to a tree,
Whereas a Copper Baſon hung,
his Fellow Shields to ſee.
He ſtruck ſo hard the Baſon broke,
when Tarquin heard the ſound,
He drove a horſe before him ſtraight,
whereon a Knight was bound.
Sir Knight (then ſaid Sir *Lancelot*)
bring me that Horſe-load hither,
And lay him down and let him reſt,
we'll try our force together:
For as I underſtand, thou haſt,
as far as thou art able,
Done great deſpight and ſhame unto
the Knights of the round table.
If thou art of the table round,
quoth Tarquin ſpeedily,
Both thee and all thy Fellowſhip,
I utterly defie.
That's overmuch, quoth Lancelot tho,
defend thee by and by,
They put their ſpurs unto their Steeds,
and each at other flye.
They couch their Spears and Horſes run,
as though they had been thunder,
And each ſtruck then upon the Shield,
wherewith they break aſunder:
Their Horſes backs break under them,
the Knights they were aſton'd;
To avoid their horſes they made haſte,
to fight upon the ground:
They took them to their ſhields full faſt,
their Swords they drew out then,
With mighty ſtroaks moſt eagerly,
each one at other run:
They wounded were, and bled full ſore,
for breath they both did ſtand,
And leaning on their Swords a while,
quoth Tarquin hold thy hand,
And tell to me what I ſhall ask,
ſay on, quoth Lancelot tho,
Thou art, quoth Tarquin, the beſt Knight
that ever I did know.
And like a Knight that I did hate,
ſo that thou be not he,
I will deliver all the reſt,
and eke accord with thee.
That is well ſaid, quoth Lancelot then,
but ſith it ſo muſt be,
What is the Knight thou hateſt ſo?
I pray thee ſhew to me?
His name is Sir Lancelot du Lake,
he ſlew my Brother dear,
Him I ſuſpect of all the reſt,
I would I had him here.
Thy wiſh thou haſt, but now unknown,
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now of King Arthurs table round,
King Hands Son of Benwake:
And I defie thee do thy worſt,
ha, ha, quoth Tarquin tho,
One of us two ſhall end our lives,
before that we do go.
If thou be Lancelot du Lake,
then welcome ſhalt thou be,
Wherefore ſee thou thy ſelf defend,
for now I do thee defie.
They hurled then together faſt,
like two wild Boars ſo raſhing,
And with their Swords & Shields they ran,
at one another ſlaſhing.
The ground beſprinkled was with blood,
Tarquin began to faint,
For he had backt and bore his Shield,
ſo low he did repent:
Which ſoon eſpy'd Lancelot tho,
he leapt upon him then,
He pull'd him down upon his knee,
and ruſhed off his Helm:
And then he ſtruck his Neck in two,
and when he had done ſo,
From priſon threeſcore Knights and four,
Lancelot delivered tho.

Printed by and for Alex. Milbourn in Green-Arbor-Court in the Little Old-Baily.

Ashbee & Dangerfield Facsim.
22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

To face p. 54

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect;[34] an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals,[35] Mistress Doll.

Dol. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Dol. Yea, joy,—our chains and our jewels.

Fal. "Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:"[36]—for to serve bravely is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers[37] bravely,—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts;[38] you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good year! one must bear, and that must be you [*to Doll*]: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter First Drawer.

First Draw. Sir, Ancient Pistol[39] is below, and would speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—"Neighbour Quickly," says he;—Master Dumb, our minister,[40] was by then;—"Neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," saith he, "you are in an ill-name:"—now he said so, I can tell whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive," says he, "no swaggering companions."—There comes none here:—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,[41] i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer.

[*Exit First Drawer.*

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house,[42] nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen-leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack:[43] do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung,[44] away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle[45] with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light, with two points on your shoulder? much.[46]

Pist. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater,[47] art thou not ashamed to be called captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes.[48] A captain![49] God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word occupy;[50] which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph,—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damned first;[51]—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line,[52] say I. Down, down, dogs! down faitors![53] Have we not Hiren here?[54]

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall packhorses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,[55]
Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,[56]
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.[57]
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pist. Die men like dogs![58] give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. On my word, captain, there's none such here.[59] What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.[60]
Come, give me some sack.
Se fortuna mi tormenta,[61] *lo sperare mi contenta.*—
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack:—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points here, and are *et-ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif:[62] what! we have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?[63]

Fal. Quoit him down,[64] Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling:[65] nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pist. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—
[*Snatching up his sword.*
Then, death, rock me asleep,[66] abridge my doleful days!
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say![67]

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs. [*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweatest! come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—ah rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee[68] between a pair of sheets.

Enter Musicians.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy[69] Bartholomew boar-pig,[70] when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, Prince HENRY *and* POINTZ *disguised as Drawers.*

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a Death's-head;[71] do not bid me remember mine end.[72]

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Dol. They say Pointz has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard;[73] there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel;[74] and drinks off candles' ends[75] for flap-dragons;[76] and rides the wild-mare with the boys;[77] and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories;[78] and such other gambol faculties he has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poin. Let us beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poin. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Dol.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

Poin. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,[79] his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables,[80] his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt thou have a kirtle of?[81] I shall receive money on Thursday: thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we will to bed. Thou wilt forget me when I am gone.

Dol. By my troth, thou wilt set me a-weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return: —well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis.

P. Hen., Poin. Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's?[82]—And art not thou Pointz his brother.

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

Fal. A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poin. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing on your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not,—to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poin. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, faith, boys, none.

P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poin. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

P. Hen. For the women?

Fal. For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so;[83] what is a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,—

Dol. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [*Knocking within.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door?—Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Pointz, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, good night.[84]
[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY, POINTZ, PETO, *and* BARDOLPH.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [*Knocking within.*

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah [*to the Page*].—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak;—If my heart be not ready to burst,—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell; farewell.

[*Exeunt* Falstaff *and* Bardolph.

Host. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honester, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [*within*]. Mistress Tearsheet,—

Host. What's the matter?

Bard. [*within*]. Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll.

[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *An a' come but within my vice.*

Vice or grasp; a metaphor taken from a smith's vice: there is another reading in the old edition, *view*, which I think not so good.—*Pope.*

Vice is the reading of the folio, *view* of the quarto.—*Steevens.*

The *fist* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the West of England.—*Henley.*

[2] *A hundred mark is a long one.*

The usual reading is, *long loan*, an alteration which has, on the suggestion of Theobald, been very improperly and unnecessarily made. The hostess means to say that a hundred mark is a long *mark*, that is *score*, *reckoning*, for her to bear. The use of mark in the singular number in familiar language admits very well of this equivoque.—*Hunter.*

It has also been proposed to alter *one* to *score;* but the passage is most likely incapable of being accurately explained, being one of the speaker's blundering ways of explaining herself.

[3] *A poor lone woman.*

A *lone woman* is an *unmarried woman.* So, in the title-page to A Collection of Records, &c., 1642: "That Queen Elizabeth being a *lone woman*, and having few friends, refusing to marry," &c. Again, in Maurice Kyffin's translation of Terence's Andria, 1588: "Moreover this Glycerie is a *lone woman;*"—"tum hæc *sola* est mulier." In the First Part of Henry the Fourth, Mrs. Quickly had a husband alive. She is now a widow.—*Steevens.* "Her Grace is a lone woman, and very rich," Ben Jonson's Alchemist.

Lonely woman, a widow, not merely as *descriptive* of her condition, but as a simple term answering to *widow.* If an old woman is inquired for, the answer may be, "She's a lonely woman, is she not?"—*Hallamshire Gloss.* p. 81.

[4] *O thou honey-seed rogue!*

Theobald considers *honey-seed* the speaker's blunder for *homicide*, but it is perhaps rather meant for *hemp-seed*, meaning that he deserved to be hanged, and so, possibly, the word was originally written a few lines afterwards.

[5] *A man-queller, and a woman-queller.*

To *quell* was anciently used for to *kill.* "A *manqueller*, a manslayer, or murderer; *homicida,*" Junius's Nomenclator, 1585. "*Homicida*, manqueller," Smith de recta et emendata Linguæ Anglicæ scriptione, 1568, fol. 20.

[6] *You rampallian.*

This term of abuse may be derived from *ramper*, Fr. *to be low in the world.* The other from *fustis*, a *club;* that is a person whose weapon of defence is a cudgel, not being entitled to wear a sword. The following passage, however, in A New Trick to cheat the Devil, 1639, seems to point out another derivation:—"And bold *rampallian* like, swear and drink drunk." It may therefore mean a *ramping* riotous strumpet. Thus, in Greene's Ghost Haunting Conceycatchers: "Here was Wiley Beguily rightly acted, and an aged *rampalion* put beside her schoole-tricks." —*Steevens.*

— Out upon them,
Rampallions, I will keep myself safe enough
Out of their fingers.—*B. & Fl. Honest M. F.* ii. 1.

Who feeds you?—'tis not your sausage face, thick, clouted-cream, *rampallian* at home.—*Green's Tu Quoque.*

[7] *You fustilarian.*

Fustilarian is a bitter sarcasm, signifying, from the word *fusty*, that she was stale and musty. The lady, in Gay's comedy of the distressed wife, calls her own and her husband's relations *old fusties.* It is perhaps allied to the more usual expression, *fustilug*, defined by Howell, 1660, a "rank-smelling woman." Cotgrave has, "*Coche*, a fustilugs, a woman growne fat by ease and lazinesse."

The country swains contenting themselves, though they have not the fairest, take the woodden-fac'd wenches, and the ill-favour'd foule *fustilugs*, for a small summe.—*World of Wonders*, 1607.

[8] *I'll tickle your catastrophe.*

Catastrophe was a jocular expression for the latter or further end; the tail.

This expression occurs several times in the Merry Devil of Edmonton, 1608: "Bankes, your ale is a Philistine; foxe zhart there fire i' th' tail ont; you are a rogue to charge us with mugs i' th' rereward. A plague o' this wind! O, it *tickles our catastrophe.*" Again: "— to seduce my blind customers; I'll *tickle his catastrophe* for this."—*Steevens.*

[9] *A parcel-gilt goblet.*

Parcel-gilt, or partly-gilt, that is, where part of the work is gilt, and part left plain or ungilded.

A "parcel-gilt goblet" is a goblet gilt only on such parts of it as are embossed. On the books of the Stationers' Company, among their plate, 1560, is the following entry: "Item, nine spoynes of silver, whereof vii gylte and ii *parcell-gylte.*" The same records contain fifty instances to the same purpose: of these spoons the saint or other ornament on the handle was the only part gilt. Thus, in Ben Jonson's Alchemist:

" ——— or changing
"His *parcel-gilt* to massy gold."

Again, in Heywood's Silver Age, 1613:

"I am little better than a *parcel-gilt* bawd."

Holinshed, describing the arrangement of Wolsey's plate, says: "— and in the council-chamber was all white, and *parcel-gilt* plate."—*Steevens.*

Langham, describing a bride-cup, says it was "foormed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turn'd foot set too it, all seemly besylvered and *parcel-gilt.*" Again, in the Twelve Merry Jestes of the Widdow Edyth:—"A standing cup with a cover *parcell gilt.*"—*Ritson.*

"Item, one goblett parcell-gilt, weinge xj. unces and a quarteron, at iiij.*s.* x.*d.* the unce," Inventorye of the Playte of Sir W. Fairfax, 1558.

[10] *Goodwife Keech.*

Keech, the fat of a slaughtered beast rolled up ready for the chandler. Shakespeare applies the term figuratively to Falstaff, in the first part of Henry IV.; and very appropriately, in the second part of the same play, he calls the butcher's wife, goody Keech.—*Baker's Northamptonshire Glossary.*

[11] *Sneap.*

That is, a chiding or reproof. More common as a verb. Perhaps from the old English *snibbe*, to censure, to bite.

And it semith me that it behowfith me to sey thus, for it is knowun that mary popis han synnyd, and ben *snibbid;* and sum tan in heresy and deposid.—*Wickliffe's Apology*, p. 6.

Whych father mother or other do not thinke good to chastise the faultes of theyr chyldren, no not so much as to correct them in wordes, whiche manye fonde mothers do call *snepping* of a childe discoraginge his boldnes, and soo by this meane they grafte in their children such a lybertye to doo theyr willes, that in processe of yeres it groweth to an impudencye.—*The Institucion of a Gentleman*, 1568.

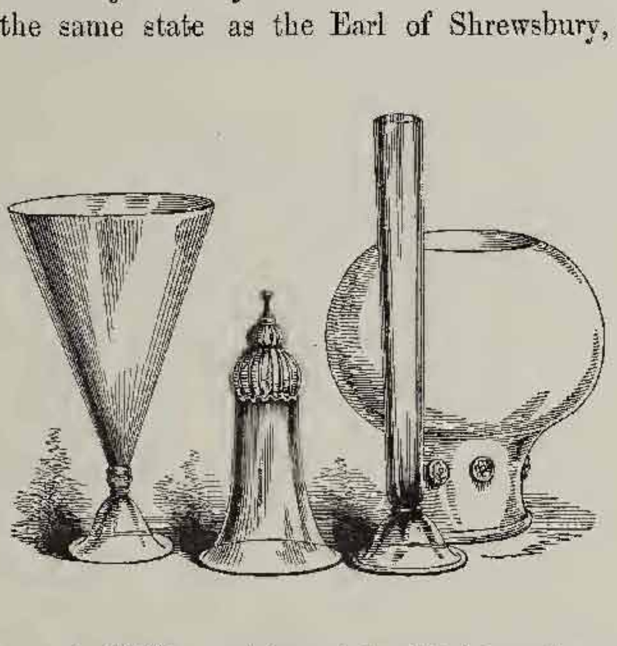
Then I am friends again; even now I was not, when you *sneapt* me, my lord. —*Brome's Antipodes*, 1640.

"Do you sneap me too, my lord?", ibid. "No need to come hither to be sneap'd," ibid. "To snape or sneap, to check; as, children easily sneaped," Ray's English Words, 1691.

Nay, I am gone, I'm a man quickly *sneap'd.*—Second Maidens Tragedy, p. 46.

[12] *Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking.*

Mrs. Quickly is here in the same state as the Earl of Shrewsbury, who, not having been paid for the diet, &c. of Mary Queen of Scots, while she was in his custody, in 1580, writes as follows to Thomas Bawdewyn: "I wold have you bye me *glasses to drink in:* Send me word what olde *plat* yeldes the ounce, for I wyll not leve me a *cuppe of sylvare to drink in*, but I wyll see the next terme my creditors payde." See Lodge's Illustrations of English History, vol. ii. p. 252.—*Steevens.*



Heywood, in his Philocothonista, or the Drunkard Opened, 1735, speaking of the drinking glasses and cups and plate, then used in England, says,—"Of glasses to quaffe in the fashions and sizes be almost without number, some transported hither from Venice and other places, some made in the Citie by strangers; besides the ordinary sort, I have seene some like shipps under sayle, accommodated with mastes, sayles, ordnance, cable, anchor, and saylors to man her; others like boates, lyons, ratts, trumpets, and indeede what not? Come to plate, every taverne can afford you flat-bowles, French bowles, prounet cups, beare-bowls, beakers; and private householders in the Citie, when they make a feast to entertaine their friends, can furnish their cupbords with flagons, tankards, beere-cups, wine-bowles, some white, some percell-guilt, some guilt all over, some with covers, others without, of sundry shapes and qualities."

[13] *Or the story of the Prodigal.*

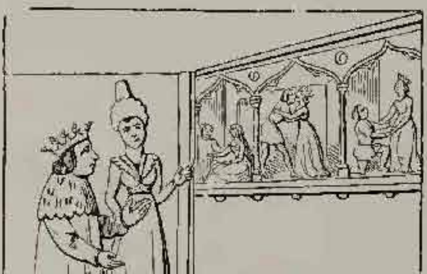
A very favourite subject for the ornament of painted cloth. "What says the Prodigal Child in the painted cloth?," If This be Not a Good Play, 1612. "Then for the painting, I bethinke myselfe that I have seen in Mother Redcap's hall, in painted cloath, the story of the Prodigall," Muses Looking-Glass, 1638. "The story of the Prodigal, instead of arras deck'd the wall," Collin's Walks through London, by T. Durfey, 1690.

Wor. I doubt all is not well; what if some misfortune should now befal your mistress? I hope you have armour of patience?—*Treed.* Ay, and of proof too, at home, as much as my hall can hold; the story of the Prodigall can hardly be seen for't; I have pikes and guns, enow for me and my predecessors, a whole wardrobe of swords and bucklers; when you come home you shall see them.—*Shirley's Witty Fair One*, 1633.

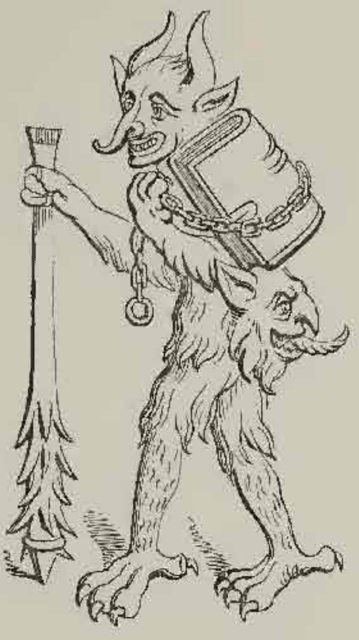
Where ten to one but that a body shall
Meet with the stories of the *Prodigall*
I mean i' th' hall, but you may call't a kitchin.
Henry Bold's Poems, 1664, p. 145.

[14] *Or the German hunting in water-work.*

That is, painted in fresco on the walls. Several of this kind of paintings have been preserved. At Westow Hall, co. Suffolk, are distemper paintings on the walls, of the time of Queen Elizabeth, one of the principal subjects of which is a boy hawking, with the following inscription in old English letters,—"thus doe I all the day." The German hunting was probably that of the wild boar. The term waterwork was also applied to any painting in water colours.



The following note is from a paper in the Archæological Journal.—So, in Holinshed, p. 819: "The king for himself had a house of timber, &c. and for his other lodgings he had great and goodlie tents of blue *waterwork* garnished with yellow and white." In the Royal Library at Paris is a beautiful manuscript of the adventures of Lancelot and the knights of the Round Table (No. 6784), apparently executed in the fifteenth century. One of the illuminations, here engraved, represents Morgan le Fay shewing King Arthur the paintings of Lancelot's adventures, executed on the walls of the room. Warton conceives that a hall in the castle of Dover, called Arthur's Hall, and a chamber called Genevra's Chamber, were so called from the adventures of each with which the walls were decorated. The celebrated Dance of Death was a wall-painting, and was copied on the walls of the cloisters of St. Paul's Cathedral, at the cost of one Jenkin Carpenter, who lived in the reign of Henry VI, in imitation of that in the cloisters of the church of the Innocents at Paris, and which may be traced to one much older in a nunnery at Basle, which appears to have been executed in 1312. This style of internal decoration continued until a late period, and supplied the place of more expensive tapestry.



[15] *As far in the devil's book as thou.*

In allusion to an old belief that the devil had a register of the men who were subject to him. The annexed figure of Satan, bearing a book by its chain cast over his shoulder, is copied by Mr. Fairholt from one of the curious series of paintings, illustrative of the legendary histories of some of the saints, preserved in Carlisle cathedral. They appear to have been executed in the reign of Henry the Sixth.

[16] *Come, you virtuous ass.*

Virtuous, ed. 1600; pernicious, ed. 1623. Though all the editions give this speech to Poins, it seems evident, by the Page's immediate reply, that it must be placed to Bardolph: for Bardolph had called to the boy from an ale-house, and it is likely, made him half-drunk; and the boy being ashamed of it, it is natural for Bardolph, a bold unbred fellow, to banter him on his aukward bashfulness.—*Theobald.*

[17] *A pottle-pot.*

The pottle-pot was strictly applied to any kind of pot or drinking jug holding a pottle or two quarts; but the term was sometimes used with some license.

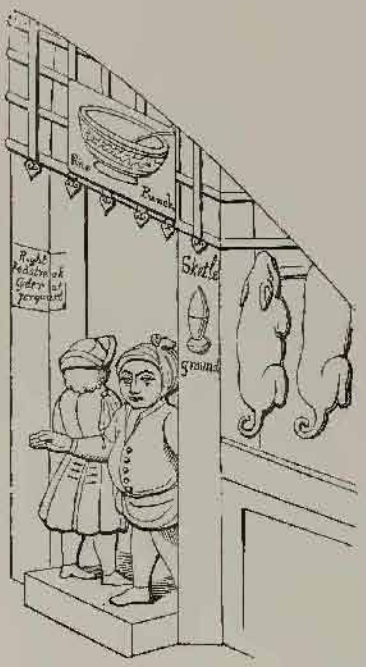
In every roome are the *pottle-pottes* working to bring in gaines to their maister, as the other labor to bring forth wax for their hives.—*Dekker's Dead Tearme*, 1608.

The baud that will bring you a quarte of wine in a *pottle-pot*, an old painted whore in shape of a countrie wench new come to towne, is one of my kinred.—*Muld Sacke*, 1620.

At a tavern near Cheapside in London, certain gentlemen drinking healths to their lords on whom they had dependance, one desperate wretch steps to the table's end, lays hold on a *pottle-pot* full of canary, swears a deep oath, What, will none here drink a health to my noble lord and master? And so, setting the *pottle-pot* to his mouth drinks it off to the bottom, was not able to rise up or to speak when he had done, but fell into a deep snoring sleep; and being removed, laid aside, and covered by one of the servants of the house, attending the time of the drinking, was within the space of two hours irrecoverably dead.—*The Great Evil of Health Drinking*, 1684, p. 128.

[13] *Through a red lattice.*

A coloured lattice, usually a red one, was formerly the distinguishing mark of a tavern or ale-house. The red lattice was generally placed over the door. Capell says that even in his time, about 1760, "lattice or lattic'd windows are still very common, and chiefly over doors and in out-houses, and, if red, are the sign of an ale-house." There is a pictorial representation of one in the curious fan, executed in 1728, on which is depictured various parts of Bartholomew Fair, delineated with a curious disregard of the rules of perspective. In the annexed copy of one of these scenes of the fair, which represents a tavern with its "delicate pig and pork," there is a lattice over the door, and this, in the original, is painted red. A scene in Davenant's Triumphs of the Prince d'Amour, 1635, is thus described,—"the curtain flying up, on the sudden the scene was discovered with a village consisting of ale-houses and tobacco shops, each *fronted* with a *red lattice*." In the City Match, 1639, p. 3,—"a lattice to your doore, and hang a bush out—*Ware-h.* I hope he will not make my house a taverne." Massinger, in his Virgin Martyr, speaks of a tavern as having "red grates next the door;" and the author of Don Zara del Fogo, a mock-romance, 1656, speaks of,—"A cottage with a checquered portall, called in old time a red lettice, the signal of something that tends to good-fellowship."



As a general rule there does not appear to have been more than one red lattice to an ale-house. So, in Arden of Feversham, 1592,—"his sign pulled down, and his lattice born away." The red lattice-window, mentioned in the text, must have been so situated that the inmates could stand to peep through it. Peeping through the red lattice was not an unusual practice. In the Last Will and Testament of Lawrence Lucifer, the old Batchiler of Limbo, at the end of the "Blacke Booke," 1604, is the following passage: "—watched sometimes ten houres together in an ale-house, ever and anon peeping forth, and *sampling thy nose* with the *red Lattis*." So, in a song printed in the Jovial Poems, p. 135,—"see their wenches run hither for to peep through red lattice, and dark cellar doores."

Allusions to the red lattice as the sign of a tavern are innumerable. A few may be worth giving. "The gentlewoman of the old house, that is as well known by the colour she lays on her cheeks, as an alehouse by the painting is laid on his lattice," How a Man may Chuse a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602. "I am not as well known by my wit, as an alehouse by a red lattice," Antonio and Mellida, 1602. "That knows not of what fashion dice are made, nor ever yet lookt towards a red lettice," Chapman's All Fools, 1605. "To the true discoverer of secrets, Monsieur Bacchus, master-gunner of the *pottle-pot* ordnance, prime founder of *red lattices*," Braithwait's Strappado for the Devil, 1615. "A waterman's widow at the sign of the Red Lattice in Southwark," Marmyon's Fine Companion, 1633. In Randolph's Hey for Honesty, 1651, the ale-wife is called a red-lattice.

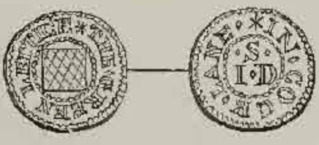
Drawer. Here's the pure and neat grape, gentlemen, I ha't for you.—*Ilford.* Fill up: what have you brought here, goodman-rogue?—*Drawer.* The pure element of claret, sir.—*Ilford.* Have you so, and did not I call for Rhenish, you mungrel? [*Throws the wine in the Drawer's face.*—*Scarborow.* Thou need'st no wine; I pr'ythee be more mild.—*Ilford.* Be mild in a tavern? 'tis treason to the red lattice, enemy to their sign post, and slave to humour.—*The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, 1607.

The tyler's further speach he thus begun:
The wind he saith blowes profit still to mee,
In liew whereof, two pots Ile give to thee.
The motion 's lik'd, and so they passe the street,
Till with a painted lattis they doe meet.
The sounding well they like, so in they went,
And budge not till the tyler's pots were spent.
The Knaves of Spades and Diamonds, 1612.

The scene is changed into a taverne, with a flaming *red lettice*, severall drinking roomes, and a backe doore, but especially a conceited signe and an eminent bush.—*Shirley's Triumph of Peace*, 1633.

Where Red Lettice doth shine,
'Tis an outward sign
Good ale is a traffick within.
The Christmas Ordinary, 1682.

Ben Jonson, in Every Man in his Humour, mentions the sign of the Green Lattice,—*Clem.* A poor neighbour of mine! Why, speak, poor neighbour.—*Cob.* I dwell, sir, at the sign of the water-tankard, hard by the Green Lattice: I have paid scot and lot there any time this eighteen years.—*Clem.* To the Green Lattice?—*Cob.* No, sir, to the parish: Marry, I have seldom scaped scot-free at the Lattice." There was a Green Lattice in Cock Lane, as appears from the token of the seventeen century here engraved; and, in later times, this sign got corrupted into that of the Green Lettuce. A blue lattice, as well as a red one, is mentioned as the sign of an ale-house in Heywood's Philocothonista, 1635. In some obscure localities, white and red, or blue and red chequers, are painted on the door-posts of taverns of the sign of the Chequers. This practice perhaps originated in the ancient red lattice.



[19] *Althea dreamed.*

Althea was the wife of Æneas, King of Calydonia, who reveng'd the death of her brother, by the death of her own son Meleager; burning the log of wood, which was to prolong his life, so long as it lasted; and was not consumed by fire.—*Grey.*

Dr. Johnson says, "Shakespeare is here mistaken in his mythology, and has confounded Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's." In the Second Part of Henry VI. we have mention of

The fatal brand Athea burn'd
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

Shakespeare, then, was acquainted with the right story of Althea. Might he not, of purpose, make the precocious, impudent page, who had been drinking at the house with the red lattice-window, attempt a joke out of his *half*-knowledge? Or did the poet here make a slip?—*Knight.*

[20] *How doth the Martlemas, your master?*

That is, the autumn, or rather the latter spring. The old fellow with juvenile passions.—*Johnson.*

In the First Part of King Henry IV. the Prince calls Falstaff "the latter spring,—all hallown summer."—*Malone.*

Martlemas is corrupted from *Martinmas*, the feast of *St. Martin*, the eleventh of November. The corruption is general in the old plays. So, in the Pinner of Wakefield, 1599:

> A piece of beef hung up since *Martlemas*.—*Steevens.*

Martinmas, which in Shakespeare's time fell later in the month than it does now, was then the chief time of killing hogs: this is therefore only another of the innumerable variations of allusion to Falstaff's corpulence.—*Blakeway.*

[21] *The answer is as ready as a borrowed cap.*

Where sense can be discovered in the text, emendation is unnecessary, therefore unallowable, notwithstanding it may add to the beauty of the expression, or, indeed, even its clearness, as is the case with the reading of *borrower's cap*, instead of *borrowed cap*: the latter is obscure, but still meaning may be collected from it; *as ready as a borrowed cap* may signify that a person is ever more ready to use on all occasions, and to put to all manner of purposes, an article he may have borrowed, than if it were his own property, in which case he would be more careful of it.—*Anon.*

Falstaff's followers, when they stole anything, called it a *purchase*. A *borrowed* cap might be a *stolen* one; which is sufficiently ready, being, as Falstaff says, *to be found on every hedge*.—*Malone.*

How is a *borrowed* cap so ready, asks Warburton, who reads *a borrower's cap*, and sees some humour in a fancied allusion to the complaisance of a man that goes to borrow money. Malone thinks a borrowed cap may be a stolen one; but Farmer approves of Warburton's correction, adding that, in the sense of stealing, the sentence should be a cap *to be borrowed*; besides, conveying, as he observes, was the cant phrase for stealing. The critics seem here to have annotated on the wrong word, for what requires explanation is probably *cap*, which here means a verse or proverb, so called when used by way of retort to something before spoken. So, in Henry the Fifth, the Constable of France is made to say,—"I will cap that proverb with—there is flattery in friendship;" and this sense of the word *cap* accords well with the whole of the speech of Poins, who is giving instances of some ready retorts.—*Anon.*

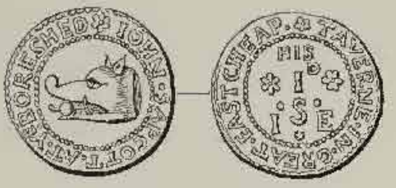
[22] *That's to make him eat twenty of his words.*

Why just twenty, when the letter contained above eight times twenty? We should read *plenty*; and in this word the joke, as slender as it is, consists.—*Warburton.*

It is not surely uncommon to put a certain number for an uncertain one. Thus, in the Tempest, Miranda talks of playing "for a *score* of kingdoms." Busby, in King Richard II., observes, that "each substance of a grief has *twenty* shadows." In Julius Cæsar, Cæsar says that the slave's hand "did burn like *twenty* torches." In King Lear we meet with "*twenty* silly ducking observants," and, "not a nose among *twenty*." Robert Green, the pamphleteer, indeed, obliged an apparitor to eat his citation, wax and all. In the play of Sir John Oldcastle, the Summer is compelled to do the like: and says on the occasion,—"I'll eat my *word*." Harpoole replies, "I meane you shall eat more than your own *word*, I'll make you eate all the *words* in the processe."—*Steevens.*

[23] *Doth the old boar feed in the old frank?*

This is supposed to be an indistinct allusion to the tavern of the Boar's Head, and, if so, it is the only reference to that particular inn made by Shakespeare, who has not otherwise indicated the name of the house Falstaff frequented. It was more than a century after the death of Shakespeare before the Boar's Head tavern was associated with the scenes of these dramas.



[24] *Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.*

Jolly companions of the old sort.

Ephesian was a term in the cant of these times, of which I know not the precise notion: it was, perhaps, a toper. So, the Host, in the Merry Wives of Windsor: "It is thine host, thine *Ephesian* calls."—*Johnson.*

[25] *Put on two leather jerkins.*

This was a plot very unlikely to succeed where the Prince and the drawers were all known; but it produces merriment, which our author found more useful than probability. The improbability arises from Falstaff's being perfectly well acquainted with all the waiters in the house; and however disguised the Prince and Poins might be, or whatever aid they might derive from the landlord and his servants, they could not in fact pass for the old attendants, with whose person, voice, and manner, Falstaff was well acquainted. Accordingly he discovers the Prince as soon as ever he speaks. However, Shakespeare's chief object was to gain an opportunity for Falstaff to abuse the Prince and Poins, while they remain at the back part of the stage in their disguises: a *jeu de theatre* which he practised in other plays, and which always gains applause.—*Malone.*

Does not the drama claim now, and has not it always claimed the privilege of making characters the most intimately connected be disguised from each other through a whole play. Of this Rosalind (taking in the circumstance of Orlando courting her by her own name in jest, and even acknowledging that he traces a strong resemblance) is an example of the highest degree of improbability, and yet I have never heard it objected to by the most fastidious critic.—*Pye.*

The prince disguising himself as a drawer is, surely, not more unlikely than any other of his pranks; and, as to his being so readily discovered, he certainly expected it. The drawers were already apprized of the Prince and Poins's intentions, and, when they came, might slip out of the room, and give place to them. They being in similar habits, the difference of the persons, and the real drawers retiring, might not be perceived by the knight, who is so deeply engaged. This seems to have been the author's intention; for, on their being called, they are immediately recognized; a plain proof they were not taken notice of before.—*Anon.*

[26] *A heavy descension!*

So the quarto: the folio needlessly substitutes *declension.* The earliest was, probably, Shakespeare's word.—*Knight.*

Upton thinks, if the words *descension* and *transformation* were transposed, the expression would be more accurate. Undoubtedly it would; but I suppose Shakespeare himself mutually transferred the proper appellation of each to the other, with the view to make the two cases tally the better, and render the difference less sensible between a transformation to a bull, and a descension to a prentice.—*Heath.*

The word *heavy* seems to convey no apposite meaning. I should imagine Shakespeare wrote *heavenly* descension, and the words which follow seem to justify this reading,—*It was Jove's case.* It was a descent from heaven by Jupiter himself. *From a prince to a 'prentice, a low transformation*, seems to be contrasted with the former metamorphosis.—*Davies.*

[27] *And speaking thick.*

Speaking thick is, *speaking fast*, crouding one word on another. So, in Cymbeline:

——say, and *speak thick*,
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing—.

"Became the accents of the valiant" is, "came to be affected by them," a sense which (as M. Mason observes) is confirmed by the lines immediately succeeding:

For those that could speak low, and *tardily*,
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To *seem like him*——.

The opposition designed by the adverb *tardily*, also serves to support my explanation of the epithet *thick*.—*Steevens.*

In a song by Weelkes, quoted by Mr. Rimbault in his reprint of Dekker's "Knights' Conjuring" for the Percy Society, a musician is told to play more rapidly in the words, "Pipe it up *thicker*."—*Collier.*

[28] *To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes.*

Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called, and used in funerals. Thus, in the Winter's Tale:

For you there's *rosemary* and rue, these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and *remembrance* be to you both, &c.

For as rue was called *herb of grace*, from its being used in exorcisms; so rosemary was called *remembrance*, from its being a cephalick.—*Warburton.*

I should doubt if Shakespeare had in his mind any idea referring to the metaphor of a flower or plant. The literal acceptation of the text would not render it more singular than many other passages in these dramas.

[29] *A dish of apple-johns.*

The apple-john, in Span. *manzano de S. Juan*, a sort of apple which Miller classes with the cyder-apple, under the name of *John-apple*, or *deux années*, as it is called by the Fr., from its keeping so long, but becoming wrinkled. Under this name it also frequently occurs in *Evelyn's Kalendarium Hortense*, and may be seen under *John-apple* in Johnson.—*Boucher.*

Cogan, in his Haven of Health, 1595: "The best apples that we have in England are pepins, *deusants*, costards, darlings, and such other." Again, among instructions given in the year 1580 to some of our navigators, "for banketting on shipboard persons of credite," we meet with "the *apple John* that *dureth two yeares*, to make shew of our fruits." See Hackluyt, vol. i. p. 441.—*Steevens.*

Books shall be sold in bushels in Cheapside,
And come in like the peascods, wain-loads full,
Of thee, and thy man *Apple-John*, that looks
As he had been a se'nnight in the straw,
A ripening for the market.—*Ben Jonson.*

The *John-Apple*, or *Deux-ans*, so called from its durableness, continuing two years before it perisheth, is a good relisht sharp apple the Spring following, when most other fruit is spent; although there are some pippins will out-live them. The *Deux-ans* are fit for our Cider-Plantation: Although they are a dry fruit, yet they yield a very good juice, and not so little as may be imagined, and that very good and pleasant, so they be not ground before January; they are great bearers. —*Worlidge's Treatise on Cider*, 1678.

> But ours in two years time are skin and bones,
> And look like grandames or old *apple-johns*.—
> *Wild's Iter Boreale*, 1670, p. 71.

[30] *See if thou canst find out Sneak's noise.*

The term *noise*, which occurs perpetually in our old dramatists, means a *company* or *concert*. In Jonson's days they sedulously attended taverns, ordinaries, &c. and seem to have been very importunate for admission to the guests. They usually consisted of three, and took their name from the leader of their little band. Thus we hear of, Mr. Sneak's *noise*, Mr. Creak's *noise*, and, in Cartwright, of Mr. Spindle's *noise*. These names are probably the invention of Shakespeare, and the rest; but they prove the existence of the custom. When this term went out of use, I cannot tell; but it was familiar in Dryden's time, who has it in his Wild Gallant, and elsewhere; "I hear him coming, and a whole *noise* of fidlers at his heels," Maiden Queen.—*Gifford.*

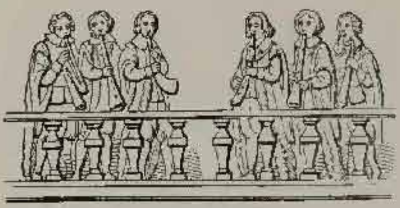
Compare the following dialogue in the Knave in Grain new Vampt, 1640,—

"*Fid.* Wilt please you Gentlemen, to heare any Musicke, and a good Song?
"*Lod.* Very fain, a good one.
"*Toma.* What's your fellows, whose noyse are you?
"*Fid.* Ruberts noyse, and please you.
"*Lod.* Call your fellows, and strip your tools.
"*Tom.* Here's to you, Signior.
"*Stult.* A brace of them if you love me."

Fiddlers were often engaged in taverns for the amusement of the guests. "Hee that is unruly in his cups, swaggers, and flings pots and drawers downe staires, breaks glasses, and beates the fidlers about the roome," Heywood's Philocothonista, or the Drunkard Opened, 1635. So, in Decker's Belman of London, 1608,—"those terrible *noyses*, with thredbare cloakes, that liue by red lattises and Iuy-bushes, hauing authority to thrust into any mans roome, onely speaking but this, Will you haue any musicke?" The following occurs amongst the Leges Conviviales of Ben Jonson,—"Fidicen, nisi accercitus, non venito."

"Up wyth some mery noyse, sirs, to bring home the bride," Ralph Roister Doister. "O, that we had a noise of musicians, to play to this antick as we go," Blind Beggar of Alexandria, 1598. "They say, sir, that twenty-five couple of Spanish jennetes are to bee seene hand in hand daunce the olde measures, whilest sixe goodly Flaunders mares play to them on a noyse of flutes," Marston's Dutch Courtezan, 1605. "All the noise that went with him, poor fellows, have had their fiddle-cases pulled over their ears," Westward Hoe, 1607. "The smell of the venison, going through the street, will invite one noise of fidlers or other," Silent Woman, 1609. "*Enter* Clerimont, *followed by a number of musicians. Cler.* By your leave, ladies. Do you want any music? I have brought you variety of noises. Play, sirs, all of you.—[*Aside to the musicians, who strike up all together.*]—*Mor.* O, a plot, a plot, a plot, a plot, upon me! this day I shall be their anvil to work on, they will grate me asunder. 'Tis worse than the noise of a saw," ibid. "Enter a noise of trumpets, sounding cheerfully," Triumph of Honour. Beaumont and Fletcher, in another play, speak of "a noise of syringes," a ludicrous metaphor. The incident in the text was probably suggested by a passage in the Famous Victories,—"—there came the young prince, and two or three more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a *noyse of musitians*," &c.

Heywood refers to the Drawer's speech in his Iron Age, 1632,—"Where's this great sword and buckler man of Greece? We shall have him in one of Sneak's noise, and come peaking into the tents of the Greeks, with,—will you have any musick, gentlemen?" The annexed engraving of two companies of noises is copied by Mr. Fairholt from Harrison's Arches of Triumph erected in Honor of King James the First at his Majesties Entrance and Passage through London, 1603. These bands were stationed in Fenchurch Street.



[31] *Here will be old utis.*

Utas, the octave of a saint's day. "King Arthur.... commanded all them of his retinue to be ready at the *utas* of St. Hilary, for to hold a parliament at York," Malory's H. of K. Arthur, p. 158.

Utis, an old word yet in use in some counties, signifying a merry festival, from the French *huit*, *octo*, *Octavæ festi alicujus.*—Skinner. Skinner's explanation of *utis* (or *utas*) may be confirmed by the following passage from T. M.'s Life of Sir Thomas More: "—to-morrow is *St. Thomas of Canterbury's* eeve, and the *utas* of St. Peter—." The eve of Thomas à Becket, according to the new style, happens on the 6th of July, and St. Peter's day on the 29th of June. Again, in A Contention between Liberality and Prodigality, a comedy, 1602:

> Then if you please, with some roysting harmony,
> Let us begin the *utas* of our iollitie.—*Henley.*

In Warwickshire, as the Rev. Mr. Sharp informs me, *utis* is still used for what is called a *row*, a scene of noisy turbulence.—*Malone.*

Old, in this place, does not mean ancient, but was formerly a common augmentative in colloquial language. *Old utis* signifies festivity in a great degree. So, in Lingua, 1607: "—— there's *old* moving among them." Again, in Decker's comedy, called, If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it, 1612:

> We shall have *old* breaking of necks then.

Again, in Soliman and Perseda, 1599:

> I shall have *old* laughing.

Again, in Arden of Feversham, 1592:

> Here will be *old* filching, when the press comes out of Paul's.—*Steevens.*

This expression has long existed in our language. We meet with it in Le Bone Florence, Ritson iii. 29:

> With sharpe swyrdys foght they then
> They had be two full doghty men,
> *Gode-olde* fyghtyng was there.—*Boswell.*

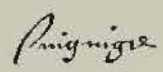
[32] *Your pulsidge beats.*

One would almost regard this speech as a burlesque on the following passage in the interlude called the Repentance of Mary Magdalene, 1567. *Infidelity* says to *Mary*:

Let me fele your poulses, mistresse Mary, be you sicke?
By my troth in as good tempre as any woman can be:
Your vaines are as full of blood, lusty and quicke,
In better taking truly I did you never see.—*Steevens.*

[33] *When Arthur first in court.*

The stage-direction before these words in ed. 1600 is simply, "Enter sir John," but *singinge* is added in nearly contemporary writing in one copy of that edition. In ed. 1623, the direction is,—"Enter Falstaffe."



These lines are a quotation from an old ballad, the whole of which is given in Deloney's Garland of Good Will, under the title of the Noble Acts of Arthur of the Round Table, and of Lancelot du Lake, to the tune of Flying Fame, which commences as follows,—

When Arthur first in court began,—And was approved king,
By force of arms great victories won,—And conquests home did bring;
Then into Britain straight he came,—Where fifty good and able
Knights then repaired unto him,—Which were of the Round Table;
And many justs and tournaments—Before them there were drest,
Where valiant knights did then excel,—and far surmount the rest.
But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,—Who was approved well,
He in his fights and deeds of arms—All others did excel.
When he had rested him awhile,—To play, to game, and sport,
He thought he would go try himself,—In some advent'rous sort.

So, in the Malcontent by Marston, 1604,—

Pie. From thee? Begone, I doe not love thee; let mee see thee no more! We are displeased!

Mal. Why, God be with thee! Heaven heare my curse, May thy wife and thee live long together!

Pie. Be gone, sirra!

Mal. "When Arthur first in court beganne"—Agamemnon, Menelaus—was ever any duke a cornuto?

Pie. Be gone hence!

Mal. What religion wilt thou be of next?

Men. Out with him!

[34] *So is all of her sect.*

Sect was often used synonymously for *sex.* "And of thy house they mean to make a nunnery, where none but their own *sect* must enter in," Jew of Malta. Thus, in Marston's Insatiate Countess, 1613:—

Deceives our *sect* of fame and chastity.

Again in Beaumont and Fletcher's Valentinian:

———— Modesty was made
When she was first intended: when she blushes
It is the holiest thing to look upon,
The purest temple of her *sect*, that ever
Made nature a blest founder.

Again in Whetstone's Arbour of Vertue, 1576:

Who, for that these barons so wrought a slaunder to her *sect*,
Their foolish, rash, and judgment false, she sharplie did detect.—*Steevens.*

In Middleton's Mad World my Masters, 1608, a courtezan says, "it is the easiest art and cunning for our *sect* to counterfeit sick, that are always full of fits, when we are well."—*Malone.*

I believe *sect* is here used in its usual sense, and not for *sex.* Falstaff means to say, that all *courtezans*, when their trade is at a stand, are apt to be sick. —*Douce.*

[35] *You make fat rascals.*

Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. *Lean* deer are called *rascal* deer. He tells her she calls him wrong, being *fat* he cannot be a *rascal.*—*Johnson.*

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle: "The heavy hart, the blowing buck, the *rascal*, and the pricket." Again, in the Two Angry Women of Abington, 1599:

What take you?—Deer.—You'll ne'er strike *rascal?*

Again, in Quarles's Virgin Widow, 1656:

—— and have known a *rascal* from a fat deer.

"*Rascall*," says Puttenham, p. 150, "is properly the hunting terme given to young deere, *leane* and out of season, and not to people."—*Steevens.*

To grow fat and bloated, is one of the consequences of the venereal disease; and to that Falstaff probably alludes. There are other allusions in the following speeches to the same disorder.—*Mason.*

[36] *Your brooches, pearls, and owches.*

This is a quotation, slightly altered, from the Elizabethan version of the ancient ballad of the Boy and the Mantle,—

A kirtle, and a mantle,—This boy had him upon,
With brooches, rings, and owches—Full daintily bedone.

Owches, jewels. "Ouche a jowell, *bague*," Palsgrave; "ouche for a bonnet, *afficquet, affichet*," ibid. The term seems to have been sometimes applied to various ornaments.

Of gyrdils and browchis, of *owchis* and ryuggis,
Pottys and pens and bollis for the fest of Nowell.
MS. Laud. 416, f. 97.

Barrett calls it a collar that women used about their necks. *Alvearie.* Skinner explains it a jewel, but doubts of the derivation; Minshew a broche, &c. Bacon, quoted by Johnson, seems to use it for a spangle. Holingshed has *ouches* or eare-rings, vol. i. c. 8. In Fleming's *Nomenclator* (1585), *monile* is rendered "a jewell to hang about one's necke; a neckelace; an *ouch;*" and *monile baccatum,* "a neckelace, *owch*, or tablet beset with pearles." So, in Nash's Lenten Stuff, &c., 1599: "—— three scarfs, bracelets, chains, and *ouches.*" It appears likewise from a passage in the ancient satire called Cocke Lorelles Bote, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, that the makers of these ornaments were called *owchers*:—"*Owchers*, skynners, and cutlers." Dugdale, p. 234, in his Account of the Will of T. de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in the time of Edward III., says:—"His jewels be thus disposed: to his daughter Stafford, an *ouche* called the eagle, which the prince gave him; to his daughter Alice, his next best *ouche.*" —*Steevens.*

[37] *The charged chambers.*

To understand this quibble, it is necessary to say that a *chamber* signifies not only an apartment, but a *piece of ordnance.* So, in the Fleire, a comedy, 1610: "—he has taught my ladies to make fireworks; they can deal in *chambers* already, as well as all the gunners that make them fly off with a train at Lambeth, when the mayor and aldermen land at Westminster." Again, in the Puritan, 1605: "—only your *chambers* are licensed to play upon you, and drabs enow to *give fire* to them." A *chamber* is likewise that part in a mine where the powder is lodged.—*Steevens.*

Chambers were short pieces of ordnance, or cannon, which stood on their breeching, without any carriage, used chiefly for rejoicings, and theatrical cannonades, being little more than *chambers* for powder. The stage-direction in Hen. VIII. Act i. 4. orders that *chambers* should be discharged on the landing of the King at the palace of Cardinal Wolsey: which very chambers occasioned the burning of the Globe play-house on the Bank-side; for, being injudiciously managed, they set fire to the roof, which was thatched with reeds, and the whole building was consumed. Ben Jonson, in his Execration upon Vulcan, particularly alludes to this accident, and calls it the mad prank of Vulcan:

> Against the Globe, the glory of the Bank;
> Which, though it were the fort of the whole parish,
> Flank'd with a ditch, and forc'd out of a marish,
> I saw with two poor *chambers* taken in,
> And raz'd.

In the account of the Queen's entertainment at Elvetham, p. 19, we find that there was "a peale of an hundred *chambers* discharged from the Snailmount." At the ceremony of letting in the water to the great cistern at the New River Head, which was attended by Sir Hugh Middleton, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, &c. "after a handsome speech, the flud-gates flew open, the stream ran chearfully into the cistern, the drums and trumpets sounding in triumphant manner, and a gallant peal of *chambers* gave a period to the entertainment."—*Nares.*

[38] *As rheumatic as two dry toasts.*

She would say splenetick.—*Hanmer.*

I believe she means what she says. So, in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour:—"*Cob.* Why I have my *rewme*, and can be angry." Again, in our author's King Henry V.: "He did in some sort handle women; but then he was *rheumatick*," &c. *Rheumatick*, in the cant language of the times, signified *capricious, homoursome.* In this sense it appears to be used in many other old plays. —*Steevens.*

The word *scorbutico* (as an ingenious friend observes to me) is used in the same manner in Italian, to signify a *peevish* ill-tempered man.—*Malone.*

Dr. Farmer observes that Sir Thomas Elyott, in his Castell of Helth, 1572, speaking of different *complexions*, has the following remark: "Where cold with moisture prevaileth, that body is called *fleumatick.*"—*Steevens.*

"As two dry toasts," because, says Johnson, they cannot meet but they grate one another.

[39] *Ancient Pistol's below.*

Ancient Pistol was Ensign Pistol, the term *ancient* being used either for a standard or standard-bearer. So, in Shirley's Gamester, 1637, Ancient Petarre, a pleasant allusion to the name of Ancient Pistol. The names of Bardoulf and Pistail are found in the muster roll of artillerymen serving under Humphrey Fitz Allan, Earl of Arundel, at the siege of St. Laurens des Mortiers, 11 Nov. 1435; but Shakespeare may have taken the name from the Italian *pistólfo*, translated by Florio, ed. 1611, p. 384, "a roguing beggar, a cantler, an upright man that liveth by cosenage."

Pistol makes here his first appearance. The character is an *extravaganza;*

but there was an inflated mode of speaking in use among soldiers at that time. Thus Melton, when ridiculing the absurd phrases of the Astrologer, says :—"The Mountebank's drug tongue, the *Soldier's bumbasted tongue*, the Gipsies' canting tongue, the Lawyer's French tongue, the Welch tongue; nay, all the tongues that were at the fall of Babylon (when they were all confusedly mingled together) could as well be understood as his strange tongue."—*The Astrologaster*, 4to. 1620, p. 15.—*Hunter.*

[40] *Master Dumb, our minister.*

This name is ludicrously intended to denote that the minister was one of those who did not preach sermons of his own composition, but only read the homilies set forth by authority :—such clergymen being termed by the puritans, in a phrase borrowed from the prophet, *dumb dogs :* it was an opprobrious name which continued as late as the reign of Charles II. when the presbyterian ministers who were restored by the king, and did not dare to preach "to the times," i. e. to introduce politicks into their sermons, were called dumb dogs that could not bark; Burnet's Own Times, i. 395.—*Blakeway.*

[41] *A tame cheater.*

A *cheater* sometimes meant an *unfair gamester*. But *tame cheater* seems to have meant a *rogue* in general here, as well as in the Fair Maid of the Inn, by Beaumont and Fletcher :—

—— and will be drawn into the net
By this decoy duck, this *tame cheater.*

It is there applied to the cheating mountebank Forbesco. Florio interprets *farbo*, "a *cheater*, a cunnie-catcher, a setter, a cross biter."—*Singer.*

There is a curious account of cheaters in the Fraternitye of Vacabondes, 1575, repr. p. 10.

The *cheater* will dine at the *Chequer*,
The pick-pocket at a blind ale-house.
London's Ordinary, or Every Man in his Humour.

[42] *I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater.*

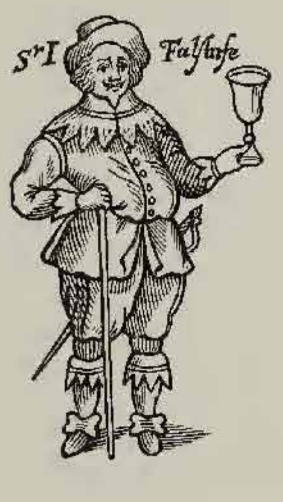
"The humour of this consists," says Warburton, "in the woman's mistaking the title of *cheater*, (which our ancestors gave to him whom we now, with better manners, call a *gamester*,) for that officer of the exchequer called an *escheator*, well known to the common people of that time; and named, either corruptly or satirically, a *cheater*." In the Manifest Detection of Dyce Play, temp. Henry the Eighth, the writer says, speaking of unfair dice-players, "they call their worthy art by a new found name, calling themselves chetors, and the dice cheaters, borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall unto the lord at the holding his leetes, as waifs, strays, and such like, be called chetes, as are accustomably said to be escheted to the lord's use." See below.

So, likewise in Lord Coke's Charge at Norwich, 1607: "But if you will be content to let the *escheator* alone, and not looke into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto himselfe the two last syllables only, with the *es* left out, and so turn *cheater*." Hence perhaps the derivation of the verb—to *cheat*, which I do not recollect to have met with among our most ancient writers. In the Bell-man of London, by T. Decker, 5th edit., 1640, the same derivation of the word is given: "Of all which lawes, the highest in place is the *cheating* law, or the art of winning money by false dyce. Those that practice this study call themselves *cheaters*, the dyce *cheators*, and the money which they purchase *cheate ;* borrowing the terme from our common lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall to the lord at the holding of his leetes, as waifes, straies, and such like, are said to be *escheated* to the lordes use, and are called *cheates*." This account of the word is likewise given in A Manifest Detection of Dice-play, printed by Vele, in the reign of Henry VIII.—*Steevens.*

So the honest man that owned them durst not challenge them, but they fell as a cheate to the lord.—*A Merry Discourse of Meum and Tuum*, 1639.

[43] *I charge you with a cup of sack.*

The annexed engraving represents Sir John Falstaff, in the stage-costume of the middle of the seventeenth century, just ready to charge with a cup of sack. It is copied from a very rare frontispiece attached to some copies of the Wits or Sport upon Sport, 1672.



[44] *You filthy bung, away!*

Bung, a low-lived term of reproach for a sharper or pickpocket.

> My *bung* observing this, takes hold of time,
> Just as this lord was drawing for a prime,
> And smoothly nims his purse that lay beside
> him.—*An Age for Apes*, 1658, pag. 232.

In the same book, p. 323, a stealer of buttons is called a *button-bung*. *Bung*, in the cant language, meant *also a pocket, and a purse.*—*Nares.*

In the cant of thievery, to *nip a bung* was to cut a purse; and among an explanation of many of these terms in Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London, 1610, it is said that "*Bung* is now used for a *pocket*, heretofore for a *purse*."—*Steevens.*

Sir John. Come Doll, come, be merry, wench. Farewel, Kent; we are not for thee. Be lusty my lass; come, for Lancashire: we must *nip the bung* for these crowns.—*Doll.* Why, is all the gold spent already, that you had the other day?—*Sir John.* Gone, Doll, gone; flown, spent, vanish'd. The devil, drink, and dice, has devoured all.—*The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle.*

[45] *An you play the saucy cuttle with me.*

It appears from Greene's Art of Coneycatching, that *cuttle* and *cuttle-boung* were the cant terms for the knife used by the sharpers of that age to cut the bottoms of purses, which were then worn hanging at the girdle. Or the allusion may be to the foul language thrown out by Pistol, which she means to compare with such filth as the *cuttle-fish* ejects.—*Steevens.*

Alluding to the *cuttle-fish*, call'd *sepia* in *latin*, whose blood is as black and as thick as ink; and which it throws out to elude the attempts of the fishermen to take it.—"Piscis qui atrum cruorem instar atramenti per aquam effundit, &c. cum sepeti animadvertit, et piscatoribus iter præsepit," Gesner. Vid. Aristotel. de Histor. Animal. lib. 9. cap. 37, 41.—*Grey.*

[46] *Much!*

A contemptuous interjection of denial, very common in the old dramatists. "Ay, much! when, can you tell?—Dick, make me a circle, and stand close at my back, and stir not for thy life,"—Tragical History of Dr. Faustus. "But you shall eat it; much!," Volpone.

> And to solicit his remembrance still
> In his enforced absence. *Much*, i' faith!

True to my friend in cases of affection,
In women's cases, what a jest it is.—*The Case is Altered*, iii. 1.

[47] *Thou abominable damned cheater.*

Pistol's character seems to have been a common one on the stage in the time of Shakespeare. In a Woman's a Weathercock by N. Field, 1612, there is a personage of the same stamp, who is thus described:

Thou unspeakable rascal, thou a soldier!
That with thy slops and cat-a-mountain face,
Thy blather chaps, and thy robustious words,
Fright'st the poor whore, and terribly dost exact
A weekly subsidy, twelve pence a piece,
Whereon thou livest; and on my conscience,
Thou snap'st besides with cheats and cut-purses.—*Malone.*

[48] *Upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes.*

That is, he lives on the refuse provisions of bawdy-houses and pastry-cooks' shops. *Stewed prunes*, when mouldy, were perhaps formerly sold at a cheap rate, as stale pies and *cakes* are at present.—*Steevens.*

[49] *A captain.*

Barnabe Rych, in his Roome for a Gentleman, 1609, complains of "a number of counterfeit souldiers that will be called captaines;" and says of them, "these be they that are a slander and disgrace to the Art Militari; for there is no greater incivility, no baser disorder, nor more shamefull misdemeanor, than is used by those counterfeit souldiers that do march under the title of captaines."—*Boswell.*

[50] *As odious as the word occupy.*

Dol Tear-sheet is not the only one that has complain'd of this abuse of the word. The author of the Glossary to Gawin Douglas's Translation of the Æneis of Virgil printed 1553—has observ'd the same. "*Occupy*," says he, "signifies to employ, to be busy or taken up with any thing, to use. But this signification of the word, continues he, is much worn out, and a very *bad one* come in its place."

Ben Jonson also mentions the same. Speaking of style; "In picture," says he, "light is required no lesse than shadow; so in stile, height as well as humblenesse. But beware they be not too humble, as Pliny pronounc'd of Regulus's writing. You would thinke them written not on a child, but by a child. Many, out of their obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words; as *occupie*, nature, and the like: so the curious industry in some of having all alike good, hath come nearer a vice than a virtue," Discoveries, 1640, p. 112.

Sir John Harrington, the ingenious translator of Ariosto's Orlando Furioso, hints at it likewise; and speaks of Chaucer's having also abus'd the word *occupyer* and us'd it in the sense he himself alludes to, viz., that of *Bawd, Procuress.* He wrote in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and towards the end of it. It is in one of his epigrams, the eighth of his first book; I shall transcribe it, and then you will not be at a loss for the odious sense of the word, the *virtuous* Mrs. Dol Tear-sheet complains of:

Of *Lesbia*, a great Ladie.
Lesbia doth laugh to heare sellers and buyers
Cal'd by this name, substantiall *occupyers*:
Lesbia, the word was good, while good folk us'd it;
You mar'd it, that with Chawcer's jest abus'd it:
But good or bad, how ere the word be made,
Lesbia is loth perhaps to leave the trade.

If you desire further authority, the following epigram of Ben Jonson will abundantly confirm what has been here observ'd:

On Groyne.

Groyne, come of age, his 'state sold out of hand,
For's whore: Groyne still doth *occupy* his land.—*Warner.*

This word is used with different senses in the following jest, from Wits, Fits, and Fancies, 1614: "One threw stones at an yll-favor'd old womans owle, and the olde woman said: Faith (sir knave) you are well *occupy'd*, to throw stones at my poore owle, that doth you no harme. Yea marie (answered the wag) so would you be better *occupy'd* too (I wisse) if you were young againe, and had a better face."—*Ritson.*

Compare Promos and Cassandra, 1578,—"mistresse, you must shut up your shop, and leave your occupying." This is said to a bawd.—*Ritson.*

As once I stood behind a ladies back,
When she was reading a religious tract,
Wherein to *occupy* themselves 'twas said,
In goodness did become a virtuous maid:
She laugh'd aloud; the honest fryer he
Knew no bad sense in the word *occupy.*
No more our author doth; 'tis in your brest
To make a civil or immodest jest.—*Love à la Mode*, 1663.

[51] *I'll see her damned first, &c.*

These words, I believe, were intended to allude to the following passage in an old play called the Battel of Alcazar, 1594, from which Pistol afterwards quotes a line:

You dastards of the night and *Erebus,*
Fiends, fairies, hags, that fight in beds of steel,
Range through this army with your iron whips;—
Descend and take to thy *tormenting hell*
The mangled body of that traitor king.—
Then let the earth discover to his ghost
Such *tortures* as usurpers feel below.—
Damn'd let him be, *damn'd* and condemn'd to bear
All torments, *tortures*, pains and plagues of hell."—*Malone.*

[52] *Hold hook and line, say I.*

These words are introduced in ridicule, by Ben Jonson, in the Case is Alter'd, 1609. Of absurd and fustian passages from many plays, in which Shakespeare had been a performer, I have always supposed no small part of Pistol's character to be composed: and the pieces themselves being now irretrievably lost, the humour of his allusion is not a little obscured. Let me add, however, that in the frontispiece to an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled, the Royal Recreation of Joviall Anglers, one of the figures has the following couplet proceeding from his mouth:

Hold hooke and line,
Then all is mine.—*Steevens.*

In Tusser's Husbandry, 1580, it is said:

At noone if it bloweth, at night if it shine,
Out trudgeth Hew Makeshift with *hook and with line.*
Henderson.

[53] *Down! down, dogs! down, faitors!*

A burlesque on a play already quoted;—the Battle of Alcazar:—

Ye proud malicious dogs of Italy,
Strike on, strike *down*, this body to the earth.—*Malone.*

Faitours, says Minsheu's Dictionary, is a corruption of the French word *faiseurs*, i. e. *factores*, doers; and it is used in the statute 7 Rich. II. c. 5, for *evil doers*, or rather for *idle livers;* from the French, *faitard*, which in Cotgrave's Dictionary signifies *slothful*, *idle*, &c.—*Tollet.*

"—down *faitors!*" i. e. traitors, rascals. So, Spenser:

"Into new woes, unweeting, was I cast
"By this false *faitour*."

The word often occurs in the Chester Mysteries.—*Steevens.*

In the ordinances of the City of London the Inquest is directed to search and report "if any leper, *faitour* or mighty beggar be dwelling within the Ward," Stowe's Survey, 679, ed. 1633, repeated in Calthrop's Reports, 1670.

"The quarto has *faters;* the folio, *fates;* a difference that seems to have been passed over without notice, excepting by Boswell; and the commentators have given themselves the trouble to explain *faters* as *faitours*, when in fact it is a mere misprint for 'fates.' Pistol has been talking of Pluto and Erebus, and he very consistently threatens to hurl down the 'fates.'"—*Collier.*

In the first place, I cannot perceive the "consistency" which, Mr. Collier says, is given to Pistol's speech by the reading, "fates:" Pistol has indeed "been talking of Pluto and Erebus;" but he has uttered no threats against those formidable powers,—he has only talked of seeing Doll *damned down to them.* Secondly, the juxta-position of "dogs" and "fates" in one short sentence, "Down! down, *dogs!* down *fates*," is not a little extraordinary. I believe that the reading of the quarto, "faters" (i. e. faitours), is decidedly right, and that the *fates* of the folio is either a misprint, or, more probably, an alteration of the editor, who happened not to understand the rather affected term which Shakespeare had put with such propriety into the mouth of Pistol.—*Dyce.*

[54] *Have we not Hiren here?*

Pistol is alluding to Doll as one of the frail sex, and, when he repeats the question, the Hostess declares, "there's none such here." It appears from the Merrie Conceited Jests of George Peele, 1627, that Peele had written a drama in which the character of Hiren, a corruption of Irene, had been introduced,—"whose Christianly pen had writ Finis to the famous play of the Turkish Mahamet, and Hyrin the fair Greek, in Italian called a curtezan, in Spain a margerite, in French *une curtain*, in England, among the barbarous, a whore, but, among the gentle, their usual associates, a punk." Tollet observes, that in Adams's Spiritual Navigator, &c. 1615, there is the following passage: "There be sirens in the sea of the world. Sirens? *Hirens* as they are now called. What a number of these sirens, *Hirens*, cockatrices, courteghians,—in plain English, harlots,—swimme amongst us?" In Day's Law Tricks, 1608, Prince Polymetes, alluding to a lady then present, whom he imagines to be a harlot, says,—"have we not Hiren here?" Again, in Decker's Satiromastic: "—therefore whilst *we have Hiren here*, speak my little dish-washers." Again, in Love's Mistress, a masque, by T. Heywood, 1636: "—say she is a foul beast in your eyes, yet she is my *Hyren.*" In Eastward Hoe, 1605, Quicksilver, who is intoxicated, rants out,—"'S foote, lend me some money; hast thou not Hyren here?" This example would lead us to believe that the words used by Quicksilver and Pistol merely formed a cant piece of bombast, used by drunkards and others without any particular meaning being attached to it.

Gnoth. No dancing with me, we have Siren here.

Cook. Siren! 'twas Hiren, the fair Greek, man.

Gnoth. Five drachmas of that. I say Siren, the fair Greek, and so are all fair Greeks.

Cook. A match; five drachmas her name was Hiren.

Gnoth. Siren's name was Siren, for five drachmas.

Cook. 'Tis done.

Tail. Take heed what you do, Gnotho.

Gnoth. Do not I know our own countrywomen, Siren and Nell of Greece, two of the fairest Greeks that ever were?—*The Old Law*, 1656.

Douce was of opinion, that Pistol intended by "Hiren" to call attention to his sword or *iron*, and that he afterwards repeated the Italian motto on the blade of it. The hostess takes it for a lady's name, as is very evident from her answer to the same question, when Pistol subsequently repeats it.—*Knight.*

Steevens supposes that in the first of these passages Hiren means a woman, and that in the second it means a sword. It is of little consequence which of the explanations we adopt, but I see no reason why the word should not have the same sense in both places; and as Pistol, in his next speech but one, calls his sword *sweet-heart*, it is probable that by *hiren* he means his sword in both;—besides Dol was not his sweet-heart.—*Mason.*

Pistol and Dol have been quarreling for above a page before: her broad abuses throw him into the height of one of his fustian passions. Falstaff had ordered him to quit the room; and Bardolf persuades him to go, lest matters should rise to a brawl; upon which, in his drunkenness and vein of blustering honour, he falls into fresh rants; defies the consequences of the riot; and, clapping his hand on his sword, cries, *Let come what will*, have we not *Hiren* here? *Shall I fear, that have this trusty and invincible sword by my side?*—For, as the famous King Arthur's sword was called *Caliburne* and *Ron;* as Edward the Confessor's (which to this day is carried before our Kings at their coronation) was called *Curtana;* as Charlemagne's, *Joyeuse;* Orlando's, *Durindana;* Rinaldo's, *Fusberta;* Rogero's, *Balisarda;* so Amadis du Gaul's was called Hiren.—Now as this Romance was first written in Spanish, we may perhaps gather the reason of this name from that language. La Crusca explains *hiriendo* (the gerund from *hirir*) *en frappant*, *battendo*, *percotendo*. From hence it seems probable that *hiren* may be derived; and so signify a *swashing*, *cutting*, sword. And admitting this to be the *eclaircissement* of the passage, what wonderful humour is there in the good Hostess so innocently mistaking Pistol's drift, fancying that he meant to fight for a strumpet in the house, and therefore telling him, *On my word*, *Captain*, *there's none such here? What the goodjer; do you think I would deny her?*—*Theobald.*

[55] *And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia.*

There is here an allusion to a line, frequently ridiculed, which occurs in Marlowe's play of Tamburlaine the Great, 1593, in the course of which Tamburlaine appears in his chariot, drawn by the Kings of Trebizond and Soria, with bits in their mouths; he holding the reins in his left hand, and a whip in his right, scourgeth them: and thus begins the Scene:

> *Holla!* ye pampered jades of Asia,
> What, can ye draw but twentie miles a day,
> And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
> And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine?

In Eastward Hoe, a comedy, by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, 1605, Quicksilver comes in drunk, and repeats the first line of this and many other verses, from dramatick performances of that time.—*Steevens.*

The first two lines are quoted in Sharpham's comedy of the Fleire, 1607. "Weehee, my pamper'd jade of Asia," Beaumont and Fletcher's Coxcomb. "I sweat like a pamper'd jade of Asia," Ford's Sun's Darling, 1656. "Holla, you pamper'd jades, quoth he, look here," Wit Restor'd, 1658. "Halloa, you pamper'd jades of Asia," Cuckold's Haven, 1685, from the play of Eastward Hoe.

If I had liv'd when fame-spred Tamberlaine
Displaid his purple signalls in the East,
"Hallow, ye pamphred Jades," had beene in vaine,
For mine's not pamphred, nor was ere at feast
But once, which once 's nere like to be againe;
How, methinks, would hee have scour'd the wheeles,
Having brave Tamberlaine whipping at 's heeles.
Brathwait's Strappado for the Divell, 1615.

[56] *And with Cannibals.*

Cannibal is used by a blunder for *Hannibal.* This was afterwards copied by Congreve's Bluff and Wittol. Bluff is a character apparently taken from this of ancient Pistol.—*Johnson.*

Perhaps the character of a bully on the English stage might have been originally taken from Pistol; but Congreve seems to have copied his Nol Bluff more immediately from Jonson's Captain Bobadil.—*Steevens.*

[57] *And let the welkin roar.*

Part of the words of an old ballad entitled, What the Father Gathereth with the Rake, the Son doth Scatter with the Forke; in some copies called the Miser and the Prodigal,—

Let the welkin roare,
Ile never give ore, &c.

Again, in another ancient song, called the Man in the Moon drinks Claret:

Drink wine till *the welkin roares.*—*Steevens.*

So in Eastward Hoe, 1605: "—Sirrah Goulding, wilt be ruled by a foole turne good fellow, turne swaggering gallant: and *let the* Welkin *roare, and Erebus also:* Looke not Westward to the fall of Don Phœbus, but to the East."

[58] *Die men like dogs.*

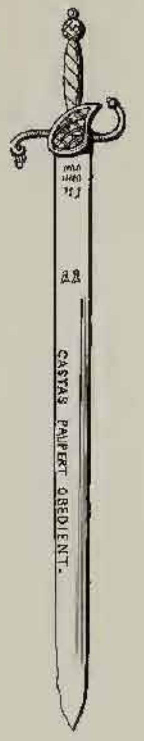
First Gentleman. Hold up your light, sir.
Beard. Shall I be taught how to advance my torch?
William Small-shanks. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Second Gentleman. Your lieutenant's an ass.
Beard. How an ass? die men like dogs?
William Small-shanks. Hold, gentlemen.
Beard. An ass! an ass!
Throat. Hold, brother, hold! lieutenant.
Put up as you are men, your wife is gone.
Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611.

[59] *There's none such here.*

The hostess evidently conceives that he is calling for some wench. Pistol, not regarding her blunder, *continues to handle his sword, and in his next speech* reads the motto on it—SI FORTUNA ME TORMENTA, SPERATO ME CONTENTA. It is to be observed that most of the ancient swords had inscriptions on them.—*Douce.*

Although it appears to me very doubtful that Pistol quotes a motto on his sword, I here insert an example of an inscribed sword from the armoury of Lord Londesborough, accompanied with the following observations communicated by Mr. Fairholt,—"This sword is of Spanish manufacture with the maker's mark of a moor's head, and the date, Anno Domini, 1517, stamped on the blade, as well as the motto. Lord Londesborough has several other examples of inscribed swords; one bears the motto "Respice finem," another "Draw me not without a cause,—sheath me not without honor," this inscription being in Spanish. His Lordship has several executioners' swords of German manufacture, bearing mottos indicative of their use, and engraving of executions. The custom of thus inscribing weapons with mottos existed in Spain until very recent times, and the same collection contains a Catalan knife, which belonged to the famous Cura Merino the Spanish Guerillero, which he dropped in flight near Mirando de Ebro in the war between the Carlists and Christinó's. On the blade is inscribed in Spanish:—

"Long live an absolute King, and the Holy Inquisition."
"I defend my master."
"If this viper sting you, there is no remedy for you at the Apothecary's."


CASTAS PAUPERT OBEDIENT.

[60] *Then feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis.*

This is a burlesque on a line in an old play called the Battel of Alcazar, printed in 1594, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword:

Feed then, and faint not, my faire *Calypolis.*

And again, in the same play:

Hold thee, *Calipolis;* feed, and faint no more.

And again:

Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe,
With strength and terrour to revenge our wrong.

The first of these lines especially, and sometimes others, are ridiculed in the early dramatists. See Ben Jonson's Poetaster, acted in 1601, where the play is again ridiculed in the lines beginning,—"where art thou, boy? where is Calipolis?" So, in Satiromastix, 1602,—"Feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis; stir not, my beauteous wriggle-tails; I'll disease none of you, I'll take none of you up, but only this table-man; I must enter him into some filthy sinck-point, I must." Again, in Marston's What You Will, 1607, quoted in the same way, in Marston's Fawn, 1606, at the opening of Act v. Quadratus exclaims at a feast,

Feede and be fat, my fayre Calipolis!
Rivo! heers good juice. Fresh burrage, boy!

Clown. Mine host of the house: see where he marches.
Capt. Here, take my cloak.—What, is't not dinner-time?
Are there no gallants come yet?
Host. Why, sir, do you mean to dine here to-day?

Capt. Here do I mean to cranch, to munch, to eat,
To feed, and be fat, my fine Calipolis.

Host. You must pardon me, sir; my house entertains none but gentlemen. If you will stand at gate, when dinner's done, I'll help you to some fragments.

The Royal King and the Loyal Subject, 1637.

[61] *Si fortuna me tormenta, &c.*

The true reading is,—"Se fortuna mi tormenta, la speranza mi contenta;" which is undoubtedly the true reading; but perhaps it was intended that Pistol should corrupt it.—*Johnson.*

Pistol is only a copy of Hannibal Gonsaga, who vaunted on yielding himself a prisoner, as you may read in an old collection of tales, called Wits, Fits, and Fancies:—"Haniball Gonsago being in the Low-countries overthrowne from his horse by an English Captaine, and commanded to yeeld himselfe prisoner: Kist his sword and gave it the Englishman saying: *Si Fortuna me tormenta, Il speranza me contenta.*"

Sir Richard Hawkins, as Dr. Farmer has observed, "in his voyage to the South Sea in 1593, throws out the same jingling distich on the loss of his pinnace." But no account of that voyage was published before 1598.—*Malone.*

Douce has been enabled to supply a very curious illustration of this passage, by having met with an old rapier on which these lines are inscribed:—

"Si fortune me tourmente,
L'esperance me contente."

This is precisely the meaning of Pistol's bad Italian; and Douce therefore very ingeniously conjectures that Pistol, unmindful of the Hostess's interruption, goes on spouting the inscription upon his sword. The motto is quoted in the last named form in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.—*Knight.*

[62] *I kiss thy neif.*

There is a perfect fray betwixt Dol and Pistol; she calls him an hundred the worst names she can think of; he threatens to murther her ruff, and says, he could tear her: Bardolfe would have him begone; but he says, he'll see her damn'd first: and Dol, on the other hand, wants him to be thrust down stairs, and says, she cannot endure such a fustian rascal. I should very little expect that these parties, in such a ferment, should come to kissing; and I am persuaded Shakespeare thought of no reconciliation; for the brawl is kept on, till it rises to drawing swords; and Pistol, among 'em, is hustled down stairs. I cannot think any more is intended by the poet than this; that Falstaffe, weary of Pistol's wrangling, tells him he would be quiet; and that Pistol, who had no quarrel with Sir John, but a sort of dependance on him, speaks the knight fair and tells him that he kisses his fist; for so, it seems, the word neif likewise signifies.—*Theobald.*

Neif is used for fist. It is still employed in that sense in the northern counties, and by Ben Jonson, in his Poetaster:—"Reach me thy *neif.*" Again, in the Witch of Edmonton, by Rowley, &c. 1658:

Oh, sweet ningle, thy *neif* once again.—*Steevens.*

[63] *Know we not Galloway nags?*

Croft gives the following curious explanation of this question,—"Know we not galloway nags; *i. e.*, the true race from the mares crossed by the Spanish barbs, cast away on the coast of Galloway, in Scotland, after the defeat of the Spanish armada." Johnson says that Galloway nags are common hacknies, but this seems somewhat at variance with the following notice in the Ourania, 1606,—

> The stately camell, swift dromedarie
> That merchants goods done speedily carrie:
> The Spanish jennet glorious in his pace,
> Th' Irish hobbie of a stately grace.
> The Scottish *nagge* of ancient *Galloway*,
> That nimbly knowes to runne and pace his way.
> Englands paulfrey our English ladies please,
> To go their journyes, and returne at ease.

[64] *Quoit him down.*

Quoit, to throw violently, as a quoit is thrown. "Quoit silver into the boy's hands," Decker's Gulls Hornbook, 1609.

In this fight the James got betweene one of their fleet, and singled her out, lying by her sides with foresaile, and fore-topsaile, a backe stayes, so neere, as a man might quoit a bisket cake into her, when straight master Johnson came up in the sterne of the James, so neere, as he could hardly keepe cleare.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

> Alas, I was not young enough, I offer'd
> Myself to bear her company, and suffer
> As much as she did, but one boysterous fellow
> With a starch'd voice, and a worse vizard, took me
> Just here above my sciatica, and *quoited* me
> Into the coach agen upon my head,
> I had a larum in't for half an hour,
> And so I scap'd with life.—*Shirley's Brothers*, 1652.

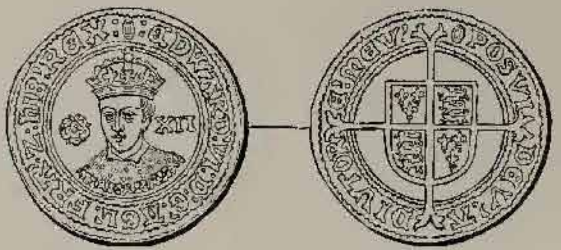
[65] *Like a shove-groat shilling.*

In the game of shove-groat, an old shilling or other smooth coin was placed on the extreme edge of the shovel-board, and propelled towards a mark by a smart stroke with the palm of the hand. It is mentioned under various names, according to the coin employed, as shove-groat, &c. The game of shove-halfpenny is mentioned in the Times of April 25th, 1845, as then played by the lower orders. It is called *shooyts* in the Hallamshire Glossary, p. 121.

> Bowles, *shove-groate*, tennis, no game comes amis,
> His purse a nurse for anybody is.
> *Taylor's Motto*, 12mo. Lond. 1622.

Taylor, the water-poet, says that "Edw. shillings for the most part are used at shoove-boord," and he thus describes the complaint of one of them:

> You see my face is beardlesse, smooth, and plaine,
> Because my soveraigne was a child, 'tis knowne,
> Whenas he did put on the English crowne.
> But had my stamp beene bearded, as with haire,
> Long before this it had beene worne out bare;
> For why? With me the unthrifts every day
> With my face downwards do at *shove-boord* play;
> That had I had a beard, you may suppose
> Th' had worne it off, as they have done my nose.



So, in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour,—"and made it runne as smoothe of the tongue as a shove-groat shilling;" and in the Roaring Girl,—"away slid my man, like a shovel-board shilling." The game of shove-groat seems to have been the same with shovel-board, and was also known as slide-groat, slip-groat, slide-board, slide-thrift, slip-thrift, and shift-groat. In the thirteenth year of Henry VIII., the Benchers of the Temple made an order, that "none of the Society shall within this house exercise the play of '*shoffe-grotte or slyp-grotte*,' upon pain of six shillings and eight pence." It was probably invented about this period, for it was prohibited by Statute of 33 Henry viii., and is there called a new game.

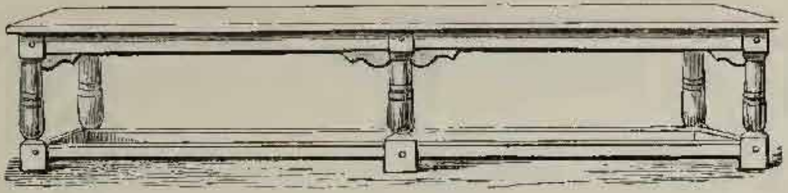
In the song of the Young Courtier, printed in the Jovial Poems, p. 281, mention is made of "a shovelboard table smooth and red as blood." In the ancient board, was a receptacle termed a box. "Shoovell-boord is also in great request, and very acceptable to the women, because their lap in the box, and all is theirs that falls therein," Johnson's Academy of Love, 1641. Thus, Dryden,—

So have I seen in hall of knight or lord,
A weak arm throw on a long *shovel-board*:
He barely lays his piece, bar rubs and knocks,
Secur'd by weakness not to reach the box.

The game of shovelboard was prohibited in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay by orders dated in May, 1647; Records, ii. 195, iii. 114.

"Uppon complaint of great disorder by the use of the game called shuffle board in houses of common interteinement, whereby much precious time is spent unfruitfully, and much waste of wyne and beare occasioned," American records, 1650.

The table had parallel lines or divisions, marked with figures, according to the value of which the player counted his game, and it is something in this way that the game of shove-groat or shove-halfpenny is still played. "The width of the lines apart should be about a quarter of an inch greater than the pieces of money used. There is a *balk* or line, over which a shot must pass to be valid—otherwise it is a failure. The marks on the side are made with chalk. The players begin by one of them placing a halfpenny at the edge of the table, projecting about one third over its edge—then carrying his hand perpendicularly, thumb uppermost, he strikes it like a billiard ball on to the lines. If it be *between* any two of them it counts, and one of the marks at that space on the player's side is rubbed out. A lined shot may become good if struck into an opening by either party. If a line is crossed by the coin in the slightest degree it is of no value. When either of them has erased all the marks from any of the openings, should he lodge a shot there his opponent takes the benefit by erasing one of his own marks from *that opening*, should he have such still remaining. The players thus proceed alternately, five shots at a time. The game affords scope for considerable skill, as will be found by any one who will try it. The table must be steady and heavy, such as the old dormant tables of a hall, on which indeed it was invariably played, and of which specimens are not uncommon with the diagram inlaid in marquetrie." De Foe, in his Journey through England, 1724, mentions a marble shovel-board. So, in the inventory of the Goods of Francis Bromley, 1628; containing the contents of each particular office and apartment minutely specified, and several of the articles particularly described, viz. furniture, utensils, arms, plate. "In the Hall: Imprimis one paire of Organs, one *shovell boord* table, one shelfe to sett plate on, one old Bible, one old chaire, 10 holbeards, 2 forrest bills, and a paddle staffe, two armours compleat for cuirassiers, one table of the arms of the house, one table of the foxe and geese."



Stanihurst, in his history of Ireland, speaking of a mandate for the execution of the Earl of Kildare in the reign of Henry the Eighth, says, that "one night when the lieutenant and he for their disport were playing at *slidegrote* or *shofleboorde*, sodainly commeth from the Cardinall (Wolsey) a mandatum to execute Kyldare on the morrow. The earle marking the lieutenant's deepe sigh, By S. Bryde, Lieutenant, quoth he, there is some made game in that scrole; but fall how it will, *this throwe is for a huddle*." Here the writer has either confounded the two games, or might only mean to state that the Earl was playing at one or the other of them. Rice the puritan, in his *Invective against vices*, black letter, no date, 12mo, speaks of "paysed [weighed] *groates* to plaie at slipthrifte;" and in another place he asks whether God sent Adam into Paradise to play at it.—*Douce.*

The game was formerly in great repute among the nobility and gentry. Strutt remarks that few of their mansions were without a shovelboard, which was a fashionable piece of furniture. Dr. Plott in his Natural History of Staffordshire mentions a remarkable one in the hall at Chartley, and another at Madeley Manor. Fynes Moryson in his Itinerary, describing the person and accomplishments of Charles Lord Mountjoy, Regent of Ireland, says, He delighted in study, in gardens, in riding on a pad, to take the air, in *playing at shovel-board*, at cards, and in reading of play books for recreation, and especially in fishing and fish ponds. A curious anecdote is recorded of Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I. "Once when the Prince was playing at Shoofle-board, and in his play changed sundry pieces, his tutor being desirous that he should not be new fangled, said to him that he did ill to change so oft, and therewith took a piece in his hand, and saying that he would play well enough therewith without changing, threw the piece on the board, yet not so well but the Prince smiling thereat said, 'Well thrown, Sir!' whereupon Master Newton telling him that he would not strive with a prince at Shoofle-board, he answered, 'You gownsmen should be best at such exercises, being not meet for those that are more stirring.' 'Yes,' quoth Master Newton, 'I am meet for whipping of boys.' And hereupon the prince answered, 'You need not vaunt of that which a ploughman or cart driver can do better than you.' 'Yet can I do more,' said Master Newton, 'for I can govern foolish children.' The prince respecting him, even in jesting, came from the other end of the table, and smiling, said, while he passed by him, 'He had need be a wise man *himself* that could do that.'" In the Inventory of Goods taken at Ludlow Castle belonging to Charles I. 1650, we have not only the "shovel board room," but "one large shovell board table." The game is graphically described in a poem entitled, "Mensa Lubrica," written both in Latin and English by

Thomas Master. The English poem is cited at large in Bliss's edition of Ant. Wood. The beginning of the game is thus described:—

He who begins the strife does first compose
His fingers like the purse's mouth which shews
A shilling in the lips, and then the length
Being exactly weighed (not with brute strength)
But with advised wary force his hand
Shoots the flat bullets forth: it doth not stand
With art to use much violence, for so
They slip aside the measur'd race, or go
Into the swallowing pit.—*Willis.*

[66] *Then death rock me asleep, &c.*

This is a fragment of an ancient song, the best version of which is that printed by Dr. Rimbault from a MS., temp. Henry VIII, in the possession of the Editor. It has been imperfectly printed, from a different MS., by Sir John Hawkins and Ritson: the former ascribed it to Anne Boleyn, and the latter to her brother, Lord Rochford. There is no good evidence on either side.

O Death, rocke me aslepe,
Bringe me to quiet reste,
Let pass my weary guiltles ghost
Out of my carefull brest:
Toll on the passinge bell,
Ring out my dolefull knell,
Let thy sounde my death tell:
Death doth drawe ny,
There is no remedie.

My paynes, who can expres?
Alas! they are so stronge:
My dolor will not suffer strength
My lyfe for to prolonge;
Toll on, &c.

Alone in prison stronge,
I wayte my destenye;
Wo worth this cruel hap that I
Should taste this miserie.
Toll on, &c.

Farewell my pleasures past,
Welcum my present payne,
I fele my torments so increse,
That lyfe cannot remayne.
Cease now the passinge bell,
Rong is my dolefull knell,
For the sound my dethe doth tell:
Death doth drawe ny,
There is no remedye.

In Arnold Cosbie's Ultimum Vale to the Vaine World, an elegie written by himselfe in the Marshalsea, after his condemnation, for murthering Lord Brooke, 4to. 1591, are these lines:

O death, rock me asleepe! Father of heaven,
That hast sole power to pardon sinnes of men,
Forgive the faults and follies of my youth.—*Reed.*

[67] *Come, Atropos, I say.*

Atropos being one of the three destinies, who cut the thread of man's life, Pistol whimsically gives his sword that denomination.—*Anon.*

It has been suggested that this is a name which Pistol gives to his sword; but surely he means nothing more than to call on one of the *sisters three* to aid him in the fray.—*Malone.*

Perhaps Pistol alludes to a poem printed in A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions, &c. 4to. 1578: "The Lover complayneth of his Ladie's Inconstancy," to the tune of 'I lothe that I did love:'

I hate this lothsome life,—O Atropos, draw nie,
Untwist the thred of mortall strife,—send death, and let mee die.

It can hardly be doubted, observes Douce, that, in this rant of Pistol, Shakespeare had an eye to the following passage of Buckingham's Complaynt, in the Mirrour for Magistrates, written by Sackville;—

Where eke my graundsire, Duke of Buckingham
Was *wounded* sore, and hardly scapt untane.
But what may boote to stay the *sisters three?*
When *Atropos* perforce will cut the *thred*. . . . .
The *dolefull day* was come, when you might see
Northampton fielde with armed men orespred, &c.

[68] *I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.*

This phrase occurs in the 12th Mery Jeste of the Widow Edyth, 1573:

Hore, hore, by coks blood euen here,
Sayd Cotes, and it were not for shame,
I should *canvas* thee, and make thee lame.—*Steevens.*

Doll's meaning here is sufficiently clear. There is however an allusion which might easily escape notice, to the material of which coarse sheets were formerly made. So, in the MS. Account-book of Philip Henslow, which has been already quoted: "7 Maye, 1594. Lent goody Nalle upon a payre of *canvas sheates*, for v s."—*Malone.*

[69] *Tidy.*

Tidy, of good quality or condition, applied to cattle and meat. See an old translation of Galateo of Manners and Behaviour, 1578, p. 77: "and it is more proper and peculiar speache to say, the shivering of an ague, than to call it the colde; and flesh that is *tidie* to terme it rather *fat* than fulsome."—*Reed.* Again, in Gawin Douglas's translation of the 5th Æneid:—

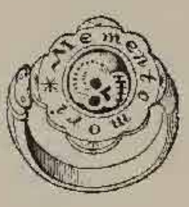
"And als mony swine and *tydy* qwyis."—*Steevens.*

And in the Arraignment of Paris, 1584,—"I myself have given good tidie lambs."

[70] *Bartholomew boar-pig.*

The famous City of London fair, renowned Bartholomew Fair, numbered amongst its chief edible attractions roasted pigs, which were sold in large numbers at great profit; sometimes the entire pig was sold, but more usually it was divided into quarters, the pettitoes, and the head. The larger number of visitors merely entered the pig-booths for eating a meal. There appears to have been a distinct part of the fair devoted to this traffic, for Ben Jonson speaks of the pig-quarter, and Southwell, at a later period, about 1690, says "there is one corner of this Elizium field devoted to the eating of pig, and the surfeits that attend it." In Jonson's comedy of Bartholomew Fair, acted in 1614, Win-the-fight, the puritanical wife, pretends to have a longing for pig in order to be taken to the fair. The proposal of taking her is submitted to the family divine, who thus remarks,—"Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnall disease, or appetite, incident to women: and as it is carnall, and incident, it is naturall, very naturall. Now Pigge, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing, and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten: but in the Fayre and as a Bartholomew-pig, it cannot be eaten, for the very calling it a Bartholomew-pigge, and to eat it so, is a spice of Idolatry, and you make the Fayre no better then one of the high Places. This, I take it, is the state of the question." In spite of this protest, she is, however, taken to the fair, where Ursula, the pig-woman, keeps a booth the sign of which is "the Pig's-head with a large writing under it." Here the visitors regaled themselves with roast pig and bottled ale, for the pig-sellers were ale-dispensers as well, and even had their tapsters. The author of Bartholomew Faire, 1641, says that "the pigs would cry (if they could speak) come eate me, but they are so damnable deare, and the reckonings for them are so saucy, that a man had as good licke his fingers in a baudy house, as, at this time, come into one of those houses, where the fat greasy hostesse instructs Nick Froth her tapster to aske a shilling more for a pigs head of a woman big with child, in regard of her longing, then of another ordinary customer: these unconsionable exactions, and excessive inflammations of reckonings made that angle of the Faire too hot for my company; therefore I resolv'd with my self to steere my course another way, and having once got out, not to come again in hast." The longing of women for Bartholomew roast-pigs is frequently alluded to. So Davenant, in his poem of the Long Vacation, mentions the "head of pig" at Bartholomew Fair, "which gaping lies on greasy stall, till female with great belly call." Gayton also speaks of the pig-dressers,—"Like *Bartholomew Fair pig-dressers*, who look like the dams, as well as the cooks of what they roasted." In an old song, the Countryman's Ramble through Bartholomew Fair, it is said that the cook's cry was, "here's your delicate pig and pork;" and, according to another authority, "come, here's your dainty pig and pork;" and when, about the year 1708, some propositions were made to limit the duration of Bartholomew Fair to three days, a poem was printed, intitled, "The Pig's Petition against Bartholomew Fair, with their humble thanks to those unworthy preservers of so much innocent blood." Roasted pig long continued a leading feature of this fair. It is mentioned as late as 1740, in Poor Robin's Almanac for that year.

[71] *Do not speak like a death's head.*



It appears from the following passage in Marston's Dutch Courtezan, 1605, that it was the custom for the bawds of that age to wear a *death's head* in a ring, very probably with the common motto, *memento mori*. Cocledemoy, speaking of some of these, says: "—as for their death, how can it be bad, since their wickedness is always before their eyes, and a *death's head* most commonly on their middle finger." Again in Massinger's Old Law: "—sell some of my cloaths to buy thee a *death's head*, and put it upon thy middle finger: your least considering *bawds* do so much." Again in Northward Hoe, 1607: "—as if I were a bawd, no ring pleases me but a *death's head*."

[72] *Do not bid me remember mine end.*

Falstaff, who is well versed in ballad lore, may here be alluding to a favorite one, which was licensed to Henry Carre in 1582-3 as "a ballade intituled Remember thy Ende." Edward White, in 1581, printed "a Godlie Ballad puttinge man in mynde to Remember his Ende." It is, perhaps, the same with the one commencing,—

Remember, man, bothe nyghte and daye,
Thowe must nedes dye,—thayre ys no naye.

[73] *His wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard.*

An agricultural writer has observed, that what is vulgarly called charlock in the Vale of Gloucester, is really the common mustard (*sinapis nigra*,) cultivated in the north for its flour. It is often here collected by the country people for the same purpose; and before the simple mode of living among the ancient farmers fell into disuse, few farm-houses were without a cannon ball and bowl, in which the mustard seed was bruised, and the flour saved for the table, with the black husks unseparated from it. The lands in the neighbourhood of Tewkesbury were probably much employed in raising mustard-seed in ancient times, as well as other parts of the Vale; and hence the proverbial expression.—*Rudge.*

The old proverb, "He looks as if he had lived on Tewksbury mustard." Tewksbury is a fair market town in the county of Gloucester, noted for the mustard balls made there, and sent into other parts. This is spoken, partly of such who have a sad, severe, and tetrick countenance. Partly, of such as are snappish, captious, and prone to take exceptions.—*Proverbs from Dr. Fuller's Worthies; Ray's Proverbs*, p. 308.

Bart. I can think of nothing; I have no *wit* left me;
Certain my head's a *mustard-pot.*
Isab. I have thought, sir;
And, if you 'll please to put in execution
What I conceive—— *Beaumont and Fletcher's Women Pleased.*

Content yourselfe,—a messe of Tewksbury mustard, or a dramme and a halfe of Tower-hill vineger, will seeme a high festivall banquet, and make a famous coronation shew on this forlorne civilian's hungry table.—*Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden*, 1596.

Or flax-wives vent them, or neere home you may
To Tewkesbery amongst the mustard makers.
Freeman's Rubbe and a Great Cast, 1614.

If these people had tasted but a messe of *Tewxbury mustard* they would surely have honoured it for a God or feared it as a Divell.—*Taylor's Workes*, 1630.

If he (mustard) be of the right stamp, and a true Tewxbury man, he is a cholerick gentleman and will beare no coales, but will himselfe strike any man into a heat that takes him into his roofe.—*A Strange Metamorphosis of Man*, 1634.

Where wicked mustard, yet good Tewxberry,
Hath made the cater, not the brawner, cry.
Gayton's Art of Longevity, 4to. Lond. 1659.

Mustard is hot and dry above the third
Degree; by it the brain and stomack's stirr'd,
And watry humours in both regions dry'd;
Her countreyman its stinging vertue try'd,
When that it caught her by the nose, did cry,
A pox of her, a pox of Tewxbury.—*Ibid.*

[74] *And eats conger and fennel.*

Conger with *fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative. It is mentioned by Ben Jonson, in his Bartholomew Fair: "—like a long-laced *conger* with green *fennel* in the joll of it." And in Philaster, one of the ladies advises the wanton Spanish prince to abstain from this article of luxury. Greene likewise, in his Quip for an upstart Courtier, calls *fennel* "women's weeds,—fit generally for that sex, sith while they are maidens they wish wantonly."—*Steevens.*

[75] *Drinks off candles' ends.*

The qualification of swallowing *candles' ends by way of flap-dragons*, seems to indicate no more than that the Prince loved him, because he was always ready to do anything for his amusement, however absurd or unnatural. Nash, in his Pierce Pennylesse his Supplication to the Devil, advises hard drinkers "—to have some shooing horne to pull on their wine, as a rasher on the coals, or a red herring; or to stir it about with a *candle's end* to make it taste the better," &c. And Ben Jonson, in his News from the Moon, a masque, speaks of those who eat *candles' ends*, as an act of love and gallantry; and Beaumont and Fletcher, in Monsieur Thomas: "—carouse her health in cans, and *candles' ends*." *A candle's end* formed a very formidable and disagreeable flap-dragon, and to swallow it was consequently among the gallants considered an act of merit, or of gallantry, when done in honour of the toper's mistress.—*Steevens.*

[76] *For flap-dragons.*

A *flap-dragon* is a sport among choice spirits, by putting nuts or raisins into a bowl of brandy, which being set on fire, the nuts are snatched out hastily and swallowed, the party usually burning his mouth and fingers. In this way men formerly drank healths to their mistresses. It is likewise a Christmas gambol among young people, at which, instead of brandy, spirits of wine are used. It is sometimes called *slap-dragon* and *snap-dragon.* In the Laws of Drinking, 1617, 12mo, p. 147, a person is said to be "as familiar as *slap-dragons* with the *Flemming.*"—*Douce.*

A *flap-dragon* is some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It is an act of a toper's dexterity to toss of the glass in such a manner as to prevent the *flap-dragon* from doing mischief.—*Johnson.*

Crisp. Why, yfaith yet, servant, you of all others shoulde beare with my knowne unmalicious humors; I have alwaies in my hart given you your due respect: and heaven may be sworne, I have privately given faire speach of you, and protested.

Tyss. Nay, looke you, for my owne part, if I have not as religiously vowd my hart to you, been drunke to your health, swalowd *flap-dragons*, eate glasses, drunke urine, stabd armes, and don all the offices of protested gallantrie for your sake: and yet you tell me I have a brazen face, a leaden braine, and a copper bearde.—*Marston's Dutch Courtezan*, 1605.

The Welshman loves case-hobbie,
The French a curtain sermon,
But I must slash in balderdash,
For I'm a true-bred German.
Capape, let us welter, and bouze helter-skelter,
Tom Tinker his tankard, the Fleming his flagon,
The Irish chough his Usquebough,
The Dutch fro his *slapdragon.*—*Law of Drinking*, 12mo. 1617.

[77] *And rides the wild mare with the boys.*

To ride the wild mare, to play at see-saw. "To ride the wild-mare, as children who, sitting upon both ends of a long pole or timber-log (supported only in the middle), lift one another up and downe," Cotgrave.

Sweetheart, i'faith, I'll have Ralph come and do some of his gambols.—He'll ride the wild mare, gentlemen, 'twould do your hearts good to see him.—I thank you, kind youth; pray, bid Ralph come.—*Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

"But when I perceived him, Villaine, said I, doest thou think to overlive so manie honest men, whom thy falshood hath brought to destruction? With that bestriding the mast, I gat by little and little towards him, after such a manner as boyes are wont (if ever you saw that sport) when they ride the *wilde mare*," Sydney's Arcadia. A rural sport called riding the wild mare, was played last century in the provinces, thus described in an old MS. Gloucestershire glossary,—"the wild mare, lusis puerilis wherein the person who acts the mare, or incubus ephialtes, rides over the shoulders of several others who are link'd together, and are strapp'd with leathern aprons, and such like, all the while he is getting over them; quite different from leap-frog, which is leaping over a single person at a time, or several one after another, not riding over them." There was also a game called shoeing the wild mare, which is frequently alluded to. "Christmas gambuls, father, shooing the wilde mare," History of the Two Maids of More-clacke, 1609.

[78] *And breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories.*

Dr. Warburton would most unnecessarily read *indiscreet.* Steevens supposes that "by *discreet stories* is meant what suspicious masters and mistresses of families would call *prudential information;* i.e. what ought to be known, and yet is disgraceful to the teller." But Poins, of whom Falstaff is speaking, had no masters or mistresses; and if it be recollected with what sort of companions he was likely to associate, Falstaff's meaning will appear to be, that *he excites no censure for telling them modest stories;* or, in plain English, that he tells them nothing but *immodest* ones.—*Douce.*

[79] *The fiery Trigon.*

Trigon, or triangle, a term in the old judicial astrology. They called it a *fiery trigon* when the three upper planets met in a fiery sign; which was thought to denote rage and contention. The *fiery Trigon*, I think, consists of *Aries, Leo,* and *Sagittarius.* So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VI. chap. xxxi:—"Even at the *fierie Trigon* shall your chief ascendant be." Again, in Pierce's Supererogation, or a new Praise of the old Asse, by Gabriel Harvey, 1593: "—now the warring planet was expected in person, and the *fiery Trigon* seemed to give the alarm."—*Steevens.*

So, in A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull, by Wm. Bulleyne, 1564: "Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, are hotte, drie, bitter, and cholerike, governing hot and drie thinges, and this is called *the fieric triplicitie.*"—*Malone.*

[80] *Lisping to his master's old tables.*

The old table-book was a *counsel-keeper*, or a register of secrets; and so also was Dame Quickly. I have therefore not the least suspicion of any corruption in the text. *Lisping* is, in our author's dialect, making love, or, in modern language, *saying soft things.* So, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, Falstaff apologises to Mrs. Ford for his concise address to her, by saying, "I cannot cog, and *say this and that*, like a many of these *lisping* hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Buckler's-bury in simple time; I cannot; but I love thee;" &c.—*Malone.*

Warburton proposes to amend this passage by reading *clasping* instead of *lisping*, and supports that amendment by a passage in Cymbeline, where we find indeed the word *clasp*, and connected with the word *tables;* but it is there used in a very different sense from that which he contends for, and means merely to *shut up*, not *to embrace.* *To lisp* is the right reading, and means to speak in the soft voice of a lover. So, in the first act of the Mad Lover of Beaumont and Fletcher, the Fool, in describing the boy, says,—"That he lisps when he lists to catch a chamber-maid." And in the Devil is an Ass, when Fitzdottrell finds Pug making love to his wife, he says,—"I'll help your lisping."—*Mason.*

[81] *What stuff wilt have a kirtle of?*

The term *kirtle* was used with some latitude of meaning. The following passages may serve to show that it was something different from a *gown:* "How unkindly she takes the matter, and cannot be reconciled with less than a *gown* or a *kirtle* of silk." *Greene's Art of Legerdemain*, &c. 1612. Again, in one of Stanyhurst's poems, 1582:—

This *gowne* your lovemate, that *kirtle* costlye she craveth.

Bale, in his Actes of English Votaries, says that Roger earl of Shrewsbury sent "to Clunyake in France, for the *kyrtle* of holy Hugh the abbot." Perhaps *kirtle*, in its common acceptation, means a *petticoat*. "Half a dozen taffata gowns or sattin *kirtles*," *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson.

Stubbs mentions *kirtles*, but is not precise in his description of them. Dr. Farmer supposes them to be the same as *safe-guards* or *riding-hoods*.

In A Lytell Treatyse for to lerne Englysshe and Frensshe, emprynted at Westminster, by Wynken de Worde, we find "a *kyrtell*" explained by the word—"ung corset."—*Steevens*.

A *kirtle*, I believe, meant a *long cloak*. Minsheu describes it as an *upper* or *exterior garment*, worn over another; what in French is called a *garde-robe*. See his Dict. 1617. The latter word is explained by Cotgrave thus: "A cloth or cloak worn or cast over a garment to keep it from dust, rain," &c. That writer, however, supposes *kirtle* and *petticoat* to be synonymous; for he renders the word *vasquine* thus: "A *kirtle* or *petticoat*;" and *surcot* he calls "an *upper kirtle*, or a garment worn over a kirtle."

When, therefore, a *kirtle* is mentioned simply, perhaps a petticoat is meant; when an upper kirtle is spoken of, a long cloak or mantle is probably intended; and I imagine a *half-kirtle*, which occurs in a subsequent scene in this play, meant a *short cloak*, half the length of the upper kirtle. The term *half-kirtle* seems inconsistent with Dr. Farmer's idea; as does Milton's use of the word in his Masque, "the flowery-*kirtled* Naiades."

Stubbes, in his Anatomie of Abuses, 1595, describes a *kirtle* as distinct from both a *gown* and a *petticoat*. After having described the gowns usually worn at that time, he proceeds thus: "—then have thei petticots of the best clothe, of scarlette, grograine, taffatie, or silke, &c. But of whatsoever their petticoats be, yet must they have *kirtles*, (for so they call them,) either of silke, velvet, grograine, taffatie, satten or scarlet, bordered with gardes, lace," &c. I suppose he means a *mantle* or *long cloak*.

So also, in the First Part of the Contention of the Two Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, 1600: "Marry, he that will lustily stand to it, shall go with me, and take up these commodities following: item, a gown, a *kirtle*, a petticoat, and a smock."

My interpretation of *kirtle* is confirmed by Barret's Alvearie, 1580, who renders *kirtle*, by *subminia*, *cyclas*, *palla*, *palluta*, *surcot*.—*Subminia* Cole interprets in his Latin Dictionary, 1697, "a kirtle, a light red coat."—*Cyclas*, "a kirtle, a cimarr."—*Palla*, "a woman's long gown; a veil that covers the head."—*Palluta*, "a short kirtle."—*Læna*, "an Irish rugge, a freeze cassock, a rough hairy gaberdine."

From hence it appears that a *woman's kirtle*, or rather *upper-kirtle*, (as distinguished from a petticoat, which was sometimes called a *kirtle*,) was a *long mantle which reached to the ground*, with a head to it that entirely covered the face; and it was, perhaps, usually red. A *half-kirtle* was a similar garment, reaching only somewhat lower than the waist. See Florio's Italian Dict. 1598: "*Semicinto*. A garment coming lower than the belly; also half-girt, as we may say a *half-kirtle*." Cotgrave, however, translates *Le devant du robe*, an *apron*, or *kirtle*.—*Malone*.

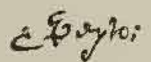
[82] *A bastard son of the king's.*

"The improbability of this scene is scarcely balanced by the humour."—*Johnson*. This has been already noticed in a former note; but as it happens there is no improbability at all here, Falstaff is so taken up with his mistress that nothing is so probable as that he should not cast his eye towards the waiter at all; and the moment the prince speaks he discovers him. Perhaps of the thousand instances of disguised characters in the drama, this is the only one free from the least shadow of improbability.—*Pye.*

[83] *All victuallers do so.*

A tavern keeper was sometimes termed a victualler, under which name a still more disgraceful profession was often concealed. Thus the Hostess in Henry IV., whose trade is not at all equivocal, calls herself a victualler.—*Nares.*

The brothels were formerly screened, under pretext of being *victualling houses* and *taverns.* So, in Webster and Rowley's Cure for a Cuckold: "This informer comes into Turnbull Street to a *victualling house*, and there falls in league with a *wench*, &c.—Now, sir, this fellow, in revenge, informs against the *bawd* that kept the house," &c. Again, in Gascoigne's Glass of Government, 1575: "—at a house with a *red lattice* you shall find an old *bawd* called Panderina, and a young *damsel* called Lamia." Barrett, in his Alvearie, 1580, defines a *victualling house* thus: "A tavern where meate is eaten *out of due season.*"—*Steevens.*



& Peyto:

[84] *Falstaff, good night.*

The stage-direction in ed. 1600 is here, "Exeunt Prince and Poynes," and in a copy of that edition, now before me, there is added in manuscript, which is certainly of the age of Shakespeare, the words,—"and Peyto." In ed. 1623 there is merely the direction, *Exit.*

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY *in his nightgown, with a* Page.

K. Hen. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them: make good speed. [*Exit* Page.
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common larum-bell?[1]
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,

And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery clouds,[2]
That, with the hurly,[3] death itself awakes?—
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down![4]
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty!
K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords?
War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.
K. Hen. Why, then, good morrow to you all,[5] my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?
War. We have, my liege.
K. Hen. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
And with what danger near the heart of it.
War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;[6]
Which to his former strength may be restor'd
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.
K. Hen. O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent—
Weary of solid firmness—melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean
Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,[7]—
Would shut the book, and sit him down, and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after

Were they at wars; it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,—
You, cousin Nevil,[8] as I may remember, [*To* WARWICK.
When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?
"Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne,"—
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
"The time shall come," thus did he follow it,
"The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:"—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.
War. There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood of time;
And, by the necessary form of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.
K. Hen. Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;[9]—
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.
War. It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your grace
To go to bed. Upon my life, my lord,

The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.[10]
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.
K. Hen. I will take your counsel:
And were these inward wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.[11] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Court before* Justice SHALLOW'S *House*[12] *in Gloucestershire.*

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE *meeting;* MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, *and* Servants, *behind.*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood.[13] And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. He must, then, to the inns of court shortly; I was once of Clement's-inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow then, cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was called any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold[14] man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers[15] in all the inns of court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Scogan's head[16] at the court-gate, when he was a crack[17] not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.—How a good yoke of bullocks at Stratford fair?[18]

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead!—he drew a good bow;—and dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped in the clout at twelve score;[19] and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH *and one with him.*

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff,—a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated![20]—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow:—Master Surecard, as I think?[21]

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy?

Moul. Here, an't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? a good-limbed fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

Fal. Prick him. [*To* SHALLOW.

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to: peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent!

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are?—For the other, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow.

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough: and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.[22]

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble?

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir: you can have no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Fee. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf of the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou!

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir,—a cough, sir,—which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is more called than your number:[23] you must have but four here, sir:—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?[24]

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.[25]

Fal. Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba.[26] Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's-inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight,[27] Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was, "Hem, boys!"—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:[28]—Oh, the days that we have seen!—come, come.

[*Exeunt* Falstaff, Shallow, *and* Silence.

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten-shillings[29] in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once;—we owe God a death: I will never bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man is too good to serve his prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou art a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I will bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff, Shallow, *and* Silence.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf:—for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:[30]—and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it:—I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes,[31] the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.[32] And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy,—the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver[33] into Wart's hand, Bardolph,

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse;[34] thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little lean, old, chapped, bald shot.—Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou art a good scab: hold, there is a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green,[35]—when I lay at Clement's-inn,[36]—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,[37]—there was a little quiver fellow,[38] and he would manage you his piece thus; and he would about and about, and come you in and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bounce" would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.—God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure I will with you to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoken at a word. Fare you well.

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SILENCE.] On Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street;[39] and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible:[40] he was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake:[41] he came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives[42] that he heard the carmen whistle,[43] and sware they were his fancies[44] or his good-nights.[45] And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire,[46] and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst[47] his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court:—and now has he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones[48] to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike,[49] I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[*Exit.*

Notes to the Third Act.

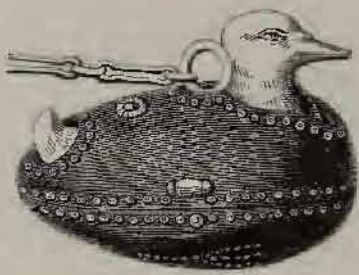
[1] *A watch-case, or a common larum bell.*

This alludes to the watchman set in garrison-towns upon some eminence, attending upon an alarum-bell, which was to ring out in case of fire, or any approaching danger. He had a case or box to shelter him from the weather, but at his utmost peril he was not to sleep whilst he was upon duty. These alarum-bells are mentioned in several other places of Shakespeare.—*Hanmer.*

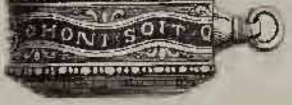
In an ancient inventory cited in Strutt there is the following article: "Item, a *laume* or *watche* of iron, *in an iron case*, with two leaden plumets." Strutt supposes, and no doubt rightly, that *laume* is an error for *larum.* Something of this kind, I believe, is here intended by *watch-case,* since this speech does not afford any other expressions to induce the supposition that the King had a *sentry-box* in his thoughts.—*Holt White.*

The metaphor here may be taken thus:—The kingly *couch,* the place of repose for the king, being deserted by sleep, is as the *case* or box in which the wakeful centinel is sheltered: it is also as a common 'larum bell, which is to rouse a sleeping population upon the approach of danger. But a 'larum, an alarum, an alarm, was also called a *watch.* In the ancient inventory cited by Strutt, by laume, or watch of iron, we are to understand the instrument which we now call an alarum—a machine attached to a clock so as to ring at a certain hour. It is difficult to say whether Shakespeare means by the "watch-case" the box of a centinel, and by the "common 'larum-bell" the alarm-bell which is rung out in cases of danger; or whether the "watch-case" is the covering of an instrument which gives motion to the bell of an alarum. It is possible, in either case, that the *or* in the line is a misprint, for which *by* or *for* might be substituted; and then the comparison would not be double; but the kingly couch would be as unfavourable to sleep as the case or box of him who watches *by* the alarm-bell of a garrison; or as the covering of a watch *for* an alarm-bell.—*Knight.*

If we understand the kingly couch to be compared to the box of a sentinel—the watch-case—the inmate of which must be constantly on the alert, we seem to arrive nearest to the true interpretation. The alarum-bell, ever ready to give notice of danger, is also typical of the monarch's slumbers liable to be broken on the slightest emergency.—*Phelps.*



None of these explanations appear entirely satisfactory, and the more reasonable interpretation is that the kingly couch was like the case of a watch, the occupant of which is incessantly at work, ceaselessly ticking like a clock. The poet, observes Mr. Hunter, "seems to have had in his mind Spenser's beautiful allegory of the Cottage of Care, with its—'thousand iron hammers beating rank.' He has the same idea of *incessant iteration*, represented by the ceaseless ticking of a clock."



Two specimens of watch-cases, both in Lord Londesborough's collection, are here engraved. The first is the case of a silver watch, shaped like a duck, the feathers chased. The lower part opens, and the dial-plate, which is also of silver, is encircled with a gilt ornamental design of floriated scrolls and angels' heads. The wheels work on small rubies. It has no maker's name, but is believed to be of the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is preserved in the original case of thin brass, covered with black leather, and ornamented with silver studs, as represented in the wood-cut.

The second example encloses a watch which was made for Louis XIII. to present to Charles I. of England. It is of silver, richly gilt, the ornaments covered with transparent enamel in white, red, green, blue, and yellow. The numbers are on a band of deep blue; the wheel-like ornament of the centre on a ruby ground. The back is chased in high relief, with a figure of St. George conquering the dragon; the horse is covered with white enamel; the flesh tints on St. George are also of enamel; his tunic is red, and his scarf blue. On the side of the watch is the motto of the order of the garter in gilt letters on a blue garter; the fleurs-de-lys above and below it on a ruby ground, as represented in the annexed cut. The interior of the case in enriched by a delicately executed arabesque, filled with black enamel upon a dotted ground. The entire works take out of the case, being secured thereto by springs, and are all more or less decorated with engraving, the whole interior being chased and gilt.

[2] *With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds.*

The last word, *clouds*, has been altered on no good authority to *shrouds*, but, as Steevens observes,—"A moderate storm would hang the waves in the *shrowds* of a ship; a great one might poetically be said to suspend them on the clouds, which were too *slippery* to retain them." There is no valid reason for departing from the old text: the poet himself is evidence in its favour. Thus, in Julius Cæsar:—

I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening *clouds.*

Again, in Golding's translation of Ovid's Metamorphosis, book xi.:

The surges mounting up aloft did seeme to mate the skie,
And with their sprinkling for *to wet the clouds that hang on hie,*

Again, in Ben Jonson's Masque of Queens, 1609:

—— when the boisterous sea,
Without a breath of wind, hath *knock'd the sky.*

Again, Virg. Æn. lib. iii.:

—— spumam elisam, et rorantia vidimus astra.

Drayton's *airy shrowds* are the *airy covertures of heaven;* which in plain language are the *clouds.* A similar image to that before us, occurs in Churchyard's Praise of Poetrie, 1595:

The poets that can clime the cloudes,
Like *ship-boy* to the top,
When sharpest stormes do shake the *shrowdes,* &c.

Lee, in his Mithridates, is the copier of Shakespeare:

So sleeps the sea-boy on the cloudy mast,
Safe as a drowsy Triton, rock'd by storms,
While tossing princes wake on beds of down.—*Steevens.*

[3] *With the hurly.*

Hurly is *noise,* derived from the French *hurler* to howl, as *hurly-burly* from *Hurluberlu,* Fr. Holinshed, speaking of the commotions in the time of King Richard II. says: "It was rightly called the *hurling* time, there were such *hurly burlyes* kept in every place," Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 1030, edit. 1577. So also in the Paston Letters, vol. i. p. 62: "And anone aftyr that *hurlyng* the Bysshop Rosse apechyd me to the quene."—*Boswell.*

[4] *Then, happy low, lie down.*

"Then (happy) low lie downe," ed. 1600; "then happy lowe, lye downe," ed. 1623. The term *low* seems to be used as a substantive, for a lowly or humble person. The Dent annotated copy of the third folio reads,—"happy *lowt,* lie down;" while Warburton ingeniously suggested,—"happy, *lowly clown.*" Davenant, in his Law Against Lovers, 1673, has a similar thought,—"how soundly they sleep, whose pillows lie low!"

[5] *Good morrow to you all.*

In my regulation of this passage I have followed the late editors; but I am now persuaded that the first line should be pointed thus:

"Why then good morrow to you all, my lords."

This mode of phraseology, where only two persons are addressed, is not very correct, but there is no ground for reading—

"Why, then, good morrow to you. *Well,* my lords," &c.

as Theobald and all the subsequent editors do; for Shakespeare, in King Henry VI. Part II. Act II. Sc. 2, has put the same expression into the mouth of York, when he addresses only his two friends, Salisbury and Warwick; though the author of the original play, printed in 1600, on which the Second Part of King Henry VI. was founded, had, in the corresponding place, employed the word *both!*

—— Where as *all* you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traiterously.

This is one of the numerous circumstances that contribute to prove that Shakespeare's Henries were formed on the work of a preceding writer. The French use the phrase, à tous deux.—*Malone.*

[6] *It is but as a body yet distemper'd.*

That is, It is but as a body not yet quite recovered from its distemper. *Dis-*

temper, that is, according to the old physick, a disproportionate mixture of humours, or inequality of innate heat and radical humidity, is less than actual *disease*, being only the state which foreruns or produces diseases. The difference between *distemper* and *disease* seems to be much the same as between *disposition* and *habit*.—*Johnson*.

[7] *What perils past, what crosses to ensue.*

There is some difficulty in the line—"What perils past, what crosses to ensue—," because it seems to make past perils equally terrible with ensuing crosses.—*Johnson*.

This happy youth, who is to foresee the future progress of his life, cannot be supposed, at the time of his happiness, to have gone through many perils. Both the perils and the crosses that the King alludes to were yet to come; and what the youth is to foresee is, the many crosses he would have to contend with, even after he has passed through many perils.—*M. Mason*.

In answer to Dr. Johnson's objection it may be observed, that past perils are not described as *equally* terrible with ensuing crosses, but are merely mentioned as an aggravation of the sum of human calamity. He who has already gone through some perils, might hope to have his *quietus*, and might naturally sink in despondency, on being informed that "bad begins and worse remains behind." Even past perils are painful in retrospect, as a man shrinks at the sight of a precipice from which he once fell.—To one part of M. Mason's observation it may be replied, that Shakespeare does not say the *happy*, but the *happiest*, youth; that is, *even* the happiest of mortals, *all* of whom are destined to a certain portion of misery.

Though what I have now stated may, I think, fairly be urged in support of what seems to have been Dr. Johnson's sense of this passage, yet I own M. Mason's interpretation is extremely ingenious, and probably is right. The perils here spoken of may not have been *actually* passed by the peruser of the book of fate, though they have been passed by him in "viewing his progress through;" or, in other words, though the register of them has been *perused* by him. They may be said to be *past* in one sense only; namely, with respect to those which are to ensue; which are presented to his *eye* subsequently to those which precede. If the spirit and the general tendency of the passage, rather than the grammatical expression, be attended to, this may be said to be the most obvious meaning. The construction is, "*What perils* having been *past*, *what crosses* are *to ensue*."—*Malone*.

[8] *Cousin Nevil.*

Shakespeare has mistaken the name of the present nobleman. The earldom of Warwick was, at this time, in the family of Beauchamp, and did not come into that of the Nevils till many years after, in the latter end of the reign of King Henry VI. when it descended to Ann Beauchamp, (the daughter of the earl here introduced,) who was married to Richard Nevil, Earl of Warwick, and son to Richard Earl of Salisbury, who makes so conspicuous a figure in our author's Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI. He succeeded to the latter title on his father's death, in 1460, but is never distinguished by it.—*Ritson*.

[9] *Then let us meet them like necessities.*

I am inclined to read:—*Then let us meet them like* necessity, That is, with the resistless violence of necessity; then comes more aptly the following line:—*And that same* word *even now cries out on us*.—That is, the word *necessity*.—*Johnson*.

That is, let us meet them with that patience and quiet temper with which men of fortitude meet those events which they know to be inevitable.—I cannot approve of Johnson's explanation.—*M. Mason.*

[10] *A certain instance that Glendower is dead.*

According to Stow, *instance* for *information.* Glendower was pardoned, at the request of David Holbeck, Esq., by the king; but, being driven to great straits, and reduced to wander from place to place, he perished for mere want.—*Davies.*

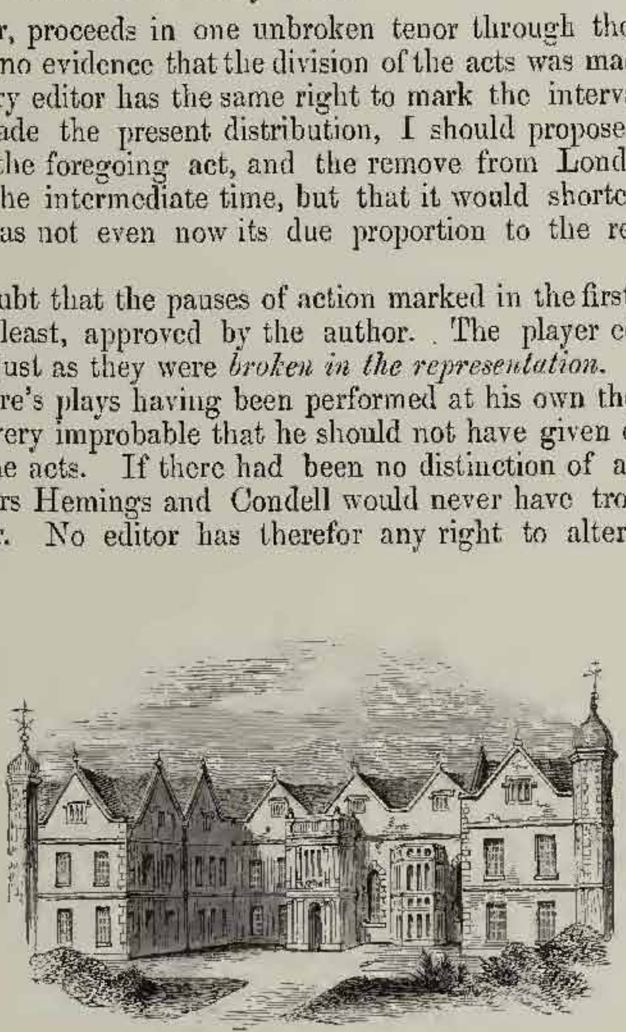
Glendower did not die till after King Henry IV. Shakespeare was led into this error by Holinshed, who places Owen Glendower's death in the tenth year of Henry's reign.—*Malone.*

The Welsh rebell Owen Glendouer made an end of his wretched life in this tenth yeare of king Henrie his reigne, being driven now in his latter time (as we find recorded) to such miserie, that in manner despairing of all comfort, he fled into desert places and solitarie caves, where being destitute of all releefe and succour, dreading to shew his face to anie creature, and finallie lacking meat to susteine nature, for meere hunger and lacke of food, miserablie pined awaie and died.—*Holinshed.*

[11] *We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.*

This play, like the former, proceeds in one unbroken tenor through the first edition, and there is therefore no evidence that the division of the acts was made by the author. Since, then, every editor has the same right to mark the intervals of action as the players, who made the present distribution, I should propose that this scene may be added to the foregoing act, and the remove from London to Gloucestershire be made in the intermediate time, but that it would shorten the next act too much, which has not even now its due proportion to the rest.—*Johnson.*

There is little room to doubt that the pauses of action marked in the first folio have been intended, or, at least, approved by the author. The player editors divided the different dramas just as they were *broken in the representation.* And most, if not all, of Shakespeare's plays having been performed at his own theatre, and under his own eye, it is very improbable that he should not have given directions about the division of the acts. If there had been no distinction of acts in the playhouse copies, messieurs Hemings and Condell would never have troubled their heads about the matter. No editor has therefor any right to alter that division which is established by the two first folios; unless in two or three places where the misplacing of the *actus* is too glaringly absurd to admit a doubt of its impropriety.—*Ritson.*



[12] *Before Justice Shallow's house.*

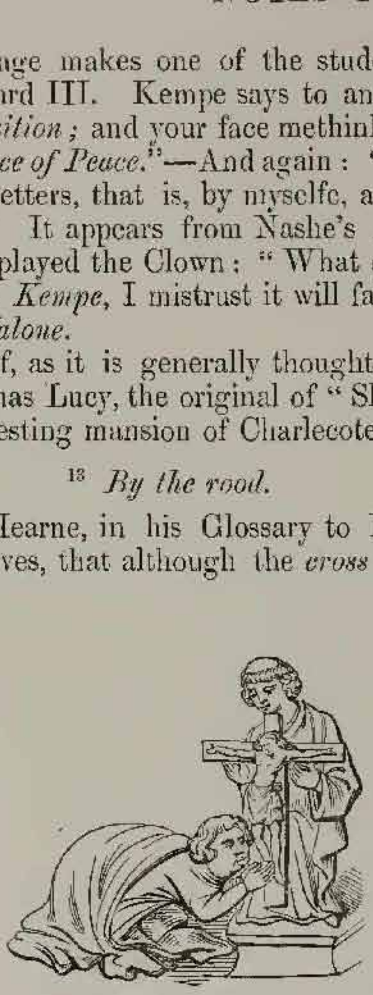
From the following passage in the Return from Parnassus, 1606, we may conclude that Kempe was original Justice Shallow.—Burbage and Kempe are introduced, instructing some Cambridge students to act.

Burbage makes one of the students repeat some lines of Hieronymo and King Richard III. Kempe says to another, "Now for you,—methinks you belong to *my tuition;* and your face methinks would be good for a foolish Mayor, *or a foolish Justice of Peace.*"—And again: "Thou wilt do well in time if thou wilt be ruled by thy betters, that is, by myselfe, and such *grave aldermen* of the play-house as I am." It appears from Nashe's Apologie of Pierce Penniless, 1593, that he likewise played the Clown: "What can be made of a rope-maker more than a *clowne. Will. Kempe,* I mistrust it will fall to *thy lot for a merriment* one of these dayes. —*Malone.*

If, as it is generally thought, the character of Shallow was aimed at Sir Thomas Lucy, the original of "Shallow's house" is still preserved in the extremely interesting mansion of Charlecote near Stratford on Avon.

[13] *By the rood.*

Hearne, in his Glossary to Peter Langtoft, p. 544, under the word *cross,* observes, that although the *cross* and the *rood* are commonly taken for the same, yet the *rood* properly signified formerly the image of Christ on the cross; so as to represent both the cross and figure of our blessed Saviour, as he suffered upon it. The *roods* that were in churches and chapels were placed in shrines that were called *rood lofts.* "*Roodloft,* (saith Blount,) is a shrine whereon was placed the cross of Christ. *The rood* was an image of Christ on the cross, made generally of wood, and erected in a loft for that purpose, just over the passage out of the church into the chancel."—*Reed.*



Bullokar, however, is a better authority than any of these, being contemporary with Shakespeare. In his English Expositor, 8vo. 1616, he defines *roode* thus: "In land it signifies a quarter of an acre. It is sometimes taken for the picture of our Saviour upon the cross."—*Malone.*

The annexed engraving of a monk exhibiting a rood was selected by Mr. Fairholt from an ancient manuscript in the British Museum, MS. Harl. 1527.

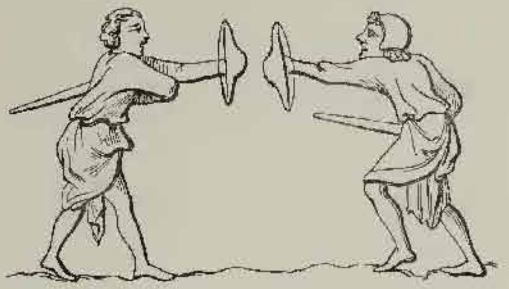
[14] *And Will Squele a Cotswold man.*

The Cotswold Hills in Gloucestershire were famous for rural sports of all kinds; by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, Shallow meant to have it understood that he was well versed in manly exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit and athletic constitution. In the reign of King James I., Mr. Robert Dover, a public spirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, Warwickshire, established there annual sports, which he superintended in person. They were celebrated in a scarce poetical tract, entitled Annalia Dubrensia, 1636, 4to. The games included wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing, and hunting. Slender tells Page that he has heard say that his fallow greyhound was outrun upon *Cotsall.* See Merry Wives of Windsor, Sc. 1.—*Singer.*

[15] *Four such swinge-bucklers.*

Swinge-bucklers and *swash-bucklers* were words implying *rakes* or *rioters* in the time of Shakespeare. Nash, addressing himself to his old opponent Gabriel Harvey, 1598, says: "*Turpe senex miles,* 'tis time for such an olde foole to leave playing the *swash-buckler.*" Again, in the Devil's Charter, 1607, Caraffa says, "when I was a scholar in Padua, faith, then I could have *swinged a sword and buckler*," &c.—*Steevens.*

"West Smithfield (says the Continuator of Stowe's Annals, 1631) was for many years called *Ruffians' Hall*, by reason it was the usual place of frayes and common fighting, during the time that *sword and buckler* were in use; when every serving-man, from the base to the best, carried a buckler at his backe, which hung by the hilt or pummel of his sword which hung before him.—Untill the 20th year of Queen Elizabeth, it was usual to have frayes, fights, and quarrels upon the sundayes and holydayes, sometimes, twenty, thirty, and forty swords and bucklers, halfe against halfe, as well by quarrels of appointment as by chance.—And in the winter season all the high streets were much annoyed and troubled with hourly frayes, and *sword and buckler men*, who took pleasure in that *bragging* fight; and although they made great shew of much furie, and fought often, yet seldome any man was hurt, for thrusting was not then in use, neither would any one of twenty strike beneath the waste, by reason they held it cowardly and beastly."—*Malone.*



Swinge-buckler is something more than *swash-buckler*; the latter was one who only made a dashing and a noise with the bucklers; the other *swinged* those which were opposed to him; as in the second passage here quoted.—*Nares.*

There woulde not be so many loytering, ydle persons, so many ruffians, blasphemers, and *swinge bucklers*, so many drunkardes.—*Northbrooke's Treatise against Dicing*, 1577.

[16] *I saw him break Scogan's head at the courtgate.*

There were two celebrated persons of this name. The first was Henry Scogan, who was a poet of some note contemporary with Chaucer. This personage is thus introduced in Ben Jonson's masque of the Fortunate Isles, 1624-5: "Methinks," (says Johphiel to Merefool, a melancholie Student) "you should inquire now after Skelton, or Master Skogan.—*Mere.* Skogan! What was he?—*Johphiel.* O, a fine gentleman, and master of arts, of Henry the fourth's time, that made disguises for the King's sons, and writ in ballad-royal daintily well......You shall see him, sir, is worth these both; and with him Domine Skelton, the worshipful poet-laureat." Scogan and Skelton afterwards enter, "in like habits as they lived." The former, as appears from a sketch by Inigo Jones, was dressed in a short but full-skirted doublet or jerkin of the fifteenth century. This Scogan was the author of a Moral Balade addressed to the dukes of Clarence, Bedford, and Gloucester, and sent from a merchant's supper-table, in the Vintry at London, a very dull sermon in the octave stanza, persuading them to refrain from spending their youth "folily." There are various other pieces in manuscript attributed to the same writer, and in a volume in the Fairfax collection in the Bodleian Library is a poem addressed to him by Chaucer.

The John Scogan, whose name has survived to our times as a celebrated buffoon and jester, lived at a later period in the fifteenth century, and, notwithstanding the unimportant anachronism, there can be no doubt but that Shakespeare referred to him as to a jester whose freedoms might have been so punished by Falstaff. Holinshed, speaking of the great men of Edward the Fourth's time, mentions "*Scogan*, a learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasaunte witte, and bent to mery deuises, in respect whereof he was called into the courte, where giuing himselfe to his naturall inclination of mirthe and pleasaunt pastime, he plaied many sporting parts, althoughe not in suche vnciuill maner as hath bene of hym reported." These *uncivil reports* evidently allude to the jest-book, which was published in the sixteenth century,—"Scoggin's Jests, full of witty mirth and pleasant shifts done by him in France and other places, being a preservative against melancholy, gathered by Andrew Borde, doctor of physick." The writer of this curious piece informs us, he had "heard say, that Scogin did come of an honest stock, no kindred, and that his friends did set him to schoole at Oxford, where he did continue till he was made master of art." He appears, from the book, to have been dead before Henry the sevenths time. He is there frequently called Tom, by Sir William Nevyle, and is introduced to court as his fool: possibly, however, this might have been the common appellation of such characters: we still say Tom Fool. His real name was certainly John, as appears from a contemporary Latin epitaph in MS. Harl. 1587, commencing,—"hic jacet in tumulo corpus Scogan ecce Johannis," and which implies that he was addicted to intemperance. In a manuscript in Corpus Christi College, Oxford, No. 203, a little poem, printed as Chaucer's by Urry, is expressly given to Scogan, and entitled, Proverbium Joannis Skogan; but, in this instance, *Joannis* may be an error for *Henrici*. Bale terms Scogan the joculator or jester to King Edward the Fourth. According to the jest-book, he was originally a member of Oriel College, Oxford, retiring, with the members of that society, to the hospital of St. Bartholomew, during the raging of the plague at Oxford. These jests are for the most part very poor and devoid of interest. Amongst them is the story of the French quack and his flea-powder, and a version of the well-known tale of the black crows, which is generally attributed to Smollett. There is also the jest of the Oxford scholars proving two eggs to be three, and the sharpers convincing a dupe that his sheep were hogs. Scogan's Jests were originally published by Colwell in 1565, being thus entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in that year,—"received of Thomas Colwell, for his lycense for pryntinge of the geystes of Skoggon, gathered together in this volume, iiij. *d.*," an entry which appears to imply that some of them had been previously published. The earliest edition, now known to exist, appeared in 1626.

In regione cæcorum rex est Luscus; among the common people *Scoggin* is a doctor.—*Withals' Dictionary*, ed. 1634, p. 559.

[17] *When he was a crack.*

A crack, that is, a boy. The term was generally applied to a witty lively boy, meaning possibly one who cracks or boasts in self-confidence. The word is often used in ancient writers. So, in Ben Jonson's Devil is an Ass,

> If we could get a witty boy now Engine,
> That were an excellent *crack*, I could instruct him
> To the true height.

Again, in Massinger's Unnatural Combat,

> Here's a *crack!*
> I think they suck this knowledge in their milk.

Again, in the Four Prentices of London, 1615,—"it is a rogue, a wag, his name is Jack,—a notable dissembling lad, a crack." A person in Marston's What You Will, 1607, is called, "emperor of cracks, prince of pages." Again, in Shirley's Opportunitie, 1640,—"a witty cracke, and my owne boy still."

[18] *At Stratford fair.*

The original edition reads *Stamford*, but Shallow cannot be speaking of any place in Lincolnshire, and in all probability the author intended to make him refer to Stratford-on-Avon, either writing *Stratford* originally, and afterwards altering it to the name of another place somewhat similar in sound, or *Stamford* may be a printer's error. The probability is that the scenes in which Shallow is introduced have more references to local circumstances than can now be explained; and the poet may have thought it necessary to alter some of the allusions that rendered the provincial satire too obvious.

[19] *At twelve score.*

Score, that is, twenty yards; in the language of archers, by whom it was constantly so used. Thus a mark of *twelve score* meant a mark at the distance of two hundred and forty yards.

Ones, when the plague was in Cambrige, the downe wynd twelve score marke, for the space of three weekes, was thirteen *score* and a half; and into the wynd, being not very great, a great deale above fourteen *score*.—*Ascham*, *Toxoph.* p. 215.

Here "downe wynd" must mean against the wind, and "into the wynd," with it, since the shot was longest that way. The passage is obscure; but it probably means, that the same shot which at other times would have measured *twelve score* only, then was thirteen and a half, &c. from the thinness of the air. We have this use of *score* remarkably exemplified a page or two further:—"And this I perceyved also, that wynde goeth by streames, and not holl together. For I should see one streame within a *score* of me; then, for the space of *two score*, no snowe would styre."—*Nares.*

So, in Drayton's Polyolbion, 1612:—"At markes full fortie *score* they us'd to prick and rove." This mode of expression, certainly in this instance, and I believe in general, means *yards*; but the line from Drayton makes this opinion doubtful, or shows the extreme inaccuracy of the poet, for no man was ever capable of shooting an arrow forty score yards.—*Douce.*

Twelve score appears, however, from a passage in Churchyard's Charitie, 1595, to have been no shot of an extraordinary length:

They hit the white that never shot before,
No marke-men sure, nay bunglers in their kind,
A sort of swads *that scarce can shoot twelve score*.—*Steevens.*

The utmost distance that the archers of ancient times reached, is supposed to have been about three hundred yards. Old Double therefore certainly drew a good bow.—*Malone.*

Shakespeare probably knew what he was about when he spoke of archery, which in his time was practised by every one. He is describing Double as a very excellent archer, and there is no inconsistency in making such a one shoot fourteen score and a half; but it must be allowed that none but a most extraordinary archer would be able to *hit a mark* at twelve score. Some allowance, however, should be made when the speaker is considered.—*Douce.*

The long field (I believe at Finsbury) is 16 score 10 yards. A Mr. Bates once shot an arrow near 30 yards beyond the bound of it, which was 18 score. Mr. John Rowston, of Manchester, has often shot 18 score.—*Miss Banks.*

The second a shooting close, with a *twelve score* mark to every point of the card, in which I hear you have hit a mark that many shoot at.—*The Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596.

[20] *Accommodated!*

Bob. By heav'n, no, not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so: I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemens use, than mine own practice, I assure you: hostess, *accommodate* us with another bed-staff here quickly: lend us another bed-staff: the woman does not understand the *words of action.—Every Man in his Humour.*

The word accommodation, as the poet tells us in his Discoveries, was at this time a modish expression, and what he calls one of the perfumed terms of the age. And so Beaumont and Fletcher, in the Queen of Corinth;

. . . . Has he deny'd
On thirty damme's to *accommodate* money.

There must bee store, though no excesse of termes; as if you are to name *Store*, sometimes you may call it choyse, sometimes plenty, sometimes copiousnesse, or variety; but ever so, that the word which comes in lieu have not such difference of meaning, as that it may put the sense of the first in hazard to be mistaken. You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed termes of the time, as Accommodation, *Complement, Spirit, &c.* But use them properly in their place, as others.—*Ben Jonson's Discoveries.*

Hence Bardolph calls it a word of *exceeding good command.* His definition of it is admirable, and highly satirical; nothing being more common than for inaccurate speakers or writers, when they should define, to put their hearers off with a synonymous term; or, for want of that, even with the same term differently *accommodated*: as in the instance before us.—*Warburton.*

Un. It is all one, since I am made a captaine.—*Tho.* By your owne desert and vertue.—*Un.* Thou art deceav'd; it is by vertue of the commission. The commission is enough to make any man an officer without desert. Thomas, I must thinke how to provide mee of warlike accoutrements to accommodate, which comes of accomodo, Shakespeare the first and the first.—*Tho.* No, sir, it comes of so much money disburs'd.—*Anonymous Comedy, MS. Harl.* 7650.

[21] *Master Sure-card, as I think.*

It is observable that many of Shakespeare's names are invented, and characteristical. Master Forth-right, the tilter; Master Shoe-tie, the traveller; Master Smooth, the silkman; Mrs. Over-done, the bawd; Kate Keep-down, Jane Nightwork, &c. Sure-card was used as a term for a boon companion, so lately as the latter end of the last century, by one of the translators of Suetonius.—*Malone.*

[22] *A number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.*

That is, we have in the muster-book many names for which we receive pay, though we have not the men.—*Johnson.*

So, in Barnabie Riche's Souldiers Wishe to Britons Welfare, or Captaine Skill and Captaine Pill, 1604, p. 19: "One speciall meane that a shifting captaine hath to deceive his prince is in his number, to take pay for a whole company, when he hath not halfe."—*Steevens.*

[23] *Here is more called than your number.*

The original has *two more*, but Falstaff was to have *four*: and there are but *five* called in all; Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bulcalfe. I am afraid something either is lost; or else, sure, the poet could not be so palpably inadvertent. —*Theobald's Letters.*

Five only have been called, and the number required is *four*. Some name seems to have been omitted by the transcriber. The restoration of this sixth man would solve the difficulty that occurs below; for when Mouldy and Bull-calf are set aside, Falstaff, as Dr. Farmer has observed, gets but *three* recruits. Perhaps our author himself is answerable for this slight inaccuracy.—*Malone.*

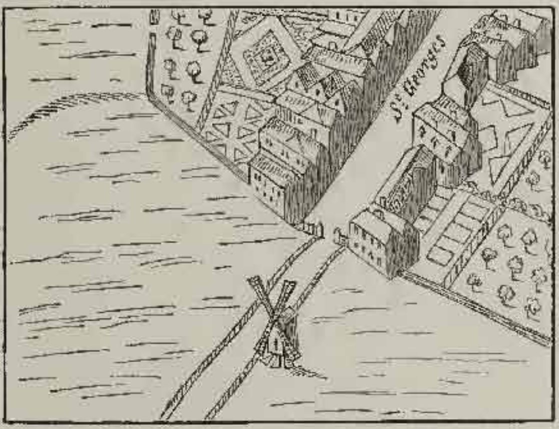
Shallow says, that Falstaff should have *four* there, but he appears to get but *three:* Wart, Shadow, and Feeble.—It is very true.—Falstaff, on his entrance, asks the justices if they have provided him *half a dozen* sufficient men. Shallow answers in the affirmative. But onely *five* are produced. And, when Falstaff says, *Is here all?* Shallow tells him, *there is* two *more called than your number, you must have but* four *here.* So that there is certainly a *man missing.* Is this now irretrieveable loss to be charged upon Shakespeare, or the players?—*Ritson.*

[24] *In the windmill in St. George's fields.*

It appears from the following passage in Churchyard's Dreame, a poem that makes part of the collection entitled his Chippes, 4to. 1578, that this *windmill* was a place of notoriety:

And from the *windmill* this dreamd he,
Where hakney horses hired be.—*Steevens.*

The following note on this subject was communicated to me by Mr. Fairholt,—"In Faithorne's Map of London, 1658; an engraving so rare, that only one perfect copy is known to exist, in the Royal Library at Paris; we see more of Southwark than in any of our early Maps. It delineates the entire line of houses from London bridge to their termination in St. George's fields; and shows the windmill beyond them. Beyond St. George's Church; a single row of houses line the highway, with small gardens; bounded by a continuous ditch; a rail crosses the road where the houses end; and all is open land beyond; the roadway being marked by a line of palings on both sides. Judging from the apparent length of the houses here represented; and the present state of the same locality; they appear to have terminated about the spot where Suffolk and Trinity street branch off Blackman street; and the Windmill must have stood between there and Horsemonger Lane; nearly opposite the present King's Bench Prison."



[25] *She could never away with me.*

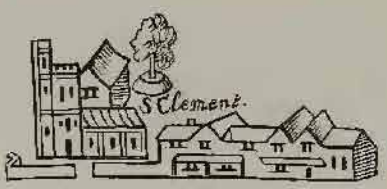
This expression of dislike is used by Maurice Kyffin, in his translation of the Andria of Terence, 1588: "All men that be in love *can ill away* to have wives appointed them by others." Perhaps the original meaning was—'such a one cannot travel on the same road with me.'—*Steevens.*

So, in Harrington's Orlando Furioso, book i.: "—— scarce to look on him she can *away.*" This mode of expression had not become obsolete even in the time of Locke, who himself uses it in one of his popular works: "— with those alone he converses, and *can away* with no company whose discourse goes beyond what claret or dissoluteness inspires," On the Conduct of the Understanding.—*Reed.*

If there bee any lasie fellow, any that cannot *away with* worke, any that would wallow in pleasures, hee is hastie to bee priested. And when hee is made one, and hath gotten a benefice, he consorts with his neighbour priests, who are altogether given to pleasures: and then both hee, and they, live, not like Christians, but like epicures; drinking, eating, feasting, and revelling, till the cow come home,—Cooke's Pope Joane, a Dialogue.

[26] *She was then a bona-roba.*

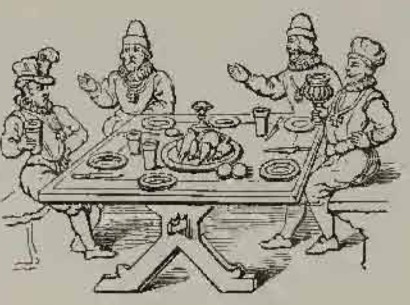
A bona-roba, a fine showy stout wench. This term was usually, though not always, used by our old writers for a harlot. "*Buonarobba*, as we say, good stuffe, a good wholesome plum-cheeked wench," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598. "I was faine to lift my chamber-doore off the hindges onely to let it in; it was so fulsome a fat bona-robe and terrible rouncevall," Nash's Have With You to Saffron Walden, 1596. "Once a bona-roba, trust me,—tho' now buttock-shrank and rusty," Drunken Barnaby. "*Bonne robbe*, a bona roba; good stuffe, sound lecherie; a round, fat, plumpe wench," Cotgrave. Again, in the Spanish Curate,—"some prefer the French for their conceited dressings; some the plump Italian bona-robas," ed. Dyce, p. 404. "Arthur's about a new wife, a bona-roba," How a Man may Chuse a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602. "No, no, a bona-roba, a girl of sixteene, she that I wish you first to," Wizard, a play, MS. at Dulwich College. "Some bona-roba they have been sporting with," Nabbes' Bride, 1640. In the list of the expenses of a dissipated man of the seventeenth century is the following entry, — "14 July, 1634, to a taverne with a bona, 0. 1. 0."



[27] *We have heard the chimes at midnight.*

The chimes of the bells at St. Clement's Church in the Strand, the annexed early representation of which is copied from Aggas's old woodcut map of London, from the copy in the Guildhall library.

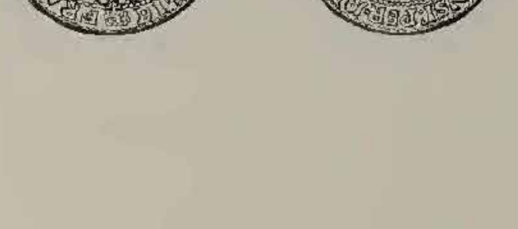
[28] *Come, let's to dinner.*



The annexed curious representation of a dinner-scene of the sixteenth century, the manners of which are adopted in the present scene, is taken from a very curious object of plate in the possession of Lord Londesborough. Behind the dish containing the fare, which appears to consist of fowls, stands a large salt-cellar, and cups, bread, &c., are arranged upon the table. Each plate is provided with a knife, but there is no trace of forks.

[29] *Here is four Harry ten-shillings.*

This is an anachronism; there were no coins of ten shillings value in the reign of Henry the Fourth. Shakespeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry the Seventh or Eighth, but he thought these might do for any other Harry.—*Douce.* The annexed engraving is a copy of a gold ten-shilling piece of the time of Henry VIII.



[30] *Stay at home till you are past service.*

This is the second time Sir John has misused the kings press-money damnably, as he terms it. Modern times will furnish many instances of successful imitators of Jack Falstaff; of men who have, as shamefully and with equal impunity, robbed the king and the people of their money.—*Davies.*

The old copies read—"For you, Mouldy, *stay* at home *till* you are past service." This should surely be: "For you, Mouldy, *you have staied* at home," &c. Falstaff has before a similar allusion: "'Tis the more time thou wert used." There is some mistake in the number of *recruits:* Shallow says that Falstaff should have *four* there, but he appears to get but *three:* Wart, Shadow, and Feeble.—*Farmer.*

I believe, "*stay* at home *till* you are past service" is right; the subsequent part of the sentence being likewise imperative: "and, for your part, Bull-calf, *grow till* you come unto it."—*Malone.*

Till you are past service. So the old copies. Tyrwhitt changed the text into, *stay at home still; you are past service;*—by which change he verily happily contrived to spoil the antithesis.—*Knight.*

[31] *Care I for the limb, the thewes.*

In one instance Shakespeare, as it has been conjectured, did not invent a new word, but employed it in a sense very different from that ascribed to it by all his contemporaries. "Thewes, (says Steevens, after having stated it to have meant, in two passages of Shakespeare, muscular strength,) is perhaps applied by Shakespeare alone, to the perfections of the body; in all other writers of the time, it implies manners and behaviour." Yet the following quotation from Gascoigne, in his "Certayne Notes of Instruction concerning the making of Verse or Ryme in English," seems to prove that Shakespeare used it with its strict and original signification, and that it was, in the others, a metaphor, the old critick thinks rather a daring one. "This poeticall licence is a shrewde fellow, and covereth many faults in a verse, it maketh wordes longer, shorter, of mo sillables, of fewer, newer, older, truer, falser, and to conclude it turneth all things at pleasure, for example, ydone for done, adoune for downe, orecome for overcome, tane for taken, power for powre, heaven for heavn, *thewes for good parts or good qualities,*" &c. —*Boswell.*

Shakespeare uses *thewes* in a sense almost peculiar to himself, for *muscular strength* or *sinews.* Thus in Julius Cæsar, Act i. Sc. 3:—

> '———Romans now
> Have *thewes* and limbs like to their ancestors.'

And in Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 3:—'For nature, crescent, does not grow alone in *thewes* and bulk.' In ancient writers *thewes* generally signify *manners, behaviour,* or *qualities of the mind or disposition:* in which sense it is used by Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, and others. Johnson derives the word, in this latter sense, from *theaw,* Sax.; and in the former from *theow,* a thigh. Philips, in his World of Words, has '*thight,* well compacted, or knit;' which he distinguishes as an old word.—*Singer.*

Only one passage has been pointed out, which employs the word at all in the sense of these passages of Shakespeare, as describing corporeal qualities, and that is in Turbervile's translation of *Ovid's Epistles:*

> What doost thou thinke indeede,
> That doltish silly man
> The *thewes* of Helen's passing forme
> May judge or throughly scan. *Paris to Helen.*

The third and fourth folio of Shakespeare read "*sinews* and limbs," in the passage of *Julius Cæsar;* but, as that is only one passage out of three, it does not much assist the matter, nor can it be supposed the right reading.—*Nares.*

[32] *He that gibbets on the brewer's bucket.*

This alludes to the manner of carrying a barrel, by putting it on a sling, which is thus described by R. Holme:—"The slings are a strong, thick, yet short pole, not above a yard and a half long: to the middle is fixed a strong plate with a hole, in which is put a hook;—on this hook is [are] fastened two other short chains, with broad-pointed hooks, with them clasping the ends of the barrels above the heads, the barrel is lifted up, and borne by two men to any place, as is shewed Chap. v. No. 146." *Acad. of Armory*, B. III. chap. vii. § 121.

Most people who live in London have seen the operation, in taking a barrel from the dray, which is exactly represented by Holme's figure. It is evident that to hang or *gibbet* a barrel on the pole, in this manner, must be done by a quick movement, so as to attach both hooks at once. To *gibbet*, in the sense of to hang on a gibbet, is still a term in common use.—*Nares.*

[33] *A caliver.*

A hand-gun. So, in the Masque of Flowers, 1613: "The serjeant of Kawasha carried on his shoulders a great tobacco-pipe, as big as a *caliver*." Grose, in A Treatise on ancient Armour and Weapons, 4to. p. 67, says that "a caliver was less and lighter than a musquet, as is evident from its being fired without a rest. This is shown in a Military Treatise, containing the *Exercise of the Musket, Caliver, and Pike*, with figures finely engraved by J. de Gheyn." And, in a note in *loc.* Mr. Grose also observes, "That this is confirmed by Shakespeare, where Falstaff, reviewing his recruits, says of Wart, a poor, weak, undersized fellow, 'put me a *caliver* into Wart's hands,'—meaning, that although Wart is unfit for a *musqueteer*, yet, if armed with a lighter piece, he may do good service."—*Vaillant.*

The accent of this word was laid on the second syllable. So, in Withers's Abuses Whipt and Stript:—"Both *musquet* and *caliver* are forgot."—*Malone.*

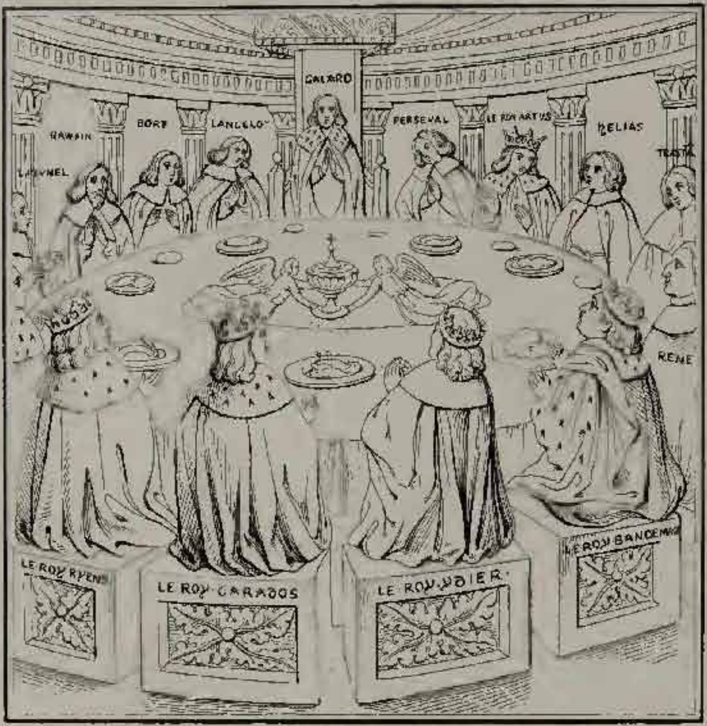
[34] *Traverse.*

Traverse was an ancient military term for *march!* Thus, in Othello, Iago says to Roderigo:—'*Traverse;* go; provide thy money.' '*Traverse* (says Bullokar), to march up and down, or to move the feet with proportion, as in dancing.'—*Singer.*

[35] *I remember at Mile-end green.*

Mile End Green was the place for public sports and exercises. Stowe mentions that, in 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exercised there. And again, that "30,000 citizens *shewed* on the 27th of August, 1599, on the *Miles-end;* where they *trained* all that day and other dayes under their captaines (also citizens) until the 4th of September." The pupils of this military school were thought but slightly of. Shakespeare has referred to *Mile End* and its military exercises rather contemptuously in All's Well that Ends Well, Act iv. Sc. 3.—*Singer.*

This small piece of service, will bring him cleane out of love with the souldier, for ever. He will never come within the signe of it, the sight of a cassock, or a musket-rest againe. Hee will hate the *musters at Mile-end* for it, to his dying day. It's no matter, let the world thinke me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give him the slip, at an instant: why, this is better then to have staid his journey! well, Ile follow him: oh, how I long to bee imployed.


GALAAD
GAWAIN
BORT
LANCELOT
LIONEL
PERSEVAL
LE ROY ARTUS
HELIAS
TESTA
RENE
LE ROY RYENS
LE ROY CARADOS
LE ROY UDIER
LE ROY BANDEMAG

[illegible] OF THE ROUND TABLE

[illegible]

FORM. Troth sir, I would be glad to bestow a pottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it———

BRAY. O, sir———

FORM. But, to heare the manner of your services, and your devices in the warres, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reades in the Romane histories, or sees, at Mile-end.—*Jonson's Every Man in his Humour.*

[36] *When I lay at Clement's Inn.*

When I lay, that is, when I lodged or lived. So Leland. "An old manor-place, where in tymes paste sum of the Moulbrays *lay* for a starte." That is, *lived for a time*, or *sometimes*. Itin. vol. i. fol. 119. Again, "Maister Page hath translated the House, and now much *lyith* there." Ibid. fol. 121. And in many other places. So, said Sir Henry Wotton, "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country. *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1685.

Again, in the Ordinary, by Cartwright:

I was not born with it, I confess; but *lying*
In Turkey for intelligence, the great Turk
Somewhat suspicious of me, &c.

Again, in Marston's What you Will, a comedy, 1607:

Survey'd with wonder by me, when I *lay*
Factor in London.—*Malone.*

[37] *I was then sir Dagonet in Arthur's Show.*

It has been thought by some critics that Shallow represented Sir Dagonet at Clement's Inn, but a passage in a forgotten book induces me to think that the words before us have hitherto been misunderstood; that Arthur's Show was not an *interlude*, but an Exhibition of Archery; and that Shallow represented Sir Dagonet, not at Clement's Inn, but at Mile-end Green. Instead therefore of placing the words "I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show," in a parenthesis, (as recommended very properly by Warton on his hypothesis,) I have included in a parenthesis the words "when I lay at Clement's Inn." And thus the meaning is,—I remember, when I was student and resided at Clement's Inn, that on a certain *exhibition-day* at Mile-end Green, when I was Sir Dagonet, &c.

A society of men, styling themselves Arthur's Knights, existed in our poet's time. Richard Mulcaster, Master of St. Paul's School, in his Positions concerning the training up of Children, twice printed in London, 1581 and 1587, in 4to. ch. xxvi. in praising of *Archerie* as a principal exercise to the preservation of health, says,—"how can I but prayse them, who professe it thoroughly, and maintaine it nobly, the friendly and frank *fellowship* of Prince Arthur's Knights, in and about the citie of London? which if I had sacred to silence, would not my good friend in the citie, Maister Hewgh Offly, and the same my noble fellow in that order, Syr Launcelot, at our next meeting have given me a soure nodde, being the chief furtherer of the fact which I commend, and the famousest *knight* of the *fellowish* which I am of? Nay, would not even Prince Arthur himselfe, Maister Thomas Smith, and the whole *table* of those well known knights, and most active archers, have laid in their challenge against their *fellow-knight*, if speaking of their pastime I should have spared their names?" This quotation rescues three of them from oblivion; and it is not to be presumed that *the whole table of these well known knights*, most probably pretty numerous, could escape the knowledge of Shakespeare.—Maister Hewgh Offly was sheriff of London in 1588.

The passage above quoted places Shallow's words in so clear a light that they leave me little to add upon the subject. We see that though he is apt enough to introduce frivolous and foreign circumstances, the mention of Sir Dagonet here, is not of that nature, Mile-end Green being probably the place where Arthur's knights displayed their skill in archery, or, in other words, where Arthur's show was exhibited.

Whether this fellowship existed in the reign of Henry IV. is very unnecessary to enquire. We see in almost every one of his plays how little scrupulous Shakespeare was in ascribing the customs of his own time to preceding ages.

It may perhaps be objected, that the "little quiver fellow," afterwards mentioned, is not described as an *archer*, but as managing a *piece;* but various exercises might have been practised at the same time at Mile-end Green. If, however, this objection should appear to the reader of any weight, by extending the parenthesis to the words—"Arthur's Show," it is obviated; for Shallow might have resided at Clement's Inn, and displayed his feats of archery in *Arthur's show* elsewhere, not on the day here alluded to. The meaning will then be, I remember when I resided at Clement's Inn, and in the exhibition of archery made by Arthur's knights I used to represent Sir Dagonet, that among the soldiers exercised at Mile-end Green, there was, &c.—*Malone.*

In 1682 there was published "A remembrance of the worthy *show* and shooting by the Duke of Shoreditch and his associates the worshipful citizens of London upon Tuesday the 17th of September, 1583, set forth according to the truth thereof to the everlasting honour of the game of shooting in the long bow. By W. M." in p. 40 of which book is this passage: "The prince of famous memory King Henry the Eighth, having red in the chronicles of England, and seen in his own time how armies mixed with good archers have evermore so galled the enemy, that it hath been great cause of the victory, he being one day *at Mile-end when prince Arthur and his knights were there shooting* did greatly commend the game, and allowed thereof, lauding them to their encouragement." One should be very much inclined to suppose this decisive of the first question, and that these *shows* were usually held at *Mile-end;* but this is by no means the case. The work proceeds to state that King Henry the Eighth, keeping at one time a princely court at Windsor, caused sundry matches to be made concerning shooting with the long bow; at which one Barlo, who belonged to his majesty's guard, remaining to shoot, the king said to him, "Win thou all, and thou shalt be duke over all archers." Barlo drew his bow and won the match; whereat the king being pleased, commended him for his good archery; and the man dwelling in Shoreditch, the king named him *Duke of Shoreditch.* One of the successors to this duke appointed a *show* on the 17th of September, 1583, to be held in Smithfield and other parts of the city, which is here very circumstantially described; and among many other curious particulars it is mentioned that the citizens and inhabitants of Fleetbridge, &c. followed with a *show* worth beholding of seemly archers; "then the odd devise of *Saint Clements parish*, which but ten days before had made the same *show* in their own parish, in setting up the queen's majesties stake in Holborn fields, which stakemaster Knevit, one of the gentlemen of her majesties chamber, gave unto them at his cost and charges; and a *gunn* worth three pound, made of gold, to be given unto him that best deserved it by shooting in a peece at the mark which was set up on purpose at Saint Jame's wall." This however was not solely a shooting with fire-arms, but also with bows: for in the account of the *show* itself, which immediately follows, men bearing "shields and shafts" are mentioned, and "a worthy *show of archers following.*" In the continuation of the description of the Smithfield *show*, mention is made of "the baron *Stirrop*, whose costly stake will be in memorys after he is dead, now standing at *Mile-end;*" and again, "And this one thing is worthy of memory: that upon the day of *Prince Arthur's shooting*, which was five weeks before this show, the duke, willing to beautifie the same in some seemly sort, sent a buck of that season by the marquess *Barlo*, (the name of this person was kept up long after his decease,) accompanied with many goldsmiths, who coming in satten doblets and chains of gold about their bodies, with horns at their backs, did all the way wind their horns, and presented the same to *prince Arthur*, who was at his tent, which was at *Mile-end-green*."

We see therefore that Shakespeare having *both these shows* in his recollection has made Shallow, a talkative simpleton, refer to them indistinctly, and that probably by design, and with a due attention to the nature of his character. What Shallow afterwards says about the management of the *little quiver fellow's* piece, or *caliver*, will not weigh in either scale; because in all these *shows* there were musketeers. In that at Smithfield the feryers marched, consisting of "one hundred handsome fellowes with *calivers* on their necks, all trimly decked with white feathers in their hats." *Maister Thomas Smith*, who in Mr. Malone's note is said to have personated Prince Arthur, was "chiefe customer to her majesty in the port of London;" and to him Richard Robinson, a translator of several books in the reign of Elizabeth, dedicated his *Auncient order, societie and unitie laudable of Prince Arthure and his knightly armory of the round table, with a threefold assertion friendly in favour and furtherance of English archery at this day*, 1583, 4to. Such part of this work as regards Prince Arthur is chiefly a translation from the French, being a description of the arms of the knights of the round table; the rest is a panegyric in verse by Robinson himself in praise of archery. It appears from the dedication that King Henry VIII. confirmed by charter to the citizens of London, the "famous order of knightes of prince Arthur's round table or society: like as in his life time when he sawe a good archer in deede, he chose him and ordained such a one for a knight of the same order."—*Douce.*

Robinson, in an autograph manuscript account of his own books, in the Royal Collection, now in the British Museum, says, 'Mr. Thomas Smith, her majestie's customer, representing himself Prince Arthure, gave me for his booke v^s. His 56 knightes gave me every one for his xviij^d, and every Esq^{re} for his booke viij^d, when they shott under the same Prince Arthure at *Myles end green*.'

On August the 19th, 1579, there was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company, to Edward White,—"ij. ballates the one of the skratchinge of the wytche, the other of the renovacion of archery by Prince Arthure and his companions."

Sir Dagonet is a character in the celebrated romance, the Morte d'Arthur, where he is described as "Kynge Arthurs foole," and we are told that "Kynge Arthur loued hym passynge wel, and made hym knyght [with] his owne handes. And att euery turnement he beganne to make Kynge Arthur to laughe." B. x. cap. 12. vol. ii. 21, ed. Southey. On all occasions sir Dagonet meets with very rough treatment: see, for instance, B. ix. cap. 3. vol. i. 314, where sir La-cote-male-tayle smites him over his horse's croupe; and cap. 19 of the same B. p. 339, where sir Tristram "souses" him in a well, and afterwards takes him by the head and dashes him to the ground.—*Knight.*

Then Sir *Dagonet* rode to King Marke, and told him how he had sped in that forrest; and therefore, said Sir *Dagonet*, beware ye, King Marke, that yee come not about that well in the forrest, for there is a naked foole, and that foole and I foole met together, and he had almost slaine mee.—*Morte Arthure.*

This character is frequently referred to in old plays, and in popular works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Sometimes a fool or a coward is mentioned, in contempt, as a Dagonet.

[38] *A little quiver fellow.*

Quiver, nimble, agile. This word, though seldom found in authors, is acknowledged by several old dictionaries. Barret has "quick or *quiver*;" and

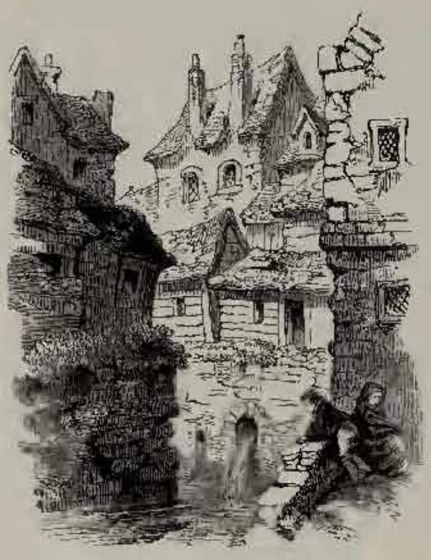
Coles, "*quiverly*, agiliter," and "*quiverness*, agilitas." In use in Suffolk, according to Moor. "*Agilis*, nimble, light, lieger, *quiver*," Elyot, ed. 1559. *Quivery*, shaky, nervous.

> They bothe swetely played;
> A sergeaunt them afrayed,
> And sayd they were full *quever*.
> *Boke of Mayd Emlyn*, p. 27.

There is a maner fishe that hyght mugill, which is full *quiver* and swifte.—*Bartholomeus*, 1535.

[39] *The feats he hath done about Turnbull Street.*

Saint John's streete is on both sides replenished with buildings up to Clarkenwell; on the left hand of which streete lyeth a lane called Cow-Crosse of a crosse some time standing there, which lane turneth downe to another lane called Turnemill streete, which stretcheth up to the west side of Clarkenwell, and was called Turnemill streete for such cause as is afore declared.—*Stow's Survay of London*, 1618, p. 816.



Stow here refers to a previous statement to the effect that it had its name from a river or brook formerly there, whereon stood several mills. In the index to Stow's Survay, ed. 1633, the above notice is thus referred to,—"Turnemill Street, now called Turne-bold Street," under both which names it is constantly alluded to by writers of the seventeenth century. Perhaps the only pictorial relic of any portion of this notorious street now preserved is the annexed interesting sketch by Mr. Fairholt, who accompanies it with the following memorandum,—

"I made this sketch in July 1844; at which time the Fleet Ditch was open, although it received into its stream all the sewers of the neighbourhood. The houses which overhung it were very old, built of red brick, with wooden sheds behind them. They were at the back of Turnmill Street, the only access to them being through courts and alleys leading from that street. They were densely populated by the lowest and worst classes; but were all pulled down a few weeks after I sketched this."

There is scarcely a popular book of the seventeenth century which does not contain an allusion to Turnbull Street, so that any complete list of references to it would be impracticable. The following notices will probably be deemed even more than sufficient. Nash, in his Pierce Penilesse, 1592, commends the sisters of Turnbull Street to the patronage of the devil.

With Marga Marichalus, that in Turnuliball doth keepe an ale-house.—*The Divil's Charter, a Tragædie*, 1607.

Sir, get you gonne, you swaggering, cheating *Turnebull-streete* roague, or I will hale you to the common jayle, where lice shall eate you.—*Ram Alley or Merrie Tricks*, 1611.

'Tis in your charge to pull down bawdy-houses, cause spoil in Shoreditch, and deface Turnbull.—*Middleton's Inner Temple Masque*, 1619.

There has beene such a hurry, such a din, such dismall drinking, swearing and whoring, 't has almost made mee mad; we have all lived in a continuall *Turnball-street.—Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady.*

I'd have you take heed of a bawd,
Think on the *Turn-ball* gang,
For they will a young man applaud,
And give his gold purse a fine bang.
The Figure of Nine, 12mo. Lond., n. d.

The name of Rimer carry to thy grave,
But stile of Poet thou shalt never have.
Search well in Turn-bull street, or in Pickt-hatch,
Neere Shorditch, or Long-alley prethee watch,
And 'mongst the trading females, chuse out nine
To be thy Muses, they will fit thee fine,
They'l make thy rimes and thee of more account,
And mount thy fame above Parnassus Mount.
The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

Things proffered and easie to come by, diminish themselves in reputation and price: for how full of pangs and dotage is a wayling lover, for it may bee some browne Bessie? But let a beautie fall a weeping, overpressed with the sicke passion, she savours in our thoughts something *turnbull.—Done's Polydoron*, 1631.

His tusks stiffe-stracht like a brave mounser,
Of *Turnebull* puncks a staring trouncer.
The Counter Rat, 1637.

Valete, omnes Turnbullenses, Clarkinwellenses, Bloomsberienses; tuguria vestra summæniana nobis sunt stygiis specubus invisa magis.—*Cornelianum Dolium*, 1638.

And yet the shee-sellers of mutton in *Turnball-street*, Spring-garden, and Crosse-lane, passe without paying tole for maydenheads.—*The Committee Man Curried*, 1647.

Farewell, Bloomsberry and Sodom,
Lukeners-lane and *Turnbull Street;*
Woe was me when first I trod 'em
With my wilde unwary feet.
Jordan's Nursery of Novelties, n. d.

[40] *His dimensions to any thick sight were invincible.*

"O, my guest is a fine man! and they flout him invincibly," Every Man in his Humour, on which it is remarked by Gifford,—"I have some doubt whether we rightly comprehend this word, as understood by our ancestors. Here, and elsewhere, it is used where we should now write *invisibly*. "He was so forlorn," says Falstaff of Justice Shallow, "that his dimensions to any thick sight were *invincible*." This reading Steevens pronounces to be absolutely spurious; and adopts, with great applause, *invisible*, "the *correction* of Rowe." The correction, as it is termed, is sufficiently obvious to those who are not conversant with our old writers; but not so, I should have thought, to Steevens. However this may be, I have met with the expression so frequently, that I incline to the opinion of the judicious crites, and think there is need of more deliberation, before it be utterly proscribed."

That is, could not be *mastered* by any thick sight. Rowe and the other modern editors read, *invisible*,—*Malone.*

Invincible cannot possibly be the true reading; invincible *to*, not being English; for whoever wrote or said—not be conquered *to?* Invincible *by* is the usual phrase; though Shakespeare, in Much Ado About Nothing, makes Don Pedro say, "I would have thought her spirit had been *invincible against* all assaults of affection;" a sufficient proof that he would not have written "*invincible to* a thick sight."—*Steevens.*

We have already had in these plays—*guilty to* self wrong, interest *to* the state, and a multitude of other instances of phraseology which seem strange to us now. —*Malone.*

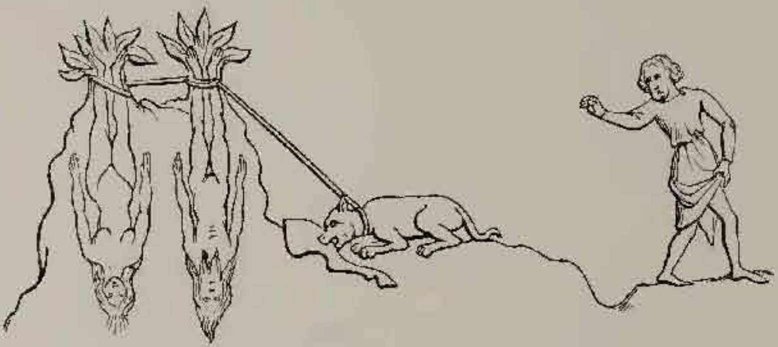
Let us apply Steevens's process of translation to *invisible*, i. e. *cannot be seen to*, and it will be equally objectionable. The fact is, these verbal adjectives will admit of either conjunction. An object is perceived *by*, but it is perceptible either *by* or *to* the sight. We are wounded *by* something; but Coriolanus wishes that his son may prove *to* shame *invulnerable.*—*Boswell.*

[41] *And the whores called him mandrake.*

This appellation will be somewhat illustrated by the following passage in Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble Bee, composed by T. Cutwode, 1599. This book was commanded by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London to be burnt at Stationers' Hall in the 41st year of Queen Elizabeth:

Upon the place and ground were Caltha grew,
A mightie *mandrag* there did Venus plant;
An object for faire Primula to view,
Resembling man from thighs unto the shank, &c.

The rest of the description might prove yet further explanatory; but on some subjects silence is less reprehensible than information. In the age of Shakespeare, however, as I learn from Thomas Lupton's Third Booke of Notable Thinges, it was customary "to make *counterfeit mandrag*, which is sold by deceyuers for much money." Out of the great double root of briony (by means of a process not worth transcribing) they produced the kind of priapic idol to which Shallow has been compared.—*Steevens.*



Bullein, in his Bullwark of Defence against all Sicknesse, fol. 1597, p. 41, speaking of *mandrake*, says: "—this hearbe is called also *anthropomorphos*, because it beareth the image of a man; and that is false. For no herbe hath the shape of a man or woman; no truly, it is not naturall of his owne growing: but by the crafty invention of some false men it is done by arte."——"My friend Marcellus, the description of this *mandrake*, as I have sayd, was nothing but the imposterous subtility of wicked people. Perhaps of fryers or supersticious monkes whych have wrytten thereof at length; but as for *Dioscorides*, *Galen*, and *Plinie*, &c. they have not wrytten thereof so largely as for to have head, armes, fyngers," &c.—*Reed.*

The annexed interesting engraving, illustrating the well-known legendary history of the manner in which the mandrake was obtained, is copied from an ancient illuminated manuscript in the British Museum.

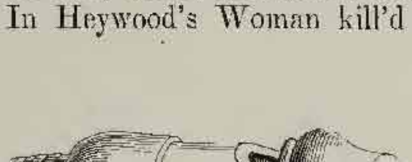
[42] *The overscutched huswives.*

Whipped or carted huswives, and hence applied to women who deserved to be whipped or carted. "An overswitcht houswife, a loose wanton slut, a whore, Bor.," Kennett's Glossary, MS. Landsd. 1033. Ray has the term in the same sense in his list of North Country Words, ed. 1691, p. 53.

The following passage in Maroccus Extaticus, or Bankes' Bay Horse in a Traunce, 4to. 1595, inclines me to believe that this word is used in a wanton sense: "The leacherous landlord hath his wench at his commandment, and is content to take ware for his money: his private *scutcherie* hurts not the commonwealth farther than that his whoore shall have a house rent-free."—*Malone.*

[43] *The carmen whistle.*

The carmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries appear to have been singularly famous for their musical abilities; but especially for whistling their tunes. In Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair, Waspe says, "I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning vile tunes, which he will sing at supper, and in the sermon times! If he meet but a carman in the street, and I find him not talk to keep it off on him, he will whistle him all his tunes over at night, in his sleep."—(Act i., sc. 1.) In the tract called the World runnes on Wheeles, by Taylor, the Water-poet, he says, "If the carman's horse be melancholy or dull with hard and heavy labour, then will he, like a kind piper, whistle him a fit of mirth to any tune, from above Ela to below Gammoth; of which generosity and courtesy your *coachman* is altogether ignorant, for he never whistles, but all his music is to rap out an oath." And again he says, "The word *carmen*, as I find it in the [Latin] dictionary, doth signify a verse, or a song; and betwixt car*men* and car*man*, there is some good correspondence, for versing, singing, and whistling, are all three musical." Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, says, "A carman's whistle, or a boy singing some ballad early in the street, many times alters, revives, recreates a restless patient that cannot sleep;" and again, "As carmen, boys, and prentices, when a new song is published with us, go singing that new tune still in the streets." Henry Chettle, in his Kind-hart's Dreame, says, "It would be thought the carman, that was wont to whistle to his beasts a comfortable note, might as well continue his old course, whereby his sound served for a musical harmony in God's ear, as now to follow profane jigging vanity." In the Pleasant Historie of the two angrie Women of Abington, quarto, 1599, Mall Barnes asks, "But are ye cunning in the carman's lash, and can ye whistle well?" In the Hog hath lost its Pearl, Haddit, the poet, tells the player shortly to expect "a notable piece of matter; such a jig, whose tune, with the natural whistle of a carman, shall be more ravishing to the ears of shopkeepers than a whole concert of barbers at midnight." So in Lyly's Midas, "A carter with his whistle and his whip, in *true* ears, moves as much as Phœbus with his fiery chariot and winged horses." In Heywood's Woman kill'd with Kindness, although all others are sad, the stage direction is, "Exeunt, except Wendall and Jenkin; *the carters whistling.*" And Playford, in his Introduction to the Skill of Music, 1679, says, "Nay, the poor labouring beasts at plough and cart are cheered by the sound of music, though it be but their master's whistle." —*Chappell.*



The annexed engraving represents a carman's whistle of the present century, a common whistle formed of very hard black wood, suspended by a leathern thong. It is said that, in the crooked narrow streets of towns, carmen used the whistle before entering in order to ascertain if the passage were clear.

[44] *They were his fancies.*

Fancies, or fantasies, were airs set to music, or suited for music. Simpson gives the following notice of them in speaking of instrumental music,—"Of this kind, the chief and most excellent for art and contrivance are Fancies of six, five, four, and three parts, intended commonly for viols. In this sort of musick the composer (being not limited to words) doth imploy all his art and invention solely about the bringing in and carrying on these Fuges according to the order and method formerly shewed. When he has tried all the several ways which he thinks fit to be used therein, he takes some other point and does the like with it; or else, for variety, introduces some chromatick notes, with bindings and intermixtures of discords; or falls into some lighter humour like a madrigal, or what else his own fancy shall lead him to; but still concluding with something which hath art and excellency in it."

A *fancy*, however, meant also a love-song or sonnet, or other poem. So, in Sapho and Phao, 1591: "I must now fall from love to labour, and endeavour with mine oar to get a fare, not with my pen to write a *fancy*." So in Goffe's Careless Shepherdess, 1656.

'Cause you sell *fancies*, and can cast account,
Do you think your brain conceives poetick numbers?—*Nares.*

A section in the metrical collection, called Wits Recreations, is entitled, "fancies and fantastics."

[45] *Or his good-nights.*

Ballad poems, perhaps originally ballads sung at executions. An old ballad, called the Banishment of Poverty, is directed to be sung "to the tune of the Last Good Night."

These Good-nights were generally "a species of minor poem of the ballad kind;" such as "Armstrong's Good-night"—"Essex's Good-night"—"Lord Maxwell's Good-night"—containing the "dying speech and confession" of some criminal of distinction upon the occasion of his final exit. But the passage in Shakespeare refers to *tunes* without poetry; and the air, "Chrichton's Good-night," in the Skene MS., is a specimen of this sort of composition, being evidently of the instrumental class, and the production of some English composer. —*Dauney.*

[46] *Now is this Vice's dagger become a squire.*

The Vice was a character in our early dramatic performances, who was armed with a wooden dagger. The character was always a mischevious one, taking his name from *vitium;* and he was sometimes called Iniquity. The "old Vice, with dagger of lath," is also alluded to in Twelfth Night.—*Steevens.*

To each of the proposed etymologies of *Vice* there seem to be solid objections. Hanmer's derivation from the French *visdase*, is unsupported by any thing like authority. This word occurs in no ancient French writer as a theatrical character, and has only been used by modern ones in the sense of ass or fool, and then probably by corruption; there being good reason to suppose that it was originally a very obscene expression. It is seldom, if ever, that an English term is made up from a French one, unless the thing itself so expressed be likewise borrowed; and it is certain that in the old French moralities and comedies there is no character similar to the *Vice.* Warton says it is an abbreviation of *device*, because in the old dramatical shows this character was nothing more than a *puppet moved by machinery,* and then originally called a *device*. But where is the proof of these assertions, and why should *one puppet in particular* be termed a *device?* As to what he states concerning the name of the smith's machine, the answer is, that it is immediately derived from the French *vis*, a screw, and neither probably from *device;* for the machine in question is not more a device than many other mechanical contrivances. Warton has likewise informed us that the vice had appeared as a puppet *before* he was introduced into the early comedies; but it would be no easy task to maintain such an opinion. Nor is it by any means clear that Hamlet, in calling his uncle a *vice*, means to compare him to a *puppet* or *factitious* image of majesty; but rather simply to a *buffoon*, or, as he afterwards expresses it, a *king of shreds and patches*. The puppet shows had, probably, kings as well as *vices* in their dramas; and Hamlet might as well have called his uncle at once, a *puppet king*.

What Steevens has said on this subject, in a note to Twelfth Night, deserves a little more consideration. He states, but without having favoured us with proof, that the vice *was always acted in a mask;* herein probably recollecting that of the modern Harlequin, the *illegitimate* successor to the old vice. But the mask of the former could have nothing to do with that of the latter, if he really wore any. Admitting however that he might, it is improbable that he should take his name from such a circumstance; and even then, it would be unnecessary to resort, with Steevens, to the French word *vis*, which, by the bye, never signified a *mask*, when our own *visard*, i. e., a covering for the *visage*, would have suited much better.

A successful investigation of the origin and peculiarities of this singular theatrical personage would be a subject of extreme curiosity. The etymology of the word itself is all that we have here to attend to; and when the *vicious* qualities annexed to the names of the above character in our old dramas, together with the mischievous nature of his general conduct and deportment, be considered, there will scarcely remain a doubt that the word in question must be taken *in its literal and common acceptation*. It may be worth while just to state some of these curious apellations, such as *shift*, *ambidexter*, *sin*, *fraud*, *vanity*, *covetousness*, *iniquity*, *prodigality*, *infidelity*, *inclination;* and many others that are either entirely lost, or still lurk amidst the impenetrable stores of our ancient dramatic compositions.—*Douce*.

[47] *And then he burst his head.*

Thus the folio and quarto. The modern editors read *broke*. To *break* and to *burst* were, in our poet's time, synonymously used. Thus Ben Jonson, in his Poetaster, translates the following passage in Horace:

> ——*fracta* pereuntes cuspide Gallos.
> The lances *burst* in Gallia's slaughter'd forces.

So, in the Old Legend of Sir Bevis of Hampton:

> But syr Bevis so hard him thrust, that his shoulder-bone he *burst*.

Again, in the Second Part of Tamburlaine, 1590:—"Whose chariot wheels have *burst* th' Assyrian's bones." Again, in Holinshed, p. 809: "that manie a speare was *burst*, and manie a great stripe given." To *brast* had the same meaning. Barrett, in Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, 1580, calls a housebreaker "a breaker and *braster* of doors." The same author constantly uses *burst* as synonymous to *broken*.—*Steevens*.

Again, in Soliman and Perseda,—"God save you, sir, you have *burst* your shin." Again, in Dr. Philemon Holland's translation of Plutarch's Apophthegms, edit. 1603, p. 405, to *brast* and to *burst* have the same meaning. So, in All for Money, a tragedy by T. Lupton, 1574:—"If you forsake our father, for sorrow he will *brast.*" In the same piece, *burst* is used when it suited the rhyme. Again, in the Old Morality of Every Man :—"Though thou weep till thy heart to-*brast.*" From the following passage, in a letter from Sterne, dated August 11, 1767, it appears that the word is still used in the same sense among the common people in the north of England. "My postilion has set me a-ground for a week, by one of my pistols bursting in his hand, which he taking for granted to be quite shot off—he instantly fell upon his knees, and said, 'Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,' at which, like a good christian, he stopped, not remembering any more of it—the affair was not so bad as he at first thought, for it has only *bursten* two of his fingers, he says."—*Steevens.*

[48] *A philosopher's two stones.*

In other words, twice the value of the philosopher's stone; a curious phraseology, used, as one critic thinks, for the sake of a double entendre unworthy of further allusion. There were, however, in the older chemistry, three kinds of philosopher's stones, the vegetable, the mineral, and the animal.

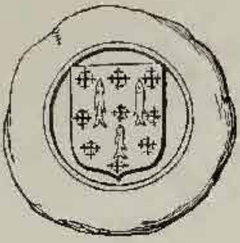
Gower has a chapter in his Confessio Amantis, "Of the *three* stones that philosophres made:" and Chaucer, in his tale of the *Chanon's Yeman*, expressly tells us, that one of them is *Alixar cleped;* and that it is a *water* made of the four elements. *Face*, in the *Alchymist*, assures us, it is "*a stone, and not a stone.*" —*Farmer.*

The following passage in Churchyard's Commendation to them that can make Gold, &c. 1593, will sufficiently prove that the Elixir was supposed to be a stone before the time of Butler:

> ———much matter may you read
> Of this rich art that thousands hold full deere:
> Remundus too, that long liud heere indeede,
> Wrate sundry workes, as well doth yet appeare,
> Of *stone* for gold, and shewed plaine and cleere,
> A *stone* for health. Arnolde wrate of the same,
> And many more that were too long to name.—*Steevens.*

The nations bordering upon the Jews, attributed the miraculous events of that people to those external means and material instruments, such as symbols, ceremonies, and other visible signs or circumstances, which by God's special appointment, under their mysterious dispensation, they were directed to use. Among the observations which the Oriental Gentiles made on the history of the Jews, they found that the Divine will was to be known by certain appearances in precious stones. The Magi of the East, believing that the preternatural discoveries obtained by means of the Urim and Thummim, a contexture of gems in the breast-plate of the Mosaic priests, were owing to some virtue inherent in those stones, adopted the knowledge of the occult properties of gems as a branch of their magical system. Hence it became the peculiar profession of one class of their sages, to investigate and interpret the various shades and coruscations, and to explain, to a moral purpose, the different colours, the dews, clouds, and imageries, which gems, differently exposed to the sun, moon, stars, fire, or air, at particular seasons, and inspected by persons particularly qualified, were seen to exhibit. This notion being once established, a thousand extravagancies arose, of healing diseases, of procuring victory, and of seeing future events, by means of precious stones, and other lucid substances. See Plin. Nat. Hist. xxxvii. 9. 10. These superstitions were soon ingrafted into the Arabian philosophy, from which they were propagated all over Europe, and continued to operate even so late as the visionary experiments of Dee and Kelly. When king Richard the First, in

1191, took the Isle of Cyprus, he is said to have found the castles filled with rich furniture of gold and silver, "necnon lapidibus pretiosis, et *plurimam virtutem* habentibus." G. Vines. Iter. Hierosol. cap. xli. p. 328. Hist. Anglic. Script. vol. ii. Oxon. 1687.—*Warton.*



[49] *If the young dace be a bait for the old pike.*

That is, if the pike may prey upon the dace, if it be the law of nature that the stronger may seize upon the weaker, Falstaff may, with great propriety, devour Shallow.—*Johnson.*

There is little doubt that there is here an allusion to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, whose coat of arms consisted of three luces or pikes.

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*A Forest in Yorkshire.*

Enter the Archbishop of York, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and others.*

Arch. What is this forest call'd?
Hast. 'Tis Gualtree Forest,[1] an't shall please your grace.
Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.
Hast. We have sent forth already.
Arch. 'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.
Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.
Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.
Let us sway on,[2] and face them in the field.
Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here?
Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.
Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming.
West. Then, my lord,
Unto your grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,
Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rage,[3]
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary,—
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,
In his true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments figure innocence,[4]
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;
Turning your books to graves,[5] your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?
Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly to this end:—we are all diseas'd;
And, with our surfeiting and wanton hours,
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,

And we must bleed for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion;
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit gain our audience:
When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.
The dangers of the days but newly gone—
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood,—and the examples
Of every minute's instance[6] present now,—
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.
West. When ever yet was your appeal denied;
Wherein have you been galled by the king;
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you;—
That you should seal this lawless bloody book
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?[7]
Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,[8]
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.
West. There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal hand
Upon our honours?
West. O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe the times to their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories,
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?
Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he—
Being mounted and both roused in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,—
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives
That by indictment and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.
West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smil'd?
But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the king.

But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them,—every thing set off
That might so much as think you enemies.
Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy, not love.
West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will our hearts should be as good:
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.
Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.
West. That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.
Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?
West. That is intended in the general's name:
I muse you make so slight a question.
Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd to this action,
Acquitted by a true substantial form,
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes consign'd,[9]—
We come within our awful banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace,—which God so frame!—

Or to the place of difference call the swords
Which must decide it.
Arch. My lord, we will do so. [*Exit* WEST.
Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.
Hast. Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.
Mowb. Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,[10]
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,[11]
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.
Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death,
Revives two greater in the heirs of life;
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance: for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.
Hast. Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer, but not hold.
Arch. 'Tis very true:

And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.
Mowb. Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

West. The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies.
Mowb. Your grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.
Arch. Before, and greet his grace:—my lord, we come.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the* Archbishop, HASTINGS, *and others: from the other side,* Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, *and* Attendants.

P. John. You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—
And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,
In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament;

To us the imagin'd voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,
And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place,
Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up,
Under the counterfeited seal of God,
The subjects of his substitute, my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.
Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
To hold our safety up. I sent your grace
The parcels and particulars of our grief,—
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,—
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.
Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.
Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.
P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.
West. Pleaseth your grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth you do like their articles.
P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well;
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.—

My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity.
Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.
P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.
Hast. Go, captain [*to an Officer*], and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.
[*Exit* Officer.
Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.
West. I pledge your grace; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.
Arch. I do not doubt you.
West. I am glad of it.—
Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.
Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.
West. Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.
Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.
Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts within.*
P. John. The word of peace is render'd: hark, how they shout!
Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.
Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,
And neither party loser.
P. John. Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too. [*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains[12]
March by us, that we may peruse the men
We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.
P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.
P. John. They know their duties.

Re-enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already:
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.
West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treason I attach you both.
Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?
West. Is your assembly so?
Arch. Will you thus break your faith?
P. John. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray:
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,
Treason's true bed and yielder-up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.[13]

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place,[14]—a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the Dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff; and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues[15] in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

P. John. The heat is past; follow no further now:—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not:—here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter WESTMORELAND.

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution:—
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
[*Exeunt some with* COLEVILE.

And now dispatch we toward the court, my lords:
I hear the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.
Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Glostershire: and, when you come to court,
Stand my good lord,[16] pray, in your good report.
P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,[17]
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.
[*Exeunt all except* FALSTAFF.

Fal. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack[18] hath a two-fold operation in it.[19] It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice (the tongue), which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil,[20] till sack commences it,[21] and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations,[22] and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph!

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and others.*

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.
War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.
K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?
P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.
K. Hen. And how accompanied?
P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.
K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?
P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.
Cla. What would my lord and father?
K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;

Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;[23]
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint;
As humorous as winter,[24] and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.[25]
His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum,[26] or rash gunpowder.
Cla. I shall observe him with all care and love.
K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?
Cla. He is not there to-day; he dines in London.
K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?
Cla. With Pointz, and other his continual followers.
K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,

When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay!
War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.
K. Hen. 'Tis seldom-when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.—

Enter WESTMORELAND.

—Who's here? Westmoreland?
West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where:
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular.[27]
K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting-up of day.—Look, here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,

Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.
K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me; now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*
P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!
Cla. O my royal father!
West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.
War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.
Cla. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,[28] that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.
P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.
Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
P. Humph. This apoplexy will certain be his end.
K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.
[*They convey the* King *into an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.*
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand[29]
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.[30]
Cla. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?
P. Humph. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.[31]
P. Hen. If he be sick
With joy, he will recover without physic.
War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.
Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.
War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?
P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.
[*Exeunt all except* Prince HENRY
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound[32]
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol[33] hath divorc'd
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,

Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously;
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK *and the rest.*

Cla. Doth the king call?
War. What would your majesty? how fares your grace?
K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.
K. Hen. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.
War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.
K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[*Exit* WARWICK.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thoughts, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt all except* K. HENRY *and* P. HENRY.
P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then, get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:—
Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double-gild his treble guilt,[34]
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!
P. Hen. O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,—
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit[35]
Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending!
God witness with me, when I here came in,

And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead—
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,—
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;[36]
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it,—as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,—
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand;

And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,[37]
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear
To be again displac'd: which to avoid,
I cut them off; and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!
P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;[38]
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.
K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Enter Prince JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK, Lords, *and others.*

P. John. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!
K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,

My worldly business makes a period.—
Where is my Lord of Warwick?
P. Hen. My Lord of Warwick!
K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.
K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.[39]
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *'Tis Gualtree forest.*

The earle of Westmoreland, &c. made forward against the rebels, and coming into a plaine, within *Galtree* forest, caused their standards to be pitched down in like sort as the archbishop had pitched his, over against them.—*Holinshed*, p. 529.

In the Peregrination of Dr. Boarde, Physician to King Henry the Eighth, publish'd by Hearne, 'tis called Galtres Forest. 'Tis mentioned by Camden to be in the north riding of Yorkshire, (See Bishop Gibson's Camden, 2d edit. col. 913.) Called Calaterinum Nemus, in the year 1607. "'Twas famous (he says) for a yearly horse-race wherein the prize for the horse that won, was a golden bell." 'Tis mention'd by Skelton, Poet Laureat to King Henry the VIIIth, Works, 1736, p. 9—"Thus stode I in the frythy forest of *Galtry*—Ensowked with sylt of the myry mose."—*Grey.*

[2] *Let us sway on.*

To *way*, for to *march*, is a word of Warburton's own coining, unknown, I believe, to every other writer. The common reading was, *sway on;* and the verb, *sway*, signifying nearly the same as to *wave*, as when we say, *to sway a scepter, or sword*, (See Lye's Etymologicon) it may perhaps be used not improperly to express the fluctuating march of an army. However, even *wag on*, though it be rather a burlesque expression, and upon that account less proper in serious discourse, is still better than Warburton's conjecture, as it is at least English.—*Heath.*

I know not that I have ever seen *sway* in this sense; but I believe it is the true word, and was intended to express the uniform and forcible motion of a compact body. There is a sense of the noun in Milton kindred to this, where, speaking of a weighty sword, he says, "It descends with huge two-handed *sway*."—*Johnson.*

The word is used in Holinshed, English History, p. 986: "The left side of the enemy was compelled to *sway* a good way back, and give ground," &c. Again, in King Henry VI. Part III. Act II. Sc. V.:

> Now *sways* it this way, like a mightie sea,
> Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
> Now *sways* it that way, &c.

Again, in King Henry V.:

Rather *swaying* more upon our part, &c.—*Steevens.*

[3] *Guarded with rage.*

Guarded is an expression taken from dress; it means the same as *faced, turned up*. Pope, who has been followed by succeeding editors, reads *goaded*. *Guarded* is the reading both of quarto and folio. Shakespeare uses the same expression in the former part of this play:

Velvet *guards* and Sunday citizens, &c.

Again, in the Merchant of Venice:

———Give him a livery
More *guarded* than his fellows.—*Steevens.*

Steevens is certainly right. We have the same allusion in a former part of this play:

To *face* the *garment* of *rebellion*
With some fine colour, that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings, &c.

So again, in the speech before us:

——to *dress* the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection.—*Malone.*

[4] *Whose white investments figure innocence.*

"Formerly," says Dr. Hody, History of Convocations, p. 141, "all Bishops wore white, and even when they travelled. This I learn from an epistle of Erasmus to Reuchlin, not to be found in the great volume of his epistles, but among the epistles of Reuchlin. Speaking of Bishop Fisher of Rochester, that he had a mind to pass over the sea, on purpose to see, and converse with Reuchlin, *Decreverat*, says he, *posito cultu episcopali*, hoc est, *linea veste, quâ semper utuntur in Angliâ, nisi cum venantur, trajicere*, &c. *He had determined to throw off his episcopal habit*, that is, *the linen garment which they always use in England, except when they hunt, and to pass over the sea*, &c. And I find in the *Decretals*, an express canon, requiring all Bishops, whenever they appear in publick, or at church, to wear a linen habit."—*Grey.*

[5] *Turning your books to graves.*

For *graves* Dr. Warburton very plausibly reads *glaives*, and is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer.—*Johnson.*

We might perhaps as plausibly read *greaves*, i. e. armour for the legs, a kind of boots. In one of the Discourses on the Art Military, written by Sir John Smythe, Knight, 1586, *greaves* are mentioned as necessary to be worn; and Ben Jonson employs the same word in his Hymenæi:

——upon their legs they wore silver *greaves.*

Again, in the Four Prentices of London, 1615:

Arm'd with their *greaves* and maces.

Again, in the second Canto of The Barons Wars, by Drayton:

Marching in *greaves*, a helmet on her head.

Warner, in his Albion's England, 1602, b. xii. ch. lxix. spells the word as it is found in the old copies of Shakespeare:

The taishes, cushes, and the *graves*, staff, pensell, baises, all.

I know not whether it be worth adding, that the ideal metamorphosis of *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. *boots*, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into instruments of war. M. Mason, however, adduces a quotation (from the next scene) which seems to support Dr. Warburton's conjecture:—"Turning the word to *sword*, and life to death."—*Steevens.*

The emendation, or rather interpretation, proposed by Steevens, appears to me extremely probable; yet a following line, in which the Archbishop's again addressed, may be urged in favour of *glaives*, i. e. swords:

Chearing a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the *word* to *sword*, and life to death.

The latter part of the second of these lines, however, may be adduced in support of *graves* in its ordinary sense. Steevens observes, that "the metamorphosis of the *leathern covers of books* into *greaves*, i. e. *boots*, seems to be more apposite than the conversion of them into such instruments of war as *glaives*;" but surely Shakespeare did not mean, if he wrote either *greaves* or *glaives*, that they actually made *boots* or *swords* of their books, any more than that they made *lances* of their *pens*. The passage already quoted, "turning the *word* to sword," sufficiently proves that he had no such meaning.—*Malone.*

I am afraid that the expression "turning the word to sword," will be found but a feeble support for "glaives," if it be considered as a mere *jeu de mots.*—*Douce.*

It appears to me that the present reading cannot be right, and that we must either read *greaves* with Steevens, or *glaives* with Warburton: Prince John, in the next scene, addressing the Archbishop in the same manner that Westmoreland does in this, makes use of this expression, "Turning the word to *sword*, and life to death," which would induce me to read in this place,—"Turning your books to glaives."—*Mason.*

[6] *The examples of every minute's instance.*

The *examples* of an *instance* does not convey, to me at least, a very clear idea. The frequent corruptions that occur in the old copies in words of this kind, make me suspect that our author wrote:

"Of every minute's *instants*——,"

i. e. the examples furnished not only every minute, but during the most minute division of a minute.—*Instance*, however, is elsewhere used by Shakespeare for *example;* and he has similar pleonasms in other places.—*Malone.*

"Examples of every minute's instance" are, I believe, examples which every minute supplies, which every minute presses on our notice.—*Steevens.*

[7] *And consecrate commotion's bitter edge.*

In one of my old quartos of 1600 (for I have two of the self-same edition; one of which, it is evident, was corrected in some passages during the working off the whole impression) I found this verse. I have ventured to substitute *page* for *edge*, with regard to the uniformity of metaphor. Though the sword of rebellion, drawn by a bishop, may in some sort be said to be consecrated by his reverence.—*Theobald.*

So the old books read, but Theobald changes *edge* to *page*, out of regard to the uniformity (as he calls it) of the metaphor. But he did not understand what was meant by edge. It was an old custom, continued from the time of the first croisades, for the pope to consecrate the general's sword, which was employed in the service of the church. To this custom the line in question alludes. As to the cant of uniformity of metaphor in writing, this is to be observed, that changing the allusion in the same sentence is indeed vicious, and what Quintilian condemns: "Multi quum initium à tempestate sumserint, incendio aut ruinâ finiunt." But when one comparison or allusion is fairly separated from another, by distinct sentences, the case is different. So it is here; in one sentence we see "the book of rebellion stampt with a seal divine;" in the other, "the sword of civil discord consecrated." But this change of the metaphor is not only allowable, but fit. For the dwelling overlong upon one, occasions the discourse to degenerate into a dull kind of allegorism.—*Warburton.*

What Theobald says of two editions seems to be true; for my copy reads, *commotion's* bitter *edge;* but *civil* is undoubtedly right; and one would wonder how *bitter* could intrude if *civil* had been written first; perhaps the author himself made the change.—*Johnson.*

"Commotion's *bitter edge?*," i. e. the *edge* of *bitter* strife and *commotion;* the sword of rebellion. So, in a subsequent scene:

> "That the united vessel of their blood,"

instead of—

> "The vessel of their united blood."—*Malone.*

This line is omitted in the folio.—*Boswell.*

[8] *My brother general, the commonwealth.*

The sense is this—"My brother general, the commonwealth, which ought to distribute its benefits equally, is become an enemy to those of his own house, to *brothers born,* by giving some to all, and others none; and this (says he) I make my quarrel or grievance that honours are unequally distributed;" the constant birth of malecontents, and the source of civil commotions.—*Warburton.*

In the first folio the second line is omitted, yet that reading, unintelligible as it is, has been followed by Sir T. Hanmer. How difficultly sense can be drawn from the best reading, the explication of Dr. Warburton may show. I believe there is an error in the first line, which, perhaps, may be rectified thus:

> My *quarrel* general, the commonwealth,
> To brother born an household cruelty,
> I make my quarrel in particular.

That is, my *general* cause of discontent is public mismanagement; my *particular* cause, a domestick injury done to my natural brother, who had been beheaded by the king's order.—*Johnson.*

This circumstance is mentioned in the First Part of the play:

> The Archbishop——who bears hard
> His brother's death at Bristol, the lord Scroop.—*Steevens.*

It is absolutely impossible that these words should imply the sense which Warburton contends for, and though Johnson's amendment would render the passage intelligible, it is rather improbable that two words so entirely unlike as *general,* and *brother,* should be mistaken for each other; besides there seems to be a kind of antithesis intended between *brother-general* and *brother-born,* which makes me think the passage right as it now stands: the Archbishop would not have called his brother, his *brother-born,* if it were not to mark some distinction. The meaning of the passage appears to me to be this, "My brother-general (meaning Mowbry, the Lord-marischal) makes the misconduct of publick affairs, and the welfare of the community, his cause of quarrel, but my particular cause of quarrel is a family injury, the cruelty with which my real brother has been treated;" meaning Lord Scroop.—*Seymour.*

Perhaps the meaning is—"My brother-general, *who is joined here with me in command, makes* the commonwealth *his quarrel,* i. e. has taken up arms on account of publick grievances; a particular injury done to my own brother, is my ground of quarrel." I have, however, very little confidence in this interpretation. I have supposed the word *general* a substantive; but probably it is used as an adjective, and the meaning may be, I consider the wrongs done to the commonwealth, the *common brother* of us all, and the particular and domestick cruelty exercised against my natural brother, as a sufficient ground for taking up arms.—If the former be the true interpretation, perhaps a semicolon should be placed after *commonwealth*. The word *born* in the subsequent line ["To brother *born*"] seems strongly to countenance the supposition that *general* in the present line is an epithet applied to brother, and not a substantive.

In that which is apparently the first of the two quartos, the second line is found; but is omitted in the other, and the folio. I suspect that a line has been lost following the word *commonwealth*: the sense of which was—"is the general ground of our taking up arms."

This supposition renders the whole passage so clear, that I am now decidedly of opinion that a line has been lost. "My *general* brother, the commonwealth, *is the general ground of our taking up arms;* a wrong of a domestic nature, namely the cruelty shewn to my *natural* brother, is my particular ground for engaging in this war."—*Malone.*

Mr. Collier says, "The second line of this speech is omitted in the folio, and is restored from the quarto. The whole is obscure; but Malone, following Monck Mason, thus explains the probable intention of the author:—'My brother-general, who is joined here with me in command, makes the commonwealth his quarrel, i. e., has taken up arms on account of public grievances: a particular injury done to my own brother is my ground of quarrel.'"

I am not at all satisfied with this explanation. Although the Archbishop had placed himself at the head of a rebellion, he would never have called himself a general officer. I would read: "My general brother being the commonwealth, I make my particular quarrel a household cruelty done to my born brother." The word *general* is used in the same sense as it is in the phrase "caviare to the general," in Hamlet, act ii., scene 2, &c.—*B. Field.*

[9] *To us, and to our purposes, consign'd.*

The old copies—*confin'd.* This schedule we see consists of three parts: 1. A redress of general grievances. 2. A pardon for those in arms. 3. Some demands of advantage for them. But this third part is very strangely expressed.

And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our *purposes*, confin'd.

The first line shows they had something to demand, and the second expresses the modesty of that demand. The demand, says the speaker, "is confined to us and to our purposes." A very modest kind of restriction truly! only as extensive as their appetites and passions. Without question Shakespeare wrote—

To us and to our *properties* confin'd;

i. e. we desire no more than security for our liberties and properties: and this was no unreasonable demand.—*Warburton.*

This passage is so obscure that I know not what to make of it. Nothing better occurs to me than to read *consign'd* for *confin'd*. That is, let the execution of our demands be put into our hands, according to our declared purposes.—*Johnson.*

Perhaps we should read (with Sir Thomas Hanmer) *confirm'd*. This would obviate every difficulty.—*Steevens.*

I believe two lines are out of place. I read:

For this contains our general grievances,
And present execution of our wills;
To us and to our purposes confin'd.—*Farmer.*

The present reading appears to me to be right; and what they demand is, a speedy execution of their wills, so far as they relate to themselves, and to the grievances which they *proposed* to redress.—*M. Mason.*

The quarto has—*confin'd.* In my copy of the first folio, the word appears to be *consin'd.* The types used in that edition were so worn, that *f* and *ſ* are scarcely distinguishable. But however it may have been printed, I am persuaded that the true reading is *consign'd;* that is, *sealed, ratified, confirmed;* a Latin sense: "auctoritate *consignatæ* literæ—. *Cicero* pro *Cluentio.*" It has this signification again in this play:

> And (God *consigning to* my good *intents*)
> No prince nor peer, &c.

Again, in King Henry V.:

> And take with you free power to ratify,
> Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best
> Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
> Any thing in or out of our demands;
> And we'll *consign* thereto.

Again, ibid.: "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign to*—." *Confin'd*, in my apprehension, is unintelligible.

Supposing these copies to have been made by the ear, and one to have transcribed while another read, the mistake might easily have happened, for *consign'd* and *consin'd* are in sound undistinguishable; and when the compositor found the latter word in the manuscript, he would naturally print *confin'd*, instead of a word that has no existence.

Dr. Johnson proposed the reading that I have adopted, but explains the word differently. The examples above quoted show, I think, that the explication of this word already given is the true one.—*Malone.*

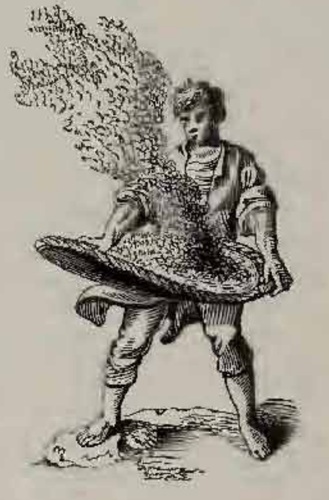
[10] *That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love.*

If *royal faith* can mean *faith to a king*, it yet cannot mean it without much violence done to the language. I therefore read, with Sir T. Hanmer, *loyal faiths*, which is proper, natural, and suitable to the intention or the speaker.—*Johnson.*

Royal faith, the original reading, is undoubtedly right. *Royal faith* (as Capell observes) means, *the faith due to a king.* So in King Henry VIII.:

> The citizens have shown at full their *royal* minds;

i. e. their minds well affected to the king. Wolsey, in the same play, when he discovers the king in masquerade, says, "here I'll make my *royal* choice," i. e. not such a choice as a king would make, but such a choice as has a king for its object. So *royal faith*, the faith which is due to a king; which has the sovereign for its object.—*Malone.*



[11] *We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind.*

The annexed woodcut of a man winnowing corn is copied from an engraving in an early foreign book of emblems.

[12] *Let our trains.*

That is, our army on each part, that we may both see those that were to have opposed us.—*Johnson.*

We ought, perhaps, to read—"*your* trains." The Prince knew his own strength sufficiently, and only wanted to be acquainted with that of the enemy. The plural, *trains*, however, seems in favour of the old reading.—*Malone.*

The Prince was desirous to see their train, and therefore, under pretext of affording them a similar gratification, proposed that both trains should pass in review.—*Steevens.*

The certainty of this correction is evinc'd, both by the following words and the reply to them: The true reason of the Prince's request seems to have been, that he might know as soon as possible the actual state of those *trains*, which, from the shouts he had heard, he imagin'd might be disbanding already; and when certify'd of the truth of his thought by the return of the Archbishop's messenger, his concerted project breaks out. Marks of it have appear'd all along: first, in Westmoreland's address to prince John, where he puts him upon an instant agreement to the Archbishop's demands; stopping him in a heat he saw rising, that might break off the treaty, but more evident marks of it shew themselves in the three sneering speeches that follow, which come from that Westmoreland. Blameable as this behaviour will seem at this time of day, no disapprobation is shewn of it by the historians that Shakespeare follow'd, which historians (it should be noted) were his cotemporaries; the passive-obedience doctrine running so high with them, that all proceedings with rebels were reckon'd justifiable.—*Capell.*

[13] *Colevile of the dale.*

"At the king's coming to Durham, the Lord Hastings, *sir John Colevile of the dale*, &c. being convicted of the conspiracy, were there beheaded," Holinshed, p. 530. But it is not clear that Hastings or Colevile was taken prisoner in this battle. See Rot. Parl. 7 and 8 Henry IV. p. 604.—*Ritson.*

It appears very soon afterwards in this scene that Colevile and his confederates were sent by prince John to York to be beheaded. It is to be observed that there are two accounts of the termination of the archbishop of York's conspiracy, *both* of which are given by Holinshed, who likewise states that on the archbishop and the earl marshal's submission to the king, and to his son prince John, there present, "their troupes skaled and fledde their wayes, but being pursued, many were taken, many slain, &c. the archbishop and earl marshal were brought to Pomfret to the king, who from thence went *to Yorke whyther the prisoners were also brought and there beheaded.*" It is this account that Shakespeare has followed, but with some variation; for the names of Hastings and Colevile are not mentioned among those who were so beheaded at York. Ritson says it is not clear that Hastings and Colevile were taken prisoners in *this* battle; meaning, it is presumed, the skirmishes with "the scattered stray" whom prince John had ordered to be pursued, including Hastings and Colevile. It is however *quite clear* from the testimony of the parliament rolls, that *they were taken prisoners* in their flight from Topcliffe, on the borders of Galtre forest, where they had made head against the king's army, and were dispersed by prince John and the earl of Westmoreland.—*Douce.*

[14] *And the dungeon your place, &c.*

But where is the wit or logick of this conclusion? I am almost persuaded that we ought to read thus: "——Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a *dale* deep enough——." He may then justly infer,

"— so shall you still be Colevile of the dale."—*Tyrwhitt.*

The sense of *dale* is included in *deep;* a *dale* is a deep place; a *dungeon* is a deep place; he that is in a *dungeon* may be therefore said to be in a *dale.*—*Johnson.*

[15] *I have a whole school of tongues.*

The different copies of ed. 1600 here present a curious instance of alterations made while the book was in the process of being worked off. In one copy, *school* is spelt *schoole* and *tongues* is printed *tougs*, but the printer, wishing to alter the spelling of the last word, in another copy it is rightly given *tongues*, while the last letter of the other word *schoole* is omitted, evidently owing to the space requiring a slight abbreviation to prevent the necessity of turning over a line.

[16] *Stand my good lord.*

"Stand my good lord," I believe, means only "*stand my good friend*," (an expression still in common use,) in your favourable report of me. So, in the Taming of the Shrew:

I pray you, *stand* good father to me now.

Again, in King Lear:

——— conjuring the moon
To *stand his auspicious mistress.*

M. Mason observes that the same phrase occurs in Ben Jonson's Case is altered, where Onion says to Chamont:

Monsieur Chamont, *stand you* my honour'd Sir.—*Steevens.*

Steevens is certainly right. In a former scene of this play, the Hostess says to the Chief Justice, "*good my lord*, be good unto me; I beseech you, *stand* to me." Though an equivoque may have been there intended, yet one of the senses conveyed by this expression in that place is the same as here. Again, more appositely, in Coriolanus:

—— his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices,—
Standing your friendly lord.

Again, in the Spanish Tragedy:

—— What would he with us?——
He writes us here——
To *stand good lord*, and help him in distress.—*Malone.*

Stand is here the imperative word, as *give* is before. "Stand my good lord," i. e. be my good patron and benefactor. "Be my good lord" was the old court phrase used by a person who asked a favour of a man of high rank. So, in a letter to the Earl of Northumberland, (printed in the Appendix to the Northumberland Houshold Book,) he desires that Cardinal Wolsey would so far "be his good lord," as to empower him to imprison a person who had defrauded him.—*Percy.*

[17] *I, in my condition.*

I know not well the meaning of the word *condition* in this place; I believe it is the same with temper of mind: I shall, in my good nature, speak better of you than you merit.—*Johnson.*

I believe it means, "I, in my condition," i. e. in my place as commanding officer, who ought to represent things merely as they are, shall speak of you better than you deserve. So, in the Tempest, Ferdinand says:

——I am, *in my condition*,
A prince, Miranda——.

Dr. Johnson's explanation, however, seems to be countenanced by Gower's address to Pistol, in King Henry V. Act V. Sc. I.: "—let a Welsh correction teach you a good English *condition*."—*Steevens.*

[18] *A good sherris-sack.*

The epithet *sherry* or *sherris*, when added to sack, merely denoted the particular part of Spain from whence it came. See Minsheu's Spanish Dictionary, 1617: "Xēres, or Xerēs, oppidum Bœticæ, i. e. Andalusiæ, prope Cadiz, unde nomen vini de Xeres. A. [*Anglice*] *Xeres sacke.*" Sherris-Sack was therefore what we now denominate Sherry. The sack to which this epithet was not annexed, came chiefly from Malaga. Cole, who in 1679 renders sack, *vinum Hispanicum*, renders *Sherry-Sack*, by *Vinum Escritanum;* and Ainsworth, by *Vinum Andalusianum.*—*Malone.*

His cheeks were plumpe and red as a cram'd pullet, and covered with red rose leaves, his lookes chearefull, the sap of *sherry sacke* hunge at his muchato.—*Nixon's Scourge of Corruption*, 1615.

After all the discussion about Falstaff's favourite beverage, here mentioned for the first time, it appears to have been the Spanish wine which we now call *sherry.* Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*, that is *sack* from *Xeres.* '*Sherry* sack, so called from *Xeres*, a sea town of Corduba, in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made.'—*Blount's Glossographia.* It derives its name of *sack* probably from being a *dry* wine, *vin sec.* And it was anciently written *seck.* 'Your best *sacke*,' says Gervase Markham, 'are of *Seres* in Spaine.'—*Engl. Housewife.* The difficulty about it has arisen from the later importation of sweet wines from Malaga, the Canaries, &c. which were at first called Malaga, or Canary *sacks;* sack being by that time considered as a name applicable to all white wines. 'I read in the reign of Henry VII. that no sweet wines were brought in to this reign but Malmsyes,' say Howell, in his Londinopolis, p. 103. And soon after, 'Moreover no *sacks* were sold but Rumney, and that for medicine more than for drink, but now *many kinds of sacks* are known and used. One of the sweet wines still retaining the name of *sack* has thrown an obscurity over the original *dry sack;* but if further proof were wanting, the following passage affords it abundantly: 'But what I have spoken of mixing *sugar* with *sack, must be understood of Sherrie sack*, for to mix sugar with other wines, that in a common appellation are called *sack*, and are *sweeter in taste*, makes it unpleasant to the pallat, and fulsome to the taste.'—*Venner's Via Recta ad Vitam longam*, 1637. He afterwards carefully distinguishes Canarie wine of some termed a *sacke*, with this adjunct *sweete;* from the genuine sack, The reader will find a satisfactory article upon sack in the Glossary of Archdeacon Nares, to which I am much indebted on this as on other occasions.—*Singer.*

It is unquestionable but that, where other nations and provinces are contented with such wines or other liquors as their owne climats affoord, yet we, as if doting upon insatiety, borrow from them all; from the Spaniard, *all kinds of sacks*, as Malligo, Charnico, *Sherry*, Canary, Scatica, Palerno, Frontiniack, Peeter-see-mee, Vino deriba davia, Vino dita Frontina, Vino blanco Moscatell perarsarvina Calis, Callon gallo paracomer, &c.—*Heywood's Philocothonista, or the Drunkard Opened*, 1635.

A merry grave aspect me thought he had,
And one he seem'd that I had often seene:
Yet was he in such uncouth shape yclad,
That what he was, I could not wistly weene.
His cloake was Sack, but not the *Sacke of Spaine*,
Canara, Mallago, or sprightfull *Shery*,
But made of Sack-cloth, such as beares the graine,
Good salt, and coles, which makes the porters weary.

The Workes of Taylor the Water-Poet, 1630.

Madera and the *sherry-sack* so bright,
That whets the sober gownman's appetite.
Wit and Drollery, 1682, p. 30.

[19] *Hath a two-fold operation in it.*

What is ludicrously advanced by Falstaff, was the serious doctrine of the *School of Salernum:* "Heere observe that the witte of a man hath a strong braine, is clarified and sharpened more, if hee drinke good wine, than if he dranke none, as Avicen sayth. And the cause why, is by reason that *of good wine* (more than of any other drinkes) *are engendered and multiplyed subtile spirits, cleane and pure.* And this is the cause also why the divines, that imagine and study upon high and subtile matters, love to drinke good wines: and after the opinion of *Auicen, These wines are good for men of cold and flegmaticke complexion; for such wines redresse and amende the coldnesse of complexion,* and they open the opilations and stoppings that are wont to be ingendred in such persons, and they digest phlegme, and they help nature to convert and turne them into blood, they lightly digest, and convert quickly, they increase and greatly quicken the spirits." *The School of Salernes' Regiment of Health*, p. 33, 1634.—*Holt White.*

Of this work there were several earlier translations, &c. one of these was printed by Berthelet, in 1541.—*Steevens.*

We have equally strong testimonies in favour of good wine from some of our learned countrymen. I have two treatises on this subject, one, the Tree of Humane Life, or the Bloud of the Grape, &c. by Thomas Whitaker, Doctor in Physick of London, 1638. He observes that Noah lived twenty years beyond Adam, which he attributes to his having "tasted Nectar from that plant from which Adam was excluded, I mean an inferiour species of that tree of life." The other is entitled, of Drinking Water, against our novellists that prescribed it in England, by Richard Short, of Bury, Doctor of Physick, 1656. He is not a little angry at the water drinkers, and asks if we may not as well feed upon acorns.—*Boswell.*

[20] *Gold kept by a devil.*

It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits. So, in Certaine Secrete Wonders of Nature, by Edward Fenton, 1569: "There appeare at this day many strange visions and *wicked spirits* in the *metal-mines* of the Greate Turke—." "In the mine at Anneburg was a *mettal sprite* which killed twelve workemen; the same causing the rest to forsake the myne, albeit it was very riche."—*Steevens.*

Steevens is right respecting the ancient opinion, that mines were guarded by evil spirits.

No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.—*Comus*, 435.

I suspect however that Shakespeare borrowed the image from a scene in some Pageant; as he has done in many passages, which appear to contain a very remote allusion.—*Whiter.*

The believers in *hoards kept by devils*, believ'd too—that, if a part of them only was finger'd, the keeper abandon'd them.—*Capell.*

[21] *Till sack commences it.*

I believe, till sack gives it a beginning, brings it into action. Heath would read *commerces* it.—*Steevens.*

It seems probable to me, that Shakespeare, in these words, alludes to the Cambridge *Commencement;* and in what follows to the Oxford *Act:* for by those different names our two universities have long distinguished the season, at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority *to use* those *hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees in arts, law, physick, and divinity.—*Tyrwhitt.*

So, in the Roaring Girl, 1611:

> Then he is held a freshman and a sot,
> And never shall *commence.*

Again, in Pasquil's Jests, or Mother Bunch's Merriment, 1604:—"A doctor that was newly *commenst* at Cambridge," &c. Again, in Have With You to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up, 1596: "*Commence, commence*, I admonish thee; thy merits are ripe for it, and there have been doctors of thy facultie."—*Steevens.*

I know no sense in which the verb, *commences it*, can find any place here with propriety. I beg leave to conjecture that our poet might have written, *commerces it*, that is, introduces it into conversation, and by that means makes it subservient to the general entertainment and improvement of mankind.—*Heath.*

I do not agree with Tyrwhitt, that Shakespeare means a direct *allusion* to the *Cambridge Commencement* and the *Oxford Act;* but the reader will, I trust, immediately find a reason in our principle why the terms in question were employed on this occasion. It might perhaps be imagined that the *Cambridge Commencement* was a piece of knowledge very remote from the habits of Shakespeare's life and profession. Steevens however has produced a couple of passages, which familiarly allude to it. The poet was well acquainted with the names of these eras of learning in our two universities; and though he was unconscious in the present instance of their peculiar application, they were undoubtedly impressed on his recollection by the subject which occupied his attention. For we may observe that the speech of Falstaff has not only relation to the subject of *learning* and the *culture* of youth, but it seems likewise to abound with *academical* terms and discussions. The word *principle* appears to be of this sort; and I have some suspicions that *forswear* and *addict* allude to the "nullius *addictus jurare* in verba Magistri," which our author would find perpetually quoted and translated. The word *addicted* was itself used sometimes in familiar language with an allusion to its *Horatian* meaning. "And for that I see there are divers, who being too much *addicted* and seduced, by the scandalous blasphemies and reports, which some of those who are lewdly affected towards us, have published against us." (*Lodge's Josephus against Apion*, 1st B. p. 764.) "Let the ingenious learned judge whether I have reason on my side; the *partiall addicted sect* I shun, as men that never mean good to posterity." (Bredwell's Address to the Reader in *Gerarde's Herball.*—*Whiter.*

[22] *To forswear thin potations.*

In the preference given by Falstaff to sack, our author seems to have spoken the sentiments of his own time. In the Ordinances of the Household of King James I. dated in 1604, (the second year of his reign,) is the following article: "And whereas in times past Spanish wines called *sacke*, were little or no whit used in our court, and that in late yeares, though not of ordinary allowance, &c.—we understanding that it is used as comon drinke and served at meales, at an ordinary to every meane officer, contrary to all order, using it rather for wantonesse and surfeiting, than for necessity, to a great wastefull expence," &c. Till the above-mentioned period, the "thin potations" complained of by Falstaff, had been the common beverage. See the Collection of Ordinances and Regulations for the Government of the Royal Household, &c. published by the Antiquary Society, 4to. 1790. The ancient and genuine Sherry was a dry wine, and therefore fit to be drank with sugar. What we now use is in some degree sweetened by art, and therefore affords no adequate idea of the liquor that was Falstaff's favourite.—*Steevens.*

[23] *Cherish it, my boy.*

Shakespeare also takes from Stow the injunctions of the king that the two princes, Henry and Thomas of Clarence, should live well together. But the annalist and the poet do not agree. In Stow the king says to his eldest son—"I fear me sore, after my departure from this life, some discord shall grow and arise between thee and my brother Thomas Duke of Clarence, whereby the realm may be brought to destruction and misery, for I know you both to be of great stomach and courage. Wherefore I fear that he through his high mind will make some enterprise against thee, intending to usurp upon thee, which I know thy stomach may not abide easily." In the play, the injunction is given to Thomas of Clarence, and the apprehension expressed is of differences between Prince Henry and his "*other* brethren," between whom and the Prince of Wales Clarence was to mediate.—*Courtnay.*

[24] *As humorous as winter.*

That is, changeable as the weather of a winter's day. Dryden says of Almanzor, that he is humorous as wind.—*Johnson.*

So, in the Spanish Tragedy, 1607:

> "You know that women oft are *humourous.*"

Again, in Cynthia's Revels, by Ben Jonson: "—a nymph of a most wandering and giddy disposition, *humourous as the air,*" &c. Again, in the Silent Woman: "—as proud as May, and as *humourous* as April."—*Steevens.*

"As humorous as *April*" is sufficiently clear. So, in Heywood's Challenge for Beauty, 1636: "I am as full of *humours* as an *April* day of variety;" but a *winter's* day has generally too decided a character to admit Dr. Johnson's interpretation, without some licence: a licence which yet our author has perhaps taken. He may, however, have used the word *humorous* equivocally. He abounds in capricious fancies, as winter abounds in moisture.—*Malone.*

[25] *As flaws congealed in the spring of day.*

Alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold, (which is most intense towards the morning,) and being afterwards rarified and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws.*—*Warburton.*

An interpretation altogether wrong, as the epithet here applied to "flaws" might alone determine,—"*congealed* gusts of wind" being no where mentioned among the phenomena of nature except in Baron Munchausen's Travels. Edwards rightly explained "flaws" in the present passage—"small blades of ice." I have myself heard the word used to signify both *thin cakes of ice* and *the bursting of those cakes.*—*Dyce.*

Our author and his contemporaries frequently use the word *flaw* for a sudden gust of wind; but a gust of wind *congealed* is, I confess, to me unintelligible. Edwards says, that "*flaws* are small blades of ice which are struck on the edges of the water in winter mornings."—*Malone.*

Flaw in Scotch, is a storm of *snow.* See Jamieson's Dictionary in voce.—*Boswell.*

[26] *As aconitum.*

The old writers employ the Latin word instead of the English one, which we now use. So, in Heywood's Brazen Age, 1613:

———— till from the foam
The dog belch'd forth, strong *aconitum* sprung.

Again:

With *aconitum* that in Tartar springs.—*Steevens.*

[27] *In his particular.*

We should read, I think—"in *this* particular;" that is, 'in this detail, in this account,' which is minute and distinct.—*Johnson.*

His is used for *its*, very frequently in the old plays. The modern editors have too often made the change; but it should be remembered, (as Dr. Johnson has elsewhere observed,) that by repeated changes the history of a language will be lost.—*Steevens.*

It may certainly have been used so here, as in almost every other page of our author. Henley, however, observes, that "his particular" may mean 'the detail contained in the letter of Prince John.' "A Particular" is yet used as a substantive, by legal conveyancers, 'for a minute detail of things singly enumerated.'—*Malone.*

[28] *Hath wrought the mure.*

Wrought the wall thin, is *made it thin by gradual detriment. Wrought* is the preterite of *work. Mure* is a word used by Heywood, in his Brazen Age, 1613:

'Till I have scal'd these *mures*, invaded Troy.

Again, in his Golden Age, 1611:

Girt with a triple *mure* of shining brass.

Again, in his Iron Age, 2d Part, 1632:

Through *mures* and counter-*mures* of men and steel.

Again, in Dyonese Settle's Last Voyage of Capteine Frobisher, 12mo. 1577: "—the streightes seemed to be shut up with a long *mure* of yce—." The same thought occurs in Daniel's Civil Wars, &c. book iv. Daniel is likewise speaking of the sickness of King Henry IV.:

And Pain and Grief, inforcing more and more,
  Besieg'd the Hold that could not long defend;
Consuming so all the resisting Store
  Of those Provisions Nature deign'd to lend,
As that the Walls, worn thin, permit the Mind
To look out thorough, and his Frailty find.

The first edition of Daniel's poem is dated earlier than this play of Shakespeare. Waller has the same thought:

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Let's in new light thro' chinks that time has made.—*Steevens.*

On this passage the elegant and learned Bishop of Worcester has the following criticism: "At times we find him (the imitator) practising a different art; not merely spreading as it were and laying open the same sentiment, but *adding* to it, and by a new and studied device improving upon it. In this case we naturally conclude that the refinement had not been made, if the plain and simple thought had not preceded and given rise to it. You will apprehend my meaning by what follows. Shakespeare had said of Henry the Fourth:

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the *mure*, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

"You have here the thought in its first simplicity. It was not unnatural, after speaking of the body as a case or tenement of the soul, *the mure that confines* it, to say, that as that case wears away and grows thin, life looks through, and is ready to break out."

After quoting the lines of Daniel, who, (it is observed,) "by refining on this sentiment, if by nothing else, shews himself to be the copyist," the very learned writer adds,—"here we see, not simply that *life* is going to break through the infirm and much-worn habitation, but that the *mind* looks through, and *finds* his frailty, that it discovers that life will soon make his escape.—Daniel's improvement then looks like the artifice of a man that would outdo his master. Though he fails in the attempt; for his ingenuity betrays him into a false thought. The mind, looking through, does not find *its own frailty*, but the frailty of the *building* it inhabits."—*Hurd's Dissertation on the Marks of Imitation.*

This ingenious criticism, the general principles of which cannot be controverted, shows, however, how dangerous it is to suffer the mind to be led too far by an hypothesis:—for after all, there is very good reason to believe that Shakespeare, and not Daniel, was the imitator. The Dissention between the Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, in verse, penned by Samuel Daniel, was entered on the Stationers' books, by Simon Waterson, in October, 1594, and four books of his work were printed in 1595. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition of the Civil Wars, in 1609. Daniel made many changes in his poems in every new edition. In the original edition in 1595, the verses run thus; book iii. st. 116:

Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind
Might well look thorough, and his frailty find.

His is used for *its*, and refers not to *mind*, (as is supposed above,) but to *wall.*—There is no reason to believe that this play was written before 1594, and it is highly probable that Shakespeare had read Daniel's poem before he sat down to compose these historical dramas.—*Malone.*

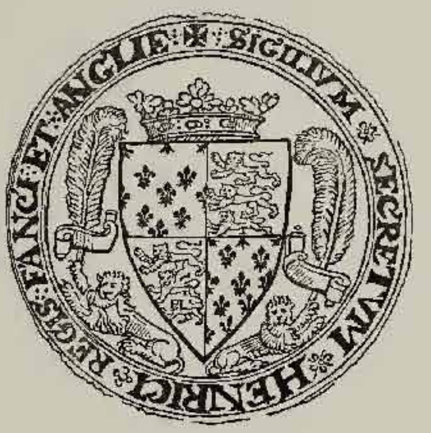
[29] *Unless some dull and favourable hand.*

Johnson asserts that *dull* here signifies, "melancholy, gentle, soothing." Malone says that it means "producing dulness or heaviness." The fact is that *dull* and *slow* were synonymous. "*Dullness*, slowness; tarditas, tardiveté. Somewhat *dull* or *slowe;* tardiusculus, tardelet;" says Baret. But Shakespeare uses *dulness* for *drowsiness* in the Tempest. And Baret has also this sense: "Slow *dull*, asleepe, drousie, astonied, heavie; *torpidus.*" It has always been thought that *slow* music induces sleep. Ariel enters playing *solemn music* to produce this effect, in The Tempest. The notion is not peculiar to our great Poet, as the following exquisite lines, from Wit Restored, 1658, may witness:

O, lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.—*Singer.*

[30] *Set me the crown upon my pillow here.*

It is still the custom in France to place the crown on the King's pillow, when he is dying. Holinshed, p. 541, speaking of the death of King Henry IV. says: "During this his last sicknesse, he caused his crowne, (as some write,) to be set on a pillow at his bed's head, and suddenlie his pangs so sore troubled him, that he laie as though all his vitall spirits had beene from him departed. Such as were about him, thinking verelie that he had beene departed, covered his face with a linnen cloth. The prince his sonne being hereof advertised, entered into the chamber, tooke awaie the crowne and departed. The father being suddenlie revived out of that trance, quicklie perceived the lacke of his crowne; and having knowledge that the prince his sonne had taken it awaie, caused him to come before his presence, requiring of him what he meant so to misuse himselfe. The prince with a good audacitie answered; Sir, to mine and all men's judgements you seemed dead in this world, and therefore I as your next heire apparant tooke that as mine owne, and not as yours. Well, faire sonne, (said the kinge with a great sigh,) what right I had to it, God knoweth. Well (said the prince) if you die king, I will have the garland, and trust to keepe it with the sword against all mine enemies, as you have doone," &c.—*Steevens.*


SIGILLUM SECRETUM HENRICI REGIS FRANCIE ET ANGLIE

The annexed engraving of the seal used by Henry the Fourth after his accession to the throne is copied from the one attached to his will.

[31] *He alter'd much upon the hearing it.*

In some copies of ed. 1600 this line is printed as follows,—"He *vttred* much upon the hearing it." In another copy of the same edition now before me, the word *vttred* is correctly printed *altred*, the error occurring in the letters *vt*, which, in the original manuscript, might readily be mistaken for *al.*

[32] *With homely biggin bound.*

A biggin is a cap, quoif, or dress for the head, formerly worn by men, but now limited, I believe, almost entirely to some particular cap or bonnet for young children.

Bring down to me my *bigonet*,
  My bishop-sattin gown;
And then gae tell the baillie's wife,
  That Colin 's come to town.—*Scotch Songs*, ii. 153.

Good humour and white *bigonets* shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.
Gentle Shepherd, i. 2.

A *biggen* he had got about his brain,
For in his head-piece he felt a sore pain.
Spenser's Shepherd's Kalendar; May.

Rabelais says, The reason why asses have such large ears, is because their dames put no *biggins* on them when they were young—"leur meres mettoient poinct de *beguin* en la teste."—ii. 162:

.... one whom the good
Old man, his uncle, kept to th' inns of court,
And would, in time, ha' made him barrister,
And rais'd him to his sattin cap, and *biggon*.
Jasper Mayne's City Match: *Old Pl.* viii. 362.

Dr. Johnson has noticed this word, as it would seem, only because he found it in Shakespeare: he probably was not aware that it is still in common use in a great part of the island. He is right, however, in deriving it from the Fr. *beguin*; though, properly speaking perhaps, it is no more of French extraction, than it is English. Caps or coifs were probably first called *beguins*, or *biggins*, from their resemblance to the caps or head-dress worn by those Societies of young women who were called *Beguines* in France, and who led a middle kind of life between the secular and religious, made no vows, but maintained themselves by the work of their own hands. It was in this way that an article of female dress worn round the necks of young women, and resembling what is now called a tippet, was, not many years ago, called *a Pelerin*, from its real or supposed resemblance to some similar article worn by *pelerins*, palmers, or pilgrims: a lady's short cloak is still, on a like principle, called *a Capuchin*; and a longer one, *a Cardinal*. These Societies of *Beguines* are said to have been first instituted in Brabant, A.D. 1226; and soon spread themselves all over Flanders, Italy, France, Germany, and Holland. Their habit was particular, but modest. In Germany they were called *Begghardi*; in Italy, *Bizochi*; and in France, *Beguines*; which Mosheim derives from the old German word *beggen*, or *begguen*, which signifies to seek or ask any thing with zeal and importunity.—See *Mosheim. Hist. Eccles.*, pars II. cap. xli. p. 533.: and *Maclaine's Translation*, iii. 81. The term, *biggen*, as meaning a cap, does not appear to have been adopted in any other of the Northern languages.—*Boucher.*

[33] *This golden rigol.*

Rigol means *a circle.* I know not that it is used by any author but Shakespeare, who introduces it likewise in his Rape of Lucrece:

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watry *rigol* goes.—*Steevens.*

We meet with *ringol*, which was perhaps the right spelling of the word, in Nashe's Lenten Stuffe: "What needs there any more ambages, the *ringoll* or *ringed circle* was compast and chakt out."—*Malone.*

I remember in one of yours, last season, you have taken this word to task, and would substitute *regale*. But *rigol*, perhaps, may be the Poet's own word; you know how apt he is to coin from the Italian. Ferrarius, in his "Origines Italicæ," expounds the word RIDDA thus: "*Chorea, cùm nexis manibus saltando* in orbem *vertuntur*. *A* ridda, RIDOLETTO, RIGOLETTO, RIGOLO." So that, a *rigolet*, or *rigol*, I conceive, may stand in English for a circle.—*Theobald.*

[34] *England shall double gild his treble gilt.*

Evidently the nonsense of some foolish player: for we must make a difference between what Shakespeare might be supposed to have written off hand, and what he had corrected. These scenes are of the latter kind; therefore such lines are by no means to be esteemed his. But, except Pope, (who judiciously threw out this line,) not one of Shakespeare's editors seem ever to have had so reasonable and necessary a rule in their heads, when they set upon correcting this author.—*Warburton.*

I know not why this commentator should speak with so much confidence what he cannot know, or determine so positively what so capricious a writer as our poet might either deliberately or wantonly produce. This line is, indeed, such as disgraces a few that precede and follow it, but it suits well enough with the *daggers hid in thought, and whetted on thy stony heart;* and the answer which the Prince makes, and which is applauded [by the King] for wisdom, is not of a strain much higher than this ejected line.—*Johnson.*

How much this play on words, faulty as it is, was admired in the age of Shakespeare, appears from the most ancient writers of that time having frequently indulged themselves in it. So, in Marlowe's Hero and Leander, 1617:

And as amidst the enamour'd waves he swims,
The god of gold a purpose *guilt* his limbs;
That, this word *guilt* including double sense,
The double *guilt* of his incontinence
Might be express'd.

Again, in Acolastus his Afterwit, a poem, by S. Nicholson, 1600:

O sacred thirst of golde, what canst thou not?—
Some terms thee *gylt*, that every soule might reade,
Even in thy name, thy *guilt* is great indeede.—*Malone.*

[35] *Which my most true &c.*

True is *loyal.*—This passage is obscure in the construction, though the general meaning is clear enough. The order is, "this obedience which is taught this exterior bending by my duteous spirit;" or, "this obedience which teaches this exterior bending to my inwardly duteous spirit." I know not which is right.—*Johnson.*

The former construction appears to me the least exceptionable of the two; but both are extremely harsh, and neither of them, I think, the true construction.—*Malone.*

The latter words—"this prostrate and exterior bending"—appear to me to be merely explanatory of the former words—"this obedience." Suppose the intermediate sentence—"which my most true and inward-duteous spirit teacheth"—to be included in a parenthesis, and the meaning I contend for will be evident.—*M. Mason.*

"Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth," i. e. which my loyalty and inward sense of duty prompt me to. The words, "this prostrate and exterior bending," are, I apprehend, put in apposition with "obedience," which is used for *obeisance.*—*Malone.*

[36] *In med'cine potable.*

There has long prevailed an opinion that a solution of gold has great medicinal virtues, and that the incorruptibility of gold might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. Some have pretended to make *potable* gold, among other frauds practised on credulity.—*Johnson.*

Alluding to the *aurum potabile*, with which some quacks in former ages, pretended to work wonderful cures. Van Helmont in one place describes it,—Contunde aurum in laminas, dein in tenuissimas bracteas, inde vero in aurum pictorum, mox iterum in marmore leviga. Deinde cum *cinnabari*, et sale, in *Alcool* impalpabile fingas, separa *Cinnabarim* per ignem, et aquâ salem abluc, idque pro lubitû sæpius repete. Tandem cum sale *Armeniaco*, stibio et mercurio sublimato, et per retortam pelle. Idque septies pete ut totum aurum in formam olei punicei volatilis, redigatur. Est enim summè levigatum, imo et durum, solidum, maleabile, et fixissimum: corpus, quod jam olei in naturam versum videtur, at sane mentitus ille liquor, in pristinum auri pondus, et corpus facile redigitur. Quid si ergo aurum pristinam naturam per tot lanienas, non variet, nec semen suum ullatenus perdat; multo minus aqua in simplex elementum, a rerum Domino

ad constantiam universi destinatum,—*Progymnasma Meteori.* oper. p. 42. 6. And in another place he banters the use of leaf-gold, and jewels in medicine, as not being capable of digestion by the stomach: and seems to be concern'd at the simplicity and folly of such, as make use of them, on a *physical* account.

To the potable gold, Chaucer alludes, Dr. of Physick's Tale, 44, 45.

For golde in physicke is a cordial,
Therefore he loved gold in special.—*Grey.*

[37] *For what in me was purchas'd.*

Purchased seems to be here used in its legal sense, *acquired by a man's own act, (perquisitio)* as opposed to an acquisition by *descent.*—*Malone.*

Purchased may here mean *stolen.* *Purchase* was the cant term among Falstaff's companions for *robbing.* Bolingbroke however *purchased* (in its obvious and common acceptation) his crown, at the expence of loyalty and justice.—*Steevens.*

Surely it is not to be supposed that Shakespeare would put the cant language of Nym and Bardolph into the mouth of a king. The *obvious common* sense of the verb to *purchase is* to *buy for a price.* Henry did certainly not *buy* the crown; and therefore I still think it highly probable that our author has used the word *purchased* in its legal sense.—*Malone.*

Purchased may certainly mean acquired; and if the king had said, what *by me* was purchased, I should have been satisfied with the passage as it would stand—but, *what in me was purchased*, is a mode of expression to which I cannot reconcile myself, and should therefore propose to amend it by reading, for what in me was *purchase*, that is, was plunder indirectly or forcibly obtained, and wrested from the true owners, a common acceptation of the word *purchase* in Shakespeare's time. So, in Henry V. the boy, in speaking of Bardolph and his associates, says,—"They will steal any thing, and call it *purchase.*"—*Mason.*

[38] *You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me.*

No one of the contemporary historians has this story of the crown. Elmham describes the deathbed of Henry with incidents entirely different. The prince took the sacrament with his father, who blesssed him after the manner of the patriarchs. The oldest version of it is in the French chronicle of Monstrelet, who wrote within a few years of the event, though, if alive at the time, he was very young. Monstrelet prefaces his account with a remark which his English chroniclers neglect, and of which Tyler has not availed himself,—"It was *the custom in that country*, whenever the king was ill, to place the royal crown on a cushion beside his bed, and *for his successor to take it on his death.*"

The prince, being informed by the attendants that the king was dead, took the crown as a matter of course; and his reviving father did not so much reprove him for his precipitancy as remind him that he had no right to the crown, because the father himself had none. The story is told not as *against the son*, but as exhibiting the father's consciousness of his usurpation. The cause of Richard, whose infant wife was a daughter of France, was always popular in that country.

I am not aware that any such custom is mentioned by an English antiquary. The Frenchman may have drawn upon his imagination for the rest of the story as well as for this. But I admit the case to be one of those in which the story itself, and the invention of it without foundation, are both so improbable that there is only a choice of difficulties.—*Courtnay.*

And now the end of his father's life approached, and he received from him, after service to God in due form before the altar, and with prayers, the blessing of a father. While he was dying, Prince Henry as one about to succeed to the throne, calling for a priest of good name, made confession of his past offences, and thoroughly amended his life and conversation; so that after his father's death there was no passage of wantonness ever escaped him.—*Titus Livius.*

[39] *Even there my life must end.*

This story had been told of other persons long before the time of Henry IV. The celebrated Gerbert—pope as Sylvester II., who died at the beginning of the eleventh century, is said to have had recourse to supernatural agency, in order to learn when and how he should die, and to have received for answer that he should not die until he had entered Jerusalem. Satisfied with this information, he pursued his worldly pursuits in entire security, until one day, while performing Divine service in a church in Rome, which he had never entered before, he was suddenly seized with sickness, and, accidently inquiring the name of the church, he was told that it was called popularly Jerusalem. The Pope saw the prophecy fulfilled, and immediately prepared for death. The story, as applied to Henry IV., is told by Thomas of Elmham, in a poem on the death of the king, composed soon after it occurred, but it is there said that it had been prophecied that the king should die in Bethlehem, and that he did expire in the Bethlehem Chamber, in the Palace of Westminster. —*Knight.*

Pope Sylvester the second, that with small learning had attained to his Pontificalibus, being greedy long to enjoy that sea, by this divellish kinde of conjuration raysed uppe the devill, and askt his counsell how long he should live. To whom the divell answered that if he did take heede of Hierusalem, he should live a long time. Pope Sylvester now thought himselfe to be long lived, because hee determined never to see Hierusalem; but foure yeere after he came to his pallace of Sanctæ Crucis, he lay in a chamber unknown to himselfe called Hierusalem; then instantly being mindful of the devils answer, he sayd that hee should (die), as hee did not live long after.—*Melton's Astrologaster*, 1620.

"At length he recovered his speech, and understanding and perceiving himselfe in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called Jerusalem. Then said the king; Lauds be given to the Father of heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem." *Holinshed*, p. 541. The same equivocal prediction occurs also in the Orygynale Cronykil of Andrew of Wyntown, b. vi. ch. xii. v. 47. Pope Sylvester, having sold himself to the devil for the sake of worldly advancement, was desirous of knowing how long he should live and enjoy it:

The dewil answeryd hym agayne,
That in all ese wythowtyn payne
He suld lyve in prosperytè,
Jerusalem quhill he suld se."

Our Pope soon afterwards was conducted, by the duties of his office, into a church he had never visited before:

Then speryd he, quhat thai oysyd to call
That kyrk. Than thai answeryd all,
Jerusalem in Vy Lateranc, &c.

And then the prophecy was completed by his death.—*Steevens.*

The same story of Pope Sylvester is told in Lodge's Devil Conjured, where, however, the reader will have the satisfaction to find that his holiness at last outwitted the devil. The late Dr. Vincent pointed out a remarkable coincidence in a passage of Anna Comnena (Alexias, lib. vi. p. 162, ed. Paris, 1658), relating to the death of Robert Guiscard, king of Sicily, in a place called Jerusalem, at

Cephalonia. In Lodge's Devils Conjured is a similar story of Pope Sylvester; but the Pope outwitted the Devil. And Fuller, in his Church History, b. v. p. 178, relates something of the same kind about Cardinal Wolsey, of whom it had been predicted *that he should have his end at Kingston.* Which was thought to be fulfilled by his dying in the custody of Sir William Kingston.—*Singer.*

Of the Jerusalem Chamber, which is attached to the south-west tower of Westminster Abbey, scarcely any of the original features remain—nothing, indeed, of the interior that probably existed in the time of Henry IV. The original chamber was built about 1362, at a time when the buildings immediately attached to the abbey were extensively repaired or re-erected.—*Knight.*

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—Gloucestershire. *A Hall in* SHALLOW'S *House.*[1]

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* Page.

Shal. By cock and pie,[2] sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook,[3] bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir,—shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook:—are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had

—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Henley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy:—about thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.[4]

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot[5] once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit* DAVY.] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow [*to the* Page].—Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow [*Exit* SHALLOW.] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits'-staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions (which is four terms, or two actions), and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

Shal. [*within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter, severally, WARWICK *and the* Lord Chief-Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief-justice! whither away?
Ch. Just. How doth the king?
War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.
Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.
War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.
Ch. Just. I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.
War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.
Ch. Just. I know he doth not; and do arm myself
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.
War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!
Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.
P. Humph. and Cla. Good morrow, cousin.
P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.
War. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!
Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!
P. Humph. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow,—it is sure your own.
P. John. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,
You stand in coldest expectation:
I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.
Cla. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.
Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and forestall'd remission.[6]
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.
War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King HENRY V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow; and God save your majesty!
King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,[7]
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart: why, then, be sad;

But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:
Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.
P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.
King. You all look strangely on me:—and you most;
[*To the* Chief-Justice.
You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.
Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.
King. No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?
Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And, in the administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgment;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought,
To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person,
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,

Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance, sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.
King. You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son;
And not less happy, having such a son,
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice."—You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;
With this remembrance,—that you use the same
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practis'd wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,[8]
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,[9]
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go

In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
[*To the* Lord Chief Justice.
Our coronation done, we will accite,
As I before remember'd, all our state:
And (God consigning to my good intents)
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Gloucestershire. *The Garden of* SHALLOW'S *House.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the* Page, *and* DAVY.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways,[10] and so forth:—come, cousin Silence:—and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your servingman and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John:—by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [*Singing.*
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among so merrily.[11]

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit [*to* BARDOLPH, *and pointing to another* *table*]; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit,—Master page, good master page, sit.—Proface![12] What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear;—the heart's all. [*Exit.*

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and, my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife has all; [*Singing.*
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,[13]
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.[14]
Be merry, be merry, &c.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you. [*Setting them before* BARDOLPH.

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight [*to* BARDOLPH].—A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. A cup of wine that's brisk and fine, [*Singing.*
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come; [*Singing.*
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the* Page], and welcome indeed too.—I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together,—ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee:—the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit* DAVY.

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.
[*To* SILENCE, *who has drunk a bumper.*

Sil. Do me right,[15] [*Singing.*
And dub me knight:[16]
Samingo.[17]
Is't not so?

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court! let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.[18]—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think he be, but goodman Puff of Barson.[19]

Pist. Puff?
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pray thee, now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.[20] [*Singing.*

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why, then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir:—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there is but two ways,—either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian?[21] speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like
The bragging Spaniard.[22]

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day!—
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What, I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night.—O sweet Pistol!— away, Bardolph! [*Exit* BARD.]—come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe unto my lord chief-justice!

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
"Where is the life that late I led?,"[23] say they:
Why, here it is;—welcome these pleasant days! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—London. *A Street.*

Enter Beadles, *dragging in* Hostess *and* DOLL TEARSHEET.

Host. No, thou arrant knave; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

First Bead. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer[24] enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook,[25] you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damned tripe-visaged rascal, an the child I go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

First Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

Dol. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer,[26] I will have you as soundly swinged for this,—you blue-bottle rogue,[27] you filthy famished correctioner, if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.[28]

First Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Host. Ay, come, you starved bloodhound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou![29]

Dol. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.[30]

First Bead. Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

Enter two Grooms, *strewing rushes.*

First Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

Sec. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

First Groom. It will be two of the clock ere they come from the coronation: dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and the* Page.

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will lear upon him as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you [*to* SHALLOW]. But it is no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection,—

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion,—

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,—

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'tis all in every part.[31]

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance and contagious prison;
Hal'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand:—
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks naught but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the King *and his* train, *the* Chief-Justice *among them.*

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame![32]

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief-justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten mile.[33]
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.[34]—
Set on. [*Exeunt* King *and his* train.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how,—unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.

Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colours:—go with me to dinner:—come, Lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince JOHN, *the* Chief-Justice, Officers, &c.

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:
Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord,—

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.

Pist. *Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.*

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* Page, *with* Officers.

P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath.

P. John. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

Spoken by a Dancer.

First my fear; then my court'sy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you (as it is very well), I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

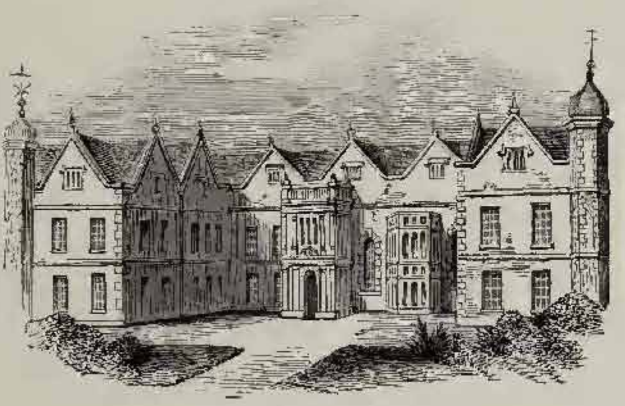
If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed by your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.[35]

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *Shallow's house.*

There can be no doubt that the placing of Shallow's house in Gloucestershire was only a disguise, and that the poet really intended to refer to Charlecote. Thus Woncot stands for Wincot, Hinckley for Henley, Stamford for Stratford, &c.



[2] *By cock and pye, sir.*

Cock is only a corruption of the Sacred Name, as appears from many passages in the old interludes, Gammer Gurton's Needle, &c. viz. *Cocks-bones, cocks-wounds*, by *cock's-mother, and some* others. *Cock's-body, cock's passion*, &c., occur in the old morality of Hycke Scorner, and in the Merry Wives of Windsor. Ophelia likewise says:

> "—— By *cock* they are to blame."

The *pie* is a *table* or *rule in the old Roman offices*, showing, in a technical way, how to find out the service which is to be read upon each day. Among some Ordinances, however, made at Eltham, in the reign of King Henry VIII., we have—"Item that the *Pye* of coals be abridged to the one halfe that theretofore had been served." A printing letter of a particular size, called the *pica*, was probably denominated from the *pie*, as the *brevier*, from the *breviary*, and the *primer* from the *primer*.—*Steevens.*

What was called *The Pie* by the clergy before the Reformation, was called by the Greeks the *index*. Though the word signifies a *plank* in its original, yet in its metaphorical sense it signifies a painted table or picture: and because indexes or tables of books were formed into square figures, resembling pictures or painters' tables, hung up in a frame, these likewise were called *Pies.* All other derivations of the word are manifestly erroneous.

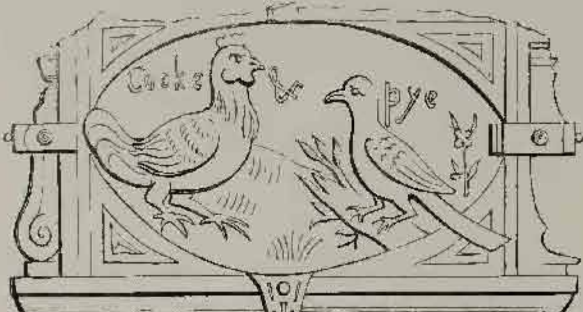
In the second preface Concerning the Service of the Church, prefixed to the Common Prayer, this table is mentioned as follows: "Moreover the number and hardness of the rules called the *Pie*, and the manifold changes," &c.—*Ridley.*

This oath has been supposed to refer to the sacred name, and to that service book of the Romish church which in England, before the Reformation, was denominated a *pie:* but it is improbable that a volume with which the common people would scarcely be acquainted, and exclusively intended for the use of the clergy, could have suggested a popular adjuration.

It will, no doubt, be recollected, that in the days of ancient chivalry it was the practice to make solemn vows or engagements for the performance of some considerable enterprise. This ceremony was usually performed during some grand feast or entertainment, at which a roasted peacock or pheasant, being served up by ladies in a dish of gold or silver, was thus presented to each knight, who then made the particular vow which he had chosen, with great solemnity. When this custom had fallen into disuse, the peacock nevertheless continued to be a favourite dish, and was introduced on the table in a *pie*, the head, with gilded beak, being proudly elevated above, the crust and the splendid tail expanded. Other birds of smaller value were introduced in the same manner, and the recollection of the old peacock vows might occasion the less serious, or even burlesque, imitation of swearing not only by the bird itself but also by the *pie;* and hence probably the oath *by cock and pie*, for the use of which no very old authority can be found. The vow to the peacock had even got into the mouths of such as had no pretensions to knighthood. Thus, in the Merchant's Second Tale, or the History of Beryn, the host is made to say,

> "*I make a vowe to the pecock* there shal wake a foul mist."

There is an alehouse sign of the *cock and magpie*, which seems a corruption of the *peacock pie.* Although the latter still preserved its genuine appellation of *the cock and pie*, the magic art of modern painters would not fail to produce a metamorphosis like that which we have witnessed on many other occasions.—*Douce.*



"By *cock and pie.*" Perhaps this is only a ludicrous oath, by the common sign of an alehouse. Here is a sketch from an old one at Bewdley.

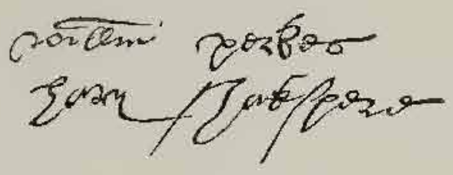
"By cock and pie and mousefoot," quoted by Steevens, looks as if the oath had not so solemn and sacred an origin as he assigns it; but was rather of the nature of those adjurations cited by him, from Decker, in a note in the third scene of this Act: "By these *comfits and carraways*," &c.—*Blakeway.*

The following passage in A Catechisme, containing the Summe of Religion, &c. by George Giffard, 1583, will show that this word was not considered as a corruption of the Sacred Name: "Men suppose that they do not offende when they do not sweare falsly; and because they will not take the name of God to abuse it, they swear by *small thinges*, as by *cocke and pye*, by the *mouse foote*, and many other suche like."—*Boswell.*

[3] *William cook, bid him come hither.*

This mode of attaching the occupation of a servant to the Christian name was in vogue until within a very recent period. Such titles as, Robin coachman, for Robin the Coachman, are found in plays of the last century. "But, do you hear, John cook, send up those chickens," Jevon's Devil of a Wife, or a Comical Transformation, 1686. "Why, cook, John cook, where art thou ?," ibid.

[4] *Clement Perkes of the hill.*



Perkes was a common Warwickshire name. William Perkes is mentioned in a court-roll of the manor of Tanworth, co. Warwick, 7 Eliz. A Richard Perkes was chosen warrener at a Court held at the same place, 13 Eliz. Edward Perkes of Shottery is mentioned in the register of baptisms at Stratford-on-Avon in 1603 and 1612. A William Perkes is named in an early list in connexion with one of the Shakespeare family.

[5] *If I cannot, &c.*

This is no exaggerated picture of the course of Justice in those days. The Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, in his speech to both houses of parliament, 1559, says, "is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, *bearing with him as his servant*, overthrowing the other as his enemy," D'Ewes, p. 34. And he uses the same words in another speech, 1571, ibid. 153. A member of the house of commons, in 1601, says, "A justice of peace is a living creature yet [read *that*] for half a dozen chickens will dispense with half a dozen penal statutes.—If a warrant come from the lord of the council to levy a hundred men, he will levy two hundred, and what with chopping in and chusing out, he'll gain a hundred pounds by the bargain: nay, ... he will write the warrant himself, and you must put two shillings in his pocket as his clerk's fee (when God knows he keeps but two or three hindes,) for his better maintenance," p. 661.—*Blakeway.*

[6] *A ragged and forestall'd remission.*

Warburton alters *ragged* to *rated.* Different minds have different perplexities. I am more puzzled with *forestall'd* than with *ragged;* for *ragged*, in our author's licentious diction, may easily signify beggarly, mean, base, ignominious; but *forestall'd* I know not how to apply to *remission* in any sense primitive or figurative. I should be glad of another word, but cannot find it. Perhaps, by *forestall'd* remission, he may mean a pardon begged by a voluntary confession of offence, and anticipation of the charge.—*Johnson.*

The same expression occurs in two different passages in Massinger. In the Duke of Milan, Sforza says to the Emperor:—

> Nor come I as a slave—
> Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling
> For a *forestall'd remission.*"

And, in the Bondman, Pisander says:

> ——— And sell
> Ourselves to most advantage, than to trust
> To a *forestall'd remission.*

In all these passages a *forestall'd remission* seems to mean, a remission that it is predetermined shall not be granted, or will be rendered nugatory. Shakespeare uses, in more places than one, the word *forestall* in the sense of to *prevent.* Horatio says to Hamlet, "If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will *forestall* their repair hither." In this very play, the Prince says to the King:—

But for my tears, &c.
I had *forestall'd* this dear and deep rebuke.

In Hamlet, the King says:

And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,—
To be *forestalled*, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down?—*M. Mason.*

I believe, *forestall'd* only means *asked* before *it is granted.* If he will grant me pardon unasked, so; if not, I will not condescend to solicit it. In support of the interpretation of *forestall'd remission*, i. e. a remission obtained by a *previous* supplication, the following passage in Cymbeline may be urged:

———— may
This night *forestall* him of the coming day!—*Malone.*

[7] *Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds.*

Amurath the Third (the sixth Emperor of the Turks) died on January the 18th, 1595-6. The people being generally disaffected to Mahomet, his eldest son, and inclined to Amurath, one of his younger children, the Emperor's death was concealed for ten days by the Janizaries, till Mahomet came from Amasia to Constantinople. On his arrival he was saluted Emperor by the great Bassas, and others his favourers; "which done, (says Knolles,) he presently after caused all his brethren to be invited to a solemn feast in the court; whereunto they, yet ignorant of their father's death, came chearfully, as men fearing no harm: but, being come, *were there all most miserably strangled.*" It is highly probable that Shakespeare here alludes to this transaction; which was pointed out to me by Dr. Farmer. This circumstance, therefore, may fix the date of this play subsequently to the beginning of the year 1596; and perhaps it was written while this fact was yet recent.—*Malone.*

[8] *My father is gone wild into his grave.*

Pope, by substituting *wail'd* for *wild*, without sufficient consideration, afforded Theobald much matter of ostentatious triumph.—*Johnson.*

The meaning is—My *wild* dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave. A passage in King Henry V. Act I. Sc. I. very strongly confirms this interpretation:—

The courses of his youth promis'd it not:
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his *wildness*, mortified in him,
Seem'd to *die* too.

So, in King Henry VIII.:—

And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness, and he, fill up one monument.

A kindred thought is found in the Two Gentlemen of Verona:—

And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.—*Malone.*

This passage is so little obscure, that, had it not been seen mis-conceiv'd by one professedly read in it, the editor should not have thought of making any remark on it: but that example convincing him—that a paraphrase may not be wholly unnecessary, he hopes to be pardon'd for adding one which is found in the third modern. "My Father is gone *wild* into his grave, for now all my *wild* affections lye intomb'd with him; and I survive with his *sober* spirit and disposition, to disappoint those expectations the publick have form'd of me." This wildness of the speaker's is compar'd by him presently to a river swelling beyond it's bounds, and running irregularly,—*flowing in vanity*: "*state of floods*" is only another expression for—"*sea*," a periphrasis of it; the word *state* implying—session, assembly, place where *floods* appear in their *state*.—*Capell.*

[9] *Where it shall mingle with the state of floods.*

That is, the assembly, or general meeting of the floods: for all rivers, running to the sea, are there represented as holding their sessions. This thought naturally introduced the following:—

"Now call we our high court of parliament."

But the Oxford editor, much a stranger to the phraseology of that time in general, and to his author's in particular, out of mere loss for his meaning, reads it backwards, "the floods of state."—*Warburton.*

The objection to Warburton's explanation is, that the word *state*, in the singular, does not imply the sense he contends for: we say an assembly of the *states*, not of the *state*. I believe we must either adopt Hanmer's amendment, or suppose that *state* means *dignity*; and that, "to mingle with the state of floods," is 'to partake of the dignity of floods.' I should prefer the amendment to this interpretation.—*M. Mason.*

I prefer the interpretation to the amendment. *State* most evidently means *dignity*. So, in the Tempest:—"Highest queen of state, Great Juno comes."—*Steevens.*

With the majestick dignity of the ocean, the chief of floods. So before, in this scene:

"And, as you are a king, speak in your *state*."

State and *estate*, however, were used in our author's time for a *person* of high dignity, and may in that sense be applied to the sea, supposing it to be personified. Dr. Warburton says, "*The state of floods* is the assembly or general meeting of the floods; for all rivers, running to the sea, are there represented as holding their session:" but Mr. Mason justly objects to this explanation. "We say, an assembly of the *states*, not of the *state*."—*Malone.*

[10] *With a dish of carraways.*

A comfit or confection so called in our author's time. A passage in De Vigneul Marville's Melanges d'Histoire et de Litt. will explain this odd treat: "Dans le dernier siecle ou l'on avoit le gout delicat, on ne croioit pas pouvoir vivre sans Dragées. Il n'etoit fils de bonne mere, qui n'eut son Dragier; et il est reporté dans l'histoire du duc de Guise, que quand il fut tué à Blois, il avoit son Dragier à la main."—*Warburton.*

Edwards has diverted himself with this note of Dr. Warburton's, but without producing a happy illustration of the passage. The dish of *caraways* here mentioned was a dish of *apples* of that name.—*Goldsmith.*

Dr. Goldsmith and others are of opinion, that by *carraways* in this place apples of that name were meant. I have no doubt that *comfits* were intended; because at the time this play was written, they constantly made part of the desert, or *banquet*, as it was then called.—In John Florio's Italian and English Dialogues, which he calls *Second Frutes*, quarto, 1591, after a dinner has been described, the attendant is desired to bring in "*apples*, pears, chesnuts, &c. a boxe of marmalade, some bisket, and *carrawaies*, with *other* comfects." Again, in the Booke of Carvyng, bl. l, no date: "Serve after meat, peres, nuts, strawberies, hurtleberies and hard cheese: also blaundrels or *pipins*, with *caraway* in confects."—*Malone.*

Whether Warburton, Edwards, or Goldsmith, is in the right, the following passages in Decker's Satiromastix has left undecided:—

"By this handful of *carraways* I could never abide to say grace."—

"——by these *comfits* we'll let all slide."

"*By these comfits and these carraways;* I warrant it does him good to swear."—

"— I am glad, lady Petula, by this *apple*, that they please you."

That *apples*, *comfits*, and *carraways*, at least were distinct things, may be inferred from the following passage in the old black letter interlude of the Disobedient Child, no date:

What running had I for *apples* and nuttes,
What callying for biskettes, *cumfettes*, and *carowaies.*

Again, in How to Chuse a Good Wife from a Bad, 1602:

"For apples, *carrawaies*, and cheese."

There is a *pear*, however, called a *caraway*, which may be corrupted from *caillouel*, Fr. So, in the French Roman de la Rose:—

Ou la poire de *caillouel.*

Chaucer, in his version of this passage, says:—

"With *caleweis*," &c.—*Steevens.*

It would be easy to prove, by several instances, that *caraways* were generally part of the desert in Shakespeare's time. See particularly Murrel's Cookery, &c. A late writer however asserts that *caraways* is the name of an apple as well known to the *natural* inhabitants of Bath, as nonpareil is in London, and as generally associated with golden pippins. He observes also that if Shakespeare had meant *comfits* he would have said, "a dish of last year's pippins with carraways."—With a dish, &c. clearly means something distinct from the pippins. Jackson's Thirty Letters, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 42.—*Reed.*

The following passage in Cogan's Haven of Health, 4to, 1595, will at once settle this important question: "This is a confirmation of our use in England, for the serving of apples and other fruites last after meales. Howbeit we are wont to eate *carawaies* or biskets, or some other kind of comfits or *seedes* together with apples, thereby to breake winde ingendred by them: and surely it is a very good way for students."—*Steevens.*

Here *carraways* is rightly explained by Warburton "a comfit or confection so called in our author's time,"—the said carraways being made, of course, with carraway seeds. In Shadwell's Woman-Captain, carraway-comfits are mentioned as no longer fit to appear at fashionable tables; "the fruit, crab-apples, sweetings and horse-plumbs; and for *confections*, a few *carraways* in a small sawcer, as if his worship's house had been a lowsie inn," Works, iii. 350.—*Dyce.*

Biskets, and *carawayes*, comfets, tart, plate, jelly, ginger-bread,
Lymons and medlars, and dishes moe by a thousand.
Barnefield's Affectionate Shepherd, 1594.

[11] *And ever among so merrily.*

Ever among is used by Chaucer in the Romaunt of the Rose:

> *Ever among* (sothly to saine)
> I suffre noie and mochil paine.—*Farmer.*

Of the phrase—*ever among*, I find an example in the old MS. romance of The Sowdon of Babyloyne:

> Thai eten and dronken right inowe,
> And made myrth *ever among:*
> But of the Sowdon speke we nowe
> Howe of sorowe was his songe.

It is observable that this phrase, in both instances, is applied to the purpose of festivity.—*Steevens.*

It occurs in the Not-browne Mayd:

> Be it right or wrong, these men among,
> On women do complain.

Which Dr. Farmer proposed, erroneously, I think, to correct—"*'tis* men among," supposing it a Latinism. So, Turbervile's Tragical Tales, p. 132, where it is certainly not applied to the purpose of festivity:—

> And *whipt* him now and then *among.*—*Boswell.*

[12] *Proface!*

Italian from *profaccia;* that is, much good may it do you.—*Hanmer.*

Sir Thomas Hanmer (says Dr. Farmer) is right, yet it is no argument for his author's Italian knowledge. Old Heywood, the epigrammatist, addressed his readers long before:

> Readers, reade this thus; for preface, *proface,*
> Much good may it do you, &c.

So, Taylor, the water-poet, in the title of a poem prefixed to his Praise of Hempseed:—"A preamble, preatrot, preagallop, preapace, or preface; and *proface,* my masters, if your stomachs serve." Decker, in his comedy, If this be not a good play the Devil is in it, makes Shackle-soule, in the character of Friar Rush, tempt his brethren "with choice of dishes:"—

> "To which *proface;* with blythe lookes sit yee."

I am still much in doubt whether there be such an Italian word as *profaccia.* Baretti has it not, and it is more probable that we received it from the French; *proface* being a colloquial abbreviation of the phrase—*Bon prou leur face,* i. e. Much good may it do them. See Cotgrave, in voce *Prou.*

To these instances produced by Dr. Farmer, I may add one more from Springes for Woodcocks, a collection of epigrams, 1606, Ep. 110:—

> *Proface,* quoth Fulvius, fill us t'other quart.

And another from Heywood's *Epigrams:*

> I came to be merry, wherewith merrily
> *Proface.* Have among you, &c.

Again, in the Wise Woman of Hogsdon, 1638:

> The dinner's half done, and before I say grace
> And bid the old knight and his guest *proface.*

Again, in the Downfal of Robert E. of Huntingdon, 1601:

> ———Father, *proface;*
> To Robin Hood thou art a welcome man.

Again, from How to chuse a Good Wife from a Bad one, 1630:

——Gloria Deo, Sirs, *proface*,
Attend me now while I say grace.

Again, in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 538: "—the cardinall came in booted and spurred, all sodainly amongst them, and bade them *proface*."—*Steevens.*

At the end of Buttes' Dyets Dry Dinner, 1599, is the following absurdity,—"*Proficiat*, proface, mytchgooddítchye."

The last of all were protections, some larger then other; and when these came in, a shoute was given, for all the bankrouts flung up their caps, and bid their guests *profaces*, for now they saw their cheere.—*Dekker's Strange Horse Race*, 1613.

Come, will you goe?—Not I.—Your reason?—Because I have none to goe.—Nor I to stay—Shepherdesse, proface.—*Adrasta, or the Woman's Spleene*, 1635.

[13] *When beards wag all.*

Warton, in his History of English Poetry, observes, that this rhyme is found in a poem by Adam Davie, called the Life of Alexander:—

Merry swithe it is in halle,
When *the berdes waveth alle.*—*Steevens.*

This song is mentioned by a contemporary author: "—which done, grace said, and the table taken up, the plate presently conveyed into the pantrie, the hall summons this consort of companions (upon payne to dyne with duke Humphfrie, or to kisse the hare's foot) to appear at the first call: where a song is to be sung, the under song or holding whereof is, *It is merrie in haul where beards wag all.*"—*The Serving-man's Comfort*, 1598, sig. C. Again: "It is a common proverbe *It is merry in hall, when beardes wag all,*" Briefe Conceipte of English Pollicye, by William Stafford, 1581.—*Reed.*

[14] *And welcome merry shrove-tide.*

Shrove-tide was formerly a season of extraordinary sport and feasting. In the Romish church there was anciently a feast immediately preceding Lent, which lasted many days, called Carniscapium. See Carpentier in v. Supp. Lat. Gloss. Du Cange, tom. i. p. 381. In some cities of France, an officer was annually chosen, called Le Prince D'Amoreux, who presided over the sports of the youth for six days before Ash-Wednesday. Ibid. v. Amoratus, p. 195; and v. Cardinalis p. 818. Also, v. Spinetum, tom. iii. 848. Some traces of these festivities still remain in our universities. In the Percy Houshold-book, 1512, it appears, "that the clergy and officers of Lord Percy's chapel performed a play before his lordship upon Shrowftewesday at night."—*Warton.*

Here must enter that wadling, stradling, bursten-gutted Carnifex of all Christendome, vulgarly enstiled Shrove-Tuesday, but more pertinently sole Monarch of the Mouth, high Steward to the Stomach, chiefe Ganimede to the Guts, prime Peere of the Pullets, first Favourite to the Frying pans, greatest Bashaw to the Batter-bowles, Protector of the Pan-cakes, first Founder of the Fritters, Baron of Bacon-flitch, Earle of Egge-baskets, &c. This corpulent Commander of those chollericke things called Cookes, will shew himselfe to be but of ignoble education; for by his manners you may find him better fed than taught wherever he comes.—*Vox Graculi*, 1623.

Perhaps the following account of Shrove-Tuesday by Taylor, the Water Poet, is one of the most curious and illustrative that could be produced in explanation of the numerous allusions in early writers to the feasting and sports in vogue on that day.—"Alwayes before Lent there comes wadling a fat grosse bursten-gutted groome, called Shrove-Tuesday, one whose manners shewes that he is better fed then taught: and indeed he is the onely monster for feeding amongst all the dayes of the yeere, for he devoures more flesh in foureteene houres, then this whole kingdome doth (or at least should doe) in sixe weekes after: such boyling and broyling, such roasting and toasting, such stewing and brewing, such baking, frying, mincing, cutting, carving, devouring, and gorbellyed gurmondizing, that a man would thinke people did take in two months provision at once into their paunches, or that they did ballast their bellies with meate for a voyage to Constantinople or to the West Indies. Moreover, it is a goodly sight to see how the cookes in great men's kitchins doe fry in their master's suet, and sweat in their owne grease, that if ever a cooke be worth the eating it is when Shrove-Tuesday is in towne, for he is so stued and larded, roasted, basted, and almost over roasted, that a man may eate the rawest bit of him and never take a surfet. In a word, they are that day extreme cholericke, and too hot for any man to meddle with, being monarchs of the marow-bones, marquesses of the mutton, lords high regents of the spit and the kettle, barons of the gridiron, and sole commanders of the fryingpan. And all this hurly burly is for no other purpose but to stop the mouth of this land-wheale Shrove-Tuesday. At whose entrance in the morning all the whole kingdome is in quiet, but by that time the clocke strikes eleven, which (by the helpe of a knavish sexton) is commonly before nine, then there is a bell rung, cald The Pancake Bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted, and forgetfull either of manner or humanitie: Then there is a thing cald wheaten flowre which the sulphory necromanticke cookes doe mingle with water, egges, spice, and other tragicall magicall inchantments, and then they put it by little and little into a frying-pan of boyling suet, where it makes a confused dismall hissing (like the Learnean snakes in the reeds of Acheron, Stix or Phlegeton) untill at last by the skill of the cooke, it is transform'd into the forme of a flap-jack, which in our translation is cald a pancake, which ominous incantation the ignorant people doe devoure very greedily (having for the most part well dined before:) but they have no sooner swallowed that sweet candyed baite, but straight their wits forsake them, and they runne starke mad, assembling in routs and throngs numberlesse of ungoverned numbers, with uncivill civill commotions. Then Tim Tatters (a most valiant villaine) with an ensigne made of a piece of a bakers mawkin fixt upon a broome-staffe, he displaies his dreadfull colours, and calling the ragged regiment together, makes an illiterate oration, stuft with most plentifull want of discretion: the conclusion whereof is, that somewhat they will doe, but what they know not. Untill at last comes marching up another troope of tatterdemalians proclayming wars against no matter who, so they may be doing. Then these youths arm'd with cudgels, stones, hammers, rules, trowels, and hand-sawes, put play-houses to the sacke, and bawdy houses to the spoyle, in the quarrell breaking a thousand quarrels (of glasse I meane) making ambitious brickbats breake their neckes, tumbling from the tops of lofty chimnies, terribly untyling houses, ripping up the bowels of feather-beds, to the inriching of upholsters, the profit of plaisterers, and dirt dawbers, the gaine of glasiers, joyners, carpenters, tylers, and bricklayers. And which is worse, to the contempt of justice: for what availes it for a constable with an army of reverend rusty bill-men to command peace to these beasts, for they with their pockets instead of pistols, well char'd with stone-shot, discharge against the image of authority whole volleyes as thicke as hayle, which robustious repulse puts the better sort to the worser part, making the band of unscowred halberdiers retyre faster then ever they came on, and shew exceeding discretion in proving tall men of their heeles. Thus by the unmanerly maners of Shrove-Tuesday constables are baffled, bawds are bang'd, punckes are pillag'd, panders are plagued, and the chiefe commanders of these valourous villiacoes, for their reward for all this confusion, doe in conclusion purchase the inheritance of a jayle, to the commodity of jaylors, and discommodity to themselves, with a fearefull expectation that Tiburne shall stoppe their throats, and the hangman take possession of their coates, or that some beadle in bloody characters shall imprint their faults on their shoulders. So much for Shrove-Tuesday, Jacke-a-Lents Gentleman Usher, these have beene his humours in former times, but I have some better hope of reformation in him hereafter, and indeed I wrote this before his comming this yeere 1617. not knowing how hee would behave himselfe; but tottering betwixt despaire and hope, I leave him."

[15] *Do me right.*

To *do a man right* and *to do him reason*, were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths. He who drank a bumper, expected a bumper should be drank to his toast. So, in Ben Jonson's Silent Woman, Captain Otter says in the drinking scene: "Ha' you *done me right*, gentlemen?" Again, in the Bondman by Massinger:

> These glasses contain nothing;—*do me right*,
> As e'er you hope for liberty.

Again, in Glapthorne's comedy of the Hollander;

> A health, musicians, gentlemen all, &c.
> I have *done you right*.—*Steevens.*

So, in the Widow's Tears by Chapman, 1612:

> *Ero.* I'll pledge you at twice.
> *Lys.* 'Tis well done. *Do me right.*

To *do a man right* and to *do him reason* were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths; he who drank a bumper expected that a bumper should be drunk to his toast. To this Bishop Hall alludes in his Quo Vadis:—"Those *formes of ceremonious quaffing*, in which men have learned to make gods of others and beasts of themselves: and lose their reason, whiles they pretend to *do reason*." —*Singer.*

[16] *And dub me knight.*

It was the custom of the good fellows of Shakespeare's days to drink a very large draught of wine, and sometimes a less palatable potation, on *their knees*, to the health of their mistress. He who performed this exploit was dubb'd a *knight* for the evening. So, in the Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608: "They call it knighting in London, when they *drink upon their knees*.—Come follow me; I'll give you all the *degrees* of it in order."—*Malone.*

The following addition to the ceremony of dubbing topers knights *on their knees* in Shakespeare's time, from a contemporary pamphlet, may not be unacceptable: "The divell will suffer no dissensions amongst them untill they have executed his wil in the deepest degree of drinking, and made their sacrifice unto him, and most commonly that is done *upon their knees being bare*. The prophaneness whereof is most lamentable and detestable, being duely considered by a Christian, to think that that member of the body which is appointed for the service of God is too often abused with the adoration of a harlot, or a base drunkard, as I myself have been (and to my griefe of conscience) may now say have in presence, yea and amongst others, been an actor in the business, when *upon our knees*, after healthes to many private punkes, a health have been drunke to all the whoores in the world."—Young's *England's bane*, or the *description of drunkennesse*, 1617, quarto. —*Douce.*

[17] *Samingo.*

He means to say, *San Domingo.* In one of Nashe's plays, entitled Summer's last Will and Testament, 1600, Bacchus sings the following catch:

Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass
In cup, in can, or glass;
God Bacchus, do me right,
And dub me knight,—Domingo.

Domingo is only the burthen of the song. Again, in The letting of Humours Blood in the Head-vaine: with a new Morisco, daunced by seaven Satyres, upon the Bottome of Diogenes Tubbe, 1600:—

Monsieur *Domingo* is a skilful man,
For muche experience he hath lately got,
Proving more phisicke in an alehouse can
Than may be found in any vintner's pot;
Beere he protestes is sodden and refin'd,
And this he speakes, being single-penny lind.
For when his purse is swolne but sixpence bigge,
Why then he sweares,—Now by the Lorde I thinke,
All beere in Europe is not worth a figge;
A cuppe of clarret is the only drinke.
And thus his praise from beer to wine doth goe,
Even as his purse in pence dothe ebbe and flowe.—*Steevens.*

Samingo, that is, *San Domingo*, as some of the commentators have rightly observed. But what is the meaning and propriety of the name here, has not yet been shown. Justice Silence is here introduced as in the midst of his cups: and I remember a black-letter ballad, in which either a *San Domingo*, or a *signior Domingo*, is celebrated for his miraculous feats in drinking. Silence, in the abundance of his festivity, touches upon some old song, in which this convivial *saint* or *signior* was the *burden.* Perhaps too the pronunciation is here suited to the character.—*Warton.*

That is, to the present situation of Silence; who has drunk so deeply at supper, that Falstaff afterwards orders him to be *carried* to bed.—*Malone.*

Of the gluttony and drunkenness of the Dominicans, one of their own order says thus in Weever's Funeral Monuments, p. cxxxi.: "Sanctus *Dominicus* sit nobis semper amicus, cui canimus—siccatis ante lagenis—fratres qui non curant nisi ventres." Hence *Domingo* might (as Mr. Steevens remarks) become the burden of a drinking song.—*Tollet.*

In Marston's Antonio and Mellida, we meet with—"Do me right, and dub me knight, *Ballurdo.*"—*Farmer.*

Why St. Domingo should have been considered as the patron of topers I know not; but he seems to have been regarded in this light by Gonzalo Berceo, an old Castilian poet, who flourished in 1211. He was a monk, much of the same cast with our facetious Arch-deacon Walter de Mapes. In writing the life of the saint, he seeks inspiration in a glass of good wine.

——De un confessor sancto quiero fer una prosa
Quiero fer una prosa en Roman Paladino,
En qual suele el pueblo fablar a su vecino,
Ca no son tan lettrado por fer otro Latino,
Bien valdra, come creo, un vaso de buen vino.—Boswell.

[18] *Which blows no man to good.*

I once thought that we should read—*which blows* to no man good. But a more attentive review of ancient Pistol's language has convinced me that it is very dangerous to correct it. He who in quoting from Marlowe's Tamburlaine, introduces *hollow-pamper'd* jades, instead of "*Holla*, ye pamper'd jades," may be allowed to change the order of the words in this common proverbial saying.

Since this note was written, I have found that I suspected Pistol of inaccuracy without reason. He quotes the proverb as it was used by our old English writers, though the words are now differently arranged. So, in A Dialogue both pleasaunt and pietifull, by William Bulleyne, 1564, sig. F 5:—

No winde but it doth turn some man *to good*.—*Malone.*

[19] *Goodman Puff of Barson.*

A little before, William Visor of Woncot is mentioned. Woodmancot and Barton (says Edwards's MSS.) which I suppose are these two places, and are represented to be in the neighbourhood of Justice Shallow, are both of them in Berkeley hundred in Glostershire. This, I imagine, was done to disguise the satire a little; for Sir Thomas Lucy, who, by the coat of arms he bears, must be the real Justice Shallow, lived at Charlecot, near Stratford, in Warwickshire.—*Steevens.*

Barston is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solyhull. *Woncot* may be put for *Wolphmancote*, vulgarly *Ovencote*, in the same county. Shakespeare might be unwilling to disguise the satire too much, and therefore mentioned places within the jurisdiction of Sir Thomas Lucy.—*Steevens.*

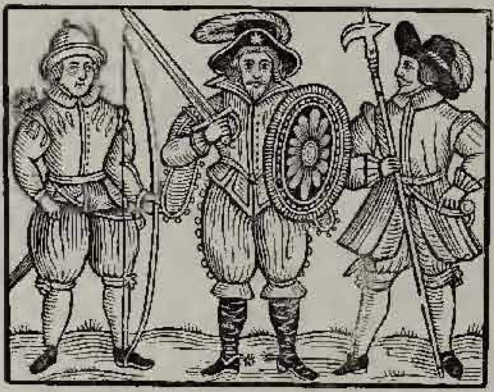
Warton, in a note on the Taming of the Shrew, says, that *Wilnecote*, (or *Wincot*,) is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford. I suppose, therefore, in a former scene, we should read *Wincot* instead of *Woncot*.—*Malone.*

Sir John Suckling, in his letter from the wine-drinkers to the water-drinkers, has this passage: "Him captain *Puffe of Barton* shall follow with all expedition with two or three regiments of claret." Tonson's edit. 1719, p. 124.—*Boswell.*

This man but ill-advised had been,
'Mongst other monsters he was not seen,
For pence apiece there in the faire
Had put down all the monsters there,
Who Sir John Falstaff made an asse on,
And of goodman Puff of Barson.
Flecknoe's Diarium or Journall, 1656.

[20] *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*

This scrap (as Dr. Percy has observed in the first volume of his Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,) is taken from a stanza in the old ballad of Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield.—*Steevens.* The annexed engraving is of an old woodcut representing these characters, the original of which is in the first edition of Robin Hood's Garland, 1686.



[21] *Under which king, Bezonian?*

So again, Suffolk says, in the Second Part of Henry VI.: "Great men oft die by vile

Bezonians." It is a term of reproach frequent in the writers contemporary with our poet. *Bisognoso*, a *needy person;* thence metaphorically, a *base scoundrel.*—*Theobald.*

Nash, in Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication, &c. 1595, says: "Proud lordes do tumble from the towers of their high descents and be trod under feet of every inferior *Besonian.*" In the Widow's Tears, a comedy, by Chapman, 1612, the primitive word is used:

"—— spurn'd out by grooms, like a base *Besogno?*"

And again, in Sir Giles Goosecap, a comedy, 1606: "— If he come like to your *Besogno*, your boor, so he be rich, they care not."—*Steevens.*

Bezonian, according to Florio a *bisogno*, is "*a new levied souldier, such as comes needy to the wars.*". Cotgrave, in *bisongne*, says, "a filthie knave, or clowne, a raskall, a *bisonian*, base humoured scoundrel." Its original sense is a beggar, a needy person; it is often met with very differently spelt in the old comedies. "*Bisonno*," says Minshew, "*a fresh water soldier, one that is not well acquainted with militarie affairs; a novice.*" Covarruvias asserts that the term originated from some Spanish soldiers in Italy, who, not knowing the language, expressed their wants by the word *bisogno;* as *bisogno pan*, *bisogno carne*, and that hence they received the appellation of *bisogni.* That the word was used among us in this sense sometimes, appears from Churchyard's Challenge, 1593, p. 85.—*Singer.*

[22] *And fig me, like the bragging Spaniard.*

To *fig*, in Spanish, *higas dar*, is to *insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger.* From this Spanish custom we yet say in contempt, "a fig for you."—*Johnson.*

So, in the Shepherd's Slumber, a song published in England's Helicon, 1600:—

With scowling browes their follies checke,
And so give them the *fig;* &c.—*Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson has properly explained this phrase; but it should be added that it is of Italian origin. When the Milanese revolted against the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, they placed the empress his wife upon a mule with her head towards the tail, and ignominiously expelled her their city. Frederick afterwards besieged and took the place, and compelled every one of his prisoners on pain of death to take with his teeth a *fig* from the posteriors of a mule. The party was at the same time obliged to repeat to the executioner the words "ecco la fica." From this circumstance "far la fica" became a term of derision, and was adopted by other nations. The French say likewise "faire la figue."—*Douce.*

[23] *Where is the life that late I led?*

"The Lover wounded with his Ladies beauty craveth mercy. To the Tune of where is the life that late I led," Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions.

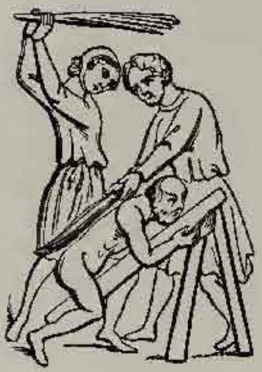
O, what a life was that sometime I led,
When Love with passions did my peace incumber;
While like a man neyther alive nor dead,
I was rapt from myselfe, as one in slumber?
Whose idle senses charm'd with fond illusion,
Did nourish that which bred their owne confusion.
Alcilia, Philoparthen's Loving Folly, 4to. Lond. 1613.

An early English poem of Shakespeare's time, preserved in the British Museum, MS. Harl. 3277, thus commences:—

Well fare the life sometymes I ledd ere this,
When yet no downy heare y-clad my face;

My hart, devoid of cares, did bathe in blisse,
My thoughts were free in every tyme and place:
But now, alas!, all's fowle which then was fayre;
My woonted joyes are turning to despaire.

[24] *She shall have whipping-cheer enough.*



So, in Thomas Newton's Herball to the Bible, 8vo. 1587: "— in wedlocke all pensive sullenes and *lowring-cheer* ought to be utterly excluded," &c. Again, in an ancient ballad, intitled, O, Yes, &c.:—

And if he chance to scape the rope,
He shall have *whipping-cheere.*—*Steevens.*

The annexed engraving represents the mode in which whipping-cheer was practised in the reign of Henry the Fourth.

[25] *Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie.*

It has been already observed, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, that *nut-hook* seems to have been in those times a name of reproach for a *catchpoll.*—*Johnson.*

A *nut-hook* was, I believe, a person who stole linen, &c. out at windows, by means of a poll with a hook at the end of it. Greene, in his Arte of Coney-catching, has given a very particular account of this kind of fraud; so that *nut-hook* was probably as common a term of reproach as rogue is at present. In an old comedy intitled Match me in London, 1631, I find the following passage: "She's the king's *nut-hook*, that when any filbert is ripe, pulls down the bravest boughs to his hand."

Again, in the Three Ladies of London, 1584: "To go a fishing with a *cranke* through a window, or to set lime-twigs to catch a pan, pot, or dish." Again, in Albumazar, 1615: "—— picking of locks and *hooking* cloaths out of window." Again, in the Jew of Malta, by Marlowe, 1633:

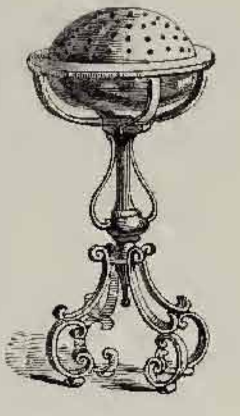
I saw some bags of money, and in the night
I clamber'd up with my *hooks.*

Hence perhaps the phrase *By hook or by crook*, which is as old as the time of Tusser and Spenser. The first uses it in his Husbandry for the month of March, the second in the third book of his Fairy Queen. In the first volume of Holinshed's Chronicle, p. 188, the reader may find the cant titles bestowed by the vagabonds of that age on one another, among which are *hookers*, or anglers; and Decker, in the Bell-man of London, 1640, describes this species of robbery in particular.—*Steevens.*

A Sequestrator! He is the divells *nut-hook*, the sign with him is alwaies in the clutches. There is more monsters retain to him, then to all the limbs in anatomy. *Cleaveland*, 1651.

[26] *Thou thin man in a censer!*

These old *censers* of thin metal had generally at the bottom the figure of some saint raised up with a hammer, in a barbarous kind of imbossed or chased work. The hunger-starved beadle is compared, in substance, to one of these thin raised figures, by the same kind of humour that Pistol, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, calls Slender a *latten bilboe.*—*Warburton.*



Warburton's explanation is erroneous. The embossed figure to which Doll refers, was in the middle of the pierced convex lid of the *censer;* and not at the bottom, where it must have been out of sight. That Doll Tear-sheet, however, may not be suspected of acquaintance with the *censers* mentioned in Scripture, and confined to sacred use, it should be remarked that the consummate sluttery of ancient houses rendered censers or fire-pans, in which coarse perfumes were burnt, most necessary utensils. In Much Ado about Nothing, Act I. Sc. III. Borachio says he had been "entertained for a perfumer to smoke a *musty room* at Leonato's:" and in a Letter from the Lords of the Council, in the reign of King Edward VI. (see Lodge's Illustrations of British History, vol. i. p. 141,) we are told that Lord Paget's house was so small, that, "after one month, it would wax *unsavery* for hym to contynue in," &c. Again, from the Correspondence of the Earl of Shrewsbury with Lord Burleigh, during the confinement of Mary Queen of Scots at Sheffield-castle, in 1572 (see vol. ii. p. 68.) we learn that her Majesty was to be removed for five or six days "to klense her chambar, *being kept very unklenly.*" Again, in a Memoir written by Anne, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, 1603: "— we all went to Tibbals to see the Kinge, who used my mother and my aunt very gratiouslie; but we all saw a great chaunge betweene the fashion of the Court as it was now, and of that in the Queene's, *for we were all lowzy by sittinge in Sir Thomas Erskin's chamber.*" See Seward's Anecdotes, &c. vol. iv. p. 305.—*Steevens.*

[27] *You blue-bottle rogue.*

Blue-bottled, ed. 1623. A name, I suppose, given to the beadle, from the colour of his livery.—*Johnson.*

Dr. Johnson is right with respect to the *livery*, but the allusion seems to be to the great *flesh-fly*, commonly called a *blue-bottle.*—*Farmer.*

The same allusion is in Northward Hoe, 1607:—"Now *blue-bottle!* what flutter you for, sea-pie?" The serving men were anciently habited in *blue*, and this is spoken on the entry of one of them. It was natural for Doll to have an aversion to the colour, as a *blue gown* was the dress in which a strumpet did penance. So, in the Northern Lass, 1633: "—let all the good you intended me be a lockram coif, a *blew gown*, a wheel, and a clean whip." Malone confirms Dr. Johnson's remark on the dress of the beadle, by the following quotation from Michaelmas Term, by Middleton, 1607: "And to be free from the interruption of *blue* beadles and other bawdy officers, he most politickly lodges her in a constable's house."—*Steevens.*

[28] *I'll forswear half-kirtles.*

Probably the dress of the prostitutes of that time. A *half-kirtle* was perhaps the same kind of thing as we call at present a short-gown, or a bed-gown. There is a proverbial expression now in use which may serve to confirm it. When a person is loosely dressed, the vulgar say—Such a one looks like a w—— in a bed-gown. See Westward Hoe, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "— forty shillings I lent her to redeem two *half-silk kirtles.*"—*Steevens.*

The dress of the courtezans of the time confirms Steevens's observation. So, in Michaelmas Term, by Middleton, 1607: "Dost dream of virginity now? remember a *loose-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." Again, in Skialetheia, or a Shadow of Truth in certain Epigrammes and Satires, 1598:—

To women's *loose gowns* suiting her loose rhimes.

Yet, from the description of a *kirtle*, a half-kirtle should seem to be a *short cloak*, rather than a short gown. Perhaps such a cloak, without sleeves, was here meant.—*Malone.*

[29] *Thou atomy, thou.*

Atomy for *anatomy*. *Atomy* or *otamy* is sometimes used by the ancient writers where no blunder or depravation is designed. So, in Look About You, 1600:

For thee, for thee, thou *otamie* of honour,
Thou worm of majesty—.—*Steevens.*

The preceding expression seems to confirm Steevens's explanation. But whether the *otamies* of Surgeons' Hall were known at this time, may perhaps be questioned. *Atomy* is perhaps here the motes or atoms in the sun beams, as the poet himself calls them, speaking of Queen Mab's chariot:—

Drawn with a team of little *atomies*.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

And *otamie* of honour, may very easily be so understood.—*Whalley.*

Shakespeare himself furnishes us with a proof that the word, in his time, bore the sense which we now frequently affix to it, having employed it in the Comedy of Errors precisely with the signification in which the Hostess here uses *atomy:*

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere *anatomy*, a mountebank,
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man.

Again, in King John:

And rouse from sleep that fell *anatomy*.—*Malone.*

[30] *Come, you rascal!*

On this note the following observation has been made: "Doll could not speak but in the language of the forest. *Rascal* does not signify *rascal*, but *lean deer*. See what it is to be on the watch to show a little musty reading and *unknown* knowledge."

Who, except this writer, is so little acquainted with our author's manner, as not to know that he often introduces allusions to customs and practices with which he was himself conversant, without being solicitous whether it was probable that the speaker should have known any thing of the matter. Thus, to give one instance out of a thousand, he puts into the mouth of kings the language of his own stage, and makes them talk of *cues* and *properties*, who never had been in a tiring-room, and probably had never heard of either the one or the other. Of the language of the forest he was extremely fond; and the particular term *rascal* he has introduced in at least a dozen places.—*Malone.*

[31] *'Tis all in every part.*

"'Tis all in all, and all in every part." And so doubtless it should be read. 'Tis a common way of expressing one's approbation of a right measure to say, "'tis all in all." To which this fantastick character adds, with some humour, "and all in every part:" which, both together, make up the philosophick sentence, and complete the absurdity of Pistol's phraseology.—*Warburton.*

I strongly suspect that these words belong to Falstaff's speech. They have nothing of Pistol's manner. In the original copy in quarto, the speeches in this scene are all in confusion. The two speeches preceding this, which are jumbled together, are given to Shallow, and stand thus: "*Sh.* It is *best* certain:

but to stand stained with travel," &c. The allusion, if any allusion there be, is to the description of the soul. So, in Nosce Teipsum, by Sir John Davies, 4to. 1599:

> Some say, *she's all in all, and all in every part.*

Again, in Drayton's Mortimeriados, 4to. 1596:

> And as his soul possesseth head and heart,
> *She's all in all, and all in every part.*—*Malone.*

In the Phœnix Nest, &c. 4to. 1593, we find, p. 20: "Tota in toto, et tota in qualibet parte."—*Ritson.*

In my opinion, this speech accords but little with the phraseology of Falstaff; and, on the contrary, agrees well with that of Pistol, who (as Moth in Love's Labour Lost says of Holofernes) appears to "have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps." See his concluding words in the scene before us.—*Steevens.*

[32] *Most royal imp of fame.*

The word *imp* is perpetually used by Ulpian Fulwell, and other ancient writers, for progeny:

> And were it not thy royal *impe*
> Did mitigate our pain—.

Here Fulwell addresses Anne Boleyn, and speaks of the young Elizabeth. Churchyard also calls Edward VI. "impe of grace." Again, in the Battle of Alcazar, 1594:

> —— Amurath, mighty emperor of the east,
> That shall receive the *imp* of royal race.

Again, in Fuimus Troes, 1633:

> —— from hence I bring
> A pair of martial *imps*——.

Imp-yn is a Welsh word, and primitively signifies a sprout, a sucker. So, in the tragedy of Darius, 1603:

> Like th' ancient trunk of some disbranched tree
> Which Æol's rage hath to confusion brought,
> Disarm'd of all those *imps* that sprung from me,
> Unprofitable stock, I serve for nought.

Again, in Thomas Newton's Herball to the Bible, 8vo. 1587, there is a chapter on "shrubs, shootes, slippes, graffes, sets, spPrigges, boughs, branches, twigs, yoong *imps*, sprayes, and buds."—*Steevens.*

[33] *Not to come near our person by ten mile.*

Rowe observes that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend. But if it be considered, that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and with all his power of exciting mirth, has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the King, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it.

I think the poet more blameable for Poins, who is always represented as joining some virtues with his vices, and is therefore treated by the Prince with apparent distinction, yet he does nothing in the time of action; and though after the bustle is over he is again a favourite, at last vanishes without notice. Shakespeare certainly lost him by heedlessness, in the multiplicity of his characters, the variety of his action, and his eagerness to end the play.—*Johnson.*

The dismission of Falstaff was founded on an historical fact. Stowe says that

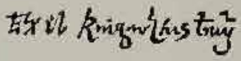
"King Henry, after his coronation, called unto him all those young lords and gentlemen that were the followers of his young acts, to every one of whom he gave rich gifts; and then commanded, that as many as would change their manners, as he intended to do, should abide with him in his court; and to all that would persevere in their former like conversation, he gave express commandment, upon pain of their heads, never after that day to come in his presence.—*Steevens.*

This circumstance was originally mentioned by Hall, and is thus recorded by Holinshed, who was certainly Shakespeare's historian: "Immediately after that he was invested kyng, and had receyved the crowne, he determined with himselfe to putte upon him the shape of a new man, turning insolence and wildness into gravitie and sobernesse: and whereas he had passed his youth in wanton pastime and riotous misorder, with a sorte of misgoverned mates, and unthriftie playfeers, he now banished them from his presence, (not unrewarded nor yet unpreferred,) *inhibiting them upon a great payne, not once to approche, lodge or sojourne within ten miles of his courte or mansion:* and in their places he elected and chose men of gravitie, witte, and hygh policie, by whose wise counsell he might at all times rule to his honoure;—whereas if he should have reteined the other lustie companions aboute him, he doubted least they might have allured him into such lewde and lighte partes, as with them before tyme he had youthfully used."—Our author might have found the same circumstance in the anonymous play of King Henry V.:

——— your former life grieves me,
And makes me to abandon and abolish your company for ever:
And therefore not upon pain of death to approche my presence,
By ten miles' space; then, if I heare well of you,
It may be I will doe somewhat for you;
Otherwise looke for no more favour at my hands,
Than any other man's.—*Malone.*

[34] *The tenor of our word.—Set on.*

It may be worth notice that, in a copy of the 1600 edition of this play, there is the following stage-direction in nearly contemporary MS.,—"Exit king with his trayne."



[35] *To pray for the queen.*

It was the custom of the old players, at the end of the performance, to pray for their patrons. Thus, at the end of New Custom:—

Preserve our noble Queen Elizabeth, and her councell all.

And in Locrine:—

So let us pray for that renowned maid, &c.

And in Middleton's Mad World my Masters: "This shows like kneeling after the play; I praying for my lord Owemuch and his good countess, our honourable lady and mistress."—*Farmer.*

Thus, at the end of Preston's Cambyses:

As duty binds us, for our noble queene let us pray,
  And for her honourable councel, the truth that they may use,
To practise justice, and defend her grace eche day;
  To maintaine God's word they may not refuse,
To correct all those that would her grace and grace's laws abuse:
Beseeching God over us she may reign long,
To be guided by trueth and defended from wrong.

So, at the end of All for Money, a morality, by T. Lupton, 1578:—

Let us pray for the queen's majesty, our sovereign governour,
That she may raign quietly according to God's will, &c.

Again, at the end of Lusty Juventus, a morality, 1561:—

Now let us make supplications together,
For the prosperous estate of our noble and virtuous king.

Again, at the end of the Disobedient Child, an interlude, by Thomas Ingeland,—Here the rest of the players come in, and kneel down all togyther, eche of them sayinge one of these verses:—

And last of all, to make an end,
O God to the we most humblye praye
That to Queen Elizabeth thou do sende
Thy lyvely pathe and perfect waye, &c.

Again, at the conclusion of Tom Tyler and his Wife, 1661:—

Which God preserve our noble queen,
From perilous chance which hath been seene;
And send her subjects grace, say I,
To serve her highness patiently!

Again, at the conclusion of a comedy called A Knack to Know a Knave, 1594:

And may her days of blisse never have an end,
Upon whose lyfe so many lyves depend.

Again, at the end of Apius and Virginia, 1575:

Beseeching God, as duty is, our gracious queene to save,
The nobles and the commons eke, with prosperous life I crave.

Lastly, Sir John Harrington's Metamorphosis of Ajax, 1596, finishes with these words: "But I will neither end with sermon nor prayer, lest some wags liken me to my L. ( ) players, who when they have ended a baudie comedy, as though they were a preparative to devotion, kneele down solemnly, and pray all the companie to pray with them for their good lord and maister." Almost all the ancient interludes I have met with conclude with some solemn prayer for the king or queen, house of commons, &c. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play-bills.—*Steevens.*

Henry the Fifth.

INTRODUCTION.

The historical drama of Henry the Fifth is chiefly founded upon a portion of the narrative of that king's reign which is given in Holinshed's Chronicle, 1587; but slender hints for a few scenes of the play may be traced in the concluding part of an older drama, of little merit, entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company on May 14th, 1594, to Thomas Creede, as "a booke intituled the Famous Victories of Henrye the Fyft, conteyninge the honorable battell of Agincourt." This production was certainly written before 1588, the year of Tarlton's death, the part of the Clown, one of the characters in it, having been undertaken by that celebrated actor. The same drama is supposed to be alluded to by Nash, who, in his Pierce Penilesse his Supplication to the Divell, 1592, exclaims,—"what a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing him and the dolphin to sweare fealtie." No printed edition of this play, however, is now known before one which appeared in the year 1598, the copyright then, as in 1594, belonging to Thomas Creede. It was republished in 1617, under the title of, "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth, containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt, as it was acted by the Kinges Maiesties Seruants," the last assertion being probably untrue, and inserted with the view of deceiving the public by pretending that it was acted by Shakespeare's company, and hence leading them to believe that it was the production of the great dramatist. The prominence given in the title-page to the battle of Agincourt would tend to facilitate the delusion. Upon this play Shakespeare constructed some of the incidents which are introduced into his Henry the Fifth, amongst which may be especially mentioned the king's love scene, which, it may be doubted, would have been inserted had not the poet's recollection of the older drama interfered with the free exercise of his own invention. The author of the Famous Victories glances at the whole of the king's life, the first portion of it referring to the period illustrated in the two parts of Henry the Fourth. The conclusion of his drama refers to Henry's exploits in France after his accession to the throne, and the leading features in both plays are the same; but it is evident that Shakespeare, although acquainted with the Famous Victories, made more use of the historical materials of Holinshed, at the same time that, in the conduct of his drama, the older play is almost slavishly followed. Neither the historian nor the elder dramatist gave any hints of value to Shakespeare for his wonderful delineation of Henry's character. The following extract from the Famous Victories will suffice to show the insignificant nature of Shakespeare's obligations to that play, in which, it is scarcely necessary to observe, the characters are those of Shakespeare only in name,—

Henry. 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, wife to king Edward the third, and sister to Charles the French King. Now if the French King deny it, as likely he will, then must you take your sword in hand, and conquer the right. Let the usurped Frenchman know, although your predecessors have let it passe, you will not: For your countreymen are willing, with purse and men, to ayde you. Then, my good Lord, as it hath been alwayes knowne, that Scotland hath been in league with France, by a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence, I thinke it therefore best to 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 L. Archbishop of Canterbury. What say you, my good Lord of Oxford?

Oxford. And please your Majestie, I agree with my Lord Archbyshop, saving in this,—

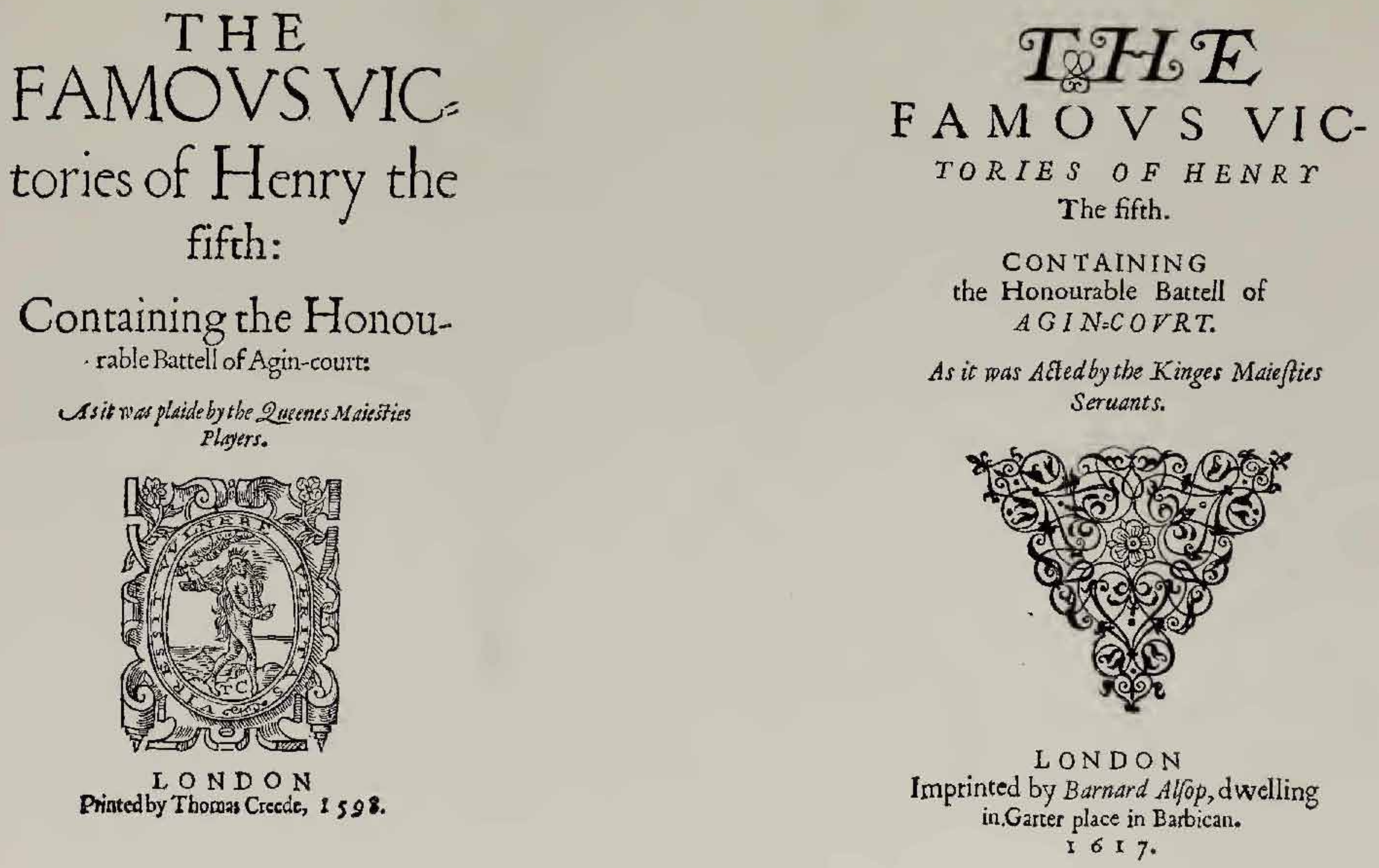
He that will Scotland winne, must first with France beginne:

According to the old saying. Therefore, my good Lord, I thinke it best first to invade France, for in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one; and conquere France, and conquere both.

Enter Lord of Exceter.

Exeter. And pleese your Majesty.

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



Facsimiles of the title pages of the two earliest known editions of the Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth

THE
FAMOVS VIC-
tories of Henry the
fifth:

Containing the Honou-
rable Battell of Agin-court:

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

LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598.

THE
FAMOVS VIC-
TORIES OF HENRY
The fifth.

CONTAINING
the Honourable Battell of
AGIN-COVRT.

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

LONDON
Imprinted by *Barnard Alſop*, dwelling
in Garter place in Barbican.
1617.

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Fac sim.
22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden

To face p. 242

Enter Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. God save the life of my soveraigne Lord the King.

Henry 5. Now, my good Lord the duke of Yorke, what news from our brother, the French king?

Yorke. And please your Majestie, I delivered him my embassage, whereof I tooke some deliberation; but for the answere he hath sent my Lord Embassador of Burges the Duke of Burgony, Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horsemen, to bring the embassage.

Henry 5. Commit my Lord Archbyshop of Burges unto our presence.

Enter Archbyshop of Burges.

Henry 5. Now, my Lord Archbyshop of Burges, we doe learne by our Lord Embassador, that you have our message to doo from our brother the French king: Here, my good Lord, according to our accustomed order, we give you free libertie and license to speake, with good audience.

Archbyshop. God save the mighty king of England,—My Lord and Master, the most Christian King, Charles the seventh, the great and mighty king of France, as a most noble and Christian king, not minding to shed innocent bloud, is rather content to yeeld somewhat to your unreasonable demaunds,—that if fifty thousand crownes a yeare with his daughter the sayde Lady Katheren, in marriage, and some crowns which he may well spare, not hurting of his kingdome—he is content to yeeld so far to your unreasonable desire.

Henry 5. Why then, belike, your Lord and Master, thinkes to puffe me up with fifty thousand crowns a yere: No, tell thy Lord and Master, that all the crownes in France shall not serve me, except the crowne and kingdome it selfe; and perchance hereafter I will have his daughter.

Archbyshop. And it please your Majesty, my Lord Prince Dolphin greetes you well, with this present.

[*He delivereth a Tunne of Tennis balles.*

Henry 5. What, a guilded tunne! I pray you, my Lord of Yorke, look 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 thereof be?

Archbyshop. 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 to a king; the law of armes allowes no lesse.

Archbyshop. My Lord, hearing of your wildnesse before your fathers death, sent you this, my good Lord, meaning that you are more fitter for a tennis court then a field, and more fitter for a carpet then the campe.

Henry 5. My L. Prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me: But tell him, that in steed of balles of leather, we will tosse him balles of brasse and yron, yea, such balles, as never were tost in France. The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it. I, and thou, Prince of Burges, shall rue it. Therefore, get thee hence, and tell him thy massage quickly, least I be there before thee: Away, priest, be gone.

Archbyshop. I beseech your Grace, to deliver mee your safe conduct under your broad seale Emanuel.

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 tell thy Lord and Master, that I, Harry of England, said it, and I

Harry of England, will performe it. My Lord of Yorke, deliver him our safe conduct, under our broad seale Emanuel.

[*Exeunt Archbishop and the Duke of* Yorke.

Now, my Lords, to armes, to armes, for I vow, by heaven and earth, that the proudest French-man in all France shall rue the time that ever these tennis-balles were sent into England. My Lord, I wil that there be provided a great navy of ships with all speed, at South-Hampton. For there I meane to ship my men, for I would be there before him, if it were possible. Therefore come; but stay, I had almost forgot the chiefest thing of all, with chafing with this French embassadour. Call in my Lord Chiefe Justice of England.

Enter Lord Chiefe Justice of England.

Exeter. Here is the King, my Lord.

Justice. God preserve your Majesty.

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

Justice. I would it were unknowne to your Majesty.

Henry 5. Why what ayle you?

Justice. Your Majesty knoweth my griefe well.

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

Justice. I trust your Grace hath forgotten that.

Henry 5. I, truly, my Lord, and for revengement, I have chosen you to be my Protector over my realme, untill it shall please God to give me speedy returne out of France.

Justice. And if it please your Majesty, I am farre unworthy of so high a dignity.

Henry 5. Tut, my Lord, you are not unworthy, because I thinke you worthy: For you, that would not spare me, I thinke will not spare another. It must needs be so, and therefore, come,—let us be gone, and get our men in a readinesse.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter a Captaine, John Cobler *and his Wife.*

Captaine. Come, come, there is no remedy,—thou must needs serve the King.

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

Wife. I pray you, good master Captaine, bee good to my husband.

Captaine. Why, I am sure he is not too good to serve the King:

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

Captaine. No, no, thou shalt go.

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

Wife. I pray you, let him goe home againe.

Captaine. Tush, I care not, thou shalt goe.

Wife. Oh, wife, and you had been a loving wife to mee, this had not been, for I have sayd many times, that I would goe away, and now I must goe against my will. [*Hee weepeth.*

Enters Dericke.

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

Wife. Ile tell you, come, ye cloghead, what doe you with my potlid? heare you, will you have 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 would worie you all to peeces; that I would.

Wife. Would you so, Ile trie that. [*She beateth him.*

Dericke. Master Captaine, will yee suffer her? Goe too, dame, I will goe backe as farre as I can; but, and you come againe, Ile clap the law on your backe, that's flat: Ile tell you, Master Captaine, what you shall doe; Presse her for a souldier, I warrant you; She will doe as much good as her husband and I too. [*Enters the Theefe.*] Sownes, who comes yonder.

Captaine. How now, good fellow, doest thou want a master?

Theefe. I, truly, sir.

Captaine. Hold thee, then, I presse thee for a souldier, to serve the King in *France.*

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

Theefe. I, I knew thee long agoe.

Dericke. Heare you, maister Captaine?

Captaine. What sayst thou?

Dericke. I pray you let me goe home againe.

Captaine. Why, what woldst thou doe at home?

Dericke. Marry, I have 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.

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

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

John. Come, wife, lets part lovingly.

Wife. Farewell, good husband.

Dericke. Fye, what a kissing and crying is here! Sownes, do ye thinke he will never come againe? Why, John, come away, doest thinke that we are so base minded to die among Frenchmen? Sownes, we know not whether they will lay us in their church or no: Come, M. Captaine, lets away.

Captaine. I cannot stay no longer; therefore, come away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

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

King. Now, my Lord High Constable, what say you to our embassage into England?

Constable. And it please your Majestie, I can say nothing, untill 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 have some in a readinesse, but if the King of England make against us, we must have thrice so many moe.

Dolphin. Tut, my Lord, although the King of England be young and wilde headed, yet never thinke hee will be so unwise to make battell against the mightie King of France.

King. Oh, my sonne, although the King of England be young and wilde headed, yet never thinke but he is rulde by his wise councellors.

Enter Archbyshop of Burges.

Archbyshop. God save the life of my soveraigne lord the King.

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

Archbyshop. And please your Majestie, he is so far from your expectation, that nothing will serve him but the Crowne and Kingdome it selfe; besides, he bad me haste quickly, least hee be there before mee, and so farre as I heare he hath kept promise: for they say he is already landed at Kidcocks in Normandie, upon the River of Sene, and layd his siege to the garrison towne of Harflew.

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

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

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

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

Enters a Messenger.

Messenger. God save the mighty King of France.

King. Now, messenger, what newes?

Messenger. And it please your Majestie, I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew, which is so beset on every side, if your Majestie doe not send present ayde, the towne will be yeelded to the English King.

King. Come, my Lords, come, shall we stand still till our countrey be spoyled under our noses? My Lords, let the Normans, Brabants, Pickardies, and Danes, be sent for with all speede: and you, my Lord High Constable, I make generall over all my whole armie; Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas, Signior Devens and the rest, at your appointment.

Dolphin. I trust your Majestie will bestow some part of the battell on mee. I hope not to present any otherwise then well.

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

Dolphin. Why, my Lord and Father, I would have 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 have it thus: Therefore, come away. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enters Henry *the fifth, with his Lordes.*

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 speak 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 Majesty, there are many of your men sicke and diseased, and many of them die for want of victuals.

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

Oxford. I beseech yur grace to grant me a boone.

Henry 5. What is that, my good Lord?

Oxford. That your grace would give me the Evantgard in the battell.

Henry 5. Trust me, my Lord of Oxford, I cannot: for I have already given it to my unckle the Duke of Yorke, yet I thanke you for your good will. [*A Trumpet sounds.*] How now, what is that?

Yorke. I thinke it be some Herald of armes.

Enters a Herald.

Herald. King of England, my Lord High Constable, and others of the Noble men of France, sends me to defie thee, as open enemy to God, our countrey, and us, 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, and as wrongful usurpers of my right: and whereas thou sayest they presently bid me battell, tell them that I thinke they know how to please me: But I pray thee what place hath my Lord Prince Dolphin here in battell.

Herald. And it please your Grace, my Lord and King his father will not let him come into the field.

Henry 5. Why then he doth me great injury, I thought that he and I shuld have plaid at tennis together; therefore I have brought tennis balles for him, but other manner of ones then he sent me. And, herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin, that I have inured my hands with other kind of weapons then tennis balles, ere this time a day, and that he shall finde it, ere it be long, and so adue, my friend. And tell my Lord that I am ready when he will. [*Exit Herald.*] Come, my Lords, I care not and I go to our captaines, and ile see the number of the French army myselfe. Strike up the drumme. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter French Souldiers.

1 *Souldier.* Come away, Jacke Drummer, come away, all, and me will tell you, what me will doo, me will tro one chance on the dice, who shall have the king of England and his Lords.

2 *Souldier.* Come away, Jacke Drummer, and tro your chance, and lay downe your drumme.

Enter Drummer.

Drummer. Oh the brave apparell that the English mans hay broth over! I will tell you what me ha done, me ha provided a hundreth trunkes, and all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.

1 *Souldier.* What doe you meane by trunkea?

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

1 *Souldier.* Awee, awee, awee, me will tell you what, me ha put five shildren out of my house, and all too little to put the fine apparrell of the English-mans in.

Drummer. Oh! the brave, the brave apparrell that wee shall have anon! But come, and you shall see what me will tro at the Kings drummer and fife. Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you.

3 *Souldier.* Faith, me will tro at the Earle of Northumberland and my Lord a Willowbie, with his great horse, snorting, farting, oh brave horse.

1 *Souldier.* Ha, bur Lady, you ha reasonable good lucke. Now, I will tro at the King himself. Ha, me have no good lucke.

Enters a Captaine.

Captaine. How now, what make you here, so farre from the campe?

2 *Souldier.* Shal me tell our captain, what we have done here?

Drummer. Awee, awee. [*Exeunt Drum and one Souldier.*

2 *Souldier.* I will tell you what we have done. We have been troing on shance on the dice, but none can win the King.

Captaine. I thinke so, why, he is left behind for mee, and I have 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 *Souldier.* O brave captaine.

Captaine. I am glad and yet with a kind of pitty, to see the poore King. Who ever saw a more flourishing armie in France in one day then here is. Are not here all the peers of France; are not here the Normans with their fierie hand gunnes, and flaunching curtleaxes. Are not here the Barbarians with their bard horses, and lanching speares? Are not here Pickardes with their crosbows and piercing darts? The Henves with their cutting glaves, and sharpe carbuckles? Are not here the lance-knights of Burgundie? And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs? Why, take an English man out of his warme bed, and his stale drinke but one moneth, and, alasse, what will become of him? But give the Frenchman a reddish root, and he will live with it all the days of his life. [*Exit.*

2 *Souldier.* Oh the brave apparrell that we shall have of the English mans. [*Exit.*

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 Majesty, our Captaines have numbered them, and so neare as they can judge, they are about threescore thousand horsemen, and forty thousand footmen.

Henry 5. They threescore thousand, and we but two thousand. They threescore thousand footmen, and we twelve thousand. They are a hundred thousand, and we forty thousand, ten to one. My Lords and loving countrey-men, though we be few, and they many, feare not, your quarrell is good, and God will defend you: Plucke up your hearts, for this day we shall eyther have a valiant victory, or an honourable death. Now, my Lords, I will that my uncle the Duke of Yorke have the avantgard in the battell. The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford, the Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham, the Earle of Huntington, I will have beside the army, that they may come fresh upon them, and I my selfe with the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Gloster, will be in the midst of the battell. Furthermore, I will that my Lord of Willowbie, and the Earl of Northumberland, with their troupes of horsemen, be continually running like wings on both sides of the army. My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing. Then I will that every archer provide him a stake of a tree, and sharpe it at both ends. And at the first encounter of the horsemen, to pitch their stakes downe into the ground before them, that they may gore themselves upon them, and then to recoyle backe, and shoot wholly altogether. And so discomfite them.

Oxford. And it please your Majesty, I will take that in charge, if your Grace be therwith content.

Henry 5. With all my heart, my good Lord of Oxford, and go and provide quickly.

Oxford. I thanke your Highnesse. [*Exit.*

Henry 5. Well, my Lords, our battells are ordayned, and the French making bonfires, and at their banquets, but let them looke, for I meane to set upon them. [*The Trumpet sounds.*] Soft, here comes some other French message.

Enters Herauld.

Herald. King of England, my Lord High Constable, and other of my Lords, considering the poor estate of thee and thy poore Countrey men, sends me to know what thou wilt give for thy ransome? Perhaps thou mayest agree better cheape now, then when thou art conquered.

Henry 5. Why, then, belike your High Constable sends to know what I will give for my ransome? Now trust me, herald, not so much as a tun of tenis-balls, no, not so much as one poore tennis-ball: Rather shall my body lie dead in the Field to feed crowes, then ever England shall pay one penny ransome for my bodie.

Herald. A kingly resolution.

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

All. Prime, my Lord.

Henry 5. Then it is good time no doubt, for all England prayeth for us:

What, my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully upon me? Why, then, with one voyce, and like true English hearts, with me throw up your caps, and for England, crie S. George, and God and S. George helpe us.

[*Strike Drummes. Exeunt omnes. The French-men cry within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis, Mount, Joy, Saint Dennis.—The Battell.—Enters King of England, and his Lords.*

Henry 5. Come, my Lords, come, by this time our swords are almost drunke with French bloud; but, my Lordes, which of you can tell me how many of our armie be slaine in the battell?

Oxford. And it please your Majestie, there are of the French armie slaine above ten thousand, twentie sixe hundred, whereof are princes and nobles bearing banners. Besides, all the nobilitie of France are taken prisoners. Of your Majestie armie, are slaine none but the good Duke of Yorke, and not above five or sixe and twentie common souldiours.

Henry 5. For the good Duke of Yorke, my unckle, I am heartily sorrie, and greatly lament his misfortune, yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath given us doth make me much rejoyce. But stay, here comes another French message. [*Sound Trumpet.*

Enters a Herauld, and kneeleth.

Herald. God save the life of the most mightie conqueror, the honourable King of England?

Henry 5. Now, herald, methinks 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, but I thanke God for my health. Well, herald, say on.

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

Henry 5. Why, Herald, doth thy Lord and Master send to me to bury the dead. Let him bury them, a Gods name. But I pray thee, Herald, where is my Lord High Constable, and those that would have had my ransome?

Herald. And it please your Majestie, he was slaine in the battell.

Henry 5. Why, you may see, you will make your selves sure before the victory be wonne: but, Herald, what castle is this, so neere adjoyning to our campe?

Herald. And it please your Majestie, 'tis calde the Castle of Agincourt.

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

Herald. And it please your Majesty, I have a further message to deliver to your Majesty.

Henry 5. What is that, Herald? say on.

Herald. And it please your Majesty, my Lord and Master craves to parley with your Majesty.

Henry 5. With a good will, so some of my nobles view the place for feare of trechery and treason.

Herald. Your Grace needs not to doubt that. [*Exit Herald.*

Henry 5. Well, tell him then I will come. Now, my Lords, I will goe into the field my selfe, to view my countrey men, and to have them honourably buried, for the French King shall never surpasse me in curtesie, whiles I am Harry King of England. Come on, my Lords. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter John Cobler, *and* Robin Pewterer.

Robin. Now, John Cobler, didst thou see how the King did behave himselfe?

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

Robin. I, John, there was a brave policie.

Enters an English *Souldier roming.*

Souldier. What are you, my masters?

Both. Why, we be Englishmen.

Souldier. Are you English men? then change your language, for all the Kings tents are set a-fire, and all they that speake English will be kilde.

John. What shall we do, Robin? faith, ile shift, for I can speake broken French.

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

John. Commodevales Monsieur.

Robin. Thats well; come, lets be gone. [*Drum and Trumpets sound.*

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

Dericke. O good Mounser.

French-man. Come, come, you villeaco.

Dericke. O, I will, sir, I will.

Frenchman. Come, quickly, you pesant.

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

Frenchman. Marry, thou shalt give me, one, to, tre, foure hundred crownes.

Dericke. Nay, sir, I will give you more; I will give you as many crownes as will lye on your sword.

Frenchman. Wilt thou give me as many crownes as will lye on my sword?

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

[*Here the Frenchman layes downe his Sword, and the Clowne takes it up, and hurles him downe.*

Dericke. Thou villaine, darest thou looke up?

Frenchman. O good, Monsieur comparteve. Monsieur, pardon me.

Dericke. O, you villaine, now you lye at my mercy. Doest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy short el? O, villaine, now I will strike off thy head. [*Here, while he turnes his backe, the Frenchman runnes his wayes.*

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

Enters King of France, *King of* England, *and Attendants.*

Henry 5. Now, my good brother of France, my coming into this land was not to shed bloud, but for the right of my countrey, which, if you can deny, I am content peaceably to leave my siege, and to depart out of your land.

Charles. What is your demaund, my loving brother of England?

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.

French King. Well, read on.

Secretary. Item, that after the death of the said Henry, the crowne remaine to him and his heyres for ever.

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

Henry 5. Why, my good brother of France, you have had it long inough; and as for Prince Dolphin, it skils not though he sit beside the saddle. Thus I have set it downe, and thus it shall be.

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

Henry 5. And you as perverse, my good brother of France.

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

Henry 5. I, even as farre 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 give me a coppy, we will meet you againe to morrow.

[*Exit King* of France, *and all their Attendants.*

Henry 5. With a good will, my good brother of France. Secretary, deliver him a copie. My Lords of England, goe before, and I will follow you.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Henry 5. [*Speakes to himselfe.*] Ah, Harry, thrice unhappy Harry, hast thou now conquerd the French King, and begins a fresh supply with his daughter. But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her love, which hast sought to win her fathers crowne? Her fathers crowne, said I? no, it is mine owne: I, but I love her, and must crave her. Nay, I love her, and will have her.

Enters Lady Katheren *and her Ladies.*

But here shee comes. How now, fayre Lady Katheren of France, what newes?

Katheren. And it please your Majesty, 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 have made me debate it, if it were possible. But tell me, sweet Kate, canst thou tell how to love.

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

Henry 5. Tush, Kate, but tell me, in plaine termes, canst thou love the King of England? I cannot doe as these countries doe, that spend halfe their time in wooing. Tush, wench, I am none such; but wilt thou go over to England?

Kate. I would to God, that I had your Majesty as fast in love, as you have my father in warres, I would not vouchsafe so much as one looke, untill you had related all these unreasonable demaunds.

Henry 5. Tush, Kate, I know thou wouldst not use mee so hardly; but tell me, canst thou love the King of England?

Kate. How should I love 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 require. How sayst thou, what will it be?

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

Henry 5. But shall I have thy good will in the mean season?

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

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

[*She goes aside, and speakes as followeth.*

Kate. I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world, that is beloved of the mightie king of England.

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

Kate. God keepe your Majesty in good health. [*Exit Kate.*

Henry 5. Farewell, sweet Kate. In faith, it is a sweet wench, but if I knew I could not have her fathers good will, I would so rowse the towers over his eares, that I would make him be glad to bring her me upon his hands and knees. [*Exit King.*

Enters Dericke, *with his girdle full of shooes.*

Dericke. How now? Sownes, it did me good to see how I did triumph over the French-men.

Enters John Cobler *roving, with a packe full of apparrell.*

John. Whoope, Dericke, how doest thou?

Dericke. What, John Comedevales, alive yet?

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

Dericke. Were you so?

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

Dericke. But once kilde? why, it tis nothing. I was foure or five times slaine.

John. Foure or five times slaine! Why, how couldst thou have beene alive now?

Dericke. O, John, never say so, for I was calde the bloudy souldier amongst them all.

John. Why, what didst thou?

Dericke. Why, I will tell thee, John, every 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 would go into the field, and when the captaine saw me, he would say, peace, a bloudy souldier, and bid me stand aside, whereof I was glad. But marke the chance, John. I went and stood behind a tree, but marke then, John, I thought I had beene safe, but on a sodaine, there steps to me a lusty tall French-man; now he drew, and I drew; now I lay here, and he lay there. Now I set this leg before, and turned this backeward, and skipped quite over a hedge, and he saw me no more there that day. And was not this well done, John?

John. Masse, Dericke, thou hast a witty 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.

John. I faith, Dericke, I have gotten some reparrell, to carry home to my wife.

Dericke. And I have got some shooes, for Ile tell thee what I did; when they were dead, I would go take off all theyr shooes.

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

Dericke. Nay, sownds and they take thee, they will hang thee. O, John, never doe so, if it be thy fortune to be hangd, be hangd in thy owne language, whatsoever thou doest.

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

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

John. How is that, Dericke?

Dericke. Why, John, thou knowest the Duke of Yorkes funerall must be carryed into England, doest thou not?

John. I, that I doe.

Dericke. Why, then thou knowest weele go with it.

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

Dericke. Sownds, if I make not shift to meet them, hang me! Syrra, thou knowest that in every towne there will be ringing, and there will be cakes and drinke. Now I will goe to the clarke and sexton, and keepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well: and thou shalt goe and take a piece of cake, then ile ring, and thou shalt say, Oh this fellow keepes a good stint, and then I wil goe drinke to thee all the way. But I marvell what my dame wil say when we come home, because we have not a French word to cast at a dog by the way?

John. Why, what shall we doe, Dericke?

Dericke. Why, John, ile goe before,—and call my dame whore, and thou shalt come after, and set fire on the house. We may doe it, John, for ile prove it, because we be souldiers. [*The Trumpets sound.*

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

Enters King of England, *Lord of* Oxford, *and* Exceter, *then the King of* France, *Prince* Dolphin, *and the Duke of* Burgondy, *and Attendants.*

Henry 5. Now, my good brother of France, I hope by this time you have deliberated of your answere.

French King. I, my wel beloved brother of England, we have viewed it over 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 loving brother of France, I can hardly forget the late injuries offered me, when I came last to parley. The French men had better a raked the bowels out of their fathers carkasses, then to have fiered my tentes. And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one, I would so rowse him, as he was never so rowsed.

French King. I dare sweare for my sonnes innocency in this matter. But if this please you, that immediately you be proclaimed and crowned heyre and Regent of France, not king, because I my selfe was once crowned king.

Henry 5. Heyre and Regent of France, that is well, but that is not all that I must have.

French King. The rest my Secretary hath in writing.

Secretary. Item, that Henry king of England, be crowned Heyre 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 heyres for ever.

Henry 5. Well, my good brother of France, there is one thing I must needs desire.

French King. What is that, my good brother of England?

Henry 5. That all your nobles must be sworne to be true to me.

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

Henry 5. Come, my Lord of Burgondie, take your oath upon my sword.

Burgondie. 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 invade the sayde Henry, or his heyres, then I, the sayde Philip, to send him word, and ayde him with all the power I can make, and thereunto I take my oath. [*He kisseth the sword.*

Henry 5. Come, Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too. [*He kisseth the sword.*

Henry 5. Well, my brother of France, there is one thing more I must needs require of you.

French King. Wherein is it that we may satisfie your Majestie?

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 sayst thou, Kate, canst thou love the King of England?

Kate. How should I love thee, which is my fathers enemie?

Henry 5. Tut, stand not upon these points; tis you must make us friends: I know, Kate, thou art not a little proud, that I love thee. What, wench, the king of England.

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

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

Henry 5. Welcome, sweet Kate; but, my brother of France, what say you to it?

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

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

[*Sound Trumpets.—Exeunt omnes.*

The action of the play of Henry the Fifth commences with the parliament held at Leicester in the second year of his reign, and it terminates with his marriage six years afterwards; but the dramatist makes the king's union with the princess to follow the battle of Agincourt, without entering into the history of the intervening period. Shakespeare used Holinshed for his historical facts, not the older chronicles followed by that historian. This is ascertained not only by comparison, but by the circumstance that an error committed by Holinshed, and not by his predecessors, is copied by Shakespeare in the second scene of the first act. The following extracts from Holinshed include the chief historical materials used by Shakespeare,—

1413.—Whilest in the Lent season the king laie at Killingworth, there came to him from Charles Dolphin of France certeine ambassadors, that brought with them a barrell of Paris balles, which from their maister they presented to him for a token that was taken in verie ill part, as sent in scorne, to signifie that it was more meet for the king to passe the time with such childish exercise, than to attempt any worthie exploit. Wherfore the K. wrote to him, that, yer ought long, he would tosse him some London balles that perchance should shake the walles of the best court in France.

1414.—In the second yeare of his reigne, king Henrie called his high court of parlement, the last daie of Aprill in the towne of Leicester, in which parlement manie profitable lawes were concluded, and manie petitions mooved, were for that time deferred. Amongst which, one was, that a bill exhibited in the parlement holden at Westminster in the eleventh yeare of king Henrie the fourth (which by reason the king was then troubled with civill discord, came to none effect) might now with good deliberation be pondered, and brought to some good conclusion. The effect of which supplication was, that the temporall lands devoutlie given, and disordinatlie spent by religious, and other spirituall persons, should be seized into the kings hands, sith the same might suffice to mainteine, to the honor of the king, and defense of the realme, fifteene earles, fifteene hundred knights, six thousand and two hundred esquiers, and a hundred almesse-houses, for reliefe onelie of the poore, impotent, and needie persons, and the king to have cleerelie to his coffers twentie thousand pounds, with manie other provisions and values of religious houses, which I passe over. This bill was much noted, and more feared among the religious sort, whom suerlie it touched verie neere, and therefore to find remedie against it, they determined to assaie all waies to put by and overthrow this bill; wherein they thought best to trie if they might moove the kings mood with some sharpe invention, that he should not regard the importunate petitions of the commons. Whereupon, on a daie in the parlement, Henrie Chichelie, archbishop of Canturburie, made a pithie oration, wherein he declared how not onelie the duchies of Normandie and Aquitaine, with the counties of Anjou and Maine, and the countrie of Gascoigne, were by undoubted title apperteining to the king, as to the lawfull and onelie heire of the same; but also the whole realme of France, as heire to his great grandfather king Edward the third. Herein did he much inveie against the surmised and false fained law Salike, which the Frenchmen alledge ever against the kings of England in barre of their just title to the crowne of France. The verie words of that supposed law are these, *In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant*, that is to saie, into the Salike land let not women succeed. Which the French glossers expound to be the realme of France, and that this law was made by king Pharamond; whereas yet their owne authors affirme that the land Salike is in Germanie, betweene the rivers of Elbe and Sala; and that when Charles the great had overcome the Saxons, he placed there certeine Frenchmen, which having in disdeine the dishonest maners of the Germane women, made a law, that the females should not succeed to any inheritance within that land, which at this daie is called Meisen, so that, if this be true, this law was not made for the realme of France, nor the Frenchmen possessed the land Salike, till foure hundred and one and twentie yeares after the death of Pharamond, the supposed maker of this Salike law, for this Pharamond deceased in the yeare 426, and Charles the great subdued the Saxons, and placed the Frenchmen in those parts beyond the river of Sala, in the yeare 805. Moreover, it appeareth by their owne writers that king Pepine, which deposed Childerike, claimed the crowne of France, as heire generall, for that he was descended of Blithild, daughter to king Clothair the first: Hugh Capet also, who usurped the crowne upon Charles Duke of Loraine, the sole heire male of the line and stocke of Charles the great, to make his title seeme true, and appeare good, though in deed it was starke naught, conveied himselfe as heire to the ladie Lingard, daughter to king Charlemaine, sonne to Lewes the emperour, that was son to Charles the great. King Lewes also the tenth, otherwise called saint Lewes, being verie heire to the said usurper Hugh Capet, could never be satisfied in his conscience how he might justlie keepe and possesse the crowne of France, till he was persuaded and fullie instructed that queene Isabell his grandmother was lineallie descended of the ladie Ermengard daughter and heire to the above named Charles duke of Loraine, by the which marriage, the bloud and line of Charles the great was againe united and restored to the crowne and scepter of France, so that more cleere than the sunne it openlie appeareth that the title of king Pepin, the claime of Hugh Capet, the possession of Lewes, yea and the French kings to this daie, are derived and conveied from the heire female, though they would under the colour of such a fained law, barre the kings and princes of this realme of England of their right and lawfull inheritance. The archbishop further alledged out of the booke of Numbers this saieng: When a man dieth without a sonne, let the inheritance descend to his daughter. At length, having said sufficientlie for the proofe of the kings just and lawfull title to the crowne of France, he exhorted him to advance foorth his banner to fight for his right, to conquer his inheritance, to spare neither bloud, sword, nor fire, sith his warre was just, his cause good, and his claime true. And to the intent his loving chapleins and obedient subjects of the spiritualtie might shew themselves willing and desirous to aid his majestie, for the recoverie of his ancient right and true inheritance, the archbishop declared that in their spirituall convocation, they had granted to his highnesse such a summe of monie, as never by no spirituall persons was to any prince before those daies given or advanced.

When the archbishop had ended his prepared tale, Rafe Nevill, earle of Westmerland, and as then lord Warden of the marches against Scotland, understanding that the king, upon a couragious desire to recover his right in France, would suerlie take the wars in hand, thought good to moove the king to begin first with Scotland, and thereupon declared how easie a matter it should be to make a conquest there, and how greatlie the same should further his wished purpose for the subduing of the Frenchmen, concluding the summe of his tale with this old saieng: that, "Who so will France win, must with Scotland first begin." Manie matters he touched, as well to shew how necessarie the conquest of Scotland should be, as also to proove how just a cause the king had to attempt it, trusting to persuade the king and all other to be of his opinion. But after he had made an end, the duke of Excester, uncle to the king, a man well learned and wise, who had beene sent into Italie by his father, intending that he should have been a preest, replied against the erle of Westmerlands oration, affirming rather that he which would Scotland win, he with France must first begin. For if the king might once compasse the conquest of France, Scotland could not long resist; so that conquere France, and Scotland would soone obeie. For where should the Scots lerne policie and skill to defend themselves, if they had not their bringing up and training in France. If the French pensions mainteined not the Scotish nobilitie, in what case should they be. Then take awaie France, and the Scots will soon be tamed; France being to Scotland the same that the sap is to the tree, which being taken awaie, the tree must needs die and wither. To be briefe, the duke of Excester used such earnest and pithie persuasions to induce the king and the whole assemblie of the parlement to credit his words, that immediatlie after he had made an end, all the companie beganne to crie; Warre, warre; France, France. Hereby the bill for dissolving of religious houses was cleerelie set aside, and nothing thought on but onelie the recovering of France, according as the archbishop had mooved. And upon this point, after a few acts besides for the wealth of the realme established, the parlement was prorogued unto Westminster. During this parlement, there came to the king ambassadors, as well from the French king that was then in the hands of the Orlientiall faction, as also from the duke of Burgognie, for aid against that faction; promising more (as was said) than laie well in his power to performe. The King shortlie after sent ambassadors to them both, as the bishop of Durham, and Norwich, with others. Moreover at this parlement, John the kings brother was created duke of Bedford, and his brother Humfrie duke of Glocester. Also, Thomas Beaufort, marquesse Dorset, was created Duke of Excester. Immediatlie after, the king sent over into France his uncle the duke of Excester, the lord Greie admerall of England, the archbishop of Dubline, and the bishop of Norwich, ambassadors unto the French king, with five hundred horsse, which were lodged in the temple house in Paris, keeping such triumphant cheere in their lodging, and such a solemne estate in their riding through the citie, that the Parisiens and all the Frenchmen had no small merveil at their honorable port. The French king received them verie honorablie, and banketted them right sumptuouslie, shewing to them justs and martiall pastimes, by the space of three daies togither, in the which justs the king himselfe, to shew his courage and activitie to the Englishmen, manfullie brake speares and lustilie tournied. When the triumph was ended, the English ambassadors, having a time appointed them to declare their message, admitted to the French kings presence, required of him to deliver unto the king of England the realme and crowne of France, with the entier duchies of Aquiteine, Normandie and Anjou, with the countries of Poictiou and Maine. Manie other requests they made; and this offered withall, that if the French king would without warre and effusion of Christian bloud, render to the king their maister his verie right and lawfull inheritance, that he would be content to take in mariage the ladie Katharine, daughter to the French king, and to indow hir with all the duchies and countries before rehearsed; and if he would not so doo, then the king of England did expresse and signifie to him, that with the aid of God, and helpe of his people, he would recover his right and inheritance wrongfullie withholden from him, with mortall warre, and dint of sword. This in effect dooth our English poet comprise in his report of the occasion, which Henrie the fift tooke to arrere battell against the French king: putting into the mouthes of the said king of Englands ambassadors an imagined speech, the conclusion whereof he maketh to be either restitution of that which the French had taken and deteined from the English, or else fier and sword. His words are these,

——— raptum nobis aut redde Britannis,
Aut ferrum expectes, vltrices insuper ignes.

The Frenchmen being not a little abashed at these demands, thought not to make anie absolute answer in so weightie a cause, till they had further breathed; and therefore praied the English ambassadors to saie to the king their maister, that they now having no opportunitie to conclude in so high a matter, would shortlie send ambassadors into England, which should certifie and declare to the king their whole mind, purpose, and intent. The English ambassadors returned with this answer, making relation of everie thing that was said or doone. King Henrie, after the returne of his ambassadors, determined fullie to make warre in France, conceiving a good and perfect hope to have fortunate successe, sith victorie for the most part followeth where right leadeth, being advanced forward by justice, and set foorth by equitie.

Diverse other things were concluded at that present; for the king had caused not onelie the lords of the spiritualtie, but also of the temporaltie, to assemble here at London the same time, to treat speciallie of his journie that he purposed to make shortlie into France; and hereupon meanes was made for the gathering of monie, which was granted with so good a will both of the spiritualtie and temporaltie, that there was levied the summe of three hundred thousand markes English; and herewith order was given to gather a great hoast of men, thorough all his dominions. And for the more increasing of his navie, he sent into Holland, Zeland, and Frizeland, to conduct and hire ships for the transporting and conveieng over of his men and munitions of war, and finallie provided for armour, victuals, monie, artillerie, cariage, boates to passe over rivers covered with leather, tents, and all other things requisite for so high an enterprise. The Frenchmen having knowledge hereof, the Dolphin, who had the governance of the realme, bicause his father was fallen into his old disease of frensie, sent for the dukes of Berrie and Alanson, and all the other lords of the councell of France; by whose advise it was determined, that they should not onelie prepare a sufficient armie to resist the king of England, when so ever he arrived to invade France, but also to stuffe and furnish the townes on the frontiers and sea coasts with convenient garrisons of men; and further to send to the king of England a solemne ambassage, to make him some offers according to the demands before rehearsed. The charge of this ambassage was committed to the earle of Vandosme, to maister William Bouratier archbishop of Burges, and to maister Peter Fremell bishop of Liseur, to the lords of Yvry and Braquemont, and to maister Gaultier Cole the kings secretarie, and diverse others. These ambassadors, accompanied with 350 horses, passed the sea at Calis, and landed at Dover, before whose arrivall the king was departed from Windsore to Winchester, intending to have gone to Hampton, there to have surveied his navie; but hearing of the ambassadors approching, he tarried still at Winchester, where the said French lords shewed themselves verie honorablie before the king and his nobilitie. At time prefixed, before the kings presence, sitting in his throne imperiall, the archbishop of Burges made an eloquent and a long oration, dissuading warre, and praising peace; offering to the king of England a great summe of monie, with diverse countries, being in verie deed but base and poore, as a dowrie with the ladie Catharine in mariage, so that he would dissolve his armie, and dismisse his soldiers, which he had gathered and put in a readinesse. When his oration was ended, the king caused the ambassadors to be highlie feasted, and set them at his owne table. And after a daie assigned in the foresaid hall, the archbishop of Canterburie to their oration made a notable answer, the effect whereof was, that if the French king would not give with his daughter in mariage the duches of Aquiteine, Aniou, and all other seigniories and dominions sometimes apperteining to the noble progenitors of the king of England, he would in no wise retire his armie, nor breake his journie; but would with all diligence enter into France, and destroie the people, waste the countrie, and subvert the townes with blood, sword, and fire, and never ceasse till he had recovered his ancient right and lawfull patrimonie. The king avowed the archbishops saieng, and in the word of a prince promised to performe it to the uttermost. The archbishop of Burges much greeved that his ambassage was no more regarded, after certeine brags blustered out with impatience, as more presuming upon his prelasie, than respecting his dutie of considerance to whom he spake and what became him to saie, he praied safe conduct to depart. Which the king gentlie granted, and added withall to this effect: I little esteeme your French brags, and lesse set by your power and strength; I know perfectlie my right to my region, which you usurpe; and except you denie the apparant truth, so doo your selves also; if you neither doo nor will know it, yet God and the world knoweth it. The power of your master you see, but my puissance ye have not yet tasted. If he have loving subjects, I am (I thanke God) not unstored of the same: and I saie this unto you, that before one yeare passe, I trust to make the highest crowne of your countrie to stoope, and the proudest miter to learne his humiliate do. In the meane time, tell this to the usurper, your master, that within three moneths, I will enter into France, as into mine owne true and lawfull patrimonie, appointing to acquire the same, not with brag of words, but with deeds of men, and dint of sword, by the aid of God, in whome is my whole trust and confidence. Further matter at this present I impart not unto you, saving that with warrant you maie depart suerlie and safelie into your countrie, where I trust sooner to visit you, than you shall have cause to bid me welcome. With this answer the ambassadors sore displeased in their minds, (although they were highlie interteined and liberallie rewarded) departed into their countrie, reporting to the Dolphin how they had sped. After the French ambassadors were departed, the king, like a provident prince, thought good to take order for the resisting of the Scots, if (according to their maner) they should attempt anie thing against his subjects in his absence. For that point appointed he the earle of Westmerland, the lord Scroope, the baron of Greistocke, sir Robert Umfrevill, and diverse other valiant capteins to keepe the frontiers and marches of Scotland, which sir Robert Umfrevill on the daie of Marie Magdalen fought with the Scots at the towne of Gedering, having in his companie onelie three hundred archers, and seven score spears, where he (after long conflict) slue of his enimies sixtie and odde, tooke three hundred and sixtie prisoners, discomfited and put to flight one thousand and more, whome he followed in chase above twelve miles, but their hands full of preies and prisoners, retired homeward (not unhurt) to the castel of

Rockesborough, of the which he was capteine. When the king had all provisions readie, and ordered all things for the defense of his realme, he leaving behind him for governour of the realme, the queene his moother in law, departed to Southampton, to take ship into France. And first princelie appointing to advertise the French king of his comming, therefore dispatched Antelope his pursevant at armes with letters to him for restitution of that which he wrongfully withheld, contrarie to the lawes of God and man: the king further declaring how sorie he was that he should be thus compelled for repeating of his right and just title of inheritance, to make warre to the destruction of Christian people, but sithens he had offered peace which could not be received, now for fault of justice, he was forced to take armes. Neverthelesse exhorted the French king in the bowels of Jesu Christ, to render him that which was his owne, whereby effusion of Christian bloud might be avoided. These letters cheeflie to this effect and purpose, were written and dated from Hampton the fift of August. When the same were presented to the French king, and by his councell well perused, answer was made that he would take advise, and provide therein as time and place should be convenient, so the messenger licenced to depart at his pleasure.

When king Henrie had fullie furnished his navie with men, munition, and other provisions, perceiving that his capteines misliked nothing so much as delaie, determined his souldiors to go a ship-boord and awaie. But see the hap, the night before the daie appointed for their departure, he was crediblie informed that Richard earle of Cambridge, brother to Edward duke of Yorke, and Henrie lord Scroope of Masham, lord treasuror, with Thomas Graie, a knight of Northumberland, being confederat togither, had conspired his death; wherefore he caused them to be apprehended. The said lord Scroope was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his bedfellow, in whose fidelitie the king reposed such trust, that when anie privat or publike councell was in hand, this lord had much in the determination of it. For he represented so great gravitie in his countenance, such modestie in behaviour, and so vertuous zeale to all godlinesse in his talke, that whatsoever he said was thought for the most part necessarie to be doone and followed. Also the said sir Thomas Graie (as some write) was of the kings privie councell. These prisoners upon their examination, confessed, that for a great summe of monie which they had received of the French king, they intended verelie either to have delivered the king alive into the hands of his enimies, or else to have murthered him before he should arrive in the duchie of Normandie. When king Henrie had heard all things opened, which he desired to know, he caused all his nobilitie to come before his presence, before whome he caused to be brought the offendors also, and to them said. Having thus conspired the death and destruction of me, which am the head of the realme and governour of the people, it maie be (no doubt) but that you likewise have sworne the confusion of all that are here with me, and also the desolation of your owne countrie. To what horror (O lord) for any true English hart to consider, that such an execrable iniquitie should ever so bewrap you, as for pleasing of a forren enimie to imbrue your hands in your bloud, and to ruine your owne native soile. Revenge herein touching my person, though I seeke not; yet for the safegard of you, my deere freends, and for due preservation of all sorts, I am by office to cause example to be shewed. Get ye hence, therefore, ye poore miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward, wherein Gods majestie give you grace of his mercie and repentance of your heinous offenses. And so immediatlie they were had to execution. This doone, the king calling his lords againe afore him, said in words few and with good grace. Of his enterprises he recounted the honor and glorie, whereof they with him were to be partakers, the great confidence he had in their noble minds, which could not but remember them of the famous feats that their ancestors aforetime in France had atchived, whereof the due report for ever recorded remained yet in register. The great mercie of God that had so gratiouslie revealed unto him the treason at hand, whereby the true harts of those afore him made so eminent and apparant in his eie, as they might be right sure he would never forget it. The doubt of danger to be nothing in respect of the certeintie of honor that they should acquire, wherein himselfe (as they saw) in person would be lord and leader through Gods grace. To whose majestie as cheeflie was knowne the equitie of his demand; even so to his mercie did he onelie recommend the successe of his travels. When the king had said, all the noble men kneeled downe, and promised faithfullie to serve him, dulie to obeie him, and rather to die than to suffer him to fall into the hands of his enimies. This doone, the king thought that suerlie all treason and conspiracie had beene utterlie extinct; not suspecting the fire which was newlie kindled, and ceassed not to increase, till at length it burst out into such a flame, that catching the beames of his house and familie, his line and stocke was cleane consumed to ashes. Diverse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murthering of king Henrie to please the French king withall, but onelie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother in law Edmund earle of March as heire to Lionell duke of Clarence; after the death of which earle of March, for diverse secret impediments, not able to have issue, the earle of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children, of hir begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for need of monie to be corrupted by the French king, than he would declare his inward mind, and open his verie intent and secret purpose, which if it were espied, he saw plainlie that the earle of March should have tasted of the same cuppe that he had drunken, and what should have come to his owne children he much doubted. Therefore destitute of comfort and in despaire of life to save his children, he feined that tale, desiring rather to save his succession than himselfe, which he did in deed; for his sonne Richard duke of Yorke not privilie but openlie claimed the crowne, and Edward his sonne both claimed it, and gained it, as after it shall appeare. Which thing, if king Henrie had at this time either doubted, or foreseene, had never beene like to have come to passe, as Hall saith. But whatsoever hath beene reported of the confession of the earle of Cambridge, certeine it is, that indicted he was by the name of Richard earle of Cambridge, of Connesburgh in the countie of Yorke knight, and with him Thomas Graie of Heton in the countie of Northumberland knight; for that they the twentith daie of Julie, in the third yeare of king Henrie the fifts reigne, at Southampton, and in diverse other places within this realme, had conspired togither with a power of men to them associat, without the kings licence, to have led awaie the lord Edmund earle of March into Wales, and then to have procured him to take upon him the supreme government of the realme, in case that king Richard the Second were dead; and herwith had purposed to set foorth a proclamation there in Wales, in name of the said earle of March, as heire of the crowne against king Henrie, by the name of Henrie of Lancaster the usurper, to the end that by such meanes they might draw the more number of the kings liege people unto the said earle; and further to have conveied a banner of the armes of England, and a certeine crowne of Spaine set upon a pallet, and laid in gage to the said earle of Cambridge, by the king, togither with the said earle of March into the parties of Wales aforesaid. Further, that the said earle of Cambridge, and sir Thomas Graie had appointed certeine of the kings liege people to repaire into Scotland, and to bring from thence one Thomas Trumpington; also an other resembling in shape, favour, and countenance king Richard, and Henrie Persie, togither with a great multitude of people to fight with the king, and him to destroie in open field. Beside this, that they had meant to win certeine castels in Wales, and to keepe them against the king: and manie other treasons they had contrived, as by the indictement was specified, to the intent they might destroie the king and his brethren, the dukes of Bedford and Glocester, and other the great lords and peers of the realme. And Henrie Scroope of Masham, of Flarflet, in the countie of Yorke was likewise indicted, as consenting to the premisses. So that it appeareth their purpose was well inough then perceived, although happilie not much bruted abroad, for considerations thought necessarie to have it rather husht and kept secret.

But now to proceed with king Henries doings. After this, when the wind came about prosperous to his purpose, he caused the mariners to weie up anchors, and hoise up sailes, and to set forward with a thousand ships, on the vigill of our ladie daie the Assumption, and tooke land at Caur, commonlie called Kideaux, where the river Saine runneth into the sea, without resistance. At his first comming on land, he caused proclamation to be made, that no person should be so hardie on paine of death, either to take anie thing out of anie church that belonged to the same, or to hurt or doo anie violence either to priests, women, or anie such as should be found without weapon or armor, and not readie to make resistance; also that no man should renew anie quarell or strife, whereby anie fraie might arise to the disquieting of the armie. The next daie after his landing, he marched toward the towne of Harflue, standing on the river of Saine betweene two hils; he besieged it on everie side, raising bulwarks and a bastell, in which the two earles of Kent and Huntington were placed, with Cornwall, Graie, Steward, and Porter. On that side towards the sea, the king lodged with his field, and the duke of Clarence on the further side towards Rone. There were within the towne the lords de Toutevill and Gaucourt, with diverse other that valiantlie defended the siege, dooing what damage they could to their adversaries; and damming up the river that hath his course though the towne, the water rose so high betwixt the kings campe, and the duke of Clarence campe (divided by the same river) that the Englishmen were constreined to withdraw their artillerie from one side, where they had planted the same. The French king being advertised that king Henrie was arrived on that coast, sent in all hast the lord de la Breth constable of France, the seneshall of France, the lord Bouciqualt marshall of France, the seneshall of Henault, the lord Lignie with other, which fortified townes with men, victuals, and artillerie on all those frontiers towards the sea. And hearing that Harflue was besieged, they came to the castell of Caudebecke, being not farre from Harflue, to the intent they might succor their freends which were besieged, by some policie or meanes; but the Englishmen, notwithstanding all the damage that the Frenchmen could worke against them, forraied the countrie, spoiled the villages, bringing manie a rich preie to the campe before Harflue. And dailie was the towne assaulted; for the duke of Glocester, to whome the order of the siege was committed, made three mines under the ground, and approching to the wals with his engins and ordinance, would not suffer them within to take anie rest. For although they with their countermining somwhat disappointed the Englishmen, and came to fight with them hand to hand within the mines, so that they went no further forward with that worke; yet they were so inclosed on ech side, as well by water as land, that succour they saw could none come to them; for the king lieng with his battell on the hill side on the one partie, and the duke of Clarence beyond the river that passeth by the towne, and runneth into Saine on the other partie, beside other lords and capteins that were lodged with their retinues for their most advantage; none could be suffered to go in, or come foorth, without their licence; insomuch that such pouder as was sent to have beene conveied into the towne by water, was taken by the English ships that watched the river. The capteins within the towne, perceiving that they were not able long to resist the continuall assaults of the Englishmen, knowing that their wals were undermined, and like to be overthrowne (as one of their bulwarks was alredie, where the earles of Huntington and Kent had set up their banners) sent an officer at armes foorth about midnight after the feast daie of saint Lambert, which fell that yeare upon the tuesdaie, to beseech the king of England to appoint some certeine persons as commissioners from him, with whome they within might treat about some agreement. The duke of Clarence, to whome this messenger first declared his errand, advertised the king of their request, who granting thereto, appointed the duke of Excester, with the lord Fitz Hugh, and sir Thomas Erpingham, to understand their minds, who at the first requested a truce untill sundaie next following the feast of saint Michaell, in which meane time, if no succour came to remoove the siege, they would undertake to deliver the towne into the kings hands, their lives and goods saved. The king advertised hereof, sent them word, that except they would surrender the towne to him the morow next insuing, without anie condition, they should spend no more time in talke about the matter. But yet at length, through the earnest sute of the French lords, the king was contented to grant them truce untill nine of the clocke the next sundaie, being the two and twentith of September; with condition, that if in the meane time no rescue came, they should yeeld the towne at that houre, with their bodies and goods to stand at the kings pleasure. And for assurance thereof, they delivered into the kings hands thirtie of their best capteins and merchants within that towne as pledges. But other write, that it was covenanted that they should deliver but onelie twelve pledges, and that if the siege were not raised by the French kings power within six daies next following, then should they deliver the towne into the king of England hands, and thirtie of the cheefest personages within the same, to stand for life or death at his will and pleasure: and as for the residue of the men of warre and townesmen, they should depart whether they would, without carieng foorth either armour, weapon, or goods. The king neverthelesse was after content to grant a respit upon certeine conditions, that the capteins within might have time to send to the French king for succour (as before ye have heard) least he intending greater exploits, might lose time in such small matters. When this composition was agreed upon, the lord Bacquevill was sent unto the French king, to declare in what point the towne stood. To whome the Dolphin answered, that the kings power was not yet assembled in such number as was convenient to raise so great a siege. This answer being brought unto the capteins within the towne, they rendered it up to the king of England, after that the third daie was expired, which was on the daie of saint Maurice being the seven and thirtith daie after the siege was first laid. The souldiors were ransomed, and the towne sacked, to the great gaine of the Englishmen. Some writing of this yeelding up of Harflue, doo in like sort make mention of the distresse whereto the people, then expelled out of their habitations, were driven; insomuch as parents with their children, yoong maids and old folke went out of the towne gates with heavie harts (God wot) as put to their present shifts to seeke them a new abode. Besides that, king Henrie caused proclamation to be made within his owne dominions of England, that whosoever (either handicraftesman, merchantman, gentleman, or plowman) would inhabit in Harflue, should have his dwelling given him gratis, and his heire after him also injoy the like grace and favour; insomuch that great multitudes flocked to the sea coasts, waiting wind and wether for their transportage into Harflue, where being arrived, wonderfull it is to tell, within how short a time the towne was peopled. All this done, the king ordeined capteine to the towne his uncle the duke of Excester, who established his lieutenant there, one sir John Fastolfe, with fifteene hundred men, or (as some have) two thousand and thirtie six knights, whereof the baron of Carew, and sir Hugh Lutterell, were two councellors.

And bicause manie of his nobles whilest this siege laie before Harflue, fell sicke of the flix and other diseases, diverse also dead, amongst whom the earle of Stafford, the bishop of Norwich, the lords Molins and Burnell were foure (beside others) the king licenced his brother the duke of Clarence, John earle marshall, and John earle of Arundell, being infected with that disease, to returne into England. King Henrie, after the winning of Harflue, determined to have proceeded further in the winning of other townes and fortresses; but bicause the dead time of the winter approched, it was determined by advise of his councell, that he should in all convenient speed set forward, and march through the countrie towards Calis by land, least his returne as then homewards should of slanderous toongs be named a running awaie; and yet that journie was adjudged perillous, by reason that the number of his people was much minished by the flix and other fevers, which sore vexed and brought to death above fifteene hundred persons of the armie; and this was the cause that his returne was the sooner appointed and concluded. But before his departing thence, he entred into the towne of Harflue, and went to the church of saint Martines, and there offered. All the men of warre which had not paid their ransoms, he sware them on the holie evangelists, to yeeld themselves prisoners at Calis by the feast of saint Martine in November next. There were two strong towers standing on the haven side at Harflue, which looking for aid, did not yeeld till ten daies after the towne was rendered. When the king had repared the walles, bulwarks and rampiers about the towne, and furnished it with vittels and artillerie, he removed from Harflue toward Ponthoise, intending to passe the river of Some with his armie, before the bridges were either withdrawen or broken. Such vittels and other necessaries as were to be caried with the armie, he appointed to be laid on horsses, leaving the carts and wagons behind for lesse incombre. The French king hearing that the towne of Harflue was gotten, and that the king of England was marching forward into the bowels of the realme of France, sent out proclamations, and assembled people on everie side, committing the whole charge of his armie to his sonne the Dolphine and duke of Aquitaine, who incontinentlie caused the bridges to be broken, and the passages to be kept. Also they caused all the corne and vittels to be conveied awaie, or destroied in all places, where it was conjectured that the Englishmen would passe. The king of England nothing dismaied herewith, kept his journie in spite of his enimies, constreining them within diverse townes and holds to furnish him with vittels; but yet as he passed by the towne of Ew, the garrison of the towne issued foorth, and gave the Englishmen a skirmish, who beat them into the towne with losse, namelie of a right valiant man of armes, named Lancelot Piers. There were manie Englishmen hurt with quarels shot off from the loops and wals, as they pursued the enimies unto the gates. At length the king approched the river of Some, and finding all the bridges broken, he came to the passage of Blanchetake, where his great grandfather king Edward the third a little before had striken the battell of Cressie; but the passage was now so impeached with stakes in the botome of the foord, that he could not passe, his enimies besides there awaie so swarming on all sides. He therefore marched forwards to Arames, marching with his armie, and passing with his carriage in so martiall a maner, that he appeared so terrible to his enimies, as they durst not offer him battell. And yet the lord Dalbreth constable of France, the marshall Boncequault, the earle of Vendosme great master of France, the duke of Alanson, and the earle of Richmont, with all the puissance of the Dolphin laie at Abuile, but ever kept the passages, and coasted aloofe, like a hauke though eager yet not hardie on hir preie. The king of England kept on his journie till he came to the bridge of saint Maxence, where he found above thirtie thousand Frenchmen, and there pitched his field, looking suerlie to be fought withall. Wherefore to incourage his capteins the more, he dubbed certeine of his hardie and valiant gentlemen knights, as John lord Ferrers of Grobie, Reginald of Greistocke, Piers Tempest, Christopher Morisbie, Thomas Pikering, William Huddleston, John Hosbalton, Henrie Mortimer, Philip Hall, and William his brother, Jaques de Ormond, and diverse other; but the French making no semblance to fight, he departed in good order of battell by the towne of Amiens, to another towne neere to a castell called Bowes, and there laie two daies looking for their bidding of battell everie houre. From thence he came neere to Corbie, where he was staied that night, for that the common people and pezants mightilie there assembled, having gotten them some head and hartening by meanes of their number that was great, and by trust of a strength (then joined unto them) made of men at armes (manie too tall and well appointed for fight) all of the garrison of Corbie; a strong towne well walled and warded. Hereupon at a streict (which they had preoccupied) they stoutlie from our armie not onelie kept the passage, but also upon us gave a proud onset; wherein sir Hugh Stafford knight lord Bourghchier, cheefteine of a wing to the king under his standard of Guien, and as then neerest to the enimie, though far inferior in number, yet with readie and valiant incounter received them. The force and slaughter grew great both on the one side and the other, by the French in especiall at first right fiercelie pursued, in so much as with an hardie charge upon our men, they had both beat downe the standard, and also from us quite woone it awaie, to their hie incouragement, and our incredible despite and dismaie. Whereat one John Bromley of Bromley in Staffordshire esquier, a neere kinsman unto the lord Bourghchier, was even streight so pearsed at hart, as he could not conteine him, but by and by ran eagerlie upon the French; and with his souldiers (in whom wrath and teene had alreadie inflamed furie and desire of revenge) did so fiercelie set upon them, that they were not onlie beaten backe, but also forced to abandon the place. At this push the capteine cutting through the thickest, strake downe the champion that bare the standard, and so gloriouslie recovered it againe, and after during the fight (where as manie of the French lost their lives) couragiouslie over his souldiers advanced it himselfe. The rest that fled awaie our people pursued in chasing and slaughter unto Corbie verie gates. So in victorie, honor, and great joy, with our small losse (in comparison) thanks unto Gods majestie, the cheefteine brought his host into his campe and order againe. This feat thus well doone, the king the same daie found a shallow, betweene Corbie and Peron, which never was espied before, at which he with his armie and carriages the night insuing, passed the water of Some without let or danger, and therewith determined to make haste towards Calis, and not to seeke for battell, except he were thereto constreined, bicause that his armie by sicknesse was sore diminished, in so much that he had but onelie two thousand horssemen and thirteene thousand archers, bilmen, and of all sorts of other footmen. The Englishmen were brought into some distresse in this jornie, by reason of their vittels in maner spent, and no hope to get more; for the enimies had destroied all the corne before they came. Rest could they none take, for their enimies with alarmes did ever so infest them; dailie it rained, and nightlie it freesed; of fuell there was great scarsitie, of fluxes plentie; monie inough, but wares for their releefe to bestow it on, had they none. Yet in this great necessitie, the poore people of the countrie were not spoiled, nor anie thing taken of them without paiment, nor anie outrage or offense doone by the Englishmen, except one, which was, that a souldiour tooke a pix out of a church, for which he was apprehended, and the king not once remooved till the box was restored, and the offendoor strangled. The people of the countries thereabout, hearing of such zeale in him, to the maintenance of justice, ministred to his armie victuals, and other necessaries, although by open proclamation so to doo they were prohibited.

The French king being at Rone, and hearing that king Henrie was passed the river of Some, was much displeased therewith, and assembling his councell to the number of five and thirtie, asked their advise what was to be doone. There was amongst these five and thirtie, his sonne the Dolphin, calling himselfe king of Sicill; the dukes of Berrie and Britaine, the earle of Pontieu the kings yoongest sonne, and other high estates. At length thirtie of them agreed that the Englishmen should not depart unfought withall, and five were of a contrarie opinion, but the greater number ruled the matter; and so Montjoy king at armes was sent to the king of England to defie him as the enimie of France, and to tell him that he should shortlie have battell. King Henrie advisedlie answered: Mine intent is to doo as it pleaseth God, I will not seeke your maister at this time; but if he or his seeke me, I will meet with them God willing. If anie of your nation attempt once to stop me in my journie now towards Calis, at their jeopardie be it; and yet wish I not anie of you so unadvised, as to be the occasion that I die your tawnie ground with your red bloud. When he had thus answered the herald, he gave him a princelie reward, and licence to depart. Upon whose returne, with this answer, it was incontinentlie on the French side proclamed, that all men of warre should resort to the constable to fight with the king of England. Whereupon, all men apt for armor and desirous of honour, drew them toward the field. The Dolphin sore desired to have beene at the battell, but he was prohibited by his father; likewise Philip earle of Charolois would gladlie have beene there, if his father the duke of Burgognie would have suffered him: manie of his men stale awaie, and went to the Frenchmen. The king of England hearing that the Frenchmen approched, and that there was an other river for him to passe with his armie by a bridge, and doubting least if the same bridge should be broken, it would be greatlie to his hinderance, appointed certeine capteins with their bands, to go thither with all speed before him, and to take possession thereof, and so to keepe it, till his comming thither. Those that were sent, finding the Frenchmen busie to breake downe their bridge, assailed them so vigorouslie, that they discomfited them, and tooke and slue them; and so the bridge was preserved till the king came, and passed the river by the same with his whole armie. This was on the two and twentith day of October. The duke of Yorke that led the vauntgard (after the armie was passed the river) mounted up to the heighth of an hill with his people, and sent out scowts to discover the countrie, the which upon their returne advertised him that a great armie of Frenchmen was at hand, approching towards them. The duke declared to the king what he had heard, and the king thereupon, without all feare or trouble of mind, caused the battell which he led himselfe to staie, and incontinentlie rode foorth to view his adversaries, and that doone, returned to his people, and with cheerefull countenance caused them to be put in order of battell, assigning to everie capteine such roome and place, as he thought convenient, and so kept them still in that order till night was come, and then determined to seeke a place to incampe and lodge his armie in for that night. There was not one amongst them that knew any certeine place whither to go in that unknowne countrie; but by chance they happened upon a beaten waie, white in sight; by the which they were brought unto a little village, where they were refreshed with meat and drinke somewhat more plentiouslie than they had beene diverse daies before. Order was taken by commandement from the king after the armie was first set in battell arraie, that no noise or clamor should be made in the host; so that in marching foorth to this village, everie man kept himselfe quiet; but at their comming into the village, fiers were made to give light on everie side, as there likewise were in the French host, which was incamped not past two hundred and fifty pases distant from the English. The cheefe leaders of the French host were these; the constable of France, the marshall, the admerall, the lord

Rambures maister of the crosbowes, and other of the French nobilitie, which came and pitched downe their standards and banners in the countie of saint Paule, within the territorie of Agincourt, having in their armie (as some write) to the number of threescore thousand horssemen, besides footmen, wagoners and other. They were lodged even in the waie by the which the Englishmen must needs passe towards Calis, and all that night after their comming thither, made great cheare and were verie merie, pleasant, and full of game. The Englishmen also for their parts were of good comfort, and nothing abashed of the matter, and yet they were both hungrie, wearie, sore travelled, and vexed with manie cold diseases. Howbeit reconciling themselves with God by hoossell and shrift, requiring assistance at his hands that is the onelie giver of victorie, they determined rather to die, than to yeeld, or flee. The daie following was the five and twentith of October in the yeare 1415, being then fridaie, and the feast of Crispine and Crispinian, a day faire and fortunate to the English, but most sorrowfull and unluckie to the French.

In the morning, the French capteins made three battels: in the vaward were eight thousand healmes of knights and esquiers, foure thousand archers, and fifteene hundred crosbowes which were guided by the lord de la Breth, constable of France, having with him the dukes of Orleance and Burbon, the earles of Ewe and Richmond, the marshall Bouciquault, and the maister of the crosbowes, the lord Dampier admerall of France, and other capteins. The earle of Vandosme with sixteene hundred men of armes were ordered for a wing to that battell. And the other wing was guided by sir Guichard Dolphine, sir Clugnet of Brabant, and sir Lewes Bourdon, with eight hundred men of armes, of elect chosen persons. And to breake the shot of the Englishmen, were appointed sir Guilliam de Saueuses, with Hector and Philip his brethren, Ferrie de Maillie, and Alen de Gaspanes, with other eight hundred of armes. In the middle ward, were assigned as manie persons, or more, as were in the formost battell, and the charge thereof was committed to the dukes of Bar and Alanson, the earles of Nevers, Vaudemont, Blamont, Salinges, Grant Pree, and of Russie. And in the rereward were all the other men of armes guided by the earles of Marle, Dampmartine, Fauconberg, and the lord of Lourrele capteine of Arde, who had with him the men of the frontiers of Bolonois. Thus the Frenchmen being ordered under their standards and banners, made a great shew; for suerlie they were esteemed in number six times as manie or more than was the whole companie of the Englishmen, with wagoners, pages and all. They rested themselves, waiting for the bloudie blast of the terrible trumpet, till the houre betweene nine and ten of the clocke of the same daie, during which season, the constable made unto the capteins and other men of warre a pithie oration, exhorting and incouraging them to doo valiantlie, with manie comfortable words and sensible reasons. King Henrie also like a leader, and not as one led; like a soveraigne, and not an inferior, perceiving a plot of ground verie strong and meet for his purpose, which on the backe halfe was fensed with the village, wherein he had lodged the night before, and on both sides defended with hedges and bushes, thought good there to imbattell his host, and so ordered his men in the same place, as he saw occasion, and as stood for his most advantage. First, he sent privilie two hundred archers into a lowe medow, which was neere to the vauntgard of his enimies; but separated with a great ditch, commanding them there to keepe themselves close till they had a token to them given, to let drive at their adversaries; beside this, he appointed a vaward, of the which he made capteine Edward duke of Yorke, who of an haultie courage had desired that office, and with him were the lords Beaumont, Willoughbie, and Fanhope, and this battell was all of archers. The middle ward was governed by the king himselfe, with his brother the duke of Glocester, and the earles of Marshall, Oxenford, and Suffolke, in the which were all the strong bilmen. The duke of Excester uncle to the king led the rereward, which was mixed both with bilmen and archers. The horssemen like wings went on everie side of the battell. Thus the king having ordered his battels, feared not the puissance of his enimies, but yet to provide that they should not with the multitude of horssemen breake the order of his archers, in whome the force of his armie consisted [¶ For in those daies the yeomen had their lims at libertie, sith their hosen were then fastened with one point, and their jackes long and easie to shoot in; so that they might draw bowes of great strength, and shoot arrowes of a yard long; beside the head] he caused stakes bound with iron sharpe at both ends, of the length of five or six foot, to be pitched before the archers, and of ech side the footmen like an hedge, to the intent that if the barded horsses ran rashlie upon them, they might shortlie be gored and destroied. Certeine persons also were appointed to remoove the stakes, as by the mooveing of the archers occasion and time should require, so that the footmen were hedged about with stakes, and the horssemen stood like a bulwarke betweene them and their enimies, without the stakes. This devise of fortifieng an armie, was at this time first invented; but since that time they have devised caltraps, harrowes, and other new engins against the force of horssemen; so that if the enimies run hastilie upon the same, either are their horsses wounded with the stakes, or their feet hurt with the other engins, so as thereby the beasts are gored, or else made unable to mainteine their course. King Henrie, by reason of his small number of people to fill up his battels, placed his vauntgard so on the right hand of the maine battell, which himselfe led, that the distance betwixt them might scarse be perceived, and so in like case was the rereward joined on the left hand, that the one might the more readilie succour an other in time of need. When he had thus ordered his battels, he left a small companie to keepe his campe and cariage, which remained still in the village, and then calling his capteins and soldiers about him, he made to them a right grave oration, mooving them to plaie the men, whereby to obteine a glorious victorie, as there was hope certeine they should, the rather if they would but remember the just cause for which they fought, and whome they should incounter, such faint-harted people as their ancestors had so often overcome. To conclude, manie words of courage he uttered, to stirre them to doo manfullie, assuring them that England should never be charged with his ransome, nor anie Frenchman triumph over him as a captive: for either by famous death or glorious victorie would he (by Gods grace) win honour and fame. It is said, that, as he heard one of the host utter his wish to another thus; I would to God there were with us now so manie good soldiers as are at this houre within England! the king answered: I would not wish a man more here than I have; we are indeed in comparison to the enimies but a few, but if God of his clemencie doo favour us, and our just cause (as I trust he will) we shall speed well inough. But let no man ascribe victorie to our owne strength and might, but onelie to Gods assistance, to whome I have no doubt we shall worthilie have cause to give thanks therefore. And if so be that for our offenses sakes we shall be delivered into the hands of our enimies, the lesse number we be, the lesse damage shall the realme of England susteine; but if we should fight in trust of multitude of men, and so get the victorie (our minds being prone to pride) we should therupon peradventure ascribe the victorie not so much to the gift of God, as to our owne puissance, and thereby provoke his high indignation and displeasure against us; and if the enimie get the upper hand, then should our realme and countrie suffer more damage and stand in further danger. But be you of good comfort, and shew your selves valiant, God and our just quarrell shall defend us, and deliver these our proud adversaries with all the multitude of them which you see, (or at least the most of them) into our hands. Whilest the king was yet thus in speech, either armie so maligned the other, being as then in open sight, that everie man cried; Forward, forward. The dukes of Clarence, Glocester, and Yorke, were of the same opinion, yet the king staied a while, least anie jeopardie were not foreseene, or anie hazard not prevented. The Frenchmen in the meane while, as though they had beene sure of victorie, made great triumph, for the capteins had determined before how to divide the spoile, and the soldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice. The noble men had devised a chariot, wherein they might triumphantlie conveie the king captive to the citie of Paris, crieng to their soldiers; Haste you to the spoile, glorie and honor; little weening (God wot) how soone their brags should be blowne awaie. Here we may not forget how the French thus in their jolitie, sent an herald to king Henrie, to inquire what ransome he would offer. Whereunto he answered, that within two or three houres he hoped it would so happen, that the Frenchmen should be glad to common rather with the Englishmen for their ransoms, than the English to take thought for their deliverance, promising for his owne part, that his dead carcasse should rather be a prize to the Frenchmen, than his living bodie should paie anie ransome. When the messenger was come backe to the French host, the men of warre put on their helmets, and caused their trumpets to blow to the battel. They thought themselves so sure of victorie, that diverse of the noble men made such hast towards the battell, that they left manie of their servants and men of warre behind them, and some of them would not once staie for their standards; as amongst other the duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a baner to be taken from a trumpet and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him insteed of his standard. But when both these armies comming within danger either of other, set in full order of battell on both sides, they stood still at the first, beholding either others demeanor, being not distant in sunder past three bow shoots. And when they had on both parts thus staied a good while without dooing anie thing, (except that certeine of the French horsemen advancing forwards, betwixt both the hosts, were by the English archers constreined to returne backe) advise was taken amongst the Englishmen what was best for them to doo. Thereupon all things considered, it was determined, that sith the Frenchmen would not come forward, the king with his armie imbattelled (as yee have heard) should march towards them, and so leaving their trusse and baggage in the village where they lodged the night before, onelie with their weapons, armour, and stakes prepared for the purpose, as yee have heard. These made somewhat forward, before whome there went an old knight sir Thomas Erpingham (a man of great experience in the warre) with a warder in his hand; and when he cast up his warder, all the armie shouted, but that was a signe to the archers in the medow, which therwith shot wholie altogither at the vauward of the Frenchmen, who when they perceived the archers in the medow, and saw they could not come at them for a ditch that was betwixt them, with all hast set upon the fore ward of king Henrie, but yer they could joine, the archers in the forefront, and the archers on that side which stood in the medow, so wounded the footmen, galled the horsses, and combred the men of armes, that the footmen durst not go forward, the horssemen ran togither upon plumps without order, some overthrew such as were next them, and the horsses overthrew their masters, and so at the first joining, the Frenchmen were foulie discomforted, and the Englishmen highlie incouraged. When the French vauward was thus brought to confusion, the English archers cast awaie their bowes, and tooke into their hands, axes, malls, swords, bils, and other hand-weapons, and with the same slue the Frenchmen, untill they came to the middle ward. Then approched the king, and so incouraged his people, that shortlie the second battell of the Frenchmen was overthrowne, and dispersed, not without great slaughter of men: howbeit, diverse were releeved by their varlets, and conveied out of the field. The Englishmen were so busied in fighting, and taking of the prisoners at hand, that they followed not in chase of their enimies, nor would once breake out of their arraie of battell. Yet sundrie of the Frenchmen stronglie withstood the fiercenesse of the English, when they came to handie strokes, so that the fight sometime was doubtfull and perillous. Yet as part of the French horssemen set their course to have entred upon the kings battell, with the stakes overthrowne, they were either taken or slaine. Thus this battell continued three long houres. The king that daie shewed himselfe a valiant knight, albeit almost felled by the duke of Alanson; yet with plaine strength he slue two of the dukes companie, and felled the duke himselfe; whome when he would have yelded, the kings gard (contrarie to his mind) slue out of hand. In conclusion, the king minding to make an end of that daies jornie, caused his horssemen to fetch a compasse about, and to joine with him against the rereward of the Frenchmen, in the which was the greatest number of people. When the Frenchmen perceived his intent, they were suddenlie amazed and ran awaie like sheepe, without order or arraie. Which when the king perceived, he incouraged his men, and followed so quickelie upon the enimies, that they ran hither and thither, casting awaie their armour: manie on their knees desired to have their lives saved. In the meane season, while the battell thus continued, and that the Englishmen had taken a great number of prisoners, certeine Frenchmen on horssebacke, whereof were capteins Robinet of Bornevill, Rifflart of Clamas, Isambert of Agincourt, and other men of armes, to the number of six hundred horssemen, which were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents and pavilions were a good waie distant from the armie, without anie sufficient gard to defend the same, either upon a covetous meaning to gaine by the spoile, or upon a desire to be revenged, entred upon the kings campe, and there spoiled the hails, robbed the tents, brake up chests, and caried awaie caskets, and slue such servants as they found to make anie resistance. For which treason and haskardie in thus leaving their campe at the verie point of fight, for winning of spoile where none to defend it, verie manie were after committed to prison, and had lost their lives, if the Dolphin had longer lived. But when the outcrie of the lackies and boies, which ran awaie for feare of the Frenchmen thus spoiling the campe, came to the kings eares, he doubting least his enimies should gather togither againe, and begin a new field; and mistrusting further that the prisoners would be an aid to his enimies, or the verie enimies to their takers in deed if they were suffered to live, contrarie to his accustomed gentlenes, commanded by sound of trumpet that everie man (upon paine of death) should incontinentlie slaie his prisoner. When this dolorous decree, and pitifull proclamation, was pronounced, pitie it was to see how some Frenchmen were suddenlie sticked with daggers, some were brained with pollaxes, some slaine with malls, other had their throats cut, and some their bellies panched, so that in effect, having respect to the great number, few prisoners were saved. When this lamentable slaughter was ended, the Englishmen disposed themselves in order of battell, readie to abide a new field, and also to invade, and newlie set on their enimies, with great force they assailed the earles of Marle and Fauconbridge, and the lords of Louraie, and of Thine, with six hundred men of armes, who had all that daie kept togither, but now slaine and beaten downe out of hand. Some write that the king perceiving his enimies in one part to assemble togither, as though they meant to give a new battell for preservation of the prisoners, sent to them an herald, commanding them either to depart out of his sight, or else to come forward at once, and give battell; promising herewith, that if they did offer to fight againe, not onelie those prisoners which his people alreadie had taken; but also so manie of them as in this new conflict, which they thus attempted, should fall into his hands, should die the death without redemption. The Frenchmen fearing the sentence of so terrible a decree, without further delaie parted out of the field. And so about foure of the clocke in the after noone, the king, when he saw no apperance of enimies, caused the retreit to be blowen; and gathering his armie togither, gave thanks to almightie God for so happie a victorie, causing his prelats and chapleins to sing this psalme, *In exitu Israel da Aegypto*, and commanded everie man to kneele downe on the ground at this verse: *Non nobis Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam.* Which doone, he caused *Te Deum*, with certeine anthems to be soong, giving laud and praise to God, without boasting of his owne force or anie humane power. That night he and his people tooke rest, and refreshed themselves with such victuals as they found in the French campe, but lodged in the same village where he laie the night before. In the morning, Montjoie king at armes and foure other French heralds came to the K. to know the number of prisoners, and to desire buriall for the dead. Before he made them answer (to understand what they would saie) he demanded of them whie they made to him that request, considering that he knew not whether the victorie was his or theirs. When Montjoie by true and just confession had cleered that doubt to the high praise of the king, he desired of Montjoie to understand the name of the castell neere adjoining: when they had told him that it was called Agincourt, he said, Then shall this conflict be called the battell of Agincourt. He feasted the French officers of armes that daie, and granted them their request, which busilie sought through the field for such as were slaine. But the Englishmen suffered them not to go alone, for they searched with them, and found manie hurt, but not in jeopardie of their lives, whom they tooke prisoners, and brought them to their tents. When the king of England had well refreshed himselfe, and his souldiers, that had taken the spoile of such as were slaine, he with his prisoners in good order returned to his towne of Calis. When tidings of this great victorie was blowne into England, solemne processions and other praisings to almightie God with boune-fires and joifull triumphes, were ordeined in everie towne, citie, and burrow, and the maior and citizens of London went the morow after the daie of saint Simon and Jude from the church of saint Paule to the church of saint Peter at Westminster in devout maner, rendring to God hartie thanks for such fortunate lucke sent to the king and his armie. The same sundaie that the king remooved from the campe at Agincourt towards Calis, diverse Frenchmen came to the field to view againe the dead bodies: and the pezants of the countrie spoiled the carcasses of all such apparell and other things as the Englishmen had left; who tooke nothing but gold and silver, jewels, rich apparell and costlie armour. But the plowmen and pezants left nothing behind, neither shirt nor clout; so that the bodies laie starke naked untill wednesdaie. On the which daie diverse of the noble men were conveied into their countries, and the remnant were by Philip earle Charolois (sore lamenting the chance, and mooved with pitie) at his costs and charges buried in a square plot of ground of fifteene hundred yards; in the which he caused to be made three pits, wherein were buried by account five thousand and eight hundred persons, beside them that were caried awaie by their freends and servants, and others, which being wounded died in hospitals and other places. After this their dolorous journie and pitifull slaughter diverse clearks of Paris made manie a lamentable verse, complaining that the king reigned by will, and that councellors were parciall, affirming that the noble men fled against nature, and that the commons were destroied by their prodigalitie, declaring also that the cleargie were dumbe, and durst not saie the truth, and that the humble commons dulie obeied, and yet ever suffered punishment, for which cause by divine persecution the lesse number vanquished the greater; wherefore they concluded, that all things went out of order, and yet was there no man that studied to bring the unrulie to frame. It was no marvell though this battell was lamentable to the French nation, for in it were taken and slaine the flower of all the nobilitie of France. There were taken prisoners, Charles duke of Orleance, nephue to the French king, John duke of Burbon, the lord Bouciqualt one of the marshals of France (he after died in England) with a number of other lords, knights, and esquiers, at the least fifteene hundred, besides the common people. There were slaine in all of the French part to the number of ten thousand men, whereof were princes and noble men bearing baners one hundred twentie and six; to these, of knights, esquiers, and gentlemen, so manie as made up the number of eight thousand and foure hundred (of the which five hundred were dubbed knights the night before the battell) so as of the meaner sort, not past sixteene hundred. Amongst those of the nobilitie that were slaine, these were the cheefest, Charles lord de la Breth high constable of France, Jaques of Chatilon lord of Dampier admerall of France, the lord Rambures master of the crossebowes, sir Guischard Dolphin great master of France, John duke of Alanson, Anthonie duke of Brabant brother to the duke of Burgognie, Edward duke of Bar, the earle of Nevers an other brother to the duke of Burgognie, with the erles of Marle, Vaudemont, Beaumont, Grandpree, Roussie, Fauconberge, Fois and Lestrake, beside a great number of lords and barons of name. Of Englishmen, there died at this battell, Edward duke of Yorke, the earle of Suffolke, sir Richard Kikelie, and Davie Gamme esquier, and of all other not above five and twentie persons, as some doo report; but other writers of greater credit affirme that there were slaine above five or six hundred persons. Titus Livius saith, that there were slaine of Englishmen, beside the duke of Yorke, and the earle of Suffolke, an hundred persons at the first incounter. The duke of Glocester, the kings brother, was sore wounded about the hips, and borne downe to the ground, so that he fell backwards, with his feet towards his enimies, whom the king bestrid, and like a brother valiantlie rescued from his enimies, and so saving his life, caused him to be conveied out of the fight into a place of more safetie.

After that the king of England had refreshed himselfe, and his people, at Calis, and that such prisoners as he had left at Harflue (as ye have heard) were come to Calis unto him, the sixt daie of November, he with all his prisoners tooke shipping, and the same daie landed at Dover, having with him the dead bodies of the duke of Yorke, and the earle of Suffolke, and caused the duke to be buried at his colledge of Fodringhey, and the earle at new Elme. In this passage, the seas were so rough and troublous, that two ships belonging to sir John Cornewall, lord Fanhope, were driven into Zeland; howbeit, nothing was lost, nor any person perisht. The maior of London, and the aldermen, apparelled in orient grained scarlet, and foure hundred commoners clad in beautifull murrie well mounted, and trimlie horssed, with rich collars, and great chaines, met the king on Blackheath, rejoising at his returne; and the clergie of London, with rich crosses, sumptuous copes, and massie censers, received him at saint Thomas of Waterings with solemne procession. The king like a grave and sober personage, and as one remembring from whom all victories are sent, seemed little to regard such vaine pompe and shewes as were in triumphant sort devised for his welcomming home from so prosperous a journie, in so much that he would not suffer his helmet to be caried with him, whereby might have appeared to the people the blowes and dints that were to be seene in the same; neither would he suffer any ditties to be made and soong by minstrels of his glorious victorie, for that he would wholie have the praise and thanks altogither given to God. The news of this bloudie battell being reported to the French king as then sojourning at Rone, filled the court full of sorrow. But to remedie such danger as was like to insue, it was decreed by councell, to ordeine new officers in places of them that were slaine: and first, he elected his chiefe officer for the wars, called the constable, the earle of Arminacke, a wise and politike capteine, and an ancient enimie to the Englishmen. Sir John de Corsie was made maister of the crossebowes. Shortlie after, either for melancholie that he had for the losse at Agincourt, or by some sudden disease, Lewes Dolphin of Viennois, heire apparant to the French king, departed this life without issue, which happened well for Robinet of Bournevill, and his fellowes, as ye have heard before, for his death was their life, and his life would have beene their death.

A.D. 1420.—Whilest these victorious exploits were thus happilie atchived by the Englishmen, and that the king laie still at Rone, in giving thanks to almightie God for the same, there came to him eftsoones ambassadours from the French king and the duke of Burgognie to moove him to peace. The king minding not to be reputed for a destroier of the countrie, which he coveted to preserve, or for a causer of Christian bloud still to be spilt in his quarell, began so to incline and give eare unto their sute and humble request, that at length (after often sending to and fro) and that the bishop of Arras and other men of honor had beene with him, and likewise the earle of Warwike, and the bishop of Rochester had beene with the duke of Burgognie, they both finallie agreed upon certeine articles, so that the French king and his commons would thereto assent. Now was the French king and the queene with their daughter Katharine at Trois in Champaigne governed and ordered by them, which so much favoured the duke of Burgognie, that they would not, for anie earthlie good, once hinder or pull backe one jot of such articles as the same duke should seeke to preferre. And therefore what needeth manie words, a truce tripartite was accorded betweene the two kings and the duke, and their countries, and order taken that the king of England should send in the companie of the duke of Burgognie his ambassadours into Trois in Champaigne, sufficientlie authorised to treat and conclude of so great matter. The king of England, being in good hope that all his affaires should take good successe as he could wish or desire, sent to the duke of Burgognie his uncle, the duke of Excester, the earle of Salisburie, the bishop of Elie, the Lord Fanhope, the lord Fitz Hugh, sir John Robsert, and sir Philip Hall, with diverse doctors, to the number of five hundred horsse, which in the companie of the duke of Burgognie came to the citie of Trois the eleventh of March. The king, the queene, and the ladie Katharine them received, and hartilie welcomed, shewing great signes and tokens of love and amitie. After a few daies they fell to councell, in which at length it was concluded that king Henrie of England should come to Trois, and marie the ladie Katharine; and the king hir father after his death should make him heire of his realme, crown and dignitie. It was also agreed that king Henrie, during his father in lawes life, should in his steed have the whole governement of the realme of France, as regent thereof, with manie other covenants and articles, as after shall appeere. To the performance whereof, it was accorded that all the nobles and estates of the realme of France, as well spirituall as temporall, and also the cities and commonalties, citizens and burgesses of townes, that were obeisant at that time to the French king, should take a corporall oth. These articles were not at the first in all points brought to a perfect conclusion. But after the effect and meaning of them was agreed upon by the commissioners, the Englishmen departed towards the king their maister, and left sir John Robsert behind, to give his attendance on the ladie Katharine. King Henrie being informed by them of that which they had doone, was well content with the agreement, and with all diligence prepared to go unto Trois, and thereupon having all things in a readinesse, he being accompanied with his brethren the dukes of Clarence and Glocester, the earles of Warwike, Salisburie, Huntington, Eu, Tankervile, and Longuile, fifteene thousand men of warre, went from Rone to Pontoise; and departing from thence the eight daie of Maie, came to saint Denis two leagues from Paris, and after to Pontcharenton, where he left a strong garison of men, with sir William Gascoigne, to keepe the passage; and so then entering into Brie, he tooke by the waie a castell which was kept against him, causing them that so kept it, some to be hanged, and the residue to be led foorth with him as prisoners. And after this keeping on his journie by Provins, and Nogent, at length he came to Trois.

The duke of Burgognie accompanied with manie noble men, received him two leagues without the towne, and conveied him to his lodging. All his armie was lodged in small villages thereabout. And after that he had reposed himselfe a little, he went to visit the French king, the queene, and the ladie Katharine, whome he found in saint Peters church, where was a verie joious meeting betwixt them (and this was on the twentith daie of Maie) and there the king of England, and the ladie Katharine were affianced. After this, the two kings and their councell assembled togither diverse daies, wherein the first concluded agreement was in diverse points altered and brought to a certeinetie, according to the effect above mentioned. When this great matter was finished, the kings sware for their parts to observe all the covenants of this league and agreement. Likewise the duke of Burgognie and a great number of other princes and nobles which were present, received an oth, the tenor whereof (as the duke of Burgognie uttered it in solemne words) thus insueth, accordinglie as the same is exemplified by Titus Livius De Foro Luvisiis in Latine.

The oth of the duke of Burgognie.—I Philip duke of Burgognie, for my selfe, and for mine heires, doo here sweare upon the holie evangelists of God, to Henrie king of England, and regent of France for king Charles, that we shall humblie and faithfullie obeie the said Henrie in all things which concerne the commonwealth and crowne of France. And immediatlie after the deceasse of our sovereigne lord king Charles, we shall be faithfull liegemen unto the said king Henrie, and to his successors for ever. Neither shall we take or suffer anie other sovereigne lord and supreme king of France, but the same Henrie and his heires; neither shall we be of counsell or consent of anie hurt towards the said king Henrie or his successors, wherby they may suffer losse and detriment of life or lim, but that the same so farre as in us may lie, we shall signifie to them with all speed, by letters or messengers, that they may the better provide for themselves in such cases.

The like oth a great number of the princes and nobles both spirituall and temporall, which were present, received at the same time. This doone, the morow after Trinitie sundaie, being the third of June, the mariage was solemnized and fullie consummate betwixt the king of England, and the said ladie Katharine. Herewith was the king of England named and proclamed heire and regent of France. And as the French king sent the copie of this treatie to everie towne in France; so the king of England sent the same in English unto every citie and market towne within his realme, to be proclamed and published. The true copie whereof, as we find it in the chronicles of maister Hall, we have thought good here to set downe, for the more full satisfieng of those that shall desire to peruse everie clause and article thereof, as followeth.

The articles and appointments of peace betweene the realmes of England and France.—Henrie by the grace of God king of England, heire and regent of France, lord of Ireland, to perpetuall mind of Christian people, and all those that be under our obeisance, we notifie and declare, that though there hath beene here before diverse treaties betweene the most excellent prince Charles our father of France and his progenitors, for the peace to be had betweene the two realmes of France and England, the which heretofore have borne no fruit; we considering the great harmes, the which have not onelie fallen betweene those two realmes, for the great division of that hath beene betweene them, but to all holy church; we have taken a treatie with our said father, in which treatie betwixt our said father and us, it is concluded and accorded in the forme after the manner that followeth.—1. First, it is accorded betweene our father and us, that forsomuch as by the bond of matrimonie made for the good of the peace betweene us and our most deere beloved Katharine, daughter of our said father, and of our most deere moother Isabell his wife; the same Charles and Isabell beene made our father and moother; therefore them as our father and moother we shall have and worship, as it fitteth and seemeth so worthie a prince and princesse to be worshipped, principallie before all other temporall persons of the world.—2. Also we shall not distrouble, diseason or let our father aforesaid, but that he hold and possede as long as he liveth, as he holdeth and possedeth at this time, the crowne and dignitie roiall of France, with rents and profits for the same, of the sustenance of his estate and charges of the realme. And our foresaid moother also hold as long as she liveth, the state and dignitie of queene, after the manner of the same realme, with convenable convenient part of the said rents and profits.—3. Also that the foresaid ladie Katharine shall take and have dower in our realme of England as queenes of England here tofore were woont for to take and have, that is to saie, to the summe of fortie thousand scutes, of the which two algate shall be a noble English.—4. And that by the waies, manners, and meanes that we without trangression or offense of other made by us, for to speake the lawes, customes, usages and rights of our said realme of England, shall done our labour and pursuit, that the said Katharine, all so soone as it maie be doone, be made sure to take, and for to have in our said realme of England, from the time of our death, the said dower of fortie thousand scutes yearelie, of the which twaine algate be worth a noble English.—5. Also if it happe the said Katharine to overlive us, we shall take and have the realme of France immediatlie, from the time of our death, dower to the summe of twentie thousand franks yearelie, of and upon the lands, places and lordships that held and had Blanch sometime wife of Philip Beasaill to our said father.—6. Also that after the death of our said father aforesaid, and from thence forward, the crowne and the realme of France, with all the rights and appurtenances, shall remaine and abide to us, and beene of us and of our heires for evermore.—7. And forsomuch as our said father is withholden with diverse sickenesse, in such manner as he maie not intend in his owne person for to dispose for the needs of the foresaid realme of France; therefore during the life of our foresaid father, the faculties and exercise of the governance and disposition of the publike and common profit of the said realme of France, with councell, and nobles, and wisemen of the same realme of France, shall be and abide to us; so that from thencefoorth we maie governe the same realme by us. And also to admit to our counsell and assistance of the said nobles, such as we shall thinke meet. The which faculties and exercise of governance thus being toward us, we shall labour and purpose us speedfullie, diligentlie, and trulie, to that that maie be and ought for to be unto the worship of God, and our said father and moother, and also to the common good of the said realme, and that realme with the counsell and helpe of the worthie and great nobles of the same realme for to be defended, peased and governed after right and equitie.—8. Also that we of our owne power shall doo the court of parlement in France to be kept and observed in his authoritie and sovereignetie, and in all that is doone to it in all manner of places that now or in time comming is or shall be subject to our said father.—9. Also we to our power shall defend and helpe all and everie of the peeres, nobles, cities, townes, communalties, and singular persons, now or in time comming, subjects to our father in their rights, customes, privileges, freedomes, and franchises, longing or due to them in all manner of places now or in time comming subject to our father.—10. Also we diligentlie and truelie shall travell to our power, and doo that justice be administred and doone in the same realme of France after the lawes, customes, and rights of the same realme, without personall exception. And that we shall keepe and hold the subjects of the same realme in tranquillitie and peace, and to our power we shall defend them against all manner of violence and oppression.—11. Also we to our power shall provide, and doo to our power, that able persons and profitable beene taken to the offices as well of justices and other offices belonging to the governance of the demaines, and of other offices of the said realme of France, for the good right and peaceable justice of the same, and for the administration that shall be committed unto them; and that they be such persons, that after the lawes and rights of the same realme, and for the utilitie and profit of our said father, shall minister, and that the foresaid realme shall be taken and departed to the same offices.—12. Also that we of our power, so soone as it may commodiouslie be doone, shall travell to put into the obedience of our said father, all manner of cities, townes, and castels, places, countries, and persons within the realme of France, disobedient, and rebels to our said father, holding with them which beene called the Dolphin or Arminacke.—13. Also that we might the more commodiouslie, suerlie and freelie doone, exercise, and fulfill these things aforesaid, it is accorded that all worthie nobles and estates of the same realme of France, as well spirituals as temporals, and also cities notable and communalties, and citizens, burgesses of townes of the realme of France, that beene obeisant at this time to our said father, shall make these othes that followen.—14. First to us having the facultie, exercise, disposition, and governance of the foresaid common profit to our hests and commandements, these shall meekelie and obedientlie obeie and intend in all manner of things concerning the exercise of governance of the same realme.—15. Also that the worthie, great, and noble estates of the said realme, as well spirituals as temporals, and also cities and notable communalties, and citizens and burgesses of the same realme, in all manner of things well and trulie shall keepe and to their power shall doo to be kept of so much as to them belongeth, or to anie of them, all those things that beene appointed and accorded betweene our forsesaid father and moother and us, with the counsell of them whome us list to call to us.—16. And that continuallie from the death, and after the death of our said father Charles, they shall be our true liegemen, and our heires; and they shall receive and admit us for their liege and sovereigne and verie king of France, and for such to obeie us without opposition, contradiction, or difficultie, as they beene to our foresaid father during his life, never after this realme of France shall obey to man as king or regent of France, but to us and our heires. Also they shall not be in counsell, helpe, or assent that we leese life or limme, or be take with evill taking, or that we suffer harme, or diminution in person, estate, worship, or goods; but if they know anie such thing for to be cast or imagined against us, they shall let it to their power, and they shall doone us to weeten thereof, as hastilie as they maie by themselfe, by message, or by letters.—17. Also that all maner of conquests that should be made by us in France upon the said inobedients, out of the duchie of Normandie, shall be doone to the profit of our said father; and that to our power we shall doo, that all maner of lands and lordships that beene in the places so for to be conquered, longing to persons obeieng to our foresaid father, which shall sweare for to keepe this present accord, shall be restored to the same persons to whom they long to. —18. Also that all manner of persons of the holie church, beneficed in the duchie of Normandie, or any other places in the realme of France, subject to our father, and favouring the partie of the dukes of Burgognie, which shall sweare to keepe this present accord, shall injoy peaceablie their benefices of holie church in the duchie of Normandie, or in other places next aforesaid.—19. Also likewise, all maner of persons of holie church, obedient to us, and beneficed in the realme of France, and places subject to our father, that shall sweare to keepe this present accord, shall injoy peaceablie their benefices of holie church in places next abovesaid.—20. Also that all maner of churches, universities, and studies generall, and all colleges of studies, and other colleges of holie church, being in places now or in time comming subject to our father, or in the duchie of Normandie, or other places in the realme of France subject to us, shall injoy their rights and possessions, rents, prerogatives, liberties, and franchises, longing or due to them in any maner of wise in the said relme of France, saving the right of the crowne of France, and everie other person.—21. Also by Gods helpe, when it happeneth us to come to the crowne of France, the duchie of Normandie, and all other places conquered by us in the realme of France, shall bow under the commandement, obeisance, and monarchie of the crowne of France.—22. Also that we shall force us, and doo to our power, that recompense be made by our said father without diminution of the crowne of France to persons obeieng to him, and favoring to that partie that is said Burgognie, to whom longeth lands, lordships, rents, or possessions in the said duchie of Normandie, or other places in the realme of France, conquered by us hither toward, given by us in places and lands gotten or to be gotten, and overcome, in the name of our said father upon rebels and inobedients to him. And if so be that such maner of recompense be not made to the said persons, by the life of our said father, we shall make that recompense in such maner and places, of goods, when it happeneth by Gods grace to the crowne of France. And if so be that the lands, lordships, rents, or possessions, the which longeth to such maner of persons in the said duchie and places be not given by us, the same persons shall be restored to them without any delaie.—23. And during the life of our father, in all places now or in time comming subject to him, letters of common justice, and also grants of offices and gifts, pardons or remissions, and privileges shall be written and proceed under the name and seale of our said father. And for somuch as some singular case maie fall, that maie not be foreseene by mans wit, in the which it might be necessarie and behoovefull, that we doo write our letters; in such maner case, if any hap for the good and suertie of our father, and for the governance that longeth to us, as is beforesaid; and for to eschewen perils that otherwise might fall, to the prejudice of our said father, to write our letters, by the which we shall command, charge, and defend after the nature and qualitie of the need, in our fathers behalfe and ours as regent of France.—24. Also, that during our fathers life, we shall not call nor write us king of France; but verelie we shall absteine us from that name, as long as our father liveth.—25. Also that our said father, during his life, shall name, call, and write us in French in this maner: *Nostre treschier filz Henry roy d' Engleterre heretere de France.* And in Latine in this maner: *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus rex Angliæ et hæres Franciæ.*—26. Also that we shall put none impositions or exactions, or doo charge the subjects of our said father without cause reasonable and necessarie, ne otherwise than for common good of the realme of France, and after the saieng and asking of the lawes and customes reasonable approoved of the same realme.—27. Also that we shall travell to our power to the effect and intent, that by the assent of the three estates of either of the realmes of France and England, that all maner of obstacles maie be doone awaie, and in this partie, that it be ordeined and provided; that from the time that we or any of our heires come to the crowne of France, both the crownes, that is to saie, of France and England perpetuallie be togither in one and in the same person, that is to saie, from our fathers life to us, and from the tearme of our life thenceforward in the persons of our heires, that shall be one after an other, and that both realms shall be governed from that we or any of our heires come to the same, not severallie under diverse kings in one time, but under the same person which for the time shall be king of both realms, and our soveraigne lord (as it is before said) keeping neverthelesse in all maner of other things to either of the same realmes, their rights, liberties, customes, usages, and lawes, not making subject in any maner of wise one of the same realmes, to the rights, lawes, or usages of that other.—28. Also that thenceforward, perpetuallie, shall be still rest, and that in all maner of wise, dissentions, hates, rancors, envies, and wars, betweene the same realmes of France and England, and the people of the same realmes, drawing to accord of the same peace, may ceasse and be broken.—29. Also that there shall be from henceforward for evermore, peace and tranquillitie, and good accord, and common affection, and stable friendship betweene the said realmes, and their subjects before said. The same realmes shall keepe themselves with their councell, helps, and common assistance against all maner of men that inforce them for to dooen or to imagine wrongs, harmes, displeasures, or grievances to them or either of them. And they shall be conversant and merchandizen freelie and suerlie togither, paieng the custome due and accustomed. And they shall be conversant also, that all the confederats and alies of our said father and the realme of France aforesaid, and also our confederats of the realme of England aforesaid, shall in eight moneths from the time of this accord of peace, as it is notified to them, declare by their letters, that they will draw to this accord, and will be comprehended under the treaties and accord of this peace, saving neverthelesse either of the same crownes, and also all maner actions, rights and revenues, that longen to our said father and his subjects, and to us and our subjects, against all maner of such alies and confederats.—30. Also neither our father, neither our brother the duke of Burgognie shall begin, ne make with Charles, cleping himselfe the Dolphin of Viennes, any treatie, or peace, or accord, but by councell and assent of all and ech of us three, or of other the three estates of either of the said realmes above named.—31. Also that we with assent of our said brother of Burgognie, and other of the nobles of the realme of France, the which thereto owen to be called, shall ordeine for the governance of our said father sekerlie, lovinglie, and honestlie, after the asking of his roiall estate and dignitie, by the maner that shall be to the worship of God, and of our father, and of the realme of France.—32. Also all maner of persons, that shall be about our father to doo him personall service, not onelie in office, but in all other services, as well the nobles and gentlenes as other, shall be such as hath beene borne in the realme of France, or in places longing to France, good, wise, true, and able to that foresaid service. And our said father shall dwell in places notable of his obedience, and no where else. Wherefore we charge and command our said liege subjects, and other being under our obedience, that they keepe and doo to be kept in all that longeth to them, this accord and peace, after the forme and maner as it is accorded; and that they attempt in no maner wise, any thing that may be prejudiciall or contrarie to the same accord and peace, upon paine of life and lim, and all that they may forfeit against us. Yeven at Troes, the thirtith day of Maie, 1420, and proclamed in London the twentith day of June.—33. Also that we for the things aforesaid, and everie one of them, shall give our assent by our letters patents, sealed with our seale unto our said father, with all approbation and confirmation of us, and all other of our bloud roiall, and all other of the cities and townes to us obedient. Sealed with our seales accustomed. And further our said father, besides his letters patents sealed with our great seale, shall make or cause to be made letters approbatorie, and confirmations of the peeres of his realme, and of the lords, citizens, and burgesses of the same, under his obedience. All which articles we have sworne to keepe upon the holie evangelists.

On the fourteenth of June being fridaie, there was a solemne procession at

London, and a sermon at Paules crosse, in which the preacher openlie declared the effect of the kings mariage, and the articles concluded upon the same, by reason wherof (he said) there must be a new great seale devised, and the old broken, and in the new the kings name with a new addition of his title as regent of France, and heire apparant of that kingdome was to be ingraven. Beside the league thus concluded by king Henrie with the French king, and the whole bodie of the realme of France, there was a privat league accorded betwixt him and the duke of Burgognie, the effect wherof was comprehended in articles as followeth.—First, that the duke of Burgognie should procure this peace latelie before concluded, to be observed firme and stable in all covenants and points therof, so far as he by any meanes might further the same; in consideration whereof, one of the brethren of king Henrie should take to wife one of the said duke of Burgognies sisters. That king Henrie should ever have in singular favour the said duke of Burgognie, as his most deere brother, and support him in all his rights. That the said duke, after the deceasse of king Charles, should take an oth of fealtie to be true to K. Henrie and his heires, according to the forme and tenor thereof before expressed, and should in all things be friend to king Henrie and his heires for ever. That king Henrie should doo his uttermost indevour that due punishment might be had for the murther of duke John, father to the said duke of Burgognie, aswell upon Charles that named himselfe Dolphin, as upon others that were guiltie and privie to that murther. If the said Dolphin chanced to be taken, either in battell or towne besieged, or if anie other chanced so to be taken, that should be prooved guiltie or privie to the murther of the said duke John, he should not be delivered without just punishment for his deeds, nor without the consent of the two kings Charles and Henrie, and of the three estates of both the realmes. In consideration of the great diligence and painfull travell susteined by the duke of Burgognie, it was also agreed that he should have by patent granted of king Charles and queene Isabell a fee of twentie thousand pounds Parisien, of yeerelie revenues, assigned foorth neere to the confines of his countrie, to injoy the same to him and to his wife the duches Michaell, and to the heires males betwixt them two, lawfullie begotten, to the obteining whereof, king Henrie should shew all his furtherance; and if it might not be brought to passe till king Henrie had obteined the crowne of France, then should he see the same performed, upon the receiving of his homage.

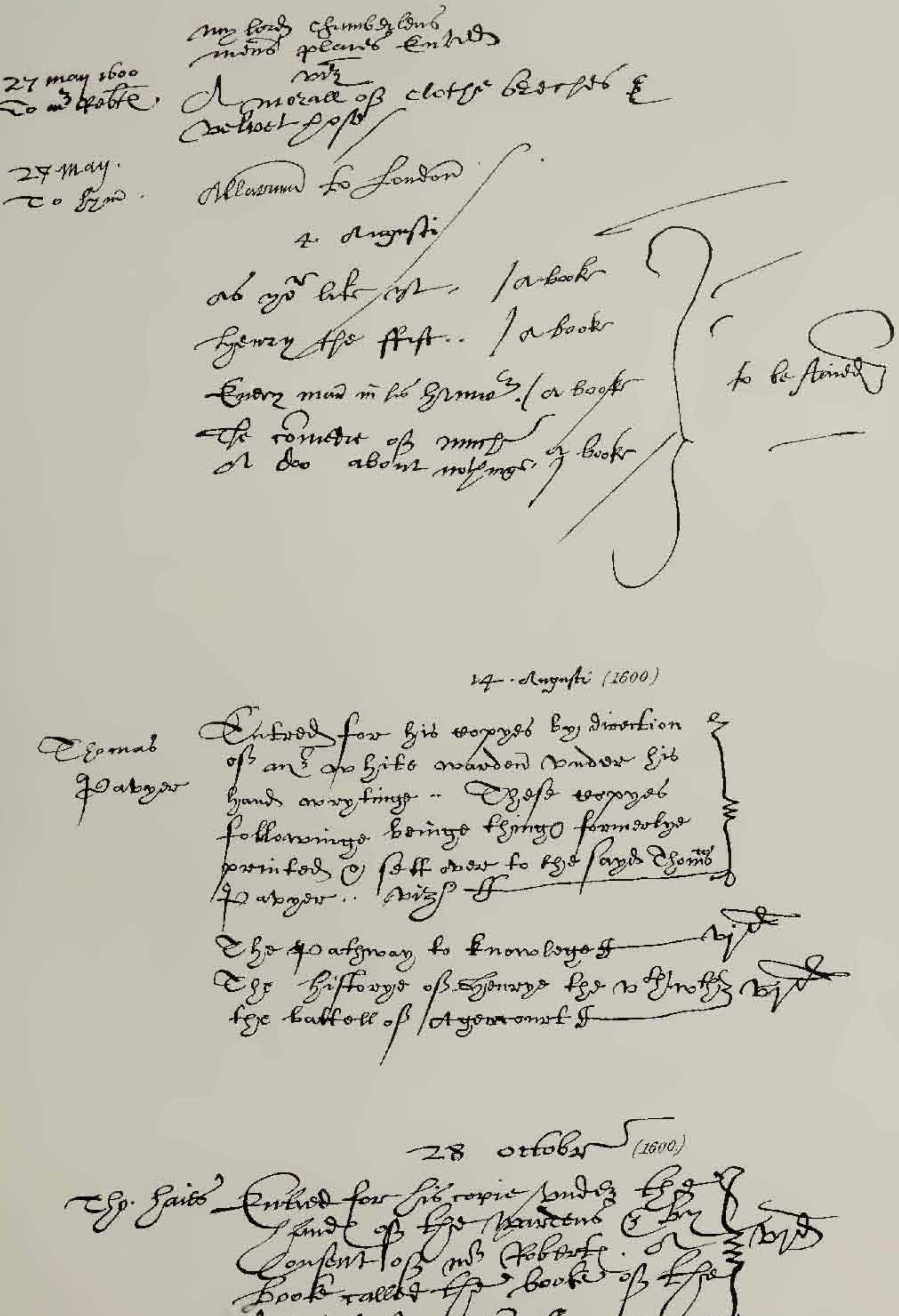
The king of England, after all the articles of the said treaties and agreements were concluded, passed and sworne unto, made to the French king, the duke of Burgognie, and other the French lords, a sumptuous banket; and before they departed from the same, he sadlie and with great gravitie made to them a right pithie and sententious oration, declaring to them both how profitable the joining of the two kingdomes should be to the subjects of the same, and also the right that he had thereto, being by lineall descent of the womans side (which is the surest) rather a Frenchman than an Englishman. And though he was an Englishman borne, yet he assured them to tender the wealth of the realme of France, as much as he would the advancement of his owne native countrie of England. Herewith he inveied against Charles the Dolphin, being the head and onelie mainteiner of all the civill discord, whose wicked nature, and cruell disposition, did well appeare in the murther of the late duke of Burgognie. He therefore willed them, according to their dutie, oth, and agreement, to stand with him, and helpe to reduce such a stubborne and disloiall sonne unto the obeisance of his father king Charles, that he might shew himselfe conformable unto such orders and decrees, as they had taken, appointed, and agreed upon: and for his part, he promised to worship, love, and honor his father in law the said K. Charles, in place of his owne father, according to the true mening of this concord and agreement, trusting the same to be a peace finall. And to conclude, he promised, that if they shewed themselves true and loiall to him, according to the same agreement; the ocean sea should sooner ceasse to flow, and the bright sunne lose his light, than he would desist from dooing that which became a prince to doo to his subject, or a father to his naturall child.

The period of the composition of Henry the Fifth is ascertained with singular precision, the allusion to the Earl of Essex in the chorus to the fifth act proving it to have been written in the year 1599. Essex went to Ireland on April 15th, 1599, and returned to London in the following September; but the chorus alluded to must have been written towards the former date, the words of the poet referring to a time when the circumstances attending that nobleman's return were not anticipated. It may be concluded that Henry the Fifth was produced in May or June, 1599. It was printed shortly afterwards, but in a mutilated state, probably in the same year, but no copy of so early a date is now known to exist. The first edition yet discovered appeared early in the following year, under the title of, —"The Cronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Togither with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head. 1600." 4to, 27 leaves. On August 14th, in the same year, the copyright of this imperfect copy was assigned to Thomas Pavier, who was the publisher of the two next editions of it, which appeared in 1602 and 1608, under the following titles,—"The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auntient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Thomas Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, at the signe of the Kat and Parrets, neare the Exchange. 1602." 4to, 26 leaves.—"The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with ancient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants. Printed for T. P. 1608." 4to, 27 leaves. Both these editions are mutilated copies of Shakespeare's plays, and the probability is that the publication was surreptitious, there being an entry in the books of the Stationers' Company under the date of

August 4th, 1600, that "Henry the Fift, a booke," was "to be staied," this entry most likely referring to the edition printed by Thomas Creede. Be this as it may, it appears from the same registers that Pavier's widow claimed the copyright of Henry the Fifth in 1626, at which date the legal right appears to have been vested in her,—"4° Augusti, 1626,—assigned over unto them (Edw: Brewster, Rob: Birde) by Mrs. Pavier and consent of a full Court of Assistantes all the estate, right, title, and interest, which Mr. Tho: Pavier, her late husband, had in the copies hereafter mentioned, viz^{t}., The historye of Hen: the fift and the play of the same; Mr. Pavier's right in Shakesperes plaies or any of them." Robert Birde assigned the copyright of it in November, 1630, to Richard Cotes, one of the publishers of the second folio. The first complete edition of Henry the Fifth appeared in the collective edition of 1623. The three small quarto impressions above mentioned, which are copied consecutively from each other, are imperfect copies of Shakespeare's drama, the publisher obtaining by some means fragments of the play, but not succeeding in an endeavour to induce the managers of the theatre to supply him with the deficiencies. It is worthy of remark that Shakespeare's name is not inserted in the title-pages of any of the early surreptitious editions. These editions do not contain the choruses, and, as the latter were written as early as 1599, it is in the highest degree improbable that the quartos represent an author's imperfect sketch. It is most likely that they were compiled from short-hand notes taken at the theatre. The fact that Shakespeare wrote the play after he had completed the Second Part of Henry the Fourth, as appears from the epilogue to the latter, precludes the supposition that Henry the Fifth could have been a very early production; and, with any other theory, it is difficult to believe that a mere sketch by the great dramatist at any time held possession of the stage.

Henslowe mentions a play called "Hary the Fifth," as performed by his company in 1592, 1595, and 1596. In an inventory of dresses which were missing from the wardrobe of the Lord Admiral's company in 1598, occurs a note of "Harey the Fyftes dublet," and of "Harey the Fyftes vellet gowne;" but they were, nevertheless, in possession at the same time of dresses which are described as "Harye the V. velvet gowne;" and, "Harye the V. satten dublett layd with gowld lace." These entries no doubt refer to the old play of the Famous

Facsimiles of Entries respecting Plays of Shakespeare preserved in the Register books of the Stationers' Company.



27 may 1600
To mr Robte.

my lord chamberlens
menns plaies Entred
viz
A morall of clothe breches &
velvet hose

27 may.
To hym.

Allarum to London

4. Augusti

As you like yt / a booke
Henry the fft / a booke
Every man in his humour / a booke
The commedie of muche
A doo about nothinge / a booke

to be staied

14. Augusti (1600)

Thomas
Pavyer

Entred for his copyes by direction
of mr white warden under his
hand wrytinge. These copyes
followinge beinge thinges formerlye
printed & sett over to the sayd Thomas
Pavyer. viz.

The Pathway to knowledg vjd
The historye of Henrye the Vth with
the battell of Agencourt vjd

28 octobr (1600)

Tho. haies

Entred for his copie under the
handes of the Wardens & by
Consent of mr Robertes. A
booke called the booke of the
Merchant of Venyce vjd

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Facsim.

To face p. 280.

Victories, mentioned by Nash, and which was soon afterwards superseded by Shakespeare's drama. The latter was performed at Court early in the year 1605, as appears from the following entry in the Revels' Accounts,—"By his Majesties plaiers,—On the 7 of January was played the play of Henry the Fift." We are without any other early record of its performance, until it was revived, after the Restoration, in 1663. The Earl of Orrery's play of Henry the Fifth, acted in 1664 and printed in 1668, has no resemblance to Shakespeare's drama. In this production, the King and Owen Tudor are represented as being in love at the same time with the Princess Katharine. Shakespeare's play was altered by Hill for representation at Drury-lane theatre in 1723; and in 1738 it was produced, in its original form, at Covent Garden, for the first time, according to the advertisements, after an interval of forty years.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY the Fifth.
DUKE OF GLOSTER, DUKE OF BEDFORD, } *Brothers to the King.*
DUKE OF EXETER, *Uncle to the King.*
DUKE OF YORK, *Cousin to the King.*
EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, AND WARWICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, LORD SCROOP, SIR THOMAS GREY, } *Conspirators.*
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, *Officers in King Henry's Army.*
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers.*
PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
BOY, *Servant to them.* *A Herald.*
CHORUS.
CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of France.*
LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*
DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, AND BOURBON.
THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE.
RAMBURES, AND GRANDPRE, *French Lords.*
MONTJOY, *A French Herald.*
Governor of Harfleur. *Ambassadors to England.*

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*
KATHARINE, *Daughter of Charles and Isabel.*
ALICE, *a Lady attending on the Princess.*
MRS. QUICKLY, *a Hostess.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE in England, and in France.

Chorus.

Enter CHORUS.

O, for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirit that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O[1] the very casques,
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.[2]
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance:

Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,[3]
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

Act the First.

SCENE I.—London.[4] An Ante-chamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, *and Bishop of* ELY.

Cant. My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time[5]
Did push it out of farther question.
Ely. But how, my Lord, shall we resist it now?
Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us; being valued thus,—
As much as would maintain, to the king's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the king beside,
A thousand pounds by the year. Thus runs the bill.
Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'Twould drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,[6]
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the king were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, it hath been all-in-all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life[7]
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.[8]
Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,

And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.[9]
Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd,
And therefore we must needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.
Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?
Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.
Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?
Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save, that there was not time enough to hear
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)
The severals, and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.
Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?
Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come,
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?
Ely. It is.
Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy,
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.
Ely. I 'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in the Same.

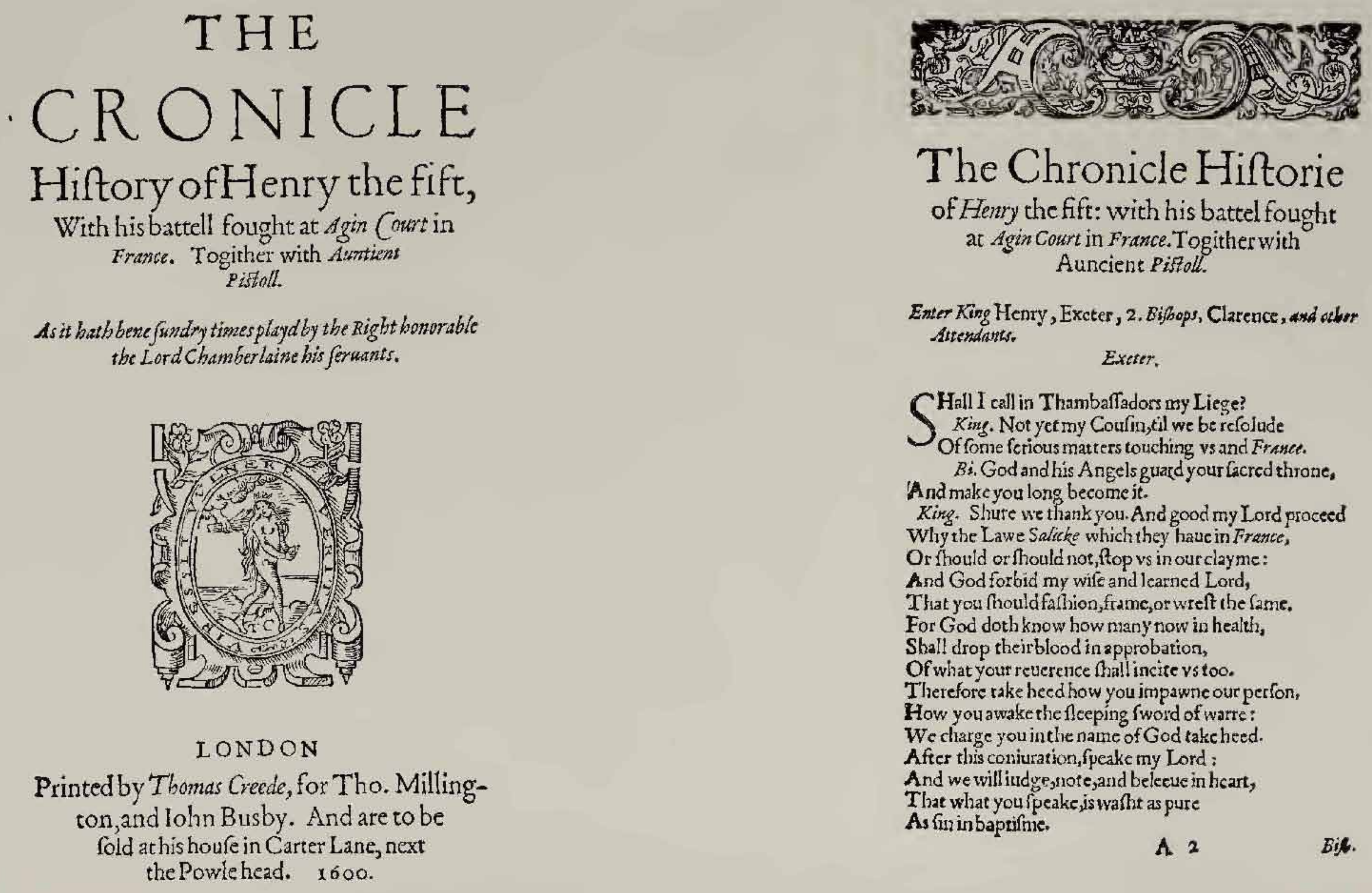
Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?
Exe. Not here in presence.
K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.[10]
West. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?
K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin: we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, *and* Bishop of Ely.

Cant. God, and his angels, guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it!
K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold,
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know, how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation[11]
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore, take heed how you impawn our person,[12]
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend,
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs give edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord,
And we will hear, note, and believe in heart,

Facsimiles from the First Edition of Shakespeare's Play of Henry the Fifth



THE CRONICLE

Hiſtory of Henry the fift,

With his battell fought at *Agin Court* in
France. Togither with *Auntient*
Piſtoll.

As it hath bene ſundry times playd by the Right honorable
the Lord Chamberlaine his ſeruants.

LONDON
Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for Tho. Millington, and Iohn Busby. And are to be
ſold at his houſe in Carter Lane, next
the Powle head. 1600.

The Chronicle Hiſtorie

of *Henry* the fift: with his battel fought
at *Agin Court* in *France*. Togither with
Auncient *Piſtoll.*

Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. *Biſhops*, Clarence, *and other*
Attendants.

Exeter.

SHall I call in Thambaſſadors my Liege?
King. Not yet my Couſin, til we be reſolude
Of ſome ſerious matters touching vs and *France*.
Bi. God and his Angels guard your ſacred throne,
And make you long become it.
King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed
Why the Lawe *Salicke* which they haue in *France*,
Or ſhould or ſhould not, ſtop vs in our clayme:
And God forbid my wiſe and learned Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, frame, or wreſt the ſame.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation,
Of what your reuerence ſhall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our perſon,
How you awake the ſleeping ſword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this coniuration, ſpeake my Lord:
And we will iudge, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you ſpeake, is waſht as pure
As ſin in baptiſme.

A 2 *Biſh.*

Ashbee & Dangerfield, Facsim
22 Bedford Street, Covent Garden.

To face p. 290

That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd,
As pure as sin with baptism.
Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives, and services,
To this imperial throne.—There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—
In terram Salicam mulieres nè succedant,
"No woman shall succeed in Salique land."
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze,
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law, and female bar:
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of king Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six, and Charles the great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
To fine his title with some show of truth,[13]

Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as th' heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain,[14] who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,[15]
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles, the foresaid duke of Lorain:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female.
So do the kings of France unto this day,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,
To bar your highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles[16]
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.
K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?
Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign;
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill[17]
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action.[18]

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprizes.
Exe. Your brother kings, and monarchs of the earth,
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
West. They know your grace hath cause, and means, and might:
So hath your highness:—never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.
Cant. O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.
K. Hen. We must not only arm t' invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot; who will make road upon us
With all advantages.
Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.
K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us:
For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,[19]
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fulness of his force;
Galling the gleaned land with hot essays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook, and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.
Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;

For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise,[20]
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.
West. But there's a saying, very old and true,—
"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:"
For once the eagle, England, being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel, Scot,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.
Exe. It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a curs'd necessity,[22]
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.[23]
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent,[24]
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.
Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,[25]
Obedience: for so work the honey bees,[26]
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom:
They have a king, and officers of sorts;[27]
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:

Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum;
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one concent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore, to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Now are we well resolv'd: and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery,
O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.[28]

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure

Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for, we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.
Amb. May 't please your majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off,
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?
K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons;
Therefore, with frank and uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, king Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:[29]
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.
K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?
Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.[30]
K. Hen. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present, and your pains, we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chases.[31] And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence,[32] did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,

When I do rouse me in my throne of France :
For that I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones ;[33] and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them : for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands ;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn,
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So, get you hence in peace ; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition ;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings ; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore, let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.
[*Exeunt.*

Notes to the First Act.

[1] *Within this wooden O.*

Nothing shows more evidently the power of custom over language, than that the frequent use of calling a circle an *O* could so much hide the meanness of the metaphor from Shakespeare, that he has used it many times where he makes his most eager attempts at dignity of style.—*Johnson.*

Johnson's criticism on Shakespeare's calling a circle an *O*, is rather injudiciously introduced in this place, where it was evidently the poet's intention to represent the circle in which they acted in as contemptible a light as he could. —*M. Mason.*

"Within this wooden O." An allusion to the theatre where this history was exhibited, being, from its *circular* form, called *The Globe.* The same expression is applied, for the like reason, to the *world*, in Antony and Cleopatra:—

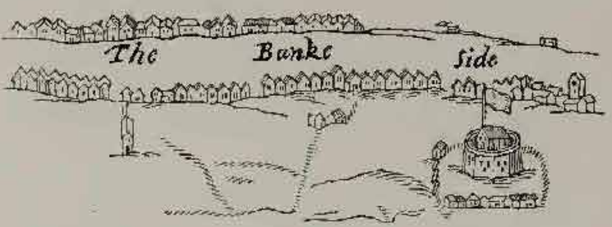
> A sun and moon which kept their course, and lighted
> The little *o*, the earth.

I know not whether Shakespeare calls the Globe playhouse *a cock-pit*, from its being a *round* building, or else from its serving that purpose also: the latter appears probable, from his styling the floor an *unworthy scaffold*, which suggests the idea of its being temporary, and that the edifice answered both turns, by means of a slight alteration.—*Henley.*

This theatre, like all our ancient ones, was denominated from its sign, viz. *The Globe*, and not from its shape. Had playhouses been named with reference to their form of construction, what sort of building could have corresponded with the title of a Red Bull, a Curtain, a Fortune, Cross Keys, a Phœnix, &c.?

Shakespeare, meaning to degrade the stage he was describing, may call it a *cock-pit*, because a *cock-pit* was the most diminutive enclosure present to his mind; or, perhaps, because there was a playhouse called *The Cock-pit*, at which King Henry V. might first have been acted. From Henley's drawing of *The Globe*, the outside of it, at least, appears to have been octagonal.—*Steevens.*

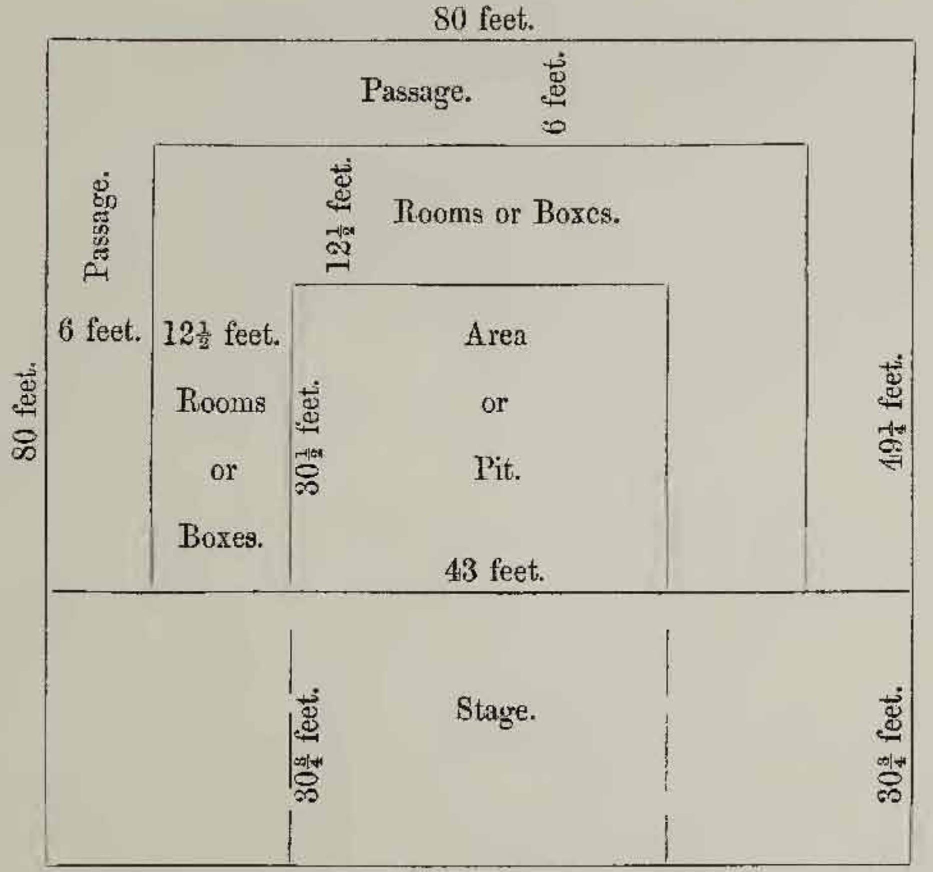
The annexed representation of it is copied from an early undated drawing in the British Museum.



Steevens's first explanation was the right one. The playhouse called the *Cock-pit* was not built till several years after the appearance of Henry V.—*Malone.*

Skottowe, in a curious note, has attempted to recover the exact ground-plat of the old Globe theatre. It was, he observes, "a hexagonal wooden building. Henslow and Allen's contract for the building of the Fortune playhouse, 1599, gives us a pretty accurate idea of its dimensions; for that indenture again and again insists on the Fortune being built, though somewhat larger, yet like the Globe. The contract for the Fortune stipulates for the erection of a building of four equal external sides of eighty feet, reduced by necessary arrangements to an internal area of fifty-five feet square. The length of the stage from side to side was to be forty-three feet, and in depth it was to extend over half the space of the internal area. Three tiers of galleries occupied three sides of the house. The height of the first from the ground is not named. The second is stated at twelve feet above the lower tier; the third eleven feet from the second, and the height above the third, nine feet. There were four convenient rooms, or what are now called boxes, for the accommodation of gentlemen, partitioned off from the lower gallery; and other divisions, for company of an inferior order, in the upper. The lower galleries measured twelve feet and a half from the back to the front; the upper stories had an additional projection of ten inches. The space between the outward wall of the theatre and the front of the galleries was completely roofed in with thatch, as was likewise all that part of the theatre occupied by the stage; so that the stage, galleries, passages, and stair-cases, were entirely protected from the weather, whilst the open area, or pit, was exposed. I do not profess to understand this document. It is, in fact, inconsistent with itself. A square of eighty feet every way, reduced on each side by galleries of twelve feet and a half, would certainly leave a square area of fifty-five feet on every side. But as the stage would necessarily occupy one side of the square, and the depth of the stage was to be exactly half of the remaining area, nothing like the area spoken of could be left open. Again, the length of the stage is expressly defined forty-three feet, which leaves it six feet too short at each side to form a junction with the ends of the galleries next the stage. I have no doubt, therefore, of an error in the document, which I take to be the omission to calculate the space occupied by the passages and stair-cases. A passage of six feet wide behind the galleries, added to their width, would make a deduction of eighteen feet and a half from each side of the theatre, and leave a space between the front of one gallery to the front of the other of forty-three feet, which is the exact width assigned to the stage.

The description of the ground plot of the house would then run thus: a square of eighty feet reduced on three sides by a passage of six feet, and a gallery of twelve feet and a half in breadth, leaving an area of forty-three feet wide, and sixty-one feet and a half long: the width of the area the width of the stage; half the length of the area thirty feet and three quarters, the depth of the stage. To make myself better understood, a plan of this *conjecture* is sketched below. The height of the theatre was probably thirty-eight feet, allowing six feet for the height of the stage and undermost gallery, or row of boxes, which would, I suppose, be on a level with each other.



The author of Holland's Leaguer, 1632, mentioning this theatre, calls it "the Continent of the World, because halfe the yeere a world of beauties and brave spirits resorted unto it."

But when the world's great masse itselfe did show,
In largenesse, fairenesse, roundnesse, a great O.
Wits Recreations, 1640.

Dr. Johnson has elsewhere remarked that Shakespeare was fully sensible of the absurdity of showing battles on the theatre, which, says he, is never done but tragedy becomes a farce. The whole of this chorus receives considerable illustration from a passage in Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesie*, where, speaking of the inartificial management of time and place in the theatres of his time, he thus proceeds: "where you shall have Asia of the one side and Affricke of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where hee is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now shall you have three ladies walke to gather flowers, and then we must beleeve the stage to bee a garden. By and by we heare newes of ship-wracke in the same place, then we are too blame if we accept it not for a rocke. Upon the backe of that comes out a hidious monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave: *while in the meane time two armies flie in, represented with foure swordes and bucklers, and then what hard hart will not receive it for a pitched field?* Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is that two young princes fall in love, and after many traverses she is got with child, delivered of a faire boy; he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, even sence may imagine: and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified, and at this day the ordinary players in Italie will not erre in." These remarks might with great propriety be applied to the play before us, to the *Winter's tale*, to *Pericles*, and some others of Shakespeare's dramas. In France, the contemporary play-wrights were commonly more observant of the unities, though many charges to the contrary might be brought against them.—*Douce.*

[2] *The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.*

Perilous narrow, in burlesque and common language, meant no more than *very narrow*. In old books this mode of expression occurs perpetually. A *perilous* broad brim to a hat, a *perilous* long sword, &c. So, in Beaumout and Fletcher's Humourous Lieutenant:—

She is *perilous* crafty.

Thus, *villainous* is only used to exaggerate, in the Tempest:

—— be turn'd to barnacles or apes
With foreheads *villainous* low.

Again, in John Florio's Preface to his translation of Montaigne:"—— in this *perilous* crook'd passage —."

The *narrow seas*, however, were always reckoned *dangerous*, insomuch that Golding, in his version of the 14th book of Ovid's Metamorphosis, translates—*Sævior illa freto surgente*,—

—— the lady *crueller*
Than are the rising *narrow seas.*

Again, in Burton's Anatomie of Melancholy, edit. 1632, p. 326:—

How full of feare, how furious?
The *narrow seas* are not so boisterous.—*Steevens.*

The present reading is right, but there should be a comma between the words *perilous* and *narrow*, as it was by no means Shakespeare's intention to join them together, and to make a burlesque phrase of them, such as Steevens describes. The perilousness of the ocean to be passed by the army, before the meeting of the kings, adds to the grandeur and interest of the scene; and it is well known that *narrow seas* are the most *perilous*. So, the Chorus in the next Act insinuates that it was necessary,

—— To charm the *narrow seas*
To give them gentle pass.

And in the Merchant of Venice, the *narrow seas* are made the scene of shipwrecks, where Salarino says, "Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked on the *narrow seas*; the Goodwins I think they call the place; a very *dangerous* flat, and fatal," &c.—*M. Mason.*

[3] *'Tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings.*

We may read *king* for *kings*. The prologue relates only to this single play. The mistake was made by referring *them* to *kings*, which belongs to *thoughts*. The sense is, 'your thoughts must give the king his proper greatness; carry therefore *your thoughts* here and there, jumping over time, and crouding years into an hour.'—*Johnson.*

I am not sure that Dr. Johnson's observation is just. In this play the king of France, as well as England, makes his appearance; and the sense may be this:—"It must be to your imaginations that our kings are indebted for their royalty."

Let the fancy of the spectator furnish out those appendages to greatness which the poverty of our stage is unable to supply. The poet is still apologizing for the defects of theatrical representation.—*Steevens.*

Johnson is, in my opinion, mistaken also in his explanation of the remainder of the sentence. "Carry them here and there" does not mean, as he supposes, 'Carry your thoughts here and there;' for the Chorus not only calls upon the imagination of the audience to adorn his kings, but to carry them also from one place to another, though by a common poetical license the copulative be omitted. —*M. Mason.*

[4] *London.*

It appears from Hall's and Holinshed's Chronicles, that the business of this scene was transacted at Leicester, where King Henry V. held a parliament in the second year of his reign. But the chorus at the beginning of the second Act shows that the author intended to make London the place of his first scene.—*Malone.*

[5] *But that the scambling and unquiet time.*

In the household book of the fifth Earl of Northumberland there is a particular section appointing the order of service for the *scambling* days in Lent; that is, days on which no regular meals were provided, but every one *scambled*, i. e. *scrambled* and shifted for himself as well as he could. So, in the old noted book intitled Leicester's Commonwealth, one of the marginal heads is, "*Scrambling* between Leicester and Huntington at the upshot." Where in the text, the author says, "Hastings, for ought I see, when hee commeth to the *scambling*, is like to have no better luck by the beare (Leicester) then his ancestour had once by the boare." [K. Richard III.] edit. 1641, 12mo. p. 87. So again, Shakespeare himself makes King Henry V. say to the Princess Katharine, "I get thee with *scambling*, and thou must therefore prove a good soldier-breeder."—*Percy.*

Shakespeare uses the same word in Much Ado About Nothing:—"*Scambling*, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys." Again, in the Merry Devil of Edmonton, 1608:—"Leave us to *scamble* for her getting out."—*Steevens.*

Before the enemie should perceive the weakenesse of his power, which was not great, and *scambled* up upon the sudden.—*Knolles's Hist. p.* 541. E.

I cannot tell, but we have *scambled* up
More wealth by far than those that brag of faith.—*Jew of Malta.*

It may be in like sort, that your honour will take offense at my rash and retchlesse behaviour used in the composition of this volume, and much more that, being *scambled* up after this manner, I dare presume, &c.—*Dedic. to Holinsh.* vol. i.

[6] *Hear him but reason in divinity.*

This speech seems to have been copied from King James's prelates, speaking of their Solomon; when Archbishop Whitgift, who, as an eminent writer says, "died soon afterwards, and probably doated then, at the Hampton-Court conference, declared himself verily persuaded, that his *sacred* majesty spake by the spirit of God." And, in effect, this scene was added after King James's accession to the crown: so that we have no way of avoiding its being esteemed a compliment to *him*, but by supposing it a compliment to *his bishops.*—*Warburton.*

Why these lines should be divided from the rest of the speech and applied to King James, I am not able to conceive; nor why an opportunity should be so eagerly snatched to treat with contempt that part of his character which was the least contemptible. King James's theological knowledge was not inconsiderable.

To preside at disputations is not very suitable to a king, but to understand the questions is surely laudable. The poet, if he had James in his thoughts, was no skilful encomiast; for the mention of Harry's skill in war forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of their present king; who yet, with all his faults, and many faults he had, was such, that Sir Robert Cotton says, "he would be content that England should never have a better, provided that it should never have a worse."—*Johnson.*

Those who are solicitous that justice should be done to the theological knowledge of our British Solomon, may very easily furnish themselves with specimens of it from a book entitled, Rex Platonicus, sive de potentissimi Principis Jacobi Britanniarum Regis ad illustrissimam Academiam Oxoniensem adventu, Aug. 27. Anno 1605. In this performance we may still *hear him reasoning in Divinity*, Physick, Jurisprudence, and Philosophy. On the second of these subjects he has not failed to express his well-known enmity to *tobacco*, and throws out many a royal witticism on the "Medici Nicotianistæ" and "Tobacconistæ" of the age; insomuch, that Isaac Wake, the chronicler of his triumphs at Oxford, declares, that "nemo nisi iniquissimus rerum æstimator, bonique publici pessime invidus *Jacobo* nostro recusabit immortalem gloriæ aram figere, qui ipse adeo mirabilem in *Theologiæ*, *Jurisprudentiæ*, et *Medicinæ* arcanis peritiam eamque plane *divinitus* assecutus est, ut," &c.—*Steevens.*

I can't but think that Shakespeare, in this place, spoke his real sentiments of King Henry the Fifth, without any design of reflecting either upon King James the First, or his Prelates. Hall speaks as high things of him, [Chronicle, folio 81.] "This Henry was a Kyng, whose life was immaculate, and his livyng without spot: this King was a Prince whom all men loved, and of none disdained: this Kyng was a capitaine, against whom fortune never frowned, nor mischance once spurned: this capitaine was a shepherde, whom his flock loved, and lovingly obeyed: this shepherd was such a justiciary, that no offence was unpunished, or friendship unrewarded. This justiciary was so feared, that all rebellion was banished, and sedition suppressed: his vertues were no more notable, then his qualities were worthy of praise.———He was merciful to offenders, charitable to the needy, indifferent to all men, faithfull to his friends, and fierce to his enemys, toward God most devout, toward the world moderate, and to his realme a very father. What should I say, he was the blasying comete, and apparent lantern in his dayes, he was the mirrour of Christendome, and the glory of his country: he was the floure of Kynges passed, and a glass to them that should succeed: no emperour in magnanimitie ever him excelled; no potentate was more piteous, nor lorde more bounteous: no prince had lesse of his subjects, and never kyng conquered more: whose fame by his death as lively flourisheth, as his actes in his life were sene, and remembred."

The commentators give us some long notes upon Warburton's theory, that this passage was a compliment to the theological acquirements of James I. It does not appear to us that such conjectures offer any proper illustration of Shakespeare. This scene, we apprehend, was written at the same time with the choruses,—that is, four years before the accession of James. Johnson very justly observes that "the poet, if he had James in his thoughts, was no skilful encomiast; for the mention of Harry's skill in war forced upon the remembrance of his audience the great deficiency of their present king." The praises of Henry, which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the Archbishop of Canterbury, had no latent reference. They are strictly in accordance with the historical opinion of that prince; and they are even subdued when compared with the extravagant eulogies of the Chroniclers. The education of Henry was, literally, in the "practic part of life." At eleven years of age he was a student at Oxford, under the care of his uncle Beaufort. In a small room over the ancient gateway of Queen's College was Henry lodged; and here, under the rude portraits in stained glass of his uncle and himself, was the following inscription, which Wood gives in his 'Athenæ Oxonienses':—

IN PERPETUAM REI MEMORIAM.
IMPERATOR BRITANNIÆ,
TRIUMPHATOR GALLIÆ,
HOSTIUM VICTOR ET SUI.
HENRICUS V.
PARVI HUJUS CUBICULI.
OLIM MAGNUS INCOLA.

The "hostium victor et sui" is one of the many evidences of the universality, if not of the truth, of the tradition that—"His addiction was to courses vain." His early removal from the discipline of the schools to the licence of the camp could not have been advantageous to the morals of the high-spirited boy. That he was a favourite of Richard II. we know by the fact of his knighting him during his Irish expedition. His subsequent command of the Welsh army, when little more than fourteen, was a circumstance still less favourable to his self-control. That the "insolency and wildness" of the boy should be the result of such uncurbed and irresponsible power is quite as credible as that the man should have put on such "gravity and soberness,"—"the flower of kings past, and a glass to them that should succeed."—*Knight.*

[7] *So that the art and practick part of life.*

He discourses with so much skill on all subjects, that "the art and practice of life must be the mistress or teacher of his theorick;" that is, 'that his theory must have been taught by art and practice;' which, says he, is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory. *Art* is used by the author for *practice*, as distinguished from *science* or *theory*.—*Johnson.*

Theorick is what terminates in speculation. So, in the Valiant Welshman, 1615:

———son *Caradoc*,
'Tis yet unfit that, on this sudden warning,
You leave your fair wife to the *theorique*
Of matrimonial pleasure and delight.

Bookish *theorick* is mentioned in Othello.—*Steevens.*

In our author's time this word was always used where we now use *theory*. The sense of this passage, which is quite mistaken by Theobald, I apprehend to be this: So that the King must have drawn this masterly skill, which he so manifestly discovers in the theory of those sciences, from the instruction of his experience while he was conversant in the active and practic part of life.—*Heath.*

[8] *From open haunts and popularity.*

"*Popolarita*, friendship or familiaritie by reason of countrie-ship, the favour and will to maintaine the popular common kind of people," Florio's Worlde of Wordes, 1598.

[9] *Yet crescive in his faculty.*

Increasing in its proper power.—*Johnson.*

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli.

Crescive is a word used by Drant, in his translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, 1567:—"As lusty youths of *crescive* age doe flourishe freshe and grow."—*Steevens.*

[10] *Send for him, good uncle.*

The person here addressed was Thomas Beaufort, Earl of Dorset, who was half-brother to King Henry IV. being one of the sons of John of Gaunt, by Katharine Swynford. Shakespeare is a little too early in giving him the title of Duke of Exeter; for when Harfleur was taken, and he was appointed governour of the town, he was only Earl of Dorset. He was not made duke of Exeter till the year after the battle of Agincourt, Nov. 14, 1416.—*Malone.*

Perhaps Shakespeare confounded this character with that of John Holland, Duke of Exeter, who was married to Elizabeth, the king's aunt. He was executed at Plashey in 1400: but with this circumstance our author might have been unacquainted.—*Steevens.*

[11] *Shall drop their blood in approbation.*

Approbation is used by Shakespeare for *proving* or establishing by proof. Thus in Cymbeline:—"Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the *approbation* of what I have spoke." This sense was not peculiar to our poet; for Braithwaite, in his Survey of Histories, 1614, says, "Composing what he wrote not by the report of others, but by the *approbation* of his own eyes."—*Singer.*

[12] *Take heed how you impawn our person.*

The whole drift of the king is to impress upon the archbishop a due sense of the caution with which he is to speak. He tells him that the crime of unjust war, if the war be unjust, shall rest upon him:—

"Therefore take heed how you impawn *your* person."

So, I think, it should be read, *Take heed how you* pledge yourself, your happiness, in support of bad advice. Dr. Warburton explains *impawn* by *engage*, and so escapes the difficulty.—*Johnson.*

The allusion here is to the game of chess, and the disposition of the *pawns* with respect to the *King*, at the commencement of this mimetick contest.—*Henley.*

To *engage* and to *pawn* were, in our author's time, synonymous. See Minsheu's Dictionary, in v. *engage*. But the word *pawn*, had not, I believe, at that time, its present signification. To *impawn* seems here to have the same meaning as the French phrase *se commettre.*—*Malone.*

Dr. Johnson would read *your person*, and then explain it, "take heed how you pledge your honour, &c. in support of bad advice." The archbishop might indeed pledge his *opinion* in this case; but *person* must in all events belong to the *king*. It was he who had the prerogative of making war; and as the impawning of a thing is generally attended with a risk of its future loss, so the king may here allude to the danger of his own person, which, from the practice at that time of sovereigns to engage in battle, might not be inconsiderable.—*Douce.*

[13] *To fine his title with some show of truth.*

This is the reading of the quarto of 1608; that of the folio is—"To *find* his title." I would read:—

"To *line* his title with some show of truth."

To *line* may signify at once to decorate and to strengthen. So, in Macbeth:

———did *line* the rebel
With hidden help and vantage—.

Dr. Warburton says, that "to fine his title," is to *refine* or improve it. The reader is to judge. I now believe that *find* is right; the jury *finds* for the plaintiff, or *finds* for the defendant; to *find* his title is, "to determine in favour of his title with some show of truth."—*Johnson.*

To *fine* his title, is to make it *showy* or *specious*, by some appearance of justice. —*Steevens.*

So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:—

To face the garment of rebellion,
With some *fine* colour.

The words in Holinshed's Chronicle are: "—to make his title *seem true*, and appear good, though indeed it was stark *naught*."—In Hall, "to make, &c.—though indeed it was both *evil* and untrue."—*Malone.*

I believe that *fine* is the right reading, and that the metaphor is taken from the *fining* of liquors. In the next line the speaker says:—

Though in pure truth it was *corrupt* and naught.

It is the jury that *finds* a verdict, not the plaintiff or defendant, and therefore a man cannot *find* his own title.—*M. Mason.*

[14] *Daughter to Charlemain.*

By Charles the Great is meant the Emperor Charlemagne, son of Pepin: Charlemain is Charlechauve, or Charles the Bald, who, as well as Charles le Gros, assumed the title of Magnus. See Goldasti Animadversiones in Einhardum. Edit. 1711, p. 157. But then Charlechauve had only one daughter, named Judith, married, or, as some say, only betrothed, to our king Ethelwulf, and carried off, after his death, by Baldwin the forester, afterward Earl of Flanders, whom, it is very certain, Hugh Capet was neither heir to, nor any way descended from. This Judith, indeed, had a great-grand-daughter called Luitgarde, married to a Count Wichman, of whom nothing further is known. It was likewise the name of Charlemagne's fifth wife; but no such female as Lingare is to be met with in any French historian. In fact, these fictitious personages and pedigrees seem to have been devised by the English heralds, to "fine a title with some show of truth," which, "in pure truth was corrupt and naught." It was manifestly impossible that Henry, who had no hereditary title to his own dominions, could derive one, by the same colour, to another person's. He merely proposes the invasion and conquest of France, in prosecution of the dying advice of his father:—

———to busy giddy minds
In foreign quarrels; that action, thence borne out,
Might waste the memory of former days:

that his subjects might have sufficient employment to mislead their attention from the nakedness of his title to the crown. The zeal and eloquence of the Archbishop are owing to similar motives.—*Ritson.*

[15] *Also king Lewis the tenth.*

The word *ninth* has been inserted by some of the modern editors. The old copies read *tenth*. *Ninth* is certainly wrong, and *tenth* certainly right. Isabel was the wife of Philip the second, father of Lewis the *ninth*, and grandfather of Lewis the *tenth*.—*Ritson.*

This is a mistake, into which Shakespeare was led by Holinshed (vol. ii. p. 546, edit. 1577), whom he copied. St. Lewis, (for he is the person here described,) the grandson of Queen Isabel, the wife of Philip II. King of France, was Lewis the *Ninth*. He was the son of Lewis VIII. by the Lady Blanch of Castile. In Hall's Chronicle, Henry V. folio iiii. b. (which Holinshed has closely followed, except in this particular error, occasioned by either his own or his printer's inaccuracy,) Lewis is rightly called the *Ninth*. Here therefore we have a decisive proof that our author's guide in all his historical plays was Holinshed, and not Hall. I have however left the error uncorrected, on the same principle on which similar errors in Julius Cæsar, into which Shakespeare was led by the old translation of Plutarch, have been suffered to remain undisturbed; and also, because it ascertains a fact of some importance.—*Malone.*

[16] *Than amply to imbare their crooked titles.*

Pope reads:—"Than *openly imbrace*—." But where is the antithesis betwixt *hide* in the preceding line, and *imbrace* in this? The two old folios read:—"Than amply to *imbarre*—." We certainly must read, as Warburton advised me:—"Than amply to *imbare*—" lay open, display to view. I am surprized that Pope did not start this conjecture, as Rowe had led the way to it in his edition; who reads:—"Than amply to make *bare* their crooked titles."—*Theobald.*

Theobald might have found, in the 4to. of 1608, this reading:—"Than amply to *embrace* their crooked *causes*;" out of which line Pope formed his reading, erroneous indeed, but not merely capricious.—*Johnson.*

The quarto, 1600, reads—*imbace*. I have met with no example of the word —*imbare*. To *unbar* is *to open*, and might have been the word set down by the poet, in opposition to—*bar*. So, in the first scene of Timon, the poet "says, I'll *unbolt* to you." To *embar*, however, seems, from the following passage in the first book of Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil, 1583, to signify to *break or cut off abruptly*:—

> Heere Venus *embarring* his tale, &c.

Yet, as to *bar*, in Much Ado About Nothing, is to strengthen,—

> ——that is stronger made,
> Which was before *barr'd* up with ribs of iron—,

so, *amply* to *unbar*, may mean to *weaken* by an open display of invalidity. As *imbare*, however, is not unintelligible, and is defended by the following able criticks, I have left it in the text.—*Steevens.*

I have no doubt but *imbare* is the right reading. Though the editor who has adopted it seems to argue against it, it makes the sense more clear than any of the other readings proposed. *Imbare*, in the last line, is naturally opposed to *hide* in that which precedes, and it differs but little from the reading of the quarto, 1600. The objection that there is no such word as *imbare*, can have but little weight. It is a word so fairly deduced, and so easily understood, that an author of much less celebrity than Shakespeare, had a right to coin it.—*M. Mason.*

In the folio the word is spelt *imbarre*. *Imbare* is, I believe, the true reading. It is formed like *impaint*, *impawn*, and many other similar words used by Shakespeare. —*Malone.*

[17] *Whiles his most mighty father on a hill.*

This alludes to the battle of Cressy, as described by Holinshed: "The earle of Northampton and others sent to the king, *where he stood aloft on a windmill-hill;* the king demanded if his sonne were slaine, hurt, or felled to the earth. No, said the knight that brought the message, but he is sore matched. Well, (said the king,) returne to him and them that sent you, and saie to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, so long as my son is alive; for I will that this journeye be his, with the honour thereof. The slaughter of the French was great and lamentable at the same battle, fought the 26th August, 1346."—Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 372, col. i.—*Bowle.*

[18] *And cold for action.*

That is, cold for *want* of action. So Lyly, in Euphues and his England, 1581: "— if he were too long for the bed, Procrustes cut off his legs, for *catching cold*, i.e., for *fear of* catching cold.—*Malone.*

I always regarded the epithet *cold* as too clear to need explanation. The soldiers were eager to *warm* themselves by *action*, and were cold for want of it. A more recondite meaning, indeed, may be found; a meaning which will be best illustrated by a line in Statius, Theb. vi. 395:—"Concurrit summos *animosum frigus* in artus."—*Steevens.*

[19] *Never went with his forces into France.*

The quartos, 1600 and 1608, read:

——never my great grandfather
Unmask'd his power for France—.

What an opinion the Scots entertained of the defenceless state of England, may be known by the following passage from the Battle of Floddon, an ancient historical poem:—

For England's king, you understand,
  To France is past with all his peers:
There is none at home left in the land,
  But joult-head monks, and bursten freers.
Of ragged rusties, without rules,
  Of priests prating for pudding shives;
Of milners madder than their mules,
  Of wanton clerks, waking their wives.

Thus also in Wyntown's Cronykil, b. viii. ch. xl. v. 96:—

Thai sayd, that thai mycht rycht welle fare
Til Lwndyn, for in Ingland than
Of gret mycht wes left ná man,
For, thai sayd, all war in Frawns,
Bot sowteris, skynneris, or marchauns.—*Steevens.*

[20] *And make your chronicle as rich with praise.*

The similitude between the chronicle and the sea consists only in this, that they are both full, and filled with something valuable. The quarto has *your*, the folio *their* chronicle.—*Your* and *their*, written by contraction *yr*, are just alike, and *her*, in the old hands, is not much unlike *yr*. I believe we should read *her* chronicle.—*Johnson.*

Your chronicle means, I think, the chronicle of *your* kingdom, England.—*Malone.*

[21] *But there's a saying, very old and true.*

This speech, which is dissuasive of war with France, is absurdly given to one of the churchmen in confederacy to push the king upon it, as appears by the first scene of this Act. Besides, the poet had here an eye to Hall, who gives this observation to the Duke of Exeter. But the editors have made Ely and Exeter change sides, and speak one another's speeches: for this, which is given to Ely, is Exeter's; and the following given to Exeter, is Ely's.—*Warburton.*

This speech is given in the folio to the Bishop of Ely. But it appears from Holinshed, whom our author followed, and from Hall, that these words were the conclusion of the Earl of Westmoreland's speech; to whom, therefore, I have assigned them. In the quarto *Lord* only is prefixed to this speech. Dr. Warburton and the subsequent editors attributed it to *Exeter*, but certainly without propriety; for he, on the other hand, maintained that "he whiche would Scotland winne, with France must first beginne."—*Malone.*

[22] *Yet that is but a curs'd necessity.*

So, the old quarto of 1600. The folios read *crush'd:* neither of the words convey any tolerable idea; but give us a counter-reasoning, and not at all pertinent. We should read—"*'scus'd* necessity." It is Exeter's business to show there is no real necessity for staying at home: he must therefore mean, that though there be a seeming necessity, yet it is one that may be well *excus'd* and *got over.*—*Warburton.*

Neither the old readings nor the emendation seem very satisfactory. "A *curs'd* necessity" has no sense; "a *'scus'd* necessity" is so harsh that one would not admit it, if any thing else can be found. "A *crush'd* necessity" may mean "a *necessity* which is *subdued* and *overpowered* by contrary reasons." We might read—"a *crude* necessity," a *necessity* not *complete*, or not well considered and digested; but it is too harsh. Sir T. Hanmer reads:—"Yet that is not *o' course a* necessity."—*Johnson.*

"A *curs'd* necessity" means, I believe, only *an unfortunate necessity. Curs'd*, in colloquial phrase, signifies any thing *unfortunate.* So we say, such a one leads a *cursed* life; another has got into a *cursed* scrape. It may mean, a necessity *to be execrated.* This vulgarism is often used by Sir Arthur Gorges, in his translation of Lucan, 1614. So, book vii. p. 293:—"His *cursed* fortune he condemned." Again, p. 297:—

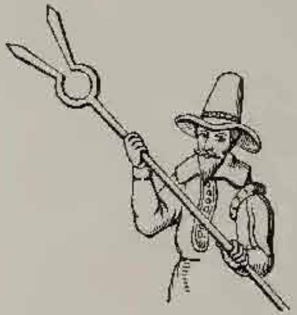
——on the cruel destinies
The people pour out *cursed* cries.

Again, in Chapman's translation of the 5th Odyssey:—

——while thus discourse he held,
A *curs'd* surge 'gainst a cutting rock impell'd
His naked body.—*Steevens.*

M. Mason justly observes that this interpretation, though perhaps the true one, does not agree with the context; Yet that is *but* an *unfortunate* necessity, *since* we, &c., and therefore proposes to read—"Yet that is *not* a curs'd necessity." *But* and *not* are so often confounded in these plays, that I think his conjecture extremely probable. It is certainly (as Dr. Warburton has observed) the speaker's business to show that there is no real necessity for staying at home.—*Malone.*

[23] *And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.*



Amongst the various devices that may be here supposed to be obliquely alluded to, may be mentioned a curious thief-catcher in Lord Londesborough's collection, formed of steel, set with spikes, and having springs to the upper part. It was affixed to a pole, and used by the police to secure a runaway prisoner by pushing the springs against the neck or leg, allowing either to slip within the spiked ring, from which they could not be easily extricated without assistance. It was obtained at Wurtzburg in Bavaria, where they were in use at the early part of the seventeenth century. The annexed curious engraving of an officer about to make a capture with one of these implements is taken from Neder-landtsche Gedenckclanck, Harlem, 1626.

[24] *In one concent.*

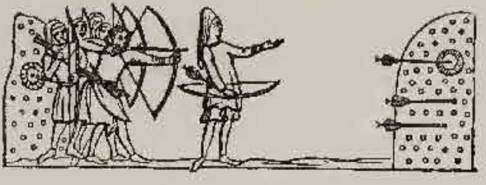
I learn from Dr. Burney, that *consent* is connected harmony, in general, and not confined to any specific consonance. "Thus, (says the same elegant and well-informed writer,) *concentio* and *concentus* are both used by Cicero for the union of voices or instruments in what we should now call a *chorus*, or *concert.*

In the same sense I suppose Ben Jonson to have used the word in his Volpone, Act III. Sc. IV.:—

> —— as Plato holds, your music
> (And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it)
> Is your true rapture, when there is *consent*
> In face, in voice, &c.—*Steevens.*

[25] *As an aim or butt.*

The annexed engraving represents a butt of this period, copied from an illumination in a manuscript of the fifteenth century.



[26] *For so work the honey bees.*

Our author, in this parallel, had, I have no doubt, the following passage, in Lyly's Euphues and his England, 1580, in view: "In like manner, Euphues, is the government of a monarchie,—that it is neither the wise foxe nor the malicious woolfe, should venture so farre, as to learne whether the lyon sleepe or wake in his denne, whether the prince fast or feast in the court; but this should be their order,—to understand there is a king, but what he doth, is for the gods to examine, whose ordinance he is, not for men whose overseer he is. Then how vain is it,—that the foot should neglect his office, to correct the face; or that subjects should seeke more to know what their princes doe, than what they are; wherein they shew themselves as bad as beasts, and much worse than my bees, who, in my conceit, observe more *order* than they. If I might crave pardon, I would a little acquaint you with the *commonwealth* of my *bees.*—I have for the space of these twenty yeeres dwelt in this place, taking no delight in any thing but only keeping my bees, and marking them; and this I find, which had I not seen I should hardly have believed, that they use as great wit by induction, and art by workmanship, as ever man hath or can; using between themselves no lesse justice than wisdome, and yet not so much wisdome as majestie; insomuch as thou wouldest thinke that they were a *kind of people,* a commonwealth of Plato; where they all labour, all gather hony, flie together in a swarme, eat in a swarme, and sleepe in a swarme. *They live under a law,* using great reverence to their elder as to the wiser. They choose *a king,* whose *palace* they frame, both braver in shew, and stronger in substance.—If their prince die, they know not how to live; they languish, weepe, sigh, neither intending their worke, nor keeping their old society. And that which is most marvellous and almost incredible, if there be any that hath disobeyed his commandment, either of purpose or unwitting, he killeth himself with his own sting, as an *executioner* to his own stubbornnesse. The king himselfe hath a sting, which he useth rather for honour than punishment. And yet, Euphues, albeit they live under a prince, they have their priviledges, and as great liberties as strait lawes. They call a parliament, wherein they consult for lawes, statutes, penalties, choosing *officers,* and creating their *king.*—*Every one hath his office; some trimming the honey, some working the wax, one framing hives, another the combes;* and that so artificially, that Dedalus could not with greater art or excellency better dispose the orders, measures, proportions, distinctions, joints, and circles. Diverse *hew,* others *polish,* and are careful to do their worke so strongly as they may resist the craft of such *drones* as seek to live by their labours; which maketh them to keepe watch and ward, as living in a camp to others, and as in a court to themselves.—

When they goe forth to worke, they marke the winde, the *clouds*, and whatsoever doth threaten either their ruin or rage; and *having gathered out of every flower hony, they return, loaded in their mouthes, thighes, winges, and all the body;* whom they that tarried at home receive readily, as easing their backs of *so great burthens.* The king himselfe, not idle, goeth up and down, intreating, threatening, commanding; using the counsel of a sequell, but not losing the dignity of a prince; preferring those that labour in greater authority, and *punishing those that loiter with due severity.*"—"The commonwealth of your bees [replied Euphues] did so delight me, that I was not a little sorry, that either their estates have not been longer, or your leisure more; for in my simple judgment, there was *such an orderly government that men may not be ashamed to imitate them.*"—*Malone.*

[27] *And officers of sorts.*

Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*sort;* i. e. high rank. "Officers of *sorts*" means 'officers of different degrees.' In a London haberdasher's bill to his customer in the country, I lately saw the following charge: "To thread of *sorts;*" that is, of different kinds.—*Steevens.*

In confirmation of Steevens's opinion it may be observed, that in A True Relation of the Admirable Voyage and Travel of William Bush, &c., 4to. 1607, we have "—drummes and *sortes* of musicke."—*Reed.*

Sorts, if the true reading, rather means *portions* or *companies*, than *of different kinds*, according to Steevens; and such is the sense of the word in Reed's quotation, "drummes and *sortes* of musicke," though adduced in support of Steevens. In that much disputed verse 13 of the 68th psalm, the Greek word *cleros*, very strangely introduced into the *Vulgate translation*, is rendered by Wicliffe *sortis;* and in another old translation, *lottes.*—*Douce.*

[28] *Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.*

Paper, ed. 1600; *waxen*, ed. 1623. Either a *waxen* or a *paper* epitaph is an epitaph easily obliterated or destroyed; one which can confer no lasting honour on the dead. To the ancient practice of writing on *waxen* tablets Shakespeare again alludes in the first scene of Timon of Athens:

—— but moves itself
In a wide sea of *wax.*

Thus also, in G. Whetstone's Garden of Unthriftiness, 1576:—

In *waxe*, say I, men easily grave their will;
In marble stone the worke with paine is wonne:
But perfect once, the print remaineth still,
When *waxen* seales by every browse are donne.—*Steevens.*

The second reading is more unintelligible, to me at least, than the other: a grave not *dignified* with the slightest memorial.—*Johnson.*

I think this passage has been misunderstood. Henry says, "he will *either* rule with full dominion in France, *or* die in the attempt, and lay his bones in a paltry urn, without a tomb, or any remembrance over him." With a view to the alternative that he has just stated, he adds, by way of apposition and illustration, "either the English Chronicles shall speak, *trumpet-tongued*, to the world, of my victories in France, or, being defeated there, my death shall scarcely be *mentioned in history;* shall not be *honoured* by the best epitaph a prince can have, the *written* account of his achievements."—A *paper* epitaph, therefore, or, in other words, an historical eulogy, instead of a *slight* token of respect, is mentioned by Henry as the most honourable memorial; and Dr. Johnson's objection founded on the incongruity of saying that his grave should not be *dignified* by the *slightest* memorial, falls to the ground. Dryden has a similar expression in the dedication of his poem entitled Eleonora to the Earl of Abingdon: "Be pleased to accept of these my unworthy labours; this *paper monument*." The misrepresentation, I conceive, arose from understanding a figurative expression literally, and supposing that a paper epitaph meant an epitaph written on a paper, to be *affixed to a tomb*.

Waxen, the reading of the folio, when it is used by Shakespeare metaphorically, signifies soft, yielding, taking an impression easily; (so, in Twelfth-Night, "women's *waxen hearts*;" and, in the Rape of Lucrece, "For men have marble, women *waxen* minds," &c.) and consequently might mean also—easily obliterated: but this meaning is quite inconsistent with the context; for in the former part of the passage the event of Henry's being buried without a tomb, and without an *epitaph*, has been already stated, and therefore the want of an epitaph (in its literal acceptation) could not with propriety again be insisted on, in the latter member of the sentence, which relates to a different point; the question in this place being only, whether his deeds should be emblazoned by narration, or his *actions* and his bones together consigned to "dust and damn'd *oblivion*." If any alteration was made by the author, in this passage, he might perhaps have changed the epithet *paper* to *lasting*; and the transcriber who prepared the folio copy for the press, might have been deceived by his ear, and have written *waxen* instead of the latter word. There is not indeed much similarity in the sound of the two words; but mistakes equally gross are found in these plays, which, it is highly probable, happened in this way. Thus, in this very play, the folio has *name* for *mare*. Our poet's 55th Sonnet furnishes a strong confirmation of my interpretation of this passage:—

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall out-live this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire, shall burn
The living record of your memory; &c.

So also, in his 81st Sonnet:—

Your *monument* shall be my gentle verse.—*Malone.*

The question is whether *paper*, the reading of the quarto, or *waxen* of the folio, should be adopted. Malone very justly remarks that the passage has been misunderstood, and, not finding any construction of waxen that agrees with the sense required, seems disposed to give the preference to *paper*, of which epithet he has offered a very ingenious explanation. The alteration in the folio was doubtless occasioned by some dissatisfaction with the former word, and made with a view to improvement; but no satisfactory meaning can be gathered from the term *waxen*, as connected with the noun *wax;* and the passages adduced by Steevens afford a sense entirely opposite to what is required. It seems to have been forgotten that *waxen* is the participle to *wax*, to grow, to increase, to *expand*. Thus in *Hamlet*, Act I. Scene 3, we have,—

. . . . but as this temple *waxes*,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withall——.

In *A Mids. N. Dream*, Act II. Scene 1,

And then the whole quire hold their lips and loffe,
And *waxen* in their mirth——.

In *Titus Andronicus*, Act III. Scene 1,—

Who marks the *waxing* tide *grow* wave by wave.

A *waxen* epitaph may be therefore a *long* or *protracted* one, such as a king would expect.—*Douce.*

There is not the slightest difficulty in this passage, if we consider "worshipped" as used in the sense of "honoured." Henry says, that either he will do deeds worthy of renown, or find a mean grave without any inscription—not even honoured with one of the epitaphs written on paper, with which it was usual to decorate the herses of famous persons. Shakespeare appears himself to have substituted "waxen" for paper. In this case "a waxen epitaph" means an epitaph written on paper and affixed by wax to the herse. The sense is the same: a grave without any inscription, not even one of the meanest and most fugitive. —*Hunter.*

Gifford thinks the expression—a *waxen* epitaph, alludes to a custom still prevalent on the Continent, and anciently in this country, to affix laudatory poems, epitaphs, &c. to the herse, with pins, *wax*, paste, &c.—*Boswell.*

[29] *That can be with a nimble galliard won.*

The galliard was a lively French dance. It is thus described by Sir J. Davies:

But, for more divers and more pleasing show,
   A swift and wandring daunce she did invent,
With passages uncertaine, to and fro,
   Yet with a certaine answere and consent
   To the quicke musicke of the instrument.
Five was the number of the musicks feet,
Which still the daunce did with *five paces* meet.

A gallant daunce, that lively doth bewray
   A spirit, and a vertue masculine,
Impatient that her house on earth should stay,
   Since she herselfe is fiery and divine:
   Oft doth she make her body upward fline;
With lofty turnes and capriols in the ayre,
Which with the lusty tunes accordeth faire.

About this tyme (1541) a new trade of daunsyng *galiardes* upon five paces, and vaunting of horses, was brought into the realme by Italians, which shortly was exercised commonly of all yonge men, and the old facion lefte.—*Lanquettes Chronicle.*

[30] *Tennis-balls, my liege.*

In the old play of King Henry V. already mentioned, this present consists of *a gilded tun of tennis-balls and a carpet.*—*Steevens.*

Thus stands the answer of King Henry in the same old play:—

My lord, prince Dolphin is very pleasant with me.
But tell him, that instead of balls of leather,
We will toss him balls of brass and of iron:
Yea, such balls as never were toss'd in France.
The proudest tennis-court in France shall rue it.

The same circumstance also is thus expressed in Michael Drayton's Battle of Agincourt:—

I'll send him balls and rackets if I live;
That they such racket shall in Paris see,

When over line with bandies I shall drive;
As that, before the set be fully done,
France may perhaps into the hazard run.—*Steevens.*

[31] *Disturb'd with chaces.*

Chace was a point at the game of tennis, beyond that struck by the adversary. See Urry's Chaucer, p. 542. According to Douce, the spot where a ball falls. "A chace on the wall, *faire une chasse au pied du mur*," Howell, sect. xxviii. which was marked on the wall. To chase, according to Holme, to miss the second striking of the ball back. See Skelton, ii. 488; Jonson's Conversations, p. 30; Florio, ed. 1611, p. 73. It would seem from Prompt. Parv. p. 68, a *chace* was a spot marked in any game, *obiculum*, a diminutive of *obex*.

At tennis for a *chase* and away, Ime your man, my hand and hart upon it.—*The Tell Tale, Dulwich College MS.*

The meaning of the term *chase* seems apparent from the following curious dialogue of players at tennis which occurs in the Marrow of the French Tongue, 1625, p. 192,—"Play then, and give me a good ball.—Sir, doth it please you that this be play?—As it shall please you, I doe not care.—Goe to; play, sir.—A losse; I have fifteene.—Patience; play.—Say, boy, marke that chase.—Sir, behold it marked, and it is a great one.—Sir, you will lose it.—Demand it of the standers by.—Fifteenes all.—I have thirty, and a chase.—My masters, is the ball above or under the roape?—Sir, methinkes it is under more then a spanne.—I have thirty for fifteene.—And I, I have two chases.—Sir, the last is no chase, but a losse.—Sir, how is it a losse?—Because you did strike it at the second bound."

[32] *And, therefore, living hence.*

This expression has strength and energy: he never valued England, and therefore lived *hence*, that is, as if absent from it. But the Oxford editor alters *hence* to *here*.—*Warburton.*

Living hence means, I believe, *withdrawing from the court*, the place in which he is now speaking. Perhaps Prospero, in the Tempest, has more clearly expressed the same idea, when he says:—

The government I cast upon my brother,
And *to my state grew stranger*.—*Steevens.*

In King Richard II. Act V. Sc. II. King Henry IV. complains that he had not seen his son for three months, and desires that he may be enquired for among the taverns, where he daily frequents,—"With unrestrain'd and loose companions." See also King Henry IV. Part II. Act III. Sc. II.:—

Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger brother is supplied;
And art almost an *alien* to the hearts
Of all *the court* and princes of my blood.

There can therefore be no doubt that Steevens's explanation is just. *Hence* refers to the *seat* or *throne of England* mentioned in the preceding line, on which Henry is now sitting. An anonymous Remarker says, "It is evident that the word *hence* implies *here*." If *hence* means *here*, any one word, as Dr. Johnson has somewhere observed, may stand for another. It undoubtedly does not signify *here* in the present passage; and if it did, would render what follows nonsense.—*Malone.*

[33] *Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones.*

When ordnance was first used, they discharged balls, not of iron, but of stone.—*Johnson.*

So, Holinshed, p. 947 :—"About seaven of the clocke marched forward the light pieces of ordinance, with *stone* and powder. In the Brut of England it is said, that when Henry the Fifth before Hare-flete received a taunting message from the Dauphine of France, and a ton of tennis-balls by way of contempt, "he anone lette make tenes balles for the Dolfin (Henry's ship) in all the haste that they myght, and they were great *gonnestones* for the Dolfin to playe with alle. But this game at tennis was too rough for the besieged, when Henry playede at the tenes with his hard *gonnestones*," &c.—*Steevens.*

Chorus.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse;
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries:
For now sits Expectation in the air;[1]
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns, and three corrupted men,
One, Richard earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry lord Scroop of Marsham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,

Have, for the gilt of France,[2] (O guilt, indeed!)
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France:
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and well digest
Th' abuse of distance, while we force a play.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the king come forth,[3] and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

Act the Second.

SCENE I.—London. *Eastcheap.*

Enter NYM *and* BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.[4]

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles;[5]—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France;[6] let it be so, good corporal Nym.

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

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

Nym. I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare,[7] yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and* Mrs. QUICKLY.

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

Pist. Base tike,[8] call'st thou me—host?
Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [NYM *draws his sword.*] O Lord! here's corporal Nym's[9]—O well-a-day, lady! if he be not hewn now! —we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. Good lieutenant Bardolph[10]—good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog![11] thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off?[12] I would have you *solus*.
[*Sheathing his sword.*

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale.[13] [PISTOL *and* NYM *draw.*

Bard. Hear me; hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.
[*Draws.*

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

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

Pist. *Coupe le gorge*, that's the word?—I defy thee again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,[14]
Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly
For the only she; and—*pauca*, there's enough.

Enter the Boy.

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

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days: the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.
[*Exeunt* MRS. QUICKLY *and* BOY.

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

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

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

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound. Push home.
[*Draws.*

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

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

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

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

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

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

Re-enter MRS. QUICKLY.

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

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

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

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

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins we will live.[15]
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

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

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

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

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

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,[16]
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours ;
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery !

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

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Marsham,—
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts :
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act,
For which we have in head assembled them ?
Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.
K. Hen. I doubt not that : since we are well persuaded,
We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours ;
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.
Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,
Than is your majesty : there's not, I think, a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.
Grey. True : those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.
K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.
Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.
K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person : we consider,
It was excess of wine that set him on ;
And, on his more advice, we pardon him.
Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security :

Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example
Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O! let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him life
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,[17]
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours:—
There yours, lord Scroop of Marsham:—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—
Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change:
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?
Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.
K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.—
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge here,—
You know, how apt our love was to accord

To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn.—But O!
What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use.
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,
That wrought upon thee so preposterously,
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence,
And other devils, that suggest by treasons,
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions—I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?

Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood;
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued[18]
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee,
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.—Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law,
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry lord Scroop, of Marsham.

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

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

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

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

K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,

His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you
Patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences.—Bear them hence.
[*Exeunt* Conspirators, *guarded.*
Now, lords, for France; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason, lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings: we doubt not now,
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—London. Mrs. QUICKLY's House in Eastcheap.

Enter PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* BOY.

Quick. Pry'thee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

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

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

Quick. Nay, sure he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end,[19] and went away, an it had been any christom child;[20] 'a parted ev'n just between twelve and one, ev'n at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets,[21] and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way;[22] for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.[23] How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God;[24] I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.[25]

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that 'a did not.

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

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation;[26] 'twas a colour he never liked.

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

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

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

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

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

Pist. Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels, and my moveables:
Let senses rule;[27] the word is, "Pitch and pay;"[28]
Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals.[29]—Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France: like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that is but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.
Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close,[30] I thee command.
Quick. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—France. *A Room in the* French King's *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the French King *attended; the* Dauphin, *the* Duke of BURGUNDY, *the* Constable, *and others.*

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us,
And more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war
With men of courage, and with means defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As waters to the sucking of a gulph.
It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.
Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,—
Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question,—
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more, than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance:[31]
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.
Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king.

Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find, his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;[32]
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.
Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,[33]
Doth like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.
Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us,
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,[34]
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,[35]
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,—
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God, and by French fathers,
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.
Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them. [*Exeunt* Mess. *and certain* Lords.
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good, my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, *with* EXETER *and* Train.

Fr. King. From our brother of England?
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line.
[*Gives a pedigree.*
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree,
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or else what follows?
Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore, in fierce tempest he is coming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel:
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head

Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.
Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this farther:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother of England.
Dau. For the Dauphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorn, and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king: and, if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He'll call you to so hot an answer of it,
That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.
Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.
Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain; that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.
Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.
Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.
Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair conditions.
A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Second Act.

[1] *Now sits Expectation in the air.*

The imagery is wonderfully fine, and the thought exquisite. *Expectation sitting in the air* designs the height of their ambition; and the *sword hid from the hilt to the point with crowns and coronets*, that all sentiments of danger were lost in the thoughts of glory.—*Warburton.*

The idea is taken from the ancient representation of trophies in tapestry or painting. Among these it is very common to see swords encircled with naval or mural crowns. *Expectation* is likewise personified by Milton, Paradise Lost, book vi.:—

—— while *Expectation* stood
In horror—.—*Steevens.*

In the Horse Armoury in the Tower of London, Edward the Third is represented with two crowns on his sword, alluding to the two kingdoms, France and England, of both of which he was crowned heir. Perhaps the poet took the thought from a similar representation.—*Tollet.*

This image, it has been observed by Henley, is borrowed from a wooden cut in the first edition of Holinshed's Chronicle.—*Malone.*

[2] *The gilt of France.*

Gilt, which, in our author, generally signifies *a display of gold*, (as in this play,

"Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmirch'd.")

in the present instance means *golden money*. So, in An Alarum for London, 1602:—

To spend the victuals of our citizens,
Which we can scarcely compass now for *gilt*.—*Steevens.*

[3] *But, till the king come forth.*

Here seems to be something omitted. Sir T. Hanmer reads:—

But *when* the king *comes* forth—,

which, as the passage now stands, is necessary. These lines, obscure as they are, refute Pope's conjectures on the true place of the Chorus; for they show that something is to intervene before the scene changes to Southampton.—*Johnson.*

Roderick would read: "—— and *but* till then;" that is, "till the king appears next, you are to suppose the scene shifted to Southampton, and *no longer; for as soon as he comes forth, it will shift to France.*" But this does not agree with the fact; for a scene in London intervenes. In the Merchant of Venice, 1600, printed by J. Roberts, *but* is printed for *not*:—" Repent *but* you that you shall lose your friend," and the two words, in many other places, are confounded. I suspect *but* is printed for *not* in the beginning of the line, and that *not* has taken the place of *but* afterwards. If we read:—" *Not* till the king come forth, and *but* till then—," the meaning will be: "We will *not* shift our scene unto Southampton, till the king makes his appearance on the stage, and the scene will be at Southampton *only* for the short time while he does appear on the stage; for soon after his appearance, it will change to France.—*Malone.*

[4] *Well met, Corporal Nym.*

At this scene begins the connection of this play with the latter part of King Henry IV. The characters would be indistinct, and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what passed in the two foregoing plays.—*Johnson.*

The author of Remarks on the last edition of Shakespeare (1778) wishes to know, where Bardolph acquired this commission, (as he is no more than Falstaff's corporal in King Henry IV.) and calls on Mr. Steevens for information on this subject. If Shakespeare were now alive, he would perhaps find it as difficult to give the desired information as Mr. Steevens. The intelligent reader must long since have observed that our author not only neglected to compare his plays with each other, but that, even in the same play, "the latter end of his commonwealth sometimes forgets the beginning."—*Malone.*

[5] *There shall be smiles.*

I suspect *smiles* to be a marginal direction crept into the text. It is natural for a man, when he threatens, to break off abruptly, and conclude, 'But that shall be as it may.' But this fantastical fellow is made to smile disdainfully while he threatens; which circumstance was marked for the player's direction in the margin.—*Warburton.*

I do not remember to have met with these marginal directions for expression of countenance in any of our ancient manuscript plays: neither do I see occasion for Dr. Warburton's emendation, as it is vain to seek the precise meaning of every whimsical phrase employed by this eccentric character. Nym, however, having expressed his indifference about the continuation of Pistol's friendship, might have added, 'when time serves, there shall be smiles,' that is, he should be merry, even though he was to lose it; or, that his face would be ready with a smile as often as occasion should call one out into service, though Pistol, who had excited so many, was no longer near him. Dr. Farmer, however, with great probability, would read,—*smites,* that is, *blows,* a word used in the midland counties.—*Steevens.*

Perhaps Nym means only to say, I care not whether we are friends at present; however, when time shall serve, *we shall be in good humour with each other:* but be it as it may.—*Malone.*

Perhaps Nym, who is ludicrously stating the degree of courage which he possesses, does not refer in these words to the question which was asked, but talks in the style of Brutus and Cassius:

Bru. If we do meet again, why we *shall smile,* &c.
Cas. If we do meet again, *we'll smile indeed.*—*Boswell.*

[6] *All three sworn brothers to France.*

We should read,—"we'll all *go* sworn brothers to France, *or,* we'll all be sworn brothers *in* France."—*Johnson.*

The humour of *sworn brothers* should be opened a little. In the time of adventure, it was usual for two chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortune, and divide their acquisitions between them. So, in the Conqueror's expedition, Robert de Oily, and Roger de Ivery, were *fratres jurati;* and Robert gave one of the honours he received to his *sworn brother* Roger. So these three scoundrels set out for France, as if they were going to make a conquest of the kingdom.—*Whalley.*

[7] *Though patience be a tired mare.*

The folio reads, by corruption, tired *name,* from which Sir T. Hanmer, sagaciously enough, derived tired *dame.* Theobald retrieved from the quarto, tired *mare,* the true reading.—*Johnson.*

So, in Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Asse, &c.: "Silence is a slave in a chaine, and *patience* the common *packhorse* of the world." —*Steevens.*

[8] *Base tike.*

Tike, a base or worthless common sort of dog. *North.* Aubrey says, "The indigence of Yorkshire are strong, tall, and long legg'd; them call'em opprobriously long-legd *tyke,*" *MS. Royal Soc.* p. 11. The term occurs very early as one of contempt.

Tykes too they had of all sorts, bandogs,
Curs, spaniels, water-dogs, and land-dogs.—*Cotton's Works,* 1734, p. 77.

[9] *O Lord! here's corporal Nym's.*

Before these words, the folio has, "O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not hewn now," which the following notes refer to.—*Boswell.*

The folio—*hewn.* If he be not *hewn* must signify, if he be not *cut down;* and in that case the very thing is supposed which Quickly was apprehensive of. But I rather think her fright arises upon seeing the swords drawn, and I have ventured to make a slight alteration accordingly. "If he be not drawn," for, "if he has not his sword drawn," is an expression familiar to our poet.—*Theobald.*

The quarto omits this obscure passage, and only gives us,—"O Lord! here's corporal Nym's—." But as it cannot be ascertained which words (or whether any) were designedly excluded, I have left both exclamations in the text. Mrs. Quickly, without deviation from her character, may be supposed to utter repeated outcries on the same alarm. And yet I think we might read,—"if he be not *hewing.*" To hack and *hew* is a common vulgar expression. So, in If you know not me you know Nobody, by Heywood, 1606: "— Bones o' me, he would *hew* it." Again, in King Edward III. 1599:—"The sin is more to hack and *hew* poor men." Again, in Froissart's Chronicle, "For they all to *hewed* the maryners, and dyde putte out their eyen, and so sente them to Gaunte, maymed as they were."

After all to be *hewn* might mean, to be *drunk.* There is yet a low phrase in use on the same occasion, which is not much unlike it; viz. "he is *cut.*"— "Such a one was *cut* a little last night." So, in the Witty Fair One, by Shirley, 1633:—

"Then, sir, there is the *cut* of your leg.—
——that's when a man is *drunk,* is it not?

Do not stagger in your judgment, for this *cut* is the grace of your body."

Again, in the London Chaunticleres, 1659: "—when the cups of canary have made our heads frisk; oh how we shall foot it when we can scarce stand, and caper when we are *cut* in the leg!" Again, in Decker's Guls Hornbook, 1609: "—to accept the courtesy of the cellar when it is offered you by the drawers (and you must know that kindness never creepes upon them but when they see you almost *cleft* to the shoulders)," &c.—*Steevens.*

I have here followed the quarto, because it requires no emendation. Here's corporal Nym's *sword drawn*, the Hostess would say, but she breaks off abruptly. The editor of the folio here, as in many other places, not understanding an abrupt passage, I believe, made out something that he conceived might have been intended. Instead of "O Lord," to avoid the penalty of the statute, he inserted, "O well a-day, lady," and added,—"if he be not *hewn* now." The latter word is evidently corrupt, and was probably printed, as Mr. Steevens conjectures, for *hewing*. But, for the reason already given, I have adhered to the quarto.—*Malone.*

How would the editor of the folio have escaped profaneness by substituting *Lady* for *Lord?* for *Lady* is an exclamation on our blessed Lady, the *Virgin Mary*.—*Steevens.*

The answer is, that he would not have been subject to the penalty laid in the statute, which prohibits introducing on the stage the name of God, our Saviour, or the Trinity; but says not a word about the Virgin Mary.—
—*Malone.*

[10] *Good lieutenant Bardolph.*

This sentence (except the word Bardolph) is in the folio given to Bardolph, to whom it is evident these words cannot belong, for he is himself, in this play, the *lieutenant*. Steevens proposes to solve the difficulty by reading—good *ancient*, supposing Pistol to be the person addressed. But it is clear, I think, from the quarto, that these words belong to the speech of the Hostess, who, seeing Nym's sword drawn, conjures him and his friend Bardolph to use no violence. In the quarto, the words, "Good corporal Nym, show the valour of a man," are immediately subjoined to—"now shall we have wilful adultery and murder committed." *Bardolph* was probably an interlineation, and erroneously inserted before the words, "good lieutenant," instead of being placed, as it now is, after them. Hence, he was considered as the speaker, instead of the person addressed.—*Malone.*

[11] *Pish for thee, Iceland dog!*

In the folio the word is spelt *Island;* in the quarto, *Iseland.* I believe we should read, *Iceland* dog. He seems to allude to an account credited in Elizabeth's time, that in the north there was a nation with human bodies and dogs' heads.—*Johnson.*

Iceland dog is probably the true reading; yet in Hakluyt's Voyages, we often meet with *island.* Drayton, in his Moon-calf, mentions *water-dogs*, and *islands*. And John Taylor dedicates his Sculler "To the whole kennel of Antichrist's hounds, priests, friars, monks, and jesuites, mastiffs, mongrels, *islands*, bloodhounds, bob-taile tikes."—*Farmer.*

Perhaps this kind of dog was then in vogue for the ladies to carry about with them. So, in Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:—

—— you shall have jewels,
A baboon, a parrot, and an *Izeland dog.*

Again, in Two Wise Men, and All the rest Fools, 1619:—"Enter Levitia, cum Pedisequa, her periwig of *dog's hair white*, &c.—*Insa.* A woman? 'tis not a woman. The head is a dog; 'tis a mermaid, half dog, half woman. *Par.* No, 'tis but the hair of a *dog in fashion*, pulled from these *Iceland* dogs." Again: "—for torturing of these *Iceland* imps, with eradicating their fleeces, thereby to enjoy the roots." Again, in the Preface to Swetnam's Arraignment of Women, 1617: "—But if I had brought little dogs from *Iceland*, or fine glasses from Venice," &c.

It appears from a Proclamation in Rymer's Fœdera, that in the reign of Henry V. the English had a fishery on the coasts of Norway and *Iceland;* and Holinshed, in his Description of Britain, p. 231, says, "we have sholts or curs dailie brought out of *Iseland*."—*Steevens.*

Island cur is again used as a term of contempt in Epigrams served out in Fifty-two several Dishes, no date, but apparently written in the time of James the First:—

He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,
Or, miser-like, a pouch, where never man
Could thrust his finger, but this *island curre.*

See also Britannia Triumphans, a masque, 1636:—

—— she who hath been bred to stand
Near chair of queen, with *Island shock* in hand.—*Malone.*

Fleming, in his book of Englishe Dogges, 1576, says,—"use and custome hath intertained other dogges of an outlandishe kinde, but a few and the same beyng of a pretty bygnesse; I meane Iseland dogges, curled and rough all over, which by reason of the lenght of their heare make showe neither of face nor of body. And yet these *curres*, forsoothe because they are so straunge are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of many times in the roome of the Spaniell gentle or comforter;" and thence he enters into a tirade against the whole nation for preferring always what is foreign or singular. This passage is copied by Topsell in his Four-Footed Beasts, 1607, p. 178.

[12] *Will you shog off?*

This cant word is used in Beaumont and Fletcher's Coxcomb:—"Come, pr'ythee, let us *shog off*." Again, in Pasquill and Katharine, 1601: "—— thus it *shogges*," i. e. thus it goes. Thus, also, in Arthur Hall's Translation of the 4th Iliad, 4to. 1581:—

——— These fained wordes agog
So set the goddesses, that they in anger gan to *shog.*—*Steevens.*

Your horse then being well shod, see that his saddle be meete to his backe, that is to saie, neither too wide nor too straight, for if it be too wide, it will *shogge* up and downe, and so hurt his backe.—*Blundevile's Dieting of Horses*, 1580.

And late it was ere that Aurora fayre
Set forth the morning sunne with golde aray,
Whyle that the marble axell tree in th' ayre
The *shogging* carte made crake with swagging sway.
Seneca's Tenne Tragedies, 1581.

[13] *Therefore, exhale.*

"Exhale," says Malone, "I believe, here signifies *draw*, or in Pistol's language, *hale*, or *lug out.* The stage-direction in the old Quarto (*they draw*) confirms this explanation. Steevens thinks Pistol means to say, *breathe your last*, or *die*." Had Malone been aware of the following passage from Jonson's Poetaster, he could not have been more fortunate in the terms which he has chosen for the explanation of *exhale.* Crispinus, on being arrested by the Lictors, says,—"Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, do not *exhale* me thus.—*Tucca.* Why how now my good brace of bloodhounds? Whither do you *drag* the gentleman?" *Exhale* certainly means here to *hale* or *lug away the person* of Crispinus, which in the quaint language of Pistol may be transferred to the *haling*, or *lugging out*, of Nym's sword. If however this verb may be applied in a neuter sense to the *removal of the person*, it may mean *Retire—begone*, or what Nym before says to Pistol, *shog off*. There is another passage in Jonson's Masque of Pan's Anniversary, which is to be referred to the same mode of speaking. "*Fencer.* What are your sports for the purpose? say, if singing, you shall be sung down; if dancing, danc'd down. There is no more to be done with you, but know what; which it is; and you *are in smoke, gone, vapour'd, vanish'd, blown*, and (as a man would say) in a word of two syllables, NOTHING."—*Whiter.*

[14] *Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind.*

The same expression occurs in Green's Card of Fancy, 1601: "What courtesy is to be found in such *kites of Cressid's kind?*" Again, in Gascoigne's Dan Bartholomew of Bathe, 1587:—

Nor seldom seene in *kites of Cressid's kinde.*

Shakespeare might design a ridicule on the last of these passages. Again, in The Forrest of Fancy, 1579:—

For such rewardes they dayly fynde
That fyxe their fancy faithfully
On any *catte of Cressed's kinde.*—*Steevens.*

[15] *For, lambkins, we will live.*

That is, we will live as quietly and peaceably together as lambkins. The meaning has, I think, been obscured by a different punctuation: "for, lambkins, we will live."—*Malone.*

Lambkins seems to me a fantastick title by which Pistol addresses his newly-reconciled friends, Nym and Bardolph. The words—*we will live*, may refer to what seems uppermost in his head, his expected profits from the camp, of which he has just given them reason to expect a share. I have not, therefore, departed from the old punctuation.—*Steevens.*

[16] *The man that was his bedfellow.*

So, Holinshed: "The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his *bedfellow*." The familiar appellation of *bedfellow*, which appears strange to us, was common among the ancient nobility. There is a letter from the *sixth* Earl of Northumberland, addressed "To his beloved cousyn Thomas Arundel," &c. which begins, "*Bedfellow*, after my most harté recommendacion." So, in a comedy called A Knack to know a Knave, 1594:—

Yet, for thou wast once *bedfellow* to a king,
And that I lov'd thee as my second self, &c.

Again, in Look About You, 1600:—

——— if I not err
Thou art the prince's ward.——
—— I am his ward, chamberlain, and *bedfellow.*

Again, in Cynthia's Revenge, 1613:—

Her I'll bestow, and without prejudice,
On thee alone, my noble *bedfellow.*—*Steevens.*

This unseemly custom continued common till the middle of the last century, if not later. Cromwell obtained much of his intelligence during the civil wars from the mean men with whom he slept.—Henry Lord Scroop was the third husband of Joan Duchess of York, stepmother of Richard Earl of Cambridge.—*Malone.*

[17] *Proceeding on distemper.*

Perturbation of mind. *Temper* is *equality* or *calmness of mind,* from an equipoise or due mixture of passions. *Distemper* of mind is *the predominance of a passion, as distemper* of body is the predominance of a *humour.*—*Johnson.*

It has been just said by the king, that "it was excess of wine that set him on," and *distemper* may therefore mean *intoxication. Distemper'd in liquor* is still a common expression. Chapman, in his Epicedium on the Death of Prince Henry, 1612, has personified this species of *distemper*:—

"Frantick *distemper*, and hare-ey'd unrest."

And Brabantio says, that Roderigo is—

"Full of supper and *distemp'ring* draughts."

Again, Holinshed, iii. 626: "— gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith *distempered,* and reel'd as he went."—*Steevens.*

[18] *To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued.*

Best indued is a phrase equivalent to—*gifted* or *endowed in the most extraordinary manner.*—So, Chapman:—

His pow'rs with dreadful strength *indu'd.*—*Steevens.*

The folio, where alone this line is found, reads:—

To *make* the full-fraught man, &c.

The emendation was made by Theobald. Pope endeavoured to obtain some sense by pointing thus:—

To make the full-fraught man and best, indu'd
With some suspicion.

But "to *make* a person *indued* with suspicion," does not appear, to my ear at least, like the phraseology of Shakespeare's or any other age. *Make* or *mock* are so often confounded in these plays, that I once suspected that the latter word might have been used here: but this also would be very harsh. The old copy has *thee* instead of *the.* The correction was made by Pope.—*Malone.*

—— So thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven to all proper men;
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fall.—*Cymbeline.*

[19] *A finer end.*

For *final.*—*Johnson.*

Every man that dies, makes a *final* end; but Mrs. Quickly means to describe Falstaff's behaviour at his exit, as uncommonly placid. "He made a *fine* end," is at this day a vulgar expression, when any person dies with resolution and devotion. So Ophelia says of her father: "They say, *he made a good end.*"—*M. Mason.*

Again, in Macbeth:—

They say, *he parted well,* and paid his score;
And so God be with him!

Our author has elsewhere used the comparative for the positive. Mrs. Quickly, however, needs no justification for not adhering to the rules of grammar.

What seems to militate against Dr. Johnson's interpretation is, that the word *final*, which he supposes to have been meant, is rather too learned for the Hostess. —*Malone.*

[20] *An it had been any christom child.*

It was the ancient practice at baptism not only to use water, but oil, which from the Greek was denominated chrism, whence the name of the *chrisome* or white cloth in question. The priest first made the sign of the cross with the holy oil on the child's breast and between the shoulders, saying, "I anoint thee with the oil of health, in Christ Jesus our lord, that thou mayest inherit eternal life. Amen." After the usual immersion in water, he made another cross on its head with the oil. Then the chrisome was put on, the priest asking at the same time the child's name, and saying, "Receive this white, pure and holy vestment which thou shalt wear before the tribunal of our lord Jesus Christ that thou mayest inherit eternal life. Amen." This chrisome might be used a second time on a similar occasion, and then it was not to be applied to any common use, but brought back and deposited in the church. The *chrisome* was an emblem of the Christian purity communicated by baptism, and which it was expected the party should maintain during life; and it might also, as Ducange conjectures, have been used for the purpose of preventing the oil from running off. It was sometimes ornamented with a sort of crown worked in crimson thread, alluding to the passion of Christ, and the crown or reward of eternal life obtained by his sacrifice. It was to be worn seven days, being taken off on the eighth, as symbolical of the seven ages of man's life; or, according to others, of the passage from the sabbath of mortal life to that of eternity. It was also thought to refer to the influence of the seven planets. The above ceremony took place *before* the reformation; afterwards several changes were made. The use of oil was omitted, and the chrisome worn by the child till the mother's purification by the ceremony of churching, when it was returned to the church. If the child died before the latter rite, it was buried in the chrisome; and this is probably the reason why children were called chrisoms in the bills of mortality. Dame Quickly simply compares the manner of Falstaff's exit to that of a young infant.—*Douce.*

The child itself was sometimes called a *chrysom*, as appears from the following passage in the Fancies Chaste and Noble, 1638: "—the boy surely I ever said was a very *chrisome* in the thing you wot." Again, in the Wits, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1637:—

—— and would'st not join thy halfpenny
To send for milk for the poor *chrysome.*

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's Just Italian, 1630:—

—— and they do awe
The *chrysome* babe.

Again, and more appositely, in his Albovine, 1629: "Sir, I would fain depart in quiet, like other young *chrysomes.*" Again, in Your Five Gallants, by Middleton: "—a fine old man to his father, it would kill his heart i' faith: *he'd away like a chrysom.*"—*Steevens.*

In the Liturgy, 2 E VI. Form of Private Baptism, is this direction: "Then the minister shall put the white vesture, commonly called the *chrysome*, upon the child," &c. The Glossary of Du Cange, vide *Chrismale*, explains this ceremony thus: "Quippe olim ut et hodie, baptizatorum, statim atque chrismate in fronte ungebantur, *ne chrisma deflueret*, capita *panno candido* obvolvebantur, qui octava demum die ab iis auferebatur." During the time therefore of their wearing this vesture, the children were, I suppose, called *chrisomes.* One is registered under this description in the register of Thatcham, Berks, 1605. (Hearne's Appendix to the History of Glastonbury, p. 275.) "A younge *crisome* being a *man child*, beinge founde drowned," &c.—*Tyrwhitt.*

The *chrisom* is properly explained as the white garment put upon the child at its baptism. And this the child wore till the time the mother came to be churched, who was then to offer it to the minister. So that, truly speaking, a *chrisom child* was one that died after it had been baptized, and before its mother was churched. Erroneously, however, it was used for children that die before they are baptized; and by this denomination such children were entered in the bills of mortality down to the year 1726. But have I not seen, in some edition, *christom* child? If that reading were supported by any copy of authority, I should like it much. It agrees better with my dame's enunciation, who was not very likely to pronounce a hard word with propriety, and who just before had called *Abraham—Arthur.* —*Whalley.*

Whalley is right in his conjecture. The first folio reads—*christom.* Blount, in his Glossography, 1678, says, that *chrisoms* in the bills of mortality are such children as die within the month of birth, because during that time they use to wear the *chrisom-cloth.*—*Malone.*

[21] *Fumble with the sheets.*

This passage is burlesqued by Beaumont and Fletcher, in the Captain:—

"1. How does my master?
2. Faith, he lies drawing on apace.
1. That's an ill sign.
2. And *fumbles* with the pots too.
1. Then there's *no way but one with him.*"

In the spurious play of King John, 1611, when Faulconbridge sees that prince at the point of death, he says:

O piercing sight! he *fumbleth* in the mouth,
His speech doth fail—.

And Pliny, in his Chapter on The Signs of Death, makes mention of "a *fumbling* and pleiting of the bed-cloths." See P. Holland's translation, chap. li. So also, in the Ninth Booke of Notable Thinges, by Thomas Lupton, 4to. bl. l.: "If the foreheade of the sicke waxe redde—and his *nose waxe sharpe*—if he pull strawes, or the *cloathes of his bedde*—these are most certain tokens of death." —*Steevens.*

There is this expression, and not, I believe, designed as a sneer on Shakespeare, in Beaumont and Fletcher's Spanish Curate,—

A glimmering before death, 'tis nothing else, sir;
Do you *see how he fumbles with the sheets?*—*Whalley.*

[22] *I knew there was but one way.*

I believe this phrase is proverbial. I meet with it again in If You Know Not Me, You Know Nobody, 1613:—

I heard the doctors whisper it in secret,
There is no way but one.

Again, in The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey, 1605: "But now the courtier is in huckster's handling, *there is no way with him but one*, for Ratsey seizes both on his money and books." Again, in P. Holland's translation of the 13th book of Pliny's Natural History: "The leafe also is venomous as the graine, yet otherwhiles there ensueth thereof a flux and gurrie of the belly, which saveth their life, or else *there were no way but one.*"—*Steevens.*

Oh, Maister Stukley, since there now remaines
No way but one, and life must heere have end.
The Famous Historye of Captaine Stukeley, 1605.

Some fell to pumping, others on their knees to praying; but the fat foole, seeing themselves in this daunger, thought there was *no way but one* with them, and was half dead with feare: in the end the winde turned, and the raging of the sea began to cease.—*Armin's Nest of Ninnies.*

[23] *And 'a babbled of green fields.*

The words, "and a table of green fields," are not to be found in the old editions of 1600 and 1608. This nonsense got into all the following editions by a pleasant mistake of the stage editors, who printed from the common piece-meal written parts in the play-house. A table was here directed to be brought in, (it being a scene in a tavern where they drink at parting,) and this direction crept into the text from the margin. Greenfield was the name of the property-man in that time, who furnished implements, &c. for the actors, *A table of Greenfield's.*—*Pope.*

As to the history of Greenfield being then property-man, whether it was really so, or it be only a *gratis dictum*, is a point which I shall not contend about. But were we to allow this marginal direction, and suppose that a table of Greenfield's was wanting; yet it never was customary in the prompter's book, (much less, in the peacemeal parts;) where any such directions are marginally inserted for properties or implements wanted, to add the property-man's name, whose business it was to provide them. Besides, the furnishing chairs and tables is not the province of the property-man, but of the scene-keepers. But there is a stronger objection yet against this observation advanced by the editor. He seems to imagine, that when implements are wanted in any scene, the direction for them is mark'd in the middle of that scene, though the things are to be got ready against the beginning of it. But the directions for *Entrances* and *Properties* wanting, ('tis well known,) are always mark'd in the book at about a page in quantity before the actors quoted are to enter, or the properties to be used; that the stage may not stand still. And therefore, Greenfield's table can be of no use to us for this scene. Nor, indeed, is any table requisite. The scene, 'tis true, is in a tavern; but the company have no business to sit down. There is not the least intimation of any drink going round: it is in Pistol's own house, as he had married Quickly: he and his comerades are on their feet, and just setting out for France. The description of Falstaffe's death, and what he talked of, is the only thing that retards them for a few minutes: after which they kiss their hostess, and part. The conjectural emendation I have given, is so near to the traces of the letters in the corrupted text; that I have ventur'd to insert it as the genuine reading. It has certainly been observ'd (in particular, by the superstition of women;) of people near death, when they are delirious by a fever, that they talk of *removing:* as it has of those in a calenture, that they have their heads run on *green fields.* ——To *bable*, or *babble*, is to mutter, or speak indiscriminately; like children, that cannot yet talk; or like dying persons, when they are losing the use of speech.—*Theobald.*

Roberts, in his Answer to Pope's Preface to Shakespeare, 1729, thinks it "probable that from the prompter's stage-direction made in this place in the margin of his book, this blunder has crept into the press, which was only a memorandum to give instructions to the scene-men to take at the end of that scene, *table off;* and notice to the players (there being two here mention'd, whose names are agreeable to the words) to be ready for a sequent scene, as thus,—*Table off* . . . *Green, Field,* &c."

Had the former editors been apprized, that *table*, in our author, signifies a *pocket-book*, I believe they would have retained it with the following alteration: —"for his nose was as sharp as a pen upon a table of green fells."——On *table-books*, silver or steel pens, very sharp-pointed, were formerly and still are fixed to the backs or covers. Mother Quickly compares Falstaff's nose (which in dying persons grows thin and sharp) to one of those *pens*, very properly, and she meant probably to have said, on a *table-book* with a *shagreen cover* or *shagreen table*; but, in her usual blundering way, she calls it *a table of green fells*, or a table covered with *green skin*; which the blundering transcriber turned into *green fields*; and our editors have turned the prettiest blunder in Shakespeare, quite out of doors.—*Smith.*

Dr. Warburton objects to Theobald's emendation, on the ground of the nature of Falstaff's illness; "who was so far from *babbling*, or wanting *cooling* in *green fields*, that his feet were cold, and he was just expiring." But his disorder had been a "burning quotidian tertian." It is, I think, a much stronger objection, that the word *Table*, with a capital letter, (for so it appears in the old copy,) is very unlikely to have been printed instead of *babbled*. This reading is, however, preferable to any that has been yet proposed.

On this difficult passage I had once a conjecture. It was, that the word *table* is right, and that the corrupted word is *and*, which may have been misprinted for *in*; a mistake that has happened elsewhere in these plays: and thus the passage will run—"and his nose was as sharp as a pen *in* a table of green fields." A *pen* may have been used for a *pinfold*, and a *table* for a *picture*.

The pointed stakes of which pinfolds are sometimes formed, were perhaps in the poet's thoughts.—*Malone.*

[24] *'A should not think of God.*

Perhaps Shakespeare was indebted to the following story in Wits, Fits, and Fancies, &c. 1595, for this very characteristick exhortation; "A gentlewoman fearing to be drowned, said, now Jesu receive our soules! Soft, mistress, answered the waterman; *I trow, we are not come to that passe yet*."—*Malone.*

Our author might as probably have been indebted to a passage in the Continuation of Harding's Chronicle, 1543, relative to the death of Lord Hastings: "This Sir Thomas [Howard] while the Lord Hastings stayed a while commonyng with a priest whom he met in the Tower strete, brake the lordes tale, saying to him merily,—what my lorde, I pray you come on; wherefore talke you so long with the priest? *You have no nede of a priest yet*."—*Steevens.*

[25] *As cold as any stone.*

Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakespeare had promised us, in his epilogue to King Henry IV. that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakespeare, as to other writers, to have his imagination crouded with a tumultuary confusion of images, which, while they were yet unsorted and unexamined, seemed sufficient to furnish a long train of incidents, and a new variety of merriment; but which, when he was to produce them to view, shrunk suddenly from him, or could not be accommodated to his general design. That he once designed to have brought Falstaff on the scene again, we know from himself; but whether he could contrive no train of adventures suitable to his character, or could match him with no companions likely to quicken his humour, or could open no new vein of pleasantry, and was afraid to continue the same strain lest it should not find the same reception, he has here for ever discarded him, and made haste to despatch him, perhaps for the same reason for which Addison killed Sir Roger, that no other hand might attempt to exhibit him. Let meaner authors learn from this example, that it is dangerous to sell the bear which is yet not hunted; to promise to the publick what they have not written. This disappointment probably inclined Queen Elizabeth to command the poet to produce him once again, and to show him in love or courtship. This was, indeed, a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters.—*Johnson.*

[26] *Could never abide carnation.*

Mrs. Quickly blunders, mistaking the word *incarnate* for a *colour*. In Questions of Love, 1566, we have, "Yelowe, pale, redde, blue, whyte, graye, and *incarnate.*" —*Henderson.*

Again, in the Inventory of the Furniture to be provided for the Reception of the Royal Family, at the Restoration, 1660, we find—"For repairing, with some additions, of the rich *incarnate* velvet bed, being for the reception of his majesty, before the other can be made, 10*l.*" Again,—"For 12 new fustian and Holland quilts for his majesty's *incarnate* velvet bed and the two dukes beds, 48l." Parliamentary History, vol. xxii. p. 306.—*Reed.*

[27] *Let senses rule.*

I think this is wrong, but how to reform it I do not see. Perhaps we may read:—"Let *sense us* rule." Pistol is taking leave of his wife, and giving her advice as he kisses her; he sees her rather weeping than attending, and, supposing that in her heart she is still longing to go with him part of the way, he cries, "Let sense us rule," that is, 'Let us not give way to foolish fondness, but be ruled by our better understanding.' He then continues his directions for her conduct in his absence.—*Johnson.*

"Let senses rule" evidently means, *let prudence govern you:* conduct yourself sensibly; and it agrees with what precedes and what follows. Mr. M. Mason would read—"Let *sentences* rule;" by which he means *sayings*, or *proverbs;* and accordingly (says he) Pistol gives us a string of them in the remainder of his speech.—*Steevens.*

[28] *Pitch and pay.*

This caution was a very proper one to Mrs. Quickly, who had suffered before, by letting Falstaff run in her debt. The same expression occurs in Blurt Master Constable, 1602: "I will commit you, signior, to my house; but will you *pitch and pay*, or will your worship run—?" So again, in Herod and Antipater, 1622:

—— he that will purchase this,
Must *pitch and pay.*

Again, in the Mastive, an ancient collection of epigrams:

—— Susan, when she first bore sway,
Had for one night a French crown, *pitch and pay.*—*Steevens.*

Old Tusser, in his description of Norwich, tells us it is

A *city trim*——
Where strangers well, may seeme to dwell,
That *pitch and paie*, or keepe their daye.

John Florio says, "*Pitch and paie*, and go your waie.' One of the old laws of Blackwell-hall was, that "a *penny be paid* by the owner of every bale of cloth for *pitching*."—*Farmer.*

And there was neither fault nor fray,
Nor any disorder any way;
But every man did *pitch and pay*,
As if it had been at London.

As soone as every match was done,
Every man was paid that won,
And merily up and downe did ronne,
At if it had been at London.
Yorke for my Monie, an old ballad.

Who doubts but Susan, when she first bore sway,
Had for one night a French crown, *pitch and pay*.
The Mastive, or a Young Whelpe of the Olde Dogge, n. d.

[29] *Go, clear thy chrystals.*

Dry thine eyes: but I think it may better mean, in this place, *wash thy glasses.*—*Johnson.*

The first explanation is certainly the true one. So, in the Gentleman Usher, by Chapman, 1602:—

—— an old wife's eye
Is a blue *chrystal* full of sorcery.

Again, in A Match at Midnight, 1633:—

—— ten thousand Cupids
Methought, sat playing on that pair of *chrystals.*

Again, in the Double Marriage, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

—— sleep, you sweet glasses,
An everlasting slumber close those *chrystals!*

Again, in Coriolanus, Act III. Sc. II.:—

The *glasses* of my sight.

The old quartos, 1600 and 1608, read:—

Clear *up* thy chrystals.—*Steevens.*

[30] *Keep close.*

The quartos 1600 and 1608 read: "—— keep fast thy buggle boe;" which certainly is not nonsense, as the same expression is used by Shirley, in his Gentleman of Venice:—

—— the courtisans of Venice,
Shall keep their *bugle bowes* for thee, dear uncle.

Perhaps, indeed, it is a Scotch term; for in Ane very excellent and delectabill Treatise intitulit Philotus, &c. printed at Edinburgh, 1603, I find it again:—

What reck to tak the *bogill-bo*,
My bonie burd, for anes.

The reader may suppose *buggle-boe* to be just what he pleases.—*Steevens.*

Whatever covert sense Pistol may have annexed to this word, it appears from Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1678, that "bogle-bo" (now corruptly sounded *bugabow*) signified 'an ugly wide-mouthed picture, carried about with May-games.' Cole renders it by the Latin words, *manducus terriculamentum.* The interpretation of the former word has been just given. The latter he renders thus: "A terrible spectacle; a fearful thing; a *scare-crow.*"

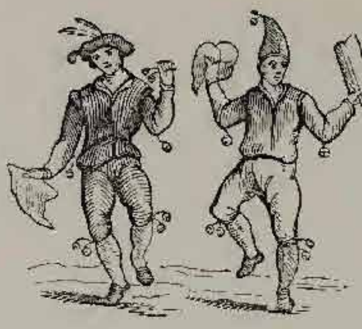
An anonymous writer supposes that by the words—"keep close," Pistol means, 'keep within doors.' That this was not the meaning, is proved decisively by the words of the quarto.—*Malone.*

Perhaps, the words—"keep close," were rendered perfectly intelligible by the action that accompanied them on the stage.—*Steevens.*

The inquisitive reader will best collect the sense in which *buggle boe* is here used, from a perusal of La Fontaine's tale of Le Diable de Pape-Figuiere.—*Douce.*

[31] *Were busied with a Whitsun morris dance.*

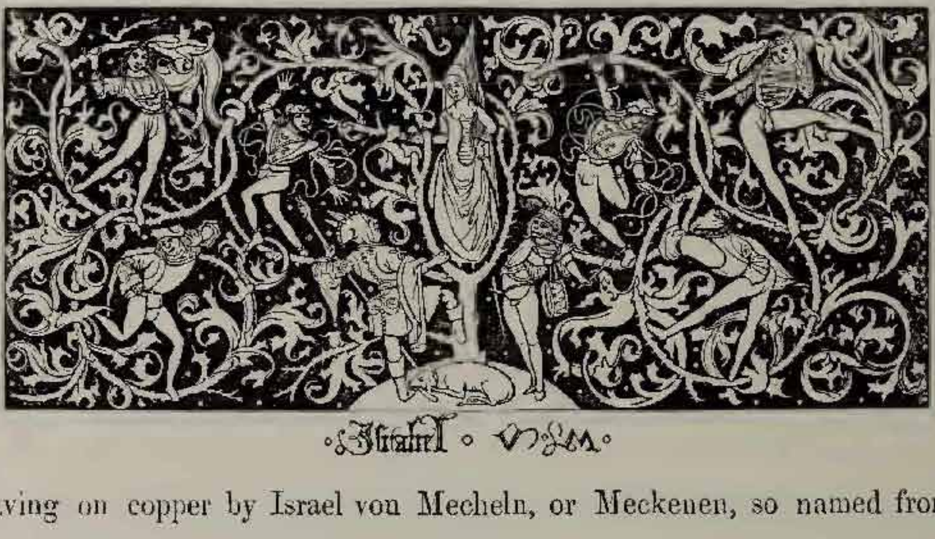
A Whitsun morris was a very ancient dance, in which the performers were accustomed to be dressed in grotesque costume, with bells, &c. The dance is still common in many parts of the country. In Oxfordshire, a few ribands generally constitute the sole addition to the ordinary costume. The following curious notice is taken from the original accounts of St. Giles', Cripplegate, 1571, preserved in MS. Addit. 12222, f. 5,—"Item, paide in charges by the appointment of the parishshioners, for the settinge forth of a gyaunt morres daunsers with vj. calyvers, and iij. boies on horsback, to go in the watche befoore the Lorde Maiore uppon Midsomer even, as may appere by particulers for the furnishinge of the same, vj. *li.* ix. *s.* ix. *d.*"



In Fleet strete then I heard a shoote:
I putt of my hatt, and I made no staye,
And when I came unto the rowte,
Good Lord! I heard a taber playe,
For so, God save mee! a *morrys-daunce.*
Oh ther was sport alone for mee,
To see the hobby-horse how he did praunce
Among the gingling company.
I proffer'd them money for their coats,
But my conscience had remorse,
For my father had no oates,
And I must have had the hobbie-horse.

MS. Harl. 3910, xvii. Cent.

The following engraving, which is one of the earliest and most curious representations of a May morris known to exist, "is a copy from an exceedingly scarce engraving on copper by Israel von Mecheln, or Meckenen, so named from the



place of his nativity, a German village on the confines of Flanders, in which latter country this artist appears chiefly to have resided; and, therefore, in most of his prints we may observe the Flemish costume of his time. From the pointed shoes that we see in one of the figures, it must have been executed between the years 1460 and 1470, about which latter period the broad-toed shoes came into fashion in France and Flanders. It seems to have been intended as a pattern for goldsmiths' work, probably a cup or tankard. The artist, in a fancy representation of foliage, has introduced several figures belonging to a Flemish May-game morris, consisting of the lady of the May, the fool, the piper, two morris dancers with bells and streamers, and four other dancing characters, for which appropriate names will not easily be found," Douce.

[32] *Covering discretion with a coat of folly.*

Shakespeare not having given us, in the First or Second Part of Henry IV. or in any other place but this, the remotest hint of the circumstance here alluded to, the comparison must needs be a little obscure to those who do not know or reflect that some historians have told us, that Henry IV. had entertained a deep jealousy of his son's aspiring superior genius. Therefore, to prevent all umbrage, the prince withdrew from public affairs, and amused himself in consorting with a dissolute crew of robbers. It seems to me, that Shakespeare was ignorant of this circumstance when he wrote the two parts of Henry IV. for it might have been so managed as to have given new beauties to the character of Hal, and great improvements to the plot. And with regard to these matters, Shakespeare generally tells us all he knew, and as soon as he knew it.—*Warburton.*

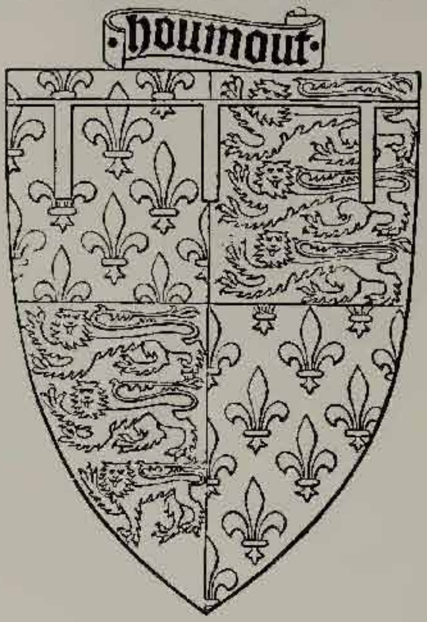
Dr. Warburton, as usual, appears to me to refine too much. I believe, Shakespeare meant no more than that Henry, in his external appearance, was like the elder Brutus, wild and giddy, while in fact his understanding was good. Our author's meaning is sufficiently explained by the following lines in the Rape of Lucrece, 1594:—

> *Brutus*, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
> Seeing such emulation in their woe,
> Began to *clothe his wit* in state and pride,
> Burying in Lucrece' wound his *folly's show*.
> He with the Romans was esteemed so,
> As silly-jeering ideots are with kings,
> For sportive words, and uttering foolish things.
> But now he throws that *shallow habit* by,
> Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
> And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
> To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.

Thomas Otterbourne, and the translator of Titus Livius, indeed, say, that Henry the Fourth, in his latter days, was jealous of his son, and apprehended that he would attempt to depose him; to remove which suspicion, the prince is said (from the relation of an earl of Ormond, who was an eye witness of the fact) to have gone with a great party of his friends to his father, in the twelfth year of his reign, and to have presented him with a dagger, which he desired the king to plunge into his breast, if he still entertained any doubts of his loyalty: but, I believe, it is no where said, that he threw himself into the company of dissolute persons to avoid giving umbrage to his father, or betook himself to irregular courses with a political view of quieting his suspicions.—*Malone.*

The best comment on this passage will be found in P. Henry's soliloquy in the first part of Henry the IV.—*Boswell.*

The annexed engraving represents the ancient shield of the Prince of Wales.



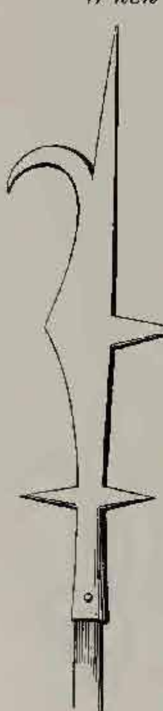
[33] *Which, of a weak and niggardly projection.*

This passage, as it stands, is so perplexed, that I formerly suspected it to be corrupt. If *which* be referred to *proportions of defence*, (and I do not see to what else it can be referred,) the construction will be—"which *proportions* of defence, of a weak and niggardly projection, spoils *his coat*, like a miser," &c. If our author had written—

> *While oft* a weak and niggardly projection
> Doth," &c.

The reasoning would then be clear.—In cases of defence, it is best to imagine the enemy more powerful than he seems to be; by this means, we make more full and ample preparations to defend ourselves: whereas, on the contrary, a poor and mean idea of the enemy's strength induces us to make but a scanty provision of forces against him; wherein we act as a miser does, who spoils his coat by scanting of cloth. *Projection*, I believe, is here used for *fore-cast* or *preconception*. It may, however, mean *preparation*. Perhaps, in Shakespeare's licentious diction, the meaning may be—"Which proportions of defence, when weakly and niggardly projected, *resemble a miser who* spoils his coat," &c. The false concord is no objection to such a construction; for the same inaccuracy is found in almost every page of the old copy.—*Malone.*

[34] *When Cressy battle fatally was struck.*



This engraving represents a guisarme in the Armoury of Lord Londesborough at Grimston, Yorkshire. It was dug up from the battle-field of Crecy, and the fact is attested by the Mayor of the Commune M. Boucher, in an official document which states it as "trouvee a la bute de la maison de Pierre Porcques," a farm-house on the field, in the year 1815.

[35] *His mountain sire,—on mountain standing.*

Theobald would read—*mounting;* i. e. high-minded, aspiring. Thus, in Love's Labour's Lost, Act IV.:—

> Whoe'er he was, he show'd a *mounting* mind.

The emendation may be right, and yet I believe the poet meant to give an idea of more than human proportion in the figure of the king:

> Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx, &c.—*Virg.*
> Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremov'd.—*Milton.*

Drayton, in the 18th Song of his Polyolbion, has a similar thought:—

Then he above them all, himself that sought to raise,
Upon some *mountain* top, like a pyramides.

Again, in Spenser's Fairy Queen, b. i. c. xi.:—

Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, *himself like a great hill.*
——agmen agens, magnique ipse agminis instar.

Tollet thinks this passage may be explained by another in Act I. Sc. I.: "——his most *mighty* father on a *hill.*"—*Steevens.*

If the text is not corrupt, Steevens's explication is the true one. See the extract from Holinshed. The repetition of the word *mountain* is much in our author's manner, and therefore I believe the old copy is right.—*Malone.*

Chorus.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose, that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier[1]
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,

With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose, th' ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock[2] now the devilish cannon touches,
Alarum; and chambers go off.
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

Act the Third.

SCENE I.—France. *Before Harfleur.*

Alarums. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, *and* Soldiers, *with Scaling-ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,
As modest stillness, and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty[3] his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height!—On, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,

Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Forces pass over; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* BOY.

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

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and for mine own part, I have not a case[4] of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just, for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come, God's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

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

Pist. And I:

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

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

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions!
[*Driving them forward.*

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould![5]
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

[*Exeunt* NYM, PISTOL, *and* BARDOLPH, *followed by* FLUELLEN.

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

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines; tell you the duke, it is not so goot to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

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

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

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

Enter MACMORRIS *and* JAMY, *at a distance.*

Gower. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say, gude day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gower. How now, captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

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

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

Jamy. It sall be very gude, gude feith, gude captains bath: and I sall quit you with gude leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

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

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile lig i' the grund for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breif and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway.

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

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

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

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

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. Au! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when then is more petter opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so pold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. *Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

The Governor *and some* Citizens *on the Walls; the* English Forces *below. Enter* King HENRY *and his* Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;[6]
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
As send precepts to the Leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town, and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand

Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters ;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls ;
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you ? will you yield, and this avoid ?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd ?
Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates ; dispose of us, and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.
K. Hen. Open your gates !—Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur ; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French :
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest ;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.
[*Flourish. The* King, *&c., enter the Town*

SCENE IV.—Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE.[7]

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

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseigniez ; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appellez vous la main, en Anglois ?

Alice. La main ? elle est appellée, de hand.

Kath. De hand. *Et les doigts ?*

Alice. Les doigts ? may foy, je oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts ? je pense, qu'ils sont appellé de fingres ; *ouy,* de fingres.

Kath. *La main*, de hand; *les doigts*, de fingres. *Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appellez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Les ongles? les appellons*, de nails.

Kath. De nails. *Escoutez; dites moy, si je parle bien:* de hand, de fingres, de nails.

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

Kath. *Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.*

Alice. De arm, *madame.*

Kath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. *Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à present.*

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Kath. *Excusez moy, Alice; escoutez:* de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, *madame.*

Kath. *O Seigneur Dieu! je m'en oublie;* de elbow. *Comment appellez vous le col?*

Alice. De nick, *madame.*

Kath. De nick: *Et le menton?*

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. *Le col*, de nick: *le menton*, de sin.

Alice. *Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur; en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

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

Alice. *N'avez vous pas deja oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée?*

Kath. *Non, je reciteray à vous promptement.* De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, *madame.*

Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. *Sauf vostre honneur*, de elbow.

Kath. *Ainsi dis je;* de elbow, de nick, *et* de sin: *Comment appellez vous le pieds et la robe?*

Alice. De foot, *madame; et* de con.

Kath. De foot, *et* de con? *O Seigneur Dieu! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut* de foot, *et* de con, *neant-moins. Je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble:* de

hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de con.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons nous a disner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. Another Room in the Same.*

Enter the French King, *the* Dauphin, Duke of BOURBON, *the* Constable of FRANCE, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.
Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France: let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
Dau. O Dieu vivant! shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?
Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.[8]
Con. Dieu de battailes! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades,[9] their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,
Poor we may call them, in their native lords.
Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give

Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.
Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high,[10] and swift corantos;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.
Fr. King. Where is Mountjoy, the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour, edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.
Charles De-la-bret,[11] high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpre, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois,
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons[12] painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go, down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.
Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march,
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.
Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.
Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.
Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The English Camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

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

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

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly,[13] with excellent discipline. There is an ancient, lieutenant, there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony, and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,[14]
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes,[15] to signify to you that fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stol'n a pix,[16] and hanged must 'a be.
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wine-pipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For *pix* of little price:
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice,
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my prother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd; and *fico* for thy friendship![17]

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain![18] [*Exit* PISTOL.

Flu. Very goot.

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

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

Gow. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names, and they will learn you by rote where services were done;—at such and such a sconce,[19] at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on: and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, captain Gower; I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.[20]

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, *and* Soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

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

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

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

Flu. The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs,[21] and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language, for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. *Enter* MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

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

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master: so much my office.

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

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now,
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment;[22] for, to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled;
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French:
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus!—this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.
Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am:
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before,[23] tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.[24]
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.

The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are,
Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it:
So tell your master.
Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.
[*Exit* MONTJOY.
Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.
K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night.
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the Constable of FRANCE, *the* Lord RAMBURES, *the* Duke of ORLEANS, *the* Dauphin, *and others.*

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

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

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour—

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

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant,* the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it: the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

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

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire, and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.[25]

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

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

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all. 'Tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown) to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of Nature!"—

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

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

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

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

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

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait trossers.[26]

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

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

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

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

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

Dau. *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:* thou makest use of any thing.

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

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

Con. Stars, my lord.

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

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be; for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

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

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

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way; but I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

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

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

Dau. 'Tis midnight: I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

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

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

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

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

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

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

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

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

Orl. What's he?

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

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

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never anybody saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will bate.[27]

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with—there is flattery in friendship.

Orl. And I will take up that with—give the devil his due.

Con. Well placed: there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—a pox of the devil.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much—a fool's bolt is soon shot.[28]

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Grandpré.

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

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

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

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

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

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

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and, then, give them great meals of beef,[29] and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

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

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

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

Notes to the Third Act.

[1] *At Hampton pier.*

All the editions downwards, implicitly, after the first folio, read—"*Dover* pier." But could the poet possibly be so discordant from himself (and the Chronicles, which he copied) to make the king here embark at Dover; when he has before told us so precisely, and that so often over, that he embarked at Southampton? I dare acquit the poet from so flagrant a variation. The indolence of a transcriber, or a compositor at press, must give rise to such an error. They, seeing *pier* at the end of the verse, unluckily thought of Dover *pier*, as the best known to them; and so unawares corrupted the text.—*Theobald.*

Among the records of the town of Southampton, they have a minute and authentick account (drawn up at that time) of the encampment of Henry the Fifth near the town, before this embarkment for France. It is remarkable that the place where the army was encamped, then a low level plain or a down, is now entirely covered with sea, and called Westport.—*T. Warton.*

[2] *With linstock.*

The staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired. So, in Middleton's comedy of Blurt Master Constable, 1602: "—O Cupid, grant that my blushing prove not a *linstocke*, and give fire too suddenly," &c. Again, in the Jew of Malta, by Marlowe, 1633:—

> Till you shall hear a culverin discharg'd
> By him that bears the *linstock* kindled thus.

I learn from Smith's Sea Grammar, 1627, that the "*Lintstock* is a handsome carved stick, more than halfe yard long, with a cocke at the one end, to hold fast his match," &c.—*Steevens.*

[3] *Jutty.*

The force of the verb to *jutty*, when applied to a rock projecting into the sea, is not felt by those who are unaware that this word anciently signified a mole raised to withstand the encroachment of the tide. In an act, 1 Edw. VI. c. 14, provision is made for "the maintenaunce of piers, *jutties*, walles, and bankes, against the rages of the sea."—*Holt White.*

Jutty-heads, in sea-language, are platforms standing on piles, near the docks, and projecting without the wharfs, for the more convenient docking and undocking ships. See Chambers's Dictionary.—*Steevens.*

[4] *A case of lives.*

A set of lives, of which, when one is worn out, another may serve.—*Johnson.*

Perhaps only *two;* as a *case* of Pistols; and, in Ben Jonson, a *case* of masques.—*Whalley.*

I believe Whalley's explanation is the true one. A *case* of pistols, which was the current phrase for a *pair* or *brace* of pistols, in our author's time, is at this day the term always used in Ireland, where much of the language of the age of Elizabeth is yet retained. See also the Life of Jack Wilton, by Thomas Nashe, 4to. 1594: "Memorandum, everie one of you after the perusal of this pamphlet is to provide him a *case* of ponyards, that if you come in companie with any man which shall dispraise it,—you may straight give him the stockado."—*Malone.*

[5] *Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.*

That is, great commander. So, in Harrington's Orlando Furioso, 1591:—

And as herself the dame of Carthage kill'd,
When as the Trojan *duke* did her forsake—.

The Trojan *duke* is only a translation of *dux* Trojanus. So also in many of our old poems, *Duke* Theseus, *Duke* Hannibal, &c. In Pistol's mouth the word has here peculiar propriety. Ritson says, that "in the folio it is the Duke of Exeter, and not Fluellen, who enters [here], and to whom Pistol addresses himself." It is sufficient to say, that in the only folio of any authority, that of 1623, this is not the case. When the King retired before the entry of Bardolph, &c. the Duke of Exeter certainly accompanied him, with Bedford, Gloster, &c. though in the folio the word *Exeunt* is accidentally omitted. In the quarto, before the entry of Bardolph, Fluellen, &c. we find *Exit Omnes.* In the quarto, Nym, on Fluellen's treating him so roughly, says, "Abate thy rage, sweet *knight.*" Had these words been preserved, I suppose this Remarker would have contended that Nym's address was not to the honest Welshman, but to old *Sir* Thomas Erpingham. I should not have taken the trouble to refute this unfounded remark, had I not feared that my readers, in consequence of the above-mentioned misrepresentation of the state of the old copy, might be led to suppose that some arbitrary alteration had here been made in the text.—*Malone.*

Sylvester, in his Dubartas, terms Moses "a great *duke.*"

To men of mould! to men of *earth*, to poor mortal men. So, in the Countess of Pembroke's Yvychurch:—"At length *man was made of mould*, by crafty Prometheus."—*Steevens.*

[6] *The gates of mercy shall be all shut up.*

Gray has borrowed this thought in his inimitable Elegy:—"And shut the gates of mercy on mankind." We again meet with this significant expression in King Henry VI. Part III.:—

"Open thy *gate of mercy*, gracious Lord!"

Sir Francis Bacon uses the same expression in a letter to King James, written a few days after the death of Shakespeare: "And therefore, in conclusion, we wished him (the earl of Somerset) not to *shut the gate* of your majesties *mercy* against himself, by being obdurate any longer."—*Malone.*

[7] *Enter Katharine and Alice.*

I have left this ridiculous scene as I found it; and am sorry to have no colour left from any of the editions, to imagine it interpolated.—*Warburton.*

Sir T. Hanmer has rejected it. The scene is indeed mean enough, when it is read; but the grimaces of two French women, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, made it divert upon the stage. It may be observed that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon her knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself. Throughout the whole scene there may be found French servility, and French vanity.

I cannot forbear to transcribe the first sentence of this dialogue from the edition of 1608, that the reader, who has not looked into the old copies, may judge of the strange negligence with which they are printed.—"*Kate.* Alice venecia, vous aves cates en, vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara, coman sae palla vou la main en francoy."—*Johnson.*

We may observe, in general, that the early editions have not half the quantity; and every sentence, or rather every word, most ridiculously blundered. These, for several reasons, could not possibly be published by the author; and it is extremely probable that the French ribaldry was at first inserted by a different hand, as the many editions most certainly were after he had left the stage. Indeed, every friend to his memory will not easily believe that he was acquainted with the scene between *Katharine* and the *old Gentlewoman:* or surely he would not have admitted such obscenity and nonsense.—*Farmer.*

It is very certain that authors, in the time of Shakespeare, did not correct the press for themselves. I hardly ever saw, in one of the old plays, a sentence of either Latin, Italian, or French, without the most ridiculous blunders. In the History of Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield, 1599, a tragedy which I have often quoted, a warrior asks a lady, disguised like a page, what her name is. She answers, "*Cur Daceer,*" i. e. *Cœur d'Acier*, Heart of Steel.—*Steevens.*

I have regulated several speeches in this French scene; some whereof are given to Alice, and yet evidently belong to Katharine: and so *vice versa.* It is not material to distinguish the particular transpositions I have made. Gildon has left no bad remark, I think, with regard to our poet's conduct in the character of this princess: "For why he should not allow her," says he, "to speak in English as well as all the other French, I cannot imagine; since it adds no beauty, but gives a patched and pye-bald dialogue of no beauty or force."—*Theobald.*

In the collection of Chester Whitsun Mysteries, among the Harleian MSS. No. 1013, I find French speeches introduced. In the Vintner's Play, p. 65, the three kings, who come to worship our infant Saviour, address themselves to Herod in that language, and Herod very politely answers them in the same. At first, I supposed the author to have appropriated a foreign tongue to them, because they were strangers; but in the Skinner's Play, p. 144, I found Pilate talking French, when no such reason could be offered to justify a change of language. These mysteries are said to have been written in 1328. It is hardly necessary to mention that in this MS. the French is as much corrupted as in the passage quoted by Dr. Johnson from the quarto edition of King Henry V.—*Steevens.*

[8] *In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.*

Shotten signifies any thing *projected:* so *nook-shotten isle* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain.—*Warburton.*

The same compound epithet is employed by Randle Holme, in his Academy of Armory and Blazon, b. iii. c. ix. p. 385: "Querke is a *nook-shotten* pane" (of glass).—*Steevens.*

Nook-shotten, full of nooks. Of the same kind of word is *cup-shotten*, full of cups, intoxicated.

[9] *A drench for sur-rein'd jades.*

The exact meaning of *sur-reyn'd* I do not know. It is common to give horses over-ridden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called *a mash.* To this he alludes.—*Steevens.*

The word *sur-rein'd* occurs more than once in the old plays. So, in Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601:—

Writes he not a good cordial sappy style?—
A *sur-rein'd* jaded wit, but he rubs on.

It should be observed that the quartos 1600 and 1608 read:—

A drench for *swolne* jades.—*Steevens.*

I suppose, *sur-rein'd* means *over-ridden;* horses on whom the rein has remained too long.—*Malone.*

I believe that *sur-rein'd* means *over worked* or *ridden;* but should suppose the word rather derived from the *reins* of the *back*, than from those of the *bridle.* —*M. Mason.*

[10] *And teach lavoltas high.*

Sir T. Hanmer observes that in this dance there was much turning and much capering. Shakespeare mentions it more than once, but never so particularly as the author of Muleasses the Turk, a tragedy, 1610:—

Be pleas'd, ye powers of night, and 'bout me skip
Your antick measures; like to coal-black Moors
Dancing their high *lavoltoes* to the sun,
Circle me round: and in the midst I'll stand,
And crack my sides with laughter at your sports.

Again, in Chapman's May-Day, 1611:—

—— let the Bourdeaux grape
Skip like *la volta's* in their swelling veins.

Again:—

Where love doth dance *la volta.*—*Steevens.*

Lavoltas are thus described by Sir John Davies, in his poem called Orchestra:—

Yet is there one the most delightful kind,
  A lofty jumping, or a leaping round,
Where arm in arm, two dancers are entwin'd,
  And whirl themselves in strict embracements bound,
And still their feet an *anapest* do sound:
  An *anapest* is all their musick's song,
  Whose first two feet is short, and third is long.
As the victorious twins of Leda and Jove
  That taught the Spartans dancing on the sands
Of swift Eurotas, dance in heaven above;
  Knit and united with eternal hands,
  Among the stars their double image stands,
    Where both are carried with an equal pace,
    Together jumping in their turning race.—*Reed.*

The *lavolta*, as the name implies, is of Italian origin. The man *turns* the woman round several times, and then assists her in making a *high* spring or cabriole. This dance passed from Italy into Provence and the rest of France, and thence into England. Monsieur Bodin, an advocate in the parliament of Paris, and a very savage and credulous writer on demonology, has gravely ascribed its importation from Italy into France, to the power of witches. The *naiveté* with which that part of the *lavolta* which concerns the management of the lady in making the *volta* is described by Thoinot Arbeau, an author already quoted, is extremely well worth transcribing, particularly as the book is seldom to be met with. "Quand vouldrez torner, laissés libre la main gaulche de la damoiselle, et gettés vostre bras gaulche sur son dos, en la prenant et serrant de vostre main gaulche par le faulx du corps au dessus de sa hanche droicte, et en mesme instant getterez vostre main droicte au dessoubz de son busq pour layder à saulter quand la pousserez devant vous avec vostre cuisse gaulche: Elle de sa part mettra sa main droicte sur vostre dos, ou sur vostre collet, et mettra sa main gaulche sur sa cuisse pour tenir ferme sa cotte ou sa robbe, affin que cueillant le vent, elle ne monstre sa chemise ou sa cuisse nue: Ce fait vous ferez par ensemble les tours de la *volte*, comme cy dessus a esté dit: Et après avoir tournoyé par tant de cadances qu'il vous plaira, restituerez la damoiselle en sa place, ou elle sentira (quelque bonne contenance qu'elle face) son cerveau esbranlé, plain de vertigues et tornoyements de teste, et vous n'en aurez peult estre pas moins: Je vous laisse à considerer si cest chose bien seante à une jeusne fille de faire de grands pas et ouvertures de jambes: et si en ceste volte l'honneur et la santé y sont pas hazardez et interessez." And again: "Si vous voulez une aultre fois dancer la volte à main droicte, vous fauldra mettre vostre main droicte sur le doz de la damoiselle, et la main gaulche soubz son busq, et en la poussant de la cuisse droicte soubz la fesse, torner le revers de la tabulature cy dessus. Et nottez qu'il y a dexterité à empoigner et serrer contre vous la damoiselle, car il faut ce faire en deux mesures ternaires, desmarchant sur la premiere mésure pour vous planter devant elle, et sur la fin de la deuxieme mésure, luy mettant l'une des mains sur la hanche, et l'aultre soubs le busq pour à la troisième mésure commencer à torner selon les pas contenus en la tabulature."—*Douce.*

[11] *Charles De-la-bret.*

Milton somewhere bids the English take notice how their names are misspelt by foreigners, and seems to think that we may lawfully treat foreign names, in return, with the same neglect. This privilege seems to be exercised in this catalogue of French names, which, since the sense of the author is not affected, I have left as I found it.—*Johnson.*

I have changed the spelling; for I know not why we should leave blunders or antiquated orthography in the proper names, when we have been so careful to remove them both from all other parts of the text. Instead of *Charles De-la-bret*, we should read *Charles D'Albret*, but the metre will not allow of it.—*Steevens.*

Shakespeare followed Holinshed's Chronicle, in which the Constable is called *Delabreth*, as he here is in the folio.—*Malone.*

[12] *With pennons.*

Pennons armorial were small flags, on which the arms, device, and motto of a knight were painted. *Pennon* is the same as *pendant*. So, in the Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London, 1590:—

> In glittering gold and particolour'd plumes,
> With curious *pendants* on their launces fix'd, &c.

Again, in Chaucer's Knyghtes Tale, v. 980,

And by his banner borne is his *penon*
Of gold ful riche, in which there was ybete
The Minotaure which that he slew in Crete.

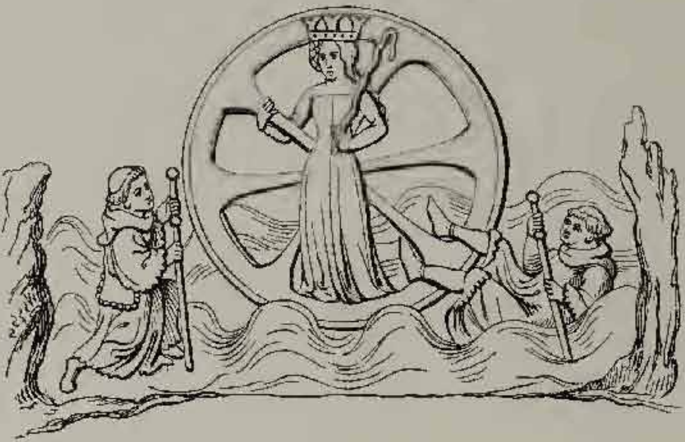
In MS. Harl. No. 2413, is the following note:—"*Penon.*—A *penon* must bee tow yardes and a halfe longe, made round att the end, and conteyneth the armes of the owner, and servith for the conduct of fiftie men. Everye knight may have his *pennon* if hee bee cheefe captaine, and in it sett his armes: and if hee bee made bannerett, the kinge or the lieftenant shall make a slitt in the end of the *pennon*, and the heralds shall raise it out.—*Pencelles.* Pencells or flagges for horsemen must bee a yarde and a halfe longe, with the crosses of St. George, &c. —*Steevens.*

[13] *But keeps the pridge most valiantly.*

This is not an imaginary circumstance, but founded on an historical fact. After Henry had passed the Some, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his passage to Calais; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois, at Blangi, over which it was necessary for Henry to pass. But Henry, having notice of their design, sent a part of his troops before him, who, attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge till the whole English army arrived, and passed over it.—*Malone.*

[14] *And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel.*

The annexed engraving of Fortune's wheel is a copy of a mural painting discovered a few years ago in Rochester cathedral.

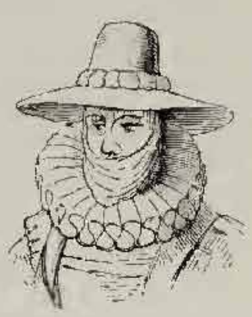


[15] *With a muffler before her eyes.*

Here the fool of a player was for making a joke, as Hamlet says, not set down for him, and showing a most pitiful ambition to be witty. For Fluellen, though he speaks with his country accent, yet is all the way represented as a man of good plain sense. Therefore, as it appears he knew the meaning of the term *plind*, by his use of it, he could never have said that "Fortune was painted plind, to signify she was plind." He might as well have said afterwards, "that she was painted *inconstant* to signify she was *inconstant*." But there he speaks sense; and so, unquestionably, he did here. We should therefore strike out the first *plind*, and read:—"Fortune is painted with a muffler," &c.—*Warburton.*

The old reading is the true one. *Fortune the goddess* is represented blind, to show that *fortune, or the chance of life*, is without discernment."—*Steevens.*

The picture of *Fortune* is taken from the old history of *Fortunatus;* where she is described to be a fair woman, *muffled over the eyes.—Farmer.*



A *muffler* appears to have been a *fold of linen* which partially covered a woman's face. So, in Monsieur Thomas, 1639:—"On with my *muffler*." Minsheu, in his Dictionary, 1617, explains "a woman's *muffler*," by the French word *cachenez*, which Cotgrave defines "a kind of mask for the face;" yet, I believe, it was made of linen, and that Minsheu only means to *compare* it to a mask, because they both might conceal part of the face. It was, I believe, a kind of hood, of the same form as the riding-hood now sometimes worn by men, that covered the shoulders, and a great part of the face. This agrees with the only other passage in which the word occurs in these plays: "—I spy a great beard under her *muffler*," Merry Wives of Windsor. See also the Cobler's Prophecy,—

Now is she barefast to be seene, straight on her *muffler* goes:
Now is she hufft up to the crowne, straight *nuzled to the nose.—Malone.*

[16] *He hath stol'n a pix, and hanged must 'a be.*

The old editions read—*pax.* "And this is conformable to history," says Pope, "a soldier (as Hall tells us) being hanged at this time for such a fact." Both Hall and Holinshed agree as to the point of the *theft;* but as to the thing *stolen*, there is not that conformity betwixt them and Pope. It was an ancient custom, at the celebration of mass, that when the priest pronounced these words, "Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum!" both clergy and people kissed one another. And this was called *Osculum Pacis*, the Kiss of *Peace*. But that custom being abrogated, a certain image is now presented to be kissed, which is called a *Pax*. But it was not this image which Bardolph stole; it was a *pix*, or little chest, (from the Latin word, *pixis*, a box,) in which the consecrated *host* was used to be kept. "A foolish soldier," says Hall expressly, and Holinshed after him, "stole a *pix* out of a church, and unreverently did eat the holy hostes within the same contained."—*Theobald.*

What Theobald says is true, but might have been told in fewer words: I have examined the passage in Hall. Yet Dr. Warburton rejected that emendation, and continued Pope's note without animadversion. It is *pax* in the folio, 1623, but altered to *pix* by Theobald and Sir T. Hanmer. They signified the same thing. See Pax at Mass, Minsheu's Guide into the Tongues. *Pix* or *pax* was a little box in which were kept the consecrated wafers.—*Johnson.*

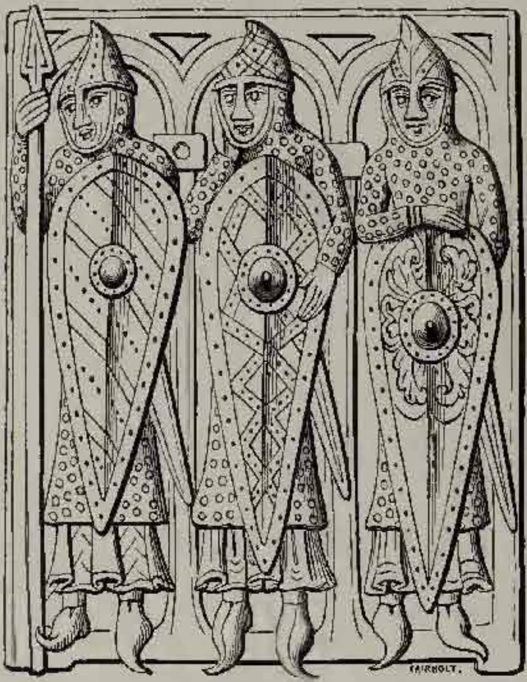
So, in May-Day, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611: "— Kiss the *pax*, and be quiet, like your other neighbours." So, in the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington, 1601:—

Then with this hallow'd crucifix,
This holy wafer, and this *pix*.

That a *pix* and a *pax* were different things, may also be seen from the following passage in the History of our Blessed Lady of Loretto, 12mo. 1608, p. 595: "— a cup, and a sprinkle for holy water, a *pix* and a *pax*, all of excellent chrystal, gold and amber." Again, in Stowe's Chronicle, p. 677: "— palmes, chalices, crosses, vestments, *pixes*, *paxes*, and such like."—*Steevens.*

Pix is apparently right. In Henry the VIIth's will it is said: "Forasmoch as we have often and many tymes to our inwarde regrete and displeasure seen at our Jen, in diverse many churches of our reame, the holie sacrament of the aulter, kept in ful simple, and inhonest *pixes*, spicially *pixes* of copre and tymbre; we have appointed and commaunded the treasurer of our chambre, and maistre of our juell-houss, to cause to be made furthwith, *pixes* of silver and gilt, in a greate nombre, for the keeping of the holie sacrament of the aultre, after the faction of a *pixe* that we have caused to be delivered to theim. Every of the said *pixes* to be of the value of iiii*l.* garnished with our armes, and rede roses and poartcolis crowned."—*Reed.*

The old copies have *pax*, which was a piece of board on which was the image of Christ on the cross; which the people used to kiss after the service was ended. I have adopted Theobald's emendation, for the reason which he assigns. Holinshed says, "a foolish soldier stole a *pixe* out of a church, for which cause he was apprehended, and the king would not once more remove till the *box* was restored, and the offender *strangled.*" The following is one of the Ordinances des Battailes, 9 R. II.: "*Item*, que nul soit si hardi de toucher le corps de noster Seigneur, ni *le vessel en quel il est*, sur peine d'estre trainez et *pendu*, et le teste avoir coupé." MS. Cotton, Nero, D 6.—*Malone.*

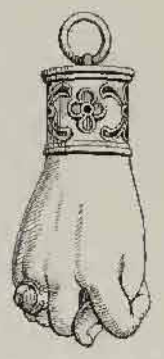


The annexed cut represents a portion of a pyx in the collection of Lord Londesborough, which has been ascribed to the earlier part of the twelfth century. It is of brass, or bronze, thickly gilt, but without enamel. The figures represent three soldiers keeping watch over the tomb in which the body of the Saviour, supposed to be contained in the consecrated wafer, was laid.

[17] *And figo for thy friendship.*

The practice of thrusting out the thumb between the first and second fingers to express the feelings of insult and contempt has prevailed very generally among the nations of Europe, and for many ages been denominated *making the fig*, or described at least by some equivalent expression. There is good reason for believing that it was known to the ancient Romans. Winckelman, in his letter from Herculaneum, has described a bronze satyr as actually making the fig with his fingers, and such a character is among the engravings in the king of Naples's magnificent publication on the antiquities of the above city. The upper part of a similar bronze in a private collection is here copied in the last figure below. It is more likely that *making the fig* was borrowed from this Roman custom, than from another with which it has sometimes been confounded. This is the *infamis digitus* of Persius; or the thrusting out the middle finger, on that account called *verpus.* In many private as well as public collections of Roman antiquities there are still preserved certain figures in bronze, ivory, coral, and other materials, of such forms.—*Douce.*

The annexed representation of one is of the full size of the original. The hand is carved in ivory; the ring is of metal; and the setting round the wrist of gold, enamelled with ornament and flowers.



The Emperour Fredericke Barbarossa making war in Italy, compelled them of Milan to yeeld themselves in subjection to the Empire. The Empresse his wife, desirous to be seene of the citizens, entred into the citie in great pompe and magnificence, supposing that she had bene there in good securitie. But the Milanois, being ill affectioned to the Emperour, and bearing a grudge against him in their hearts, in regard he had subdued them, they tooke the Empresse and set her upon a mule, with her face towards the taile, the which they made her hold betweene her hands insteed of a bridle; and being so mounted, they caused her to ride out at another gate of the citie then that where she had made her entrie. The Emperour, highly incensed and that justly, with this outrage, did besiege their citie, and pressed them so hard, that he constrained them to yeeld unto him bodie and goods, with this condition, that they which would save their lives should take or catch with their teeth certaine figges hanging betweene the genitals of a mad kicking mule. Many of them preferred death before a shamefull life: the residue, that were more desirous of life then carefull of their honour, accepted and performed the condition. And hereof is sprong that proverbe used in mocquerie amongst the Italians, when putting one finger betweene two others, they say: see, here is a figge for thee.—*Memorable Conceits of divers noble and famous personages of Christendome of this our moderne time*, 12mo. Lond. 1602.

[18] *The fig of Spain!*

This is no allusion to the *fico* already explained in King Henry IV. Part II. but to the custom of giving poisoned figs to those who were the objects either of Spanish or Italian revenge. The quartos 1600 and 1608 read: "The *fig of Spain* within thy jaw:" and afterwards: "The *fig* within thy bowels and thy dirty maw." So, in the Fleire, 1610, a comedy:—"*Fel.* Give them a *fig*.—*Flo.* Make them drink their last.—Poison them." Again, in the Brothers, by Shirley, 1652:—

"I must *poison* him; one *fig* sends him to Erebus."

Again, in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour:

The lye to a man of my coat, is as ominous *a fruit* as the *fico*.

Again, in one of Gascoigne's Poems:

It may fall out that thou shalt be entic'd
To sup sometimes with a magnifico,
And have a *fico* foisted in thy dish, &c.

Again, in Decker's Match Me in London, 1631:

Cor. Now do I look for a *fig*.
Gaz. Chew none, fear nothing.

And the scene of this play lies at Seville. Again, in the Noble Soldier, 1634:

—— Is it (poison) speeding?—
As all our *Spanish figs* are.

Again, in Vittoria Corombona, 1612:—"I look now for a *Spanish fig*, or an Italian sallad, daily."—*Steevens.*

I believe 'the fig of Spain' is here used only as a term of contempt. In the old translation of Galateo of Manners and Behaviour, p. 81, we have:—

> She gave the *Spanish figge*,
> With both her thumbes at once,

saith Dant. And a note says, "*Fiche* is the thrusting of the thumbe betweene the forefinger; which eyther for the worde, or the remembrance of something thereby signified, is reputed amongst the Italians as a word of shame."—*Reed.*

And in Fulwell's Art of Flattery:

> And thus farewell I will returne—To lady hope agayne:
> And for a token I thee sende—*A* doting *fig of Spayne.*

[19] *A sconce.*

Appears to have been some hasty, rude, inconsiderable kind of fortification. Sir Thomas Smythe, in one of his Discourses on the Art Military, 1589, mentions them in the following manner: "—and that certain *sconces* by them devised, without any bulwarks, flanckers, travasses, mounts, platformes, wet or drie ditches, in forme, with counterscarps, or any other good forme of fortification; but only raised and formed with earth, turfe, trench, and certen poynts, angles, and indents, should be able to hold out the enemie," &c.—*Steevens.*

[20] *I must speak with him from the pridge.*

"*Speak with him from the pridge*, (Pope tells us,) is added to the latter editions; but that it is plain, from the sequel, that the scene here continues, and the affair of the bridge is over." This is a most innaccurate criticism. Though the affair of the bridge be over, is that a reason that the king must receive no intelligence from thence? Fluellen, who comes from the bridge, wants to acquaint the king with the transactions that had happened there. This he calls *speaking to the king from the bridge.*—*Theobald.*

The words, "from the bridge," are in the folio 1623, but not in the quarto; and I suspect that they were caught by the compositor from King Henry's first speech on his entrance.—*Malone.*

[21] *And whelks, and knobs.*

So in Chaucer's character of a Sompnour, from which, perhaps, Shakespeare took some hints for his description of Bardolph's face:

> A *Sompnour* was ther with us in that place
> That hadde a *fire-red* cherubinnes face, &c.
> Ther n'as quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
> Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
> Ne oinement that wolde clense or bite,
> That might him helpen of his *whelkes* white,
> Ne of the *knobbes* sitting on his chekes.—*Steevens.*

[22] *Without impeachment.*

That is, hindrance. *Empechement*, French. In a book entitled, Miracles lately wrought by the Intercession of the glorious Virgin Marie, at Mont-aigu, nere unto Sichen in Brabant, &c. printed at Antwerp, by Arnold Conings, 1606, I meet with this word: "Wherefore he took it and without *empeschment*, or resistance, placed it againe in the oke."—*Steevens.*

Impeachment, in the same sense, has always been used as a legal word in deeds, as—"without *impeachment* of waste;" that is, without *restraint* or *hindrance* of waste.—*Reed.*

Without impeachment is *without being attacked. Impeachment,* the legal word, is not from the French, but the Latin, *impetere.—Malone.*

[23] *God before.*

This was an expression in that age for *God being my guide*, or, when used to another, *God be thy guide.* So, in An old Dialogue between a Herdsman and a Maiden going on a Pilgrimage to Walsingham, the herdsman takes his leave in these words:—"Now, go thy ways, and *God before.*" To *prevent* was used in the same sense.—*Johnson.*

[24] *There's for thy labour, Montjoy.*

From Holinshed: "My desire is that none of you be so *unadvised* as to be the occasion that I in my defence shall *colour* and make *red your tawny ground* with the effusion of christian *bloud.* When he (Henry) had thus answered the herauld, he gave him *a greate rewarde*, and licensed him to depart."—*Malone.*

It appears from many ancient books that it was always customary to reward a herald, whether he brought defiance or congratulation. So, in the ancient metrical history of the Battle of Floddon:—

Then gave he to the herald's hand,—Besides, with it, *a rich reward;*
Who hasten'd to his native land—To see how with his king it far'd.—*Steevens.*

[24] *And all other jades you may call—beasts.*

It is plain that *jades* and *beasts* should change places, it being the first word, and not the last, which is the term of reproach; as afterwards it is said:—"I had as lief have my mistress a *jade.*"—*Warburton.*

There is no occasion for this change. In the Second Part of King Henry IV. Sc. 1:—

——he gave his *able horse* the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of the poor *jade.*

Again, in Arthur Hall's translation of the 4th Iliad:—

Two horses tough ech one it [his chariot] hath, the *jades* they are not dul,
Of barley white, of rie and oates, they feede in mangier full.

Jade is sometimes used for a post horse. *Beast* is always employed as a contemptuous distinction. So, in Macbeth:—

——what *beast* was't then
That made you break this enterprize to me?

Again, in Timon of Athens: "—what a wicked *beast* was I to disfurnish myself against so good a time!"—*Steevens.*

I agree with Warburton in supposing that the words—*beasts* and *jades* have changed places. Steevens says, that *beast* is always employed as a contemptuous distinction, and, to support this assertion, he quotes a passage from Macbeth, and another from Timon, in which it appears that men were called *beasts*, where abuse was intended. But though the word *beast* be a contemptuous distinction, as he terms it, when applied to a man, it does not follow that it should be so when applied to a horse. He forgets the following speech in Hamlet, which militates strongly against his assertion:—

——he grew unto his seat,
And to such wond'rous doings brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd, and demi-natur'd
With the brave *beast.*

But the word *jade* is always used in a contemptuous sense: and in the passage which Steevens quotes from the Second Part of Henry IV. the *able horse* is called a *poor jade*, merely because the poor beast was supposed to be jaded. The word is there an expression of pity, not of contempt.—*M. Mason.*

I cannot forbear subjoining two queries to this note. In the passage quoted by Mason from Hamlet is not the epithet *brave* added, to exempt the word *beast* from being received in a slight sense of degradation? Is not, in the instance quoted by me from Henry IV., the epithet *poor* supplied, to render *jade* an object of compassion? *Jade* is a term of no very decided meaning. It sometimes signifies a *hackney*, sometimes a *vicious* horse, and sometimes a *tired* one; and yet I cannot help thinking, in the present instance, that as a *horse* is degraded by being called a *jade*, so a *jade* is vilified by being termed a *beast*.—*Steevens.*

I do not think there is any ground for the transposition proposed by Dr. Warburton, who would make *jades* and *beasts* change places. Words under the hand of either a transcriber or compositor, never thus leap out of their places. The Dauphin evidently means that no other horse has so good a title as his, to the appellation peculiarly appropriated to that fine and useful animal. The *general* term for *quadrupeds* may suffice for all other horses.—*Malone.*

[26] *And in your strait trossers.*

This word very frequently occurs in the old dramatic writers. A man in the Coxcomb of Beaumont and Fletcher, speaking to an Irish servant, says, "I'll have thee flead, and *trossers* made of thy skin, to tumble in." *Trossers* appear to have been tight breeches.—The Kernes of Ireland anciently rode without breeches, and therefore *strait trossers*, I believe, means only *in their naked skin*, which sits close to them. The word is still preserved, but now written—*trowsers*. Thus, says Randle Holme, in his Academy of Arms and Blazon, b. iii. ch. iii.: "The Spanish breeches are those that are *stret and close to the thigh*, and are buttoned up the sides from the knee with about ten or twelve buttons: anciently called *trowses*."—*Steevens.*

"Trowses, (says the explanatory Index to Cox's History of Ireland,) are breeches and stockings made to sit as close to the body as can be." Several of the morris-dancers represented upon the print of my window have such hose or strait trowsers; but the poet seems, by the waggish context, to have a further meaning.—*Tollet.*

The following passage in Heywood's Challenge for Beauty, 1636, proves that the ancient Irish *trousers* were somewhat more than *mere buff*:—"*Manhurst.* No, for my money give me your substantial English hose, round, and somewhat full afore.—*Maid.* Now they are, methinks, a little too great.—*Manh.* The more the discretion of the landlord that builds them,—he makes room enough for his tenant to stand upright in them;—he may walk in and out at ease without stooping: but of all the rest I am clean out of love with your Irish *trowses;* they are for all the world like a jealous wife, always close at a man's tayle." The speaker is here circumstantially describing the fashions of different countries. So again, in Bulwer's Pedigree of the English Gallant, 1653: "Bombasted and paned hose were, since I remember, in fashion; but now our hose are made so close to our breeches, that, like Irish *trowses*, they too manifestly discover the dimension of every part." In Sir John Oldcastle, the word is spelt *strouces*.—*Collins.*

The old copy reads—*strossers*. The correction was made by Theobald; who observes, that "by strait trossers the poet means *femoribus denudatis*, for the Kerns of Ireland wore no breeches, any more than the Scotch Highlanders." The explication is, I think, right; but that the Kerns of Ireland *universally* rode without breeches, may be doubted. It is clear, from Tollet's note, and from many passages in books of our author's age, that the *Irish strait trossers* or *trowsers* were not merely *figurative;* though in consequence of their being made extremely tight, Shakespeare has here employed the words in an equivocal sense. When Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy of Ireland in 1585, insisted on the Irish nobility wearing the English dress, and appearing in parliament in robes, one of them, being very loth to change his old habit, requested that the deputy would order his chaplain to walk through the streets with him in *trowses,* "for then, (said he,) the boys will laugh at him as well as me." See also Ware's Antiquities and History of Ireland, ch. ii. edit. 1705: "Of the other garments of the Irish, namely of their little coats and *strait* breeches, called *trouses,* I have little worth notice to deliver."—*Malone.*

We repeatedly find the form *strosser* in our early writers. "Nor the Danish sleeve sagging down like a Welch wallet, the Italian's close *strosser,* nor the French standing collar," Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook,* p. 40, reprint, 1812. "Or, like a toiling usurer, sets his son a-horseback in cloth-of-gold breeches, while he himself goes to the devil a-foot in a pair of old *strossers,*" Middleton's *No Wit, No Help like a Woman's,* act ii. sc. 1.—*Dyce.*

To these a knight in old fashioned armour, with speare and shield, his squire apparell'd in a yellow coat, with wide sleeves, and *strossers* cut in paines of yellow and watchet.—*Britannia Triumphans,* 1637.

Red *strossers* and a blew codpiece garded with yellow, like the jags of a jackealents jerkin, his gowne under one arme.—*Nixon's Scourge of Corruption,* 1615.

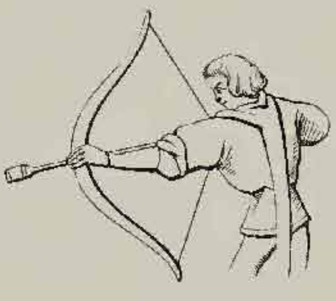
[27] *When it appears, it will bate.*

This is said with allusion to falcons which are kept *hooded* when they are not to fly at game, and, as soon as the hood is off, *bait* or flap the wing. The meaning is, the Dauphin's valour has never been let loose upon an enemy, yet, when he makes his first essay, we shall see how he will flutter.—*Johnson.*

This is a poor pun, taken from the terms used in falconry. The whole sense and sarcasm depends upon the equivoque of one word, viz. *bate,* in sound, but not in orthography, answering to the term *bait* in falconry. When the hawk is *unhooded,* her first action is *baiting,* that is, flapping her wings, as a preparation to her flying at the game. The hawk wants no courage, but invariably *baits* upon taking off the hood. The Constable of France sarcastically says of the Dauphin's courage, '*'Tis a hooded valour* (i. e. it is hid from every body but his lackey,) and when it *appears,* (by preparing to engage the enemy,) it will *bate*' (i. e. fall off, evaporate); and not, as Dr. Johnson supposes, bluster or *flutter the wings,* in allusion to the metaphor.—*Anon.*

[28] *A fool's bolt is soon shot.*

This proverb is very common in old English books. The bolt was a kind of arrow blunted at the top.



[29] *Give them great meals of beef.*

So, in King Edward III. 1596:—
—— but scant them of their *chines of beef,*
And take away their downy featherbeds, &c.
—*Steevens.*

Our author had the Chronicle in his thoughts: "— keep an English man one month from his warm bed, *fat beef,* stale drink," &c. So also, in the old King Henry V.:—

> Why, take an Englishman out of his warm bed,
> And his stale drink, but one moneth,
> And, alas, what will become of him?—*Malone.*

Otway has the same thought in his Venice Preserved:—

> Give but an Englishman, &c.
> *Beef*, and a sea-coal fire, he's yours for ever.—*Boswell.*

Chorus.

Enter CHORUS.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fill the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face:[1]
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,[2]
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,

Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O! now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath enrounded him,
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear. Then, mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill dispos'd, in brawl ridiculous, —
The name of Agincourt. Yet, sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*

Act the Fourth.

SCENE I.—*The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOSTER.

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

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.
Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,
Desire them all to my pavilion.
Glo. We shall, my liege. [*Exeunt* GLOSTER *and* BEDFORD.
Erp. Shall I attend your grace?
K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And, then, I would no other company.
Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
[*Exit* ERPINGHAM.
K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*
K. Hen. A friend.
Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Hen. Even so. What are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.
Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?
K. Hen. Harry *le Roy.*
Pist. *Le Roy!* a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.

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

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

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *fico* for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER, *severally.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So, in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower.[3] It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp: I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

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

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

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you, and peseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

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

Enter BATES, COURT, *and* WILLIAMS.

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

Bates. I think it be; but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

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

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under sir Thomas Erpingham.

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

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

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

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

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck: and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

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

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

K. Hen. I dare say, you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds. Methinks, I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company, his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But, if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make: when all those legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—"We died at such a place:" some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the abitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle: war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then, if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore, should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

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

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

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

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

Will. You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch. You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round:[4] I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

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

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

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

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

K. Hen. There.

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

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

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

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

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

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

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt* Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the king!—we must bear all.
O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,
Subject to the breath of every fool,

Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing!
What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy?
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form?
Creating awe and fear in other men,
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:
I am a king, that find thee; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farced title running 'fore the king,[4]
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world;
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever running year

With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots,
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.
K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.
Erp. I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. O, God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts:
Possess them not with fear: take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord!
O! not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do, is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,[5]
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. My liege!
K. Hen. My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee.—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The French Camp.*

Enter DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!
Dau. *Montez à cheval:*—My horse! *valet! lacquay!* ha!
Orl. O brave spirit!
Dau. *Via!—les eaux et la terre!*[6]
Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu!*
Dau. *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my lord Constable!
Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.
Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: Ha!
Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.
Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls;
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,
To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,[7]
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'Tis positive against all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow

To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we, upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then, let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonuance,[8] and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yond' island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,[9]
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit[10]
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.
Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.
Dau. Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?
Con. I stay but for my guard.[11] On, to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The English Camp.*

Enter the English Host ; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glo. Where is the king?
Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.
West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.
Exe. There's five to one ; besides, they all are fresh.
Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!
Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury ; and good luck go with thee!
Exe. Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly to-day :
And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.
[*Exit* SALISBURY.
Bed. He is as full of valour, as of kindness ;
Princely in both.
West. O! that we now had here

Enter King HENRY.

But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work to-day.
K. Hen. What's he, that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?—No, my fair cousin :
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold ;
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:

But, if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more :
Rather proclaim it, Westmorcland, through my host,
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian :
He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian :
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered ;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother : be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition .
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed :
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.
K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?
West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, might fight this royal battle.
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men,[13]
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow?
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.
K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.
K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work;
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,

Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valour in our English;[13]
That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host,
(Good argument, I hope, we will not fly)
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,
And turn them out of service. If they do this,
As, if God please, they shall, my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,
Which, if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.
Mont. I shall, king Harry: and so fare thee well.
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. I fear, thou wilt once more come again for ransom.

Enter the Duke *of* YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.
K. Hen. Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Field of Battle.*

Alarums: Excursions. *Enter* French Soldier, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur.

Fr. Sol. *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de bonne qualité.*

Pist. Quality? *Callino, castore me!*[14] art thou a gentleman?
What is thy name? discuss.

Fr. Sol. *O seigneur Dieu!*

Pist. O! signieur Dew should be a gentleman.
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark:—
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,[15]
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Fr. Sol. *O, prenez misericorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

Pist. Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;
For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat,[16]
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. *Est il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

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

Fr. Sol. *O pardonnez moy!*

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?—
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French,
What is his name.

Boy. *Escoutez: comment estes vous appellé?*

Fr. Sol. *Monsieur le Fer.*

Boy. He says his name is master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him,[17] and ferret him.—Discuss the same in French unto him.

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

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

Boy. *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure de couper vostre gorge.*

Pist. *Ouy, couper le gorge, par ma foy,* peasant,

Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O! je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner. Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

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

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mez genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et tres distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

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

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—
Follow me! [*Exit* PISTOL.

Boy. Suivez vous le grand capitaine. I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph, and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp; the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it, but boys. [*Exit.*

[*Exit* French Soldier.

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field of Battle.*

Alarums. *Enter* DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, BOURBON, CONSTABLE, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Con. *O diable!*
Orl. *O seigneur!—le jour est perdu! tout est perdu!*
Dau. *Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune!*—
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*
Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.
Dau. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die:—in!—Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate.[13]
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The devil take order now. I'll to the throng:
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. *Enter* King HENRY *and* Forces; EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.
K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.
Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
He cries aloud,—"Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven:
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly a-breast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words, I came and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says, "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.
K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:—
Then every soldier kill his prisoners!
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage![19] 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offered. In your conscience now, is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O! 'tis a gallant king.

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower. What call you the town's name, where Alexander the Pig was porn?

Gow. Alexander the great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that: he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turned away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he.—I'll tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY, *with a part of the* English Forces; WARWICK, GLOSTER, EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond' hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have;
And not a man of them that we shall take,
Shall taste our mercy.—Go, and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not,
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To book our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes, woe the while!
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds

Fret fetlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.
K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.
Mont. The day is yours.
K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!—
What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?
Mont. They call it Agincourt.
K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps,[20] which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do pelieve, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour:
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: Got pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead,
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.
[*Points to* WILLIAMS. *Exeunt* MONTJOY *and others.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the king.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your majesty, a rascal that swaggered with me last night; who, if 'a live, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap, (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive) I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be, his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge, and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together,[21] I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and please Got of his grace, that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloster,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.
The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May haply purchase him a box o' the ear:
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, (as, I judge
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word)
Some sudden mischief may arise of it,
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Before* King HENRY'S *Pavilion.*

Enter GOWER *and* WILLIAMS.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king: there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower: I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOSTER.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it! a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did. I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is. I hope your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.
'Twas I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a goot will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.
[*Delivers a paper.*

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John duke of Bourbon, and lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French,
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, 'squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures;
Great-master of France, the brave sir Guischard Dauphin;

John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant,
The brother to the duke of Burgundy;
And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpre, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,
Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!—
Where is the number of our English dead?
[Herald *presents another paper.*
Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name, and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God! thy arm was here,
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss,
On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God,
For it is only thine!
Exe. 'Tis wonderful!
K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimed through our host,
To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum.*
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
And then to Calais; and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [*Exeunt.*

Notes to the Fourth Act.

[1] *Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.*

Umber'd certainly means here *discoloured* by the gleam of the fires. *Umber* is a dark yellow earth, brought from Umbria, in Italy, which, being mixed with water, produces such a dusky yellow colour as the gleam of fire by night gives to the countenance. Our author's profession probably furnished him with this epithet; for from an old manuscript play at Dulwich College, entitled the Telltale, it appears that *umber* was used in the stage-exhibitions of his time. In that piece one of the marginal directions is, "He *umbers* her face."—*Malone.*

[2] *With busy hammers closing rivets up.*

This does not solely refer to the business of rivetting the plate armour before it was put on, but as to part, when it was on. Thus the top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of iron, that passed through a hole pierced through the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the smith or armourer presented himself, with his rivetting hammer, *to close the rivet up;* so that the party's head should remain steady notwithstanding the force of any blow that might be given on the cuirass or helmet. This custom more particularly prevailed in tournaments. See Varietés Historiques, 1752, 12mo. tom. ii. p. 73.—*Douce.*

[3] *Speak lower.*

The earliest of the quartos reads—"speak *lewer*," which in that of 1608 is made *lower.* The alterations made in the several quartos, and in all the folios that succeeded the first, by the various printers or correctors through whose hands they passed, carry with them no authority whatsoever; yet here the correction happens, I think, to be right. The editors of the folio read—"speak *fewer.*" I have no doubt that in their MS. (for this play they evidently printed from a MS., which was not the case in some others,) the word by the carelessness of the transcriber was *lewer*, (as in that copy from which the quarto was printed,) and that, in order to obtain some sense, they changed this to *fewer.* Fluellen could not, with any propriety, call on Gower to speak *fewer*, he not having uttered a word except "Captain Fluellen!" Meeting Fluellen late at night, and not being certain who he was, he merely pronounced his name. Having addressed him in too high a key, the Welshman reprimands him; and Gower justifies himself by saying that the enemy spoke so *loud*, that the English could hear them all night. But what he says as he is going out, puts, I think, the emendation that I have adopted beyond a doubt, I will do as you desire; "I will speak *lower*." Shakespeare has here as usual followed Holinshed: "Order was taken by commandement from the king, after the army was first set in battayle array, that *no noise or clamour should be made in the hoste*."—*Malone.*

To "speak *lower*" is the more familiar reading; but to "speak *few*," is a provincial phrase still in use among the vulgar in some counties; signifying, to speak in a *calm, small* voice; and consequently has the same meaning as *low*. In Sussex I heard one female servant say to another—"Speak *fewer*, or my mistress will hear you."—*Steevens.*

[4] *The farced title.*

Farced is *stuffed*. The tumid puffy titles with which a king's name is always introduced. This, I think, is the sense.—*Johnson.*

So, in All for Money, by T. Lupton, 1578:—

—— belly-gods so swarm,
Farced, and flowing with all kind gall.

Again:—"And like a greedy cormorant with belly full *farced*." Again, in Jacob and Esau, 1568:—

To make both broth and *farcing*, and that full deinty.

Again, in Stanyhurst's version of the first book of Virgil:—

Or eels are *farcing* with dulce and delicat hoonny.

Again, in Every Man out of his Humour:—" —— *farce* thy lean ribs with it too."—*Steevens.*

[5] *Since that my penitence comes after all.*

I am sensible that every thing of this kind, (works of piety and charity,) which I have done or can do, will avail nothing towards the remission of this sin; since I well know that, after all this is done, true repentance, and imploring pardon, are previously and indispensably necessary towards my obtaining it.—*Heath.*

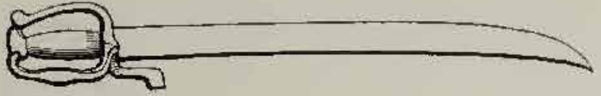
[6] *Via!—les eaux et la terre.*

This dialogue will be best explained by referring to the seventh scene of the preceding Act, in which the Dauphin, speaking in admiration of his horse, says: "When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air:—It is a beast for Perseus; he is pure *air* and *fire*, and the dull elements of *earth and water* never appear in him." He now, seeing his horse at a distance, attempts to say the same thing in French: "*Les eaux et la terre*," the waters and the earth—*have no share in my horse's composition*, he was going to have said; but is prevented by the Duke of Orleans, who replies—Can you add nothing more? Is he not air and fire? Yes, says the Dauphin, and even heaven itself. He had, in the former scene, called his horse *Wonder of Nature*. The words, however, may admit of a different interpretation. He may mean to boast that, when on horseback, he can bound over *all the elements*, and even soar to *heaven* itself.—*Malone.*

It is not easy to determine the import of the Dauphin's words. I do not, however, think the foregoing explanation right, because it excludes variety, by presuming that what has been already said in one language, is repeated in another. Perhaps this insignificant sprig of royalty is only capering about, and uttering a "rhapsody of words" indicative of levity and high spirits, but guiltless of any precise meaning.—*Steevens.*

[7] *To give each naked curtle-ax a stain.*

The annexed engraving represents a curtle-axe of the early part of the fifteenth century, selected by Mr. Fairholt from a specimen in the Meyrick collection.



[8] *The tucket-sonuance.*

He uses terms of the field as if they were going out only to the chace for sport. *To dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising, so that they will be sometimes taken by the hand. Such an easy capture the lords expected to make of the English.—*Johnson.*

The *tucket sonuance* was, I believe, the name of an introductory flourish on the trumpet, as *toccata* in Italian is the prelude of a sonata on the harpsichord, and *toccar la tromba* is to blow the trumpet.—*Steevens.*

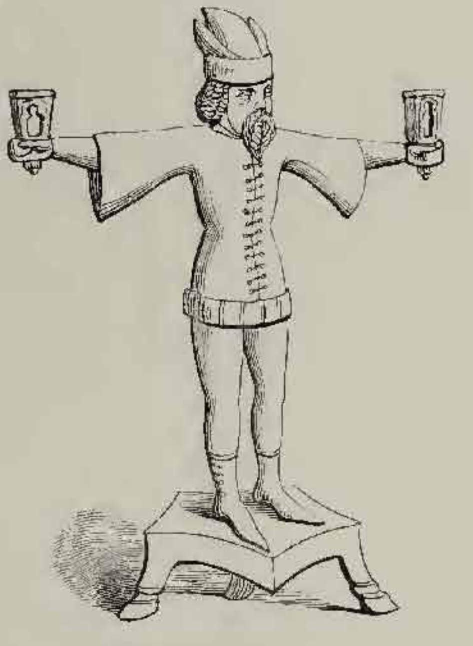
[9] *Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks.*

This fashion is of great antiquity, being mentioned in Homer's description of the palace of Alcinous, *Odys.* book 7,—

Youths forg'd of gold, at every table there,
Stood holding flaming torches, that in night
Gave through the house, each honour'd guest his light.

It is likewise thus alluded to in Lucretius, lib. ii,—

Si non aurea sunt juvenum simulacra per ædeis
Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris,
Lumina nocturnis epulis ut suppeditentur.



The practice might originate in a supposed indelicacy of placing candlesticks on a table. Gregory of Tours relates a story of a French nobleman named Rauching, who disgraced himself by an act of wanton and excessive cruelty. When a servant *held a candle before him* at his supper, he made him uncover his legs, and drop the burning wax on them; if the man offered to move, the cruel master was ready with his sword to run him through; and the more the unfortunate sufferer lamented, the more his persecutor convulsed himself with savage laughter. Gregor. Turon. Hist. lib. v. cap. 3.

The favourite forms of these inanimate *candle-holders* were those of armed warriors. Sometimes they were hairy savages, a fool kneeling on one knee, &c.

The following note on this subject was communicated to me by Mr. Fairholt,—“The contemptuous simile applied by the French to the English soldiery, is strikingly illustrated by reference to the domestic archaeology of the era. Candlesticks of very fanciful forms were common; but the most usual represented a figure, in a singularly stiff attitude, with outstretched arms, each supporting a socket for the reception of a candle. Our cut, copied from the original in a private collection in Paris, is a valuable example, as the costume enables its date to be fixed to the reign of Charles VII. of France, A.D. 1422-1440. It is in bronze, eight inches high."

[10] *The gimmal bit.*

Gimmal is, in the western counties, a *ring*: a *gimmal bit* is therefore a *bit* of which the parts played one within another. I meet with the word, though differently spelt, in the old play of the Raigne of King Edward the Third, 1596:—

> Nor lay aside their jacks of *gymold* mail.

Gymold or *gimmal'd* mail means armour composed of links like those of a chain, which by its flexibility fitted it to the shape of the body more exactly than defensive covering of any other contrivance. There was a suit of it to be seen in the Tower. Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, book i. ch. v. calls it *woven mail*:—

> In *woven* mail all armed warily.

In Lingua, &c. 1607, is mentioned:—

> ——a *gimmal* rink with one link hanging.—*Steevens.*

"A *gimmal* or gemmow ring, (says Minsheu, Dictionary, 1617,) from the Gal. *gemeau*, Lat. *gemellus*, double or twinnes, because they be rings with two or more links."—*Malone.*

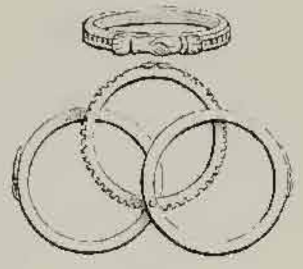
There came into fashion, towards the sixteenth century, a class of rings which were called *gimmal rings*, or *gimmals*, and which, as the name implies, consisted at first of two rings united in one, but which were afterwards formed of three, and sometimes even of four separate rings. When the rings were closed together, the place at which they fastened was covered externally with the representation of two hands clasped, and hence the term *gimmal* is often applied to a single ring when it bears this particular device. In the time of Herrick, that is at the beginning of the seventeenth century, the gimmal appears to have consisted usually of three rings. He says playfully, in one of his poetical pieces,—

> Thou sent'st to me a true love-knot; but I
> Return a ring of gimmals, to imply
> Thy love had one knot, mine a *triple* tie.

Dryden in his play of Don Sebastian, published in 1690, has given a more minute description of a gimmal ring in the following lines:

> . . . . A curious artist wrought 'em
> With joynts so close as not to be perceiv'd;
> Yet are they both each other's counterpart.
> (Her part had Juan inscrib'd, and his had Zayda,
> You know those names were theirs); and in the midst
> A heart divided in two halves was plac'd.
> Now if the rivets of those rings inclos'd,
> Fit not each other, I have forg'd this lye;
> But if they join, you must for ever part.

This passage is singularly illustrated by a gimmal ring, of silver gilt, in the collection of Lord Londesborough, which is represented in the accompanying cut. It consists of three rings, which separate and turn upon a pivot. The two exterior rings are plain, and have been united by two hands clasped, which



concealed two united hearts upon the intermediate ring. This intermediate ring is toothed at the edge, so as to present, when closed, the pattern shown in the cut, which also displays the ring as, when unclosed, it forms three rings secured by a pivot. This ring may possibly be contemporary with the poet Herrick, judging from the character of its workmanship. Another gimmal ring, of gold, in Lord Londesborough's collection, made in England, and apparently of the latter end of the fifteenth century, contains two inscriptions, or posies; that on the outside, which is in French, is *En amours soiez leuis*, the meaning of the last word of which is not quite clear; on the inside is the inscription, in English, *Thowthe is fre.—Thomas Wright.*

[11] *I stay but for my guard.*

It seems, by what follows, that *guard* in this place means rather something of ornament or of distinction, than a body of attendants.—*Johnson.*

The following quotation from Holinshed, p. 554, will best elucidate this passage: "The duke of Brabant when his standard was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet* and fastened upon a spear, the which he commanded to be borne before him instead of a standard." In the second part of Heywood's Iron Age, 1632, Menelaus, after having enumerated to Pyrrhus the treasures of his father Achilles, as his myrmidons, &c. adds:—"His sword, spurs, armour, *guard*, pavilion." From this last passage it should appear that *guard* was part of the defensive armour; perhaps what we call at present the *gorget*. Again, in Holinshed, p. 820: "The one bare his helmet, the second his *granguard*," &c.—*Steevens.*

By his *guard*, I believe, the Constable means, not any part of his dress, but the *guard* that usually attended with his banner; to supply the want of which he afterwards says, that he will take a banner from a trumpet, and use it for his haste. It appears, from a passage in the last scene of the fourth Act, that the principal nobility, and the princes, had all their respective banners, and of course their guards:—

> Of princes in this number,
> And nobles bearing *banners*, there be dead
> One hundred, &c.—*M. Mason.*

Dr. Johnson and Steevens are of opinion that "*guard* in this place means rather something of ornament, or of distinction, than a body of attendants." But from the following passage in Holinshed, p. 554, which our author certainly had in his thoughts, it is clear, in my apprehension, that *guard* is here used in its ordinary sense: "When the messenger was come back to the French hoste, the men of warre put on their helmettes, and caused their trumpets to blow to the battaile. They thought themselves so sure of victory, that diverse of the noble men made such haste toward the battaile, that they left many of their servants and *men of warre* behind them, and some of them would not once *stay* for their *standards*; as amongst other the Duke of Brabant, when his *standard* was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet*, and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of a standard." The latter part only of this passage is quoted by Steevens; but the whole considered together proves, in my apprehension, that *guard* means here nothing more than the *men of war* whose duty it was to attend on the Constable of France, and among those his *standard*, that is, his standard-bearer. In a preceding passage Holinshed mentions, that "the Constable of France, the Marshal, &c. and other of the French nobility, came and pitched down their *standards* and *banners* in the county of St. Paule." Again: "Thus the French men being ordered under their standards and banners, made a great shew:"—or, as Hall has it: "Thus the French men were *every man under his banner*, only waiting," &c. It appears, from both these historians, that all the princes and nobles in the French army bore banners, and of these one hundred and twenty-six were killed in this battle. In a subsequent part of the description of this memorable victory, Holinshed mentions that "Henry having felled the Duke of Alanson, the *king's guard*, contrary to his mind, outrageously slew him." The Constable being the principal leader of the French army, had, without doubt, like Henry, his *guard* also, one of whom bore before him, as we may collect from Hall, the *banner-royal* of France.—*Malone.*

[12] *Thou hast unwish'd five thousand men.*

By wishing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. Shakespeare never thinks of such trifles as numbers. In the last scene the French are said to be *full threescore thousand*, which Exeter declares to be *five to one*; but, by the king's account, they are twelve to one.—*Johnson.*

Holinshed makes the English army consist of 15,000, and the French of 60,000 horse, besides foot, &c. in all 100,000; while Walsingham and Harding represent the English as but 9000; and other authors say that the number of French amounted to 150,000.—*Steevens.*

Dr. Johnson, I apprehend, misunderstood the King's words. He supposes that Henry means to say, that Westmoreland, wishing himself and Henry alone to fight the battle out with the French, had *wished away* the *whole English army*, consisting of *five thousand* men. But Henry's meaning was, I conceive, very different. Westmoreland had before expressed a wish that *ten thousand* of those who were idle at that moment in England were added to the King's army; a wish for which, when it was uttered, Henry, whether from policy or spirit, reprimanded him. Westmoreland now says, he should be glad that he and the King alone, without any other aid whatsoever, were to fight the battle out against the French. "Bravely said, (replies Henry,) you have now *half* atoned for your former timid wish for *ten* thousand additional troops. You have *unwished* half of what you wish'd before." The King is speaking figuratively, and Dr. Johnson understood him literally.—Shakespeare therefore, though often inattentive to "such trifles as numbers," is here not inaccurate. He undoubtedly meant to represent the English army, (according to Exeter's state of it,) as consisting of about *twelve thousand* men; and according to the best accounts this was nearly the number that Henry had in the field. Hardyng, who was himself at the battle of Agincourt, says that the French army consisted of one hundred thousand; but the account is probably exaggerated.—*Malone.*

Fabian says the French were 40,000, and the English only 7000. Malone, in a very elaborate note, has endeavoured to prove that Westmoreland, by wishing that he and the King alone, without more help, might fight the battle out, did not wish away the whole of the army, but 5000 men only. But I must confess that I cannot comprehend his argument, and must therefore concur with Johnson, in his observation on the poet's inattention.—*M. Mason.*

[13] *Mark then abounding valour in our English.*

The folios read,—"Mark then *abounding*——." The quartos, more erroneously still—"Mark then *abounndant*——." Pope degraded the passage in both his editions, because, I presume, he did not understand it. I have reformed the text, and the allusion is exceedingly beautiful; comparing the revival of the English valour to the rebounding of a cannon-ball.—*Theobald.*

Theobald was probably misled by the idle notion that our author's imagery must be round and corresponding on every side, and that this line was intended to be in unison with the next. This was so far from being an object of Shakespeare's attention, that he seems to delight in passing hastily from one idea to another. To support his emendation, Theobald misrepresented the reading of the quarto, which he said was *aboundant*. It is *abundant;* and proves, in my apprehension, decisively, that the reading of the folio is not formed by any accidental union of different words; for though *abounding* may, according to Theobald's notion, be made two words, by what analysis can *abundant* be separated? We have had already, in this play—"*superfluous* courage," an expression of nearly the same import as—"*abounding* valour." Theobald's emendation, however, has been adopted in all the modern editions. That our author's word was *abundant* or *abounding*, not *a bounding*, may be proved by King Richard III. where we again meet with the same epithet applied to the same subject:—"To breathe the *abundant valour* of the heart."—*Malone.*

The preceding note (in my opinion at least) has not proved that, though Shakespeare talks of *abundant valour* in King Richard III., he might not have written *a bounding valour* in King Henry V. Must our author indulge himself in no varieties of phraseology, but always be tied down to the use of similar expressions? Or does it follow that, because his imagery is sometimes incongruous, that it was always so? *Aboundant* may be separated as regularly as *abounding;* for *boundant* (like *mountant* in Timon of Athens, and *questant* in All's Well that Ends Well) might have been a word once in use. The reading stigmatized as a misrepresentation might also have been found in the quarto consulted by Theobald, though not in such copies of it as Malone and I have met with. In several quarto editions, of similar date, there are varieties which till very lately were unobserved. I have not therefore discarded Theobald's emendation.—*Steevens.*

[14] *Callino, castore me.*

An old tune. A ballad so called was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1581-2. A poem in the Handefull of Pleasant Delites, 1584, is "*to Calen o Custure me,* sung at everie lines end." In the Wood Collection of ballads is "A pleasant song made by a Souldier, To an excellent Tune called *Calino.*" A modernized version of the tune is preserved in Playford's Musical Companion, 1673.

[15] *Thou diest on point of fox.*

A familiar and jocular term for a sword.

What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old *fox*, in it? *B. Jons. Bart. Fair*, ii. 6.

— To such animals
Half-hearted creatures as these are, your *fox*
Unkenneld, with a cholerick ghastly aspect,
Or two or three comminatory terms
Would run, &c. *Id. Magn. Lady*, i. 1.

Your "fox unkenneld," means, I fancy, your sword drawn.

— O, what blade is it?
A Toledo, or an English *fox*. *White Dev.* O. Pl. vi. 370.

A cowardly slave, that dares as well eat his *fox*, as draw it in earnest. *Parson's*
[*Wedding*, O. Pl. xi. 382.

— Put up your sword,
I've seen it often, 'tis a *fox*. *Jac.* It is so.—*B. & Fl. Captain*, iii. 5.

This, and the preceding quotation, seem to prove that a *fox* was not a cant term, in this sense, but a specific name for some kind of blade manufactured in England; perhaps with the steel browned, which might give occasion to the name: or it might be named from the inventor. "Old *foxes* are good blades," Brome, Engl. Moor. ii. 2.—*Nares.*

Hee (the fox) hath the monopoly of the best blades in his hands; witnesse his figure ingraven thereon, forbidding all to sell them without his stampe.—*A Strange Metamorphosis of Man*, 1634.

[16] *I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat.*

It appears from Sir Arthur Gorges's translation of Lucan, 1614, that some part of the intestines was anciently called the *rim*, Lucan, book i.:—

> The slender *rimme* too weake to part
> The boyling liver from the heart——.
> ——*parvusque secat vitalia limes.* L. 623.

"*Parvus limes* (says one of the scholiasts) præcordia indicat; membrana illa quæ cor et pulmones a jecore et liene dirimit." I believe it is now called the *diaphragm* in human creatures, and the skirt or midriff in beasts; but still, in some places, the *rim.* Phil. Holland, in his translation of Pliny's Natural History, several times mentions the *rim* of the paunch. See book xxviii. ch. ix. p. 321, &c. Again, in Chapman's version of the 14th Iliad:—"And strook him in his belly's *rimme*—."—*Steevens.*

Cole, in his Dictionary, 1678, describes it as the caul in which the bowels are wrapped.—*Malone.*

[17] *And firk him.*

The word *firk* is so variously used by the old writers, that it is almost impossible to ascertain its precise meaning. On this occasion it may mean to *chastise.* So, in Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks, 1611:—

> ——— nay, I will *firk*
> My silly novice, as he was never *firk'd*
> Since midwives bound his noddle.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's Rule a Wife, &c. it means *to collect by low and dishonest industry*:—

> ——— these five years she has *firk'd*
> A pretty living.

Again, in Ram-Alley, &c. it seems to be employed in the sense of *quibble*:—

> Sir, leave this *firk* of law, or by this light, &c.

In the Alchemist, it is obscenely used.—*Steevens.*

In Eliot's Orthoepia Gallica, 1693, *fouettez* is rendered *firk.*—*Boswell.*

[18] *His fairest daughter is contaminate.*

The quarto has—*contamuracke*, which corrupted word, however, is sufficient to lead us to the true reading now inserted in the text: It is also supported by the metre and the usage of our author and his contemporaries. We have had in this play "hearts *create*" for hearts *created*: so, elsewhere, *combinate*, for *combin'd*; *consummate*, for *consummated*, &c. The folio reads—*contaminated.*—*Malone.*

[19] *Kill the poys and the luggage.*

The baggage, during the battle, (as King Henry had no men to spare,) was guarded only by boys and lackeys; which some French runaways getting notice of, they came down upon the English camp-boys, whom they killed, and plundered, and burned the baggage: in resentment of which villainy it was, that the King, contrary to his wonted lenity, ordered all prisoners' throats to be cut. And to this villainy of the French runaways Fluellen is alluding, when he says, "Kill the poys and the luggage!" The fact is set out both by Hall and Holinshed.—*Theobald.*

Unhappily the King gives one reason for his order to kill the prisoners, and Gower another. The King killed his prisoners because he expected another battle, and he had not men sufficient to guard one army and fight another. Gower declares that the *gallant king* has *worthily* ordered the prisoners to be destroyed, because the luggage was plundered, and the boys were slain.—*Johnson.*

Our author has here, as in all his historical plays, followed Holinshed; in whose Chronicle *both* these reasons are assigned for Henry's conduct. Shakespeare therefore has not departed from history; though he has chosen to make Henry himself mention one of the reasons which actuated him, and Gower mention the other.—*Malone.*

[20] *Wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps.*

Monmouth caps were formerly much worn. From the following stanza in an old ballad of the Caps, printed in the Antidote against Melancholy, 1661, p. 31, it appears they were particularly worn by soldiers:—

The soldiers that the *Monmouth* wear,
On castle's tops their ensigns rear.
The seaman with the thrumb doth stand
On higher parts than all the land.—*Reed.*

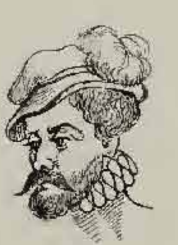
"The best caps, (says Fuller, in his Worthies of Wales, p. 50,) were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *Capper's* chapel doth still remain.—If (he adds) at this day [1660] the phrase of 'wearing a Monmouth cap' be taken in a bad acception, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion thereof."—*Malone.*

The German loves his cony-wool,
The Irishman his shag too;
The Welsh his *Monmouth* loves to wear,
And of the same will brag too.
Colgrave's Wits Interpreter, 1671, p. 270.

And get him as much green melmet perhap,
Sall give it a face to his *Monmouth Cap.*
The Welshman's Praise of Wales, n. d.

Slept in his clothes, like Westerne Pugge,
Sans *Monmouth Cap* or gowne of rugge;
And now, for trophey of rich price,
Hangs up his garments full of lice.—*Coryat's Crudities*, 1611.

The daughter's 4. sonnes kneeled all the while at the edge of the halfe-pace, all in blacke-gownes, and, as they went to Church, in round *Monmoth-Capps* (as my man said, for I looked not backe) the rest all in blacke, save one of the daughters, whoe was in a Fryer's greene gowne.—*MS. printed at the end of Hearne's Peter Langtoft.* The annexed representation of a Monmouth cap is from a portrait of Sir William Stanley, temp. Elizabeth.



The German loves his coony-wooll,
The Irish-man his shag too;
The Welch his *Monmouth* loves to weare,
And of the same will brag too.
Heywood's Challenge for Beautie, 1636.

[21] *When Alençon and myself were down together.*

This circumstance was not an invention of Shakespeare's. Henry was felled to the ground at the battle of Agincourt, by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the Duke's attendants. Afterwards Alençon was killed by the King's guard, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to have saved him.—*Malone.*

Chorus.

Enter CHORUS.

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now, we bear the king
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which, like a mighty whiffler[1] 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him, to have borne
His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,
Before him, through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride,
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,
Quite from himself, to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens.
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,

Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in :
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him ![2] much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now, in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the king of England's stay at home :
The emperor's coming[3] in behalf of France,
To order peace between them ; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France :
There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd
The interim, by remembering you, 'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [*Exit.*]

Act the Fifth.

SCENE I.—*France.* *An English* Court of Guard.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions, and causes, why and wherefore, in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower. The rascally, scald, peggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and pid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not preed no contention with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree.[4] I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge. I eat, and eat I swear—

Flu. Eat, I pray you. Will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is goot.—Hold you; there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes; verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now?
News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital
Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French* King's *Palace.*

Enter, at one door, King HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and other* Lords; *at another, the French* King, Queen ISABEL, *the* Princess KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, *&c.*, *the* Duke *of* BURGUNDY, *and his* Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,[5]
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Hen. To cry amen to that thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love.
Great kings of France and England, that I have labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since, then, my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face, and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view,
What rub, or what impediment, there is,
Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached,[6]
Like prisoners wildly over-grown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas
The darnel,[7] hemlock, and rank fumitory,
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts,
That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness, and nothing teems,
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;

And as our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness;
Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,
Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country,
But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,
That nothing do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniencies,
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

Bur. The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'er-glanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.[8]

K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,—
Warwick,—and Huntington,—go with the king;
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands,
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but* King HENRY, KATHARINE, *and her* Gentlewoman.

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. Pardonnez moy, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

Kath. Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment, sauf vostre grace, ainsi dit il.

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. Ouy; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad, thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king,[9] that thou wouldst think, I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i'faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, me understand well.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If

I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle[10] with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife: or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou can'st love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy,[11] for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king, and what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me, you should love the friend of France, for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off.—*Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy,* (let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is't not, Kate; but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? Canst thou love me?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know, thou lovest me: and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully, the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divin deesse?*

Kath. Your *majesté* have *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage damoiselle* dat is *en France.*

King Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect[12] of my visage. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katherine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall please de *roy mon pere.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abbaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas la coûtume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, in English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entend* bettre *que moy.*

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment.

K. Hen. O, Kate! nice customs curtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all find-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French King *and* Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, *and other French and English* Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty. My royal cousin,
Teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind. Can you blame her, then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink, and yield, as love is blind, and enforces.

Bur. They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summered and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time, and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively: the cities turned into a maid, for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her; so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is't so, my lords of England?

West. The king hath granted every article:
His daughter, first; and in sequel, all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:—
Where your majesty demands,—that the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, heretier de France;* and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus filius*[13] *noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale,
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen.

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;

That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other!—God speak this Amen!
All. Amen!
K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage:—on which day,
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,
And all the peers' for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be! [*Exeunt.*

Chorus.

Enter CHORUS.

Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
  Our bending author hath pursu'd the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
  Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
  This star of England. Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
  And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the sixth, in infant bands crown'd king
  Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
  That they lost France, and made his England bleed;
Which oft our stage hath shown, and for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

Notes to the Fifth Act.

[1] *Like a mighty whiffler fore the king.*

Whifflers were persons going before a great personage or procession, furnished with staves or wands to clear the way. The junior liverymen of the city companies, who walk first in processions, are still called *whifflers*, from the circumstance of their going before. There have been several errors, as Douce remarks, in the attempts to give the origin of the term: he derives it from *whiffle*, which, he says, is another name for a fife, as fifers usually preceded armies or processions. It strikes me that it may be only a corruption of *way-feeler*, as it exists in several northern tongues. In the old Teutonic and in the Flemish, *weyffeler* or *wjifeler* has the same meaning as our whiffler. Bastoniera, in Italian, is 'a verger, a mace bearer, a stickler, or a *whiffler*, also a cudgeller, a staffman,' according to Torriano. Minsheu renders a *whiffler*, 'Bastonero, in Spanish, i. e. a clubman.' And Grose, who thought the word local, says, 'Whifflers are men who make way for the corporation of Norwich by *flourishing their swords.—Singer.*

Passing the gate, *Wifflers* (such Officers as were appointed by the Mayor) to make me way through the throng of the people which prest so mightily upon me, with great labour I got thorow that narrow preaze into the open market place; where on the crosse, ready prepared, stood the Citty Waytes, which not a little refreshed my wearines with toyling thorow so narrow a lane as the people left me: such Waytes (under Benedicite be it spoken) fewe citties in our realme have the like, none better; who, besides their excellency in wind instruments, their rare cunning on the vyoll and violin, theyr voices be admirable, everie one of them able to serve in any cathedrall church in Christendoome for quiristers.—*Kemp's Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600.

I can go in no corner, but I meet with some of my *wifflers* in their accoutrements; you may hear 'em half a mile ere they come at you, and smell 'em half an hour after they are past you; six or seven make a perfect morrice-dance; they need no bells, their spurs serve their turn: I am ashamed to train 'em abroad; they'll say I carry a whole forest of feathers with me, and I should plod afore 'em in plain stuff, like a writing schoolmaster before his boys when they go a-feasting;

I am afraid of nothing but I shall be balladed, I and all my wifflers.—*Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606.

Standing at a stall in the Old Baily, I heard the sound of drums and guns, and drawing near to see it, there came *whifflers* with staves red and white, with a lustie company of good archers very well and seemly apparelled, bearing bows and shafts.—*The Duke of Shoreditch.*

Great men have those that clear the passage, that prepare their way before them; but they can't say to Death,—stand off, bear back,—or if they do, that grim sir minds not these *whifflers*, but goes on his equal pace, and makes not distinction betwixt the poor man's hut, and the prince's palace.—*Nailour's Commemoration Sermon preached at Darby*, Feb. 18, 1674.

[2] *To welcome him.*

Our author had the best grounds for supposing that Lord Essex, on his return from Ireland, would be attended with a numerous concourse of well-wishers; for, on his setting out for that country in the spring of the year in which this play was written, "he took horse (says the Continuator of Stowe's Chronicle) in Seeding lane, and from thence being accompanied with diverse noblemen and many others, himselfe very plainly attired, roade through Grace-church street, Cornhill, Cheapside, and other high streets, in all which places and in the fields, the people pressed exceedingly to behold him, especially in the high way for more than foure miles space, crying, and saying, God blesse your Lordship, God preserve your honour, &c. and some followed him till the evening, only to behold him."—"Such and so great (adds the same writer) was the hearty love and deep affection of the people towards him, by reason of his bounty, liberalitie, affabilitie, and mild behaviour, that as well schollars, souldiers, citizens, saylers, &c. protestants, papists, sectaries and atheists, yea women and children which never saw him, that it was held in them a happiness to follow the worst of his fortunes." That such a man should have fallen a sacrifice to the caprice of a fantastick woman, and the machinations of the detestable Cecil, must ever be lamented. His return from Ireland, however, was very different from what our poet predicted. See a curious account of it in the Sydney Papers, vol. ii. p. 127.—*Malone.*

Few noblemen of his age were more courted by poets. From Spenser, to the lowest rhymer, he was the subject of numerous sonnets or popular ballads. I will not except Sydney. I could produce evidence to prove that he scarce ever went out of England, or left London, on the most frivolous enterprize, without a pastoral in his praise, or a panegyrick in metre, which were sold or sung in the streets.—*T. Warton.*

To such compliments as are here bestowed by our author on the earl of Essex, Barnabie Riche, in his Souldier's Wishe to Britons Welfare, or Captain Skill and Captain Pill, 1604, p. 21, seems to allude: "—not so much as a memorandum for the most honourable enterprizes, how worthily so ever performed, unless perhaps a little commendation in a ballad, *or if a man be favoured by a playmaker, he may sometimes be canonized on a stage.*"—*Steevens.*

[3] *The emperor's coming.*

The emperor Sigismond, who was married to Henry's second cousin. If the text be right, I suppose the meaning is—The emperor *is* coming, &c. but I suspect some corruption, for the Chorus speaks of the emperor's visit as now *past.* I believe a line has been lost before "The emperor's," &c.—If we transpose the words *and omit*, we have a very unmetrical line, but better sense. "Omit the emperor's coming,—and all the occurrences which happened till Harry's return to France." Perhaps this was the author's meaning, even as the words stand. If so, the mark of parenthesis should be placed after the word *home*, and a comma after *them*.—*Malone.*

The embarrassment of this passage will be entirely removed by a very slight alteration, the omission of a single letter, and reading—

"The *emperor* coming in behalf of France,"

Instead of—*emperor's*.—*M. Mason.*

Capell proposes the following insertion:—

To order peace between them: *But these now*
We pass in silence over; and omit, &c.—*Boswell.*

[4] *Squire of low degree.*

That is, "I will bring thee to the ground." The "Squire of Low Degree" is the title of an old romance, enumerated, among other books, in A Letter concerning Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kenelworth.—*Steevens.*

This metrical romance, which was very popular among our countrymen in ancient times, was burlesqued by Chaucer, in his rhyme of Sir Thopas, and begins thus:—

It was a *squyre of lowe degre*,
That loved the king's daughter of Hungré.—*Percy.*

[5] *Troyes in Champagne.*

Henry, some time before his marriage with Katharine, accompanied by his brothers, uncles, &c. had a conference with her, the French King and Queen, the Duke of Burgundy, &c. in a field near Melun, where two pavilions were erected for the royal families, and a third between them for the council to assemble in and deliberate on the articles of peace. "The Frenchmen, (says the Chronicle,) ditched, trenched, and paled their lodgings for fear of after clappes; but the Englishmen had their parte of the field only *barred* and parted." But the treaty was then broken off. Some time afterwards they again met in St. Peter's church at Troyes in Champagne, where Katharine was affianced to Henry, and the articles of peace between France and England finally concluded.—Shakespeare, having mentioned, in the course of this scene, "a bar and royal interview," seems to have had the former place of meeting in his thoughts; the description of the field near Melun, in the Chronicle, somewhat corresponding to that of a bar or barriers. But the place of the present scene is certainly Troyes in Champagne. However, as St. Peter's Church would not admit of the French King and Queen, &c. retiring, and then appearing again on the scene, I have supposed, with the former editors, the interview to take place in a palace.—*Malone.*

[6] *Her hedges even-pleached.*

This image of prisoners is oddly introduced. A "hedge even-pleached" is more properly imprisoned than when it luxuriates in unpruned exuberance.—*Johnson.*

Johnson's criticism on this passage has no just foundation. The king compares the disorderly shoots of an unclipped hedge, to the hair and beard of a prisoner, which he has neglected to trim; a neglect natural to a person who lives alone, and in a dejected state of mind.—*M. Mason.*

The learned commentator (Dr. Johnson) misapprehended, I believe, our author's sentiment. Hedges are pleached, that is, their long branches, being cut off, are twisted and woven through the lower part of the hedge, in order to thicken and strengthen the fence. The following year, when the hedge shoots out, it is customary, in many places, to clip the shoots, so as to render them even. The Duke of Burgundy, therefore, among other instances of the neglect of husbandry, mentions this; that the hedges, which *were* even-pleached, for want of trimming, put forth irregular twigs; like prisoners, who in their confinement have neglected the use of the razor, and in consequence are wildly overgrown with hair. The hedge, in its cultivated state, when it is *even-pleached*, is compared to the prisoner: in its "wild exuberance," it resembles the prisoner "overgrown with hair." As a hedge, however, that is *even-pleached* or woven together, and one that is *clipt*, are alike reduced to an even surface, our author, with his usual licence, might have meant only by *even-pleached*, "our hedges which were heretofore *clipp'd* smooth and even." The line "Like prisoners," &c. it should be observed, relates to the one which follows, and not to that which precedes it. The construction is, 'Her even-pleached hedges put forth disordered twigs, resembling persons in prison, whose faces are from neglect over-grown with hair.'—*Malone.*

[7] *The darnel.*

Readers of Shakespeare, who are not versed in botany, do not, I believe, in general know, that this is still the English name for the genus *lolium*, which contains *ray-grass*, a very troublesome weed, called *lolium perenne.* See *Epitome of Hortus Kewensis*, p. 25. Gerard says it is the most hurtful of weeds. Drayton gives it a crimson flower, perhaps mistaking the wild poppy for it, Polyolb. xv. p. 946.—*Nares.*

[8] *Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.*

As the French King desires more time to consider deliberately of the articles, 'tis odd and absurd for him to say absolutely, that he would accept them all. He certainly must mean, that he would at once *wave* and *decline* what he disliked, and consign to such as he approved of. Our author uses *pass* in this manner in other places; as in King John:—"But if you fondly *pass* our proffer'd love."—*Warburton.*

The objection is founded, I apprehend, on a misconception of the word *accept*, which does not, I think, import that he would accept them all, but means *acceptation.* We will immediately, says he, deliver our *acceptation* of these articles,—the opinion which we shall form upon them, and our peremptory answer to each particular. Fuller, in his Worthies, 1660, uses *acception* for *acceptation.* If any change were to be made, I would rather read,—"Pass *or except*," &c. i. e. *agree* to, or *except* against the articles, as I should either approve or dislike them. So, in a subsequent part of this scene:—

> Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
> But your request shall make me let *it pass.*—*Malone.*

"Pass *our* accept, and peremptory answer," i. e. we will pass our acceptance of what we approve, and we will pass a peremptory answer to the rest. Politeness might forbid his saying, we will pass a denial, but his own dignity required more time for deliberation. Besides, if we read pass *or* accept, is not *peremptory answer* superfluous, and plainly implied in the former words?—*Tollet.*

[9] *Such a plain king.*

I know not why Shakespeare now gives the king nearly such a character as he made him formerly ridicule in Percy. This military grossness and unskilfulness in all the softer arts does not suit very well with the gaieties of his youth, with the general knowledge ascribed to him at his accession, or with the contemptuous message sent him by the Dauphin, who represents him as fitter for a ball-room than the field, and tells him that he is not *to revel into duchies*, or win provinces *with a nimble galliard.* The truth is, that the poet's matter failed him in the fifth

Act, and he was glad to fill it up with whatever he could get; and not even Shakespeare can write well without a proper subject. It is a vain endeavour for the most skilful hand to cultivate barrenness, or to paint upon vacuity.—*Johnson.*

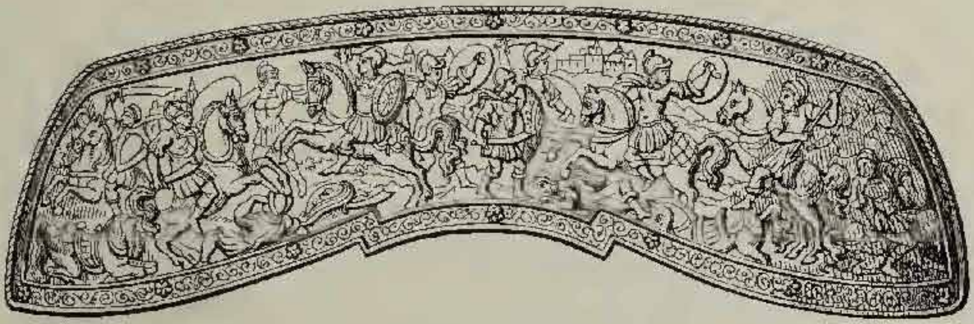
Our author, I believe, was led imperceptibly by the old play to give this representation of Henry, and meant probably, in this speech at least, not to oppose the *soldier* to the *lover*, but the plain, honest *Englishman*, to the less sincere and more talkative *Frenchman*. In the old King Henry V. 1598, the corresponding speech stands thus:—

> *Hen.* Tush Kate, but tell me in plain terms,
> Canst thou love the king of England?
> *I* cannot do *as these countries* [perhaps *counties*, i. e. noblemen] *do*,
> That spend half their time in wooing:
> Tush, wench, *I am none such;*
> But wilt thou go over to England?

The subsequent speech, however, "Marry, if you would put me to verses," &c. fully justifies Dr. Johnson's observation.—*Malone.*

[10] *By vaulting into my saddle.*

The following engraving represents a portion of a saddle of this period very richly ornamented, such a one as Henry would have used.



[11] *Of plain and uncoined constancy.*

That is, a constancy in the ingot, that hath suffered no alloy, as all coined metal has.—*Warburton.*

I believe this explanation to be more ingenious than true; to *coin* is to *stamp* and to *counterfeit*. He uses it in both senses; *uncoined* constancy signifies *real* and *true constancy*, *unrefined* and *unadorned*.—*Johnson.*

"Uncoined constancy," resembling a plain piece of metal that has not yet received any impression. Katharine was the first woman that Henry had ever loved.—A. C.

[12] *The poor and untempering effect.*

Warburton writes,—certainly *untempting*. *Untempering* I believe to have been the poet's word. The sense is, I conceive, 'that you love me, notwithstanding my face has no power to *temper*,' i. e., soften you to my purpose:—

> —— nature made you
> To *temper* man—.—*Otway.*

So again, in Titus Andronicus, which may, at least, be quoted as the work of an author contemporary with Shakespeare:—

> And *temper* him with all the art I have.

Again, in King Henry IV. Part II.: "I have him already *tempering* between my thumb and finger—."—*Steevens.*

[13] *Præclarissimus filius.*

In all the old historians that I have seen, as well as in Holinshed, I find this mistake; but in the preamble of the original treaty of Troyes, Henry is styled *Præcarissimus;* and in the 22d article the stipulation is, that he shall always be called, "in lingua Gallicana notre tres cher fils, &c. in lingua vero Latina hoc modo, noster *præcarissimus* filius Henricus, &c." See Rymer's Fœd. ix. 893.—*Malone.*

Dr. Farmer, in his essay on the learning of Shakespeare, winds up his many proofs of the ignorance of our poet by the following argument, the crown of all: —"But to come to a conclusion, I will give you an irrefragable argument that Shakespeare did *not* understand *two* very common words in the French and Latin languages. According to the articles of agreement between the conqueror, Henry, and the King of France, the latter was to style the former (in the corrected French of the former editions) Nostre *tres cher* filz Henry roy d'Angleterre; and in Latin, Præclarissimus filius, &c. 'What!' says Dr. Warburton, 'is *tres cher* in French, præclarissimus in Latin? we should read præcarissimus.' This appears to be exceedingly true; but how came the blunder? it is a typographical one in Holinshed, which Shakespeare copied; but must indisputably have corrected, had he been acquainted with the languages." Now really this is a very weak argument, upon Farmer's own showing: for Shakespeare, finding the passage in Holinshed, was bound to copy it, without setting himself up as a verbal critic; nor was it necessary that the Latin words of the treaty should have exactly corresponded to the French. He might have understood the agreement to mean that the *very dear* son in the one language should be the *most noble* son in the other. But Malone says that the mistake is in all the old historians, as well as in Holinshed. He is not quite right in this statement, for the word is *precharissimus* in Hall. At any rate, the truth could not be ascertained till the publication of such a work as Rymer's 'Fœdera,' where, in the treaty of Troyes, the word stands *præcarissimus.* By a super-refinement of veneration for Shakespeare, as justifiable as Farmer's coarse depreciation of him, the *præclarissimus* might be taken to prove his learning; for Capell maintains that *præcarissimus* is no Latin word. We give this note to show what stuff criticism may be made of when it departs from the safe resting-place of common sense.—*C. Knight.*

END OF VOL. X.