



**UNIVERSITETET  
I OSLO**

Institutt for litteratur, områdestudier og europeiske språk

**EXAM  
2010/FALL  
1 page + attachment**

**ENG2327- Shakespeare**

**Attachment: 20 pages**

**Duration: 4 hours**

**Thursday, 02 december 2010**

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**You are allowed an English-English dictionary.**

Write an essay on *ONE* of the following topics:

*EITHER*

1. Write an essay on the excerpt from *Antony and Cleopatra* (text provided). Discuss key themes, sources of dramatic conflict, and aspects of language and characterization in relation to the play as a whole. You must not feel obliged to comment on every part of the excerpt, but should select the passages needed to support your argument.

*OR*

2. Write an essay on the excerpt from *Henry V* (text provided). Discuss key themes, sources of dramatic conflict, and aspects of language and characterization in relation to the play as a whole. You must not feel obliged to comment on every part of the excerpt, but should select the passages needed to support your argument.

**Explanation: For an explanation of the mark obtained: contact the responsible teacher of the course no later than 1 week after the exam results have been published in StudentWeb. Remember to include your name and candidate number. The examiner will then decide whether to give a written explanation or call you in for an interview.**

1)

## ACT 4, SCENE 1.

*Near Alexandria. Caesar's camp.**Enter CÆSAR (reading a letter), AGRIPPA and MÆCENAS, with his ARMY.*

CÆSAR He calls me boy, and chides as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt. My messenger  
He hath whipped with rods; dares me to

personal combat,  
Cæsar to Antony. Let the old ruffian know  
I have many other ways to die; meantime  
Laugh at his challenge.

MÆCENAS Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of his distraction. Never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

CÆSAR Let our best heads  
Know that tomorrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,  
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it done,  
And feast the army: we have store to do't,  
And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE 2.

*Alexandria. Inside Cleopatra's palace.**Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS and OTHERS.*

ANTONY He will not fight with me, Domitius?

ENOBARB. No.

ANTONY Why should he not?

ENOBARB. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
He is twenty men to one.

ANTONY Tomorrow, soldier,

By sea and land I'll fight. Or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woot thou fight well?  
I'll strike, and cry 'Take all!'

ANTONY Well said. Come on:  
Call forth my household servants: let's tonight  
Be bounteous at our meal. [*Enobarbus calls.*]

*Enter six SERVANTS.*

[*To servants in turn:*] Give me thy hand:  
Thou hast been rightly honest; so hast thou,  
Thou, and thou, and thou. You have served me well,  
And kings have been your fellows.

CLEOPATRA [*aside to Enobarbus:*] What means this?  
ENOBARB. 'Tis one of those odd tricks which sorrow shoots  
Out of the mind.

ANTONY [*to a servant:*] And thou art honest too.  
I wish I could be made so many men,  
And all of you clapped up together in  
An Antony, that I might do you service  
So good as you have done.

SERVANTS The gods forbid!  
ANTONY Well, my good fellows, wait on me tonight:  
Scant not my cups, and make as much of me  
As when mine empire was your fellow too  
And suffered my command.

CLEOPATRA [*aside to Enobarbus:*] What does he mean?  
ENOBARB. To make his followers weep.  
ANTONY [*to servants:*] Tend me tonight;

May be it is the period of your duty.  
Haply you shall not see me more; or if,  
A mangled shadow. Perchance tomorrow  
You'll serve another master. I look on you  
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,  
I turn you not away; but, like a master  
Married to your good service, stay till death.  
Tend me tonight two hours, I ask no more,  
And the gods yield you for't!

ENOBARB. What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep,  
And I, an ass, an onion-eyed. For shame,  
Transform us not to women.

ANTONY

Ho, ho, ho!

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus!  
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,  
You take me in too dolorous a sense;  
For I spake to you for your comfort, did desire you  
To burn this night with torches. Know, my hearts,  
I hope well of tomorrow, and will lead you  
Where rather I'll expect victorious life  
Than death and honour. Let's to supper, come,  
And drown consideration. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE 3.

*Alexandria. Near Cleopatra's palace.**Enter two SOLDIERS.<sup>90</sup>*

SOLDIER 1 Brother, good night; tomorrow is the day.

SOLDIER 2 It will determine one way. Fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

SOLDIER 1 Nothing: what news?

SOLDIER 2 Belike 'tis but a rumour. Good night to you.

SOLDIER 1 Well sir, good night.

*Enter two SOLDIERS, meeting them.*

SOLDIER 2 Soldiers, have careful watch.

SOLDIER 3 And you. Good night, good night.

*They place themselves in every corner.*

SOLDIER 2 Here we; and if tomorrow

Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope

Our landmen will stand up.

SOLDIER 1

"Tis a brave army,

And full of purpose.

*[Music of hautboys beneath.<sup>91</sup>*

SOLDIER 2

Peace! What noise?

SOLDIER 1

List, List!

SOLDIER 2 Hark!

Music i'th' air.

SOLDIER 1

Under the earth.

SOLDIER 3

It signs well, does it not?

SOLDIER 3

No.

SOLDIER 1

Peace, I say!

SOLDIER 2

What should this mean?

SOLDIER 2

'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony loved,

SOLDIER 1

Now leaves him.

SOLDIER 1

Walk: let's see if other watchmen

SOLDIER 2

Do hear what we do.

SOLDIER 2

How now, masters!

ALL

*[speaking together.]*

How now?

SOLDIER 1

How now? Do you hear this?

SOLDIER 1

Ay, is't not strange?

SOLDIER 3

Do you hear, masters? Do you hear?

SOLDIER 1

Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;

ALL

Let's see how it will give off.

ALL

Content. 'Tis strange. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE 4.

*Alexandria. Inside Cleopatra's palace.**Enter ANTONY, followed by CLEOPATRA and CHARMIAN.*ANTONY *[calling.]* Eros! Mine armour, Eros!

CLEOPATRA

Sleep a little.

ANTONY

No, my chuck. — Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

*Enter EROS with armour.*

Come, good fellow, put thine iron on.

If Fortune be not ours today, it is

Because we brave her. Come.

CLEOPATRA

Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

Ah, let be, let be! Thou art *[She tries to equip him.]*

ANTONY

The armourer of my heart. False, false; this, this.

102 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA 4, 4

CLEOPATRA Sooth, law, I'll help: thus it must be.<sup>92</sup>  
ANTONY Well, well,

We shall thrive now. — Seest thou, my good fellow?  
Go put on thy defences.

EROS Briefly, sir. 10

CLEOPATRA Is not this buckled well?

ANTONY Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To daff't for our repose, shall hear a storm. —

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my Queen's a squire

More tight at this than thou: dispatch. — O love,

That thou couldst see my wars today, and knew'st

The royal occupation! Thou shouldst see

A workman in't.

*Enter an armed soldier.*

— Good morrow to thee: welcome.

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

To business that we love we rise betime, 20

And go to't with delight.

SOLDIER A thousand, sir,

Early though't be, have on their riveted trim,

And at the port expect you. [*Shouts heard. Trumpets flourish.*]

*Enter CAPTAINS and SOLDIERS.*

CAPTAIN The morn is fair. Good morrow, General.

ALL Good morrow, General.

ANTONY 'Tis well blow'n, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth

That means to be of note, begins betimes.

So, so. Come, give me that; this way; well said!

— Fare thee well, dame; what'er becomes of me,

This is a soldier's kiss [*He kisses Cleopatra.*]: rebukable 30

And worthy shameful check it were, to stand

On more mechanic compliment. I'll leave thee

Now like a man of steel. — You that will fight,

Follow me close; I'll bring you to't. — Adieu.

*[Exeunt all except Cleopatra and Charmian.]*

CHARMIAN Please you retire to your chamber?

CLEOPATRA Lead me.

4, 4 ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA 103

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
Determine this great war in single fight!  
Then, Antony; but now. . . Well, on. *[Exeunt.]*

#### SCENE 5.

*Near Alexandria. Antony's camp.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY, EROS, and a SOLDIER meeting them.*<sup>93</sup>

SOLDIER The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

ANTONY Would thou and those thy scars had once prevailed

To make me fight at land!

SOLDIER Hadst thou done so,

The kings that have revolted, and the soldier

That has this morning left thee, would have still

Followed thy heels.

Who's gone this morning?

ANTONY Who? 10

SOLDIER One ever near thee. Call for Eno-barbus,

He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp

Say 'I am none of thine'.

What sayest thou?

ANTONY Sir,

SOLDIER He is with Cæsar.

EROS Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

Is he gone?

ANTONY Most certain.

SOLDIER Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;

Detain no jot, I charge thee. Write to him

(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings;

Say that I wish he never find more cause

To change a master. — O, my fortunes have

Corrupted honest men! — Dispatch. — Eno-barbus!

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE 6.

*Near Alexandria. Caesar's camp.**Flourish. Enter CAESAR, AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS and DOLABELLA.*

CAESAR Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight.

Our will is Antony be took alive;

Make it so known.

AGRIPPA Caesar, I shall. [Exit.]

CAESAR The time of universal peace is near.

Prove this a prosp'rous day, the three-hooked world

Shall bear the olive freely.<sup>94</sup>*Enter a MESSENGER.*

MESSEN. Antony

Is come into the field.

CAESAR Go charge Agrippa

Plant those that have revolted in the vant,

That Antony may seem to spend his fury

Upon himself. [Exeunt all except Enobarbus.]

ENOBARB. Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on

Affairs of Antony; there did dissuade

Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar

And leave his master Antony. For this pains

Caesar hath hang'd him.<sup>95</sup> Canidius and the rest

That fell away have entertainment, but

No honourable trust. I have done ill,

Of which I do accuse myself so sorely

That I will joy no more.

*Enter a SOLDIER of Caesar's.*

SOLDIER Enobarbus, Antony

Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with

His bounty over-plus. The messenger

Came on my guard, and at thy tent is now

Unloading of his mules.

I give it you.

ENOBARB. Mock not, Enobarbus:

I tell you true. Best you safed the bringer

Out of the host. I must attend mine office,

Or would have done't myself. Your Emperor

Continues still a Jove.

ENOBARB. I am alone the villain of the earth,

And feel I am so most. O Antony,

Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid

My better service, when my turpitude

Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart.

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean

Shall outstrike thought; but thought will do't, I feel.

I fight against thee? No, I will go seek

Some ditch wherein to die: the foul'st best fits

My latter part of life. [Exit.]

## SCENE 7.

*Near Alexandria. The battlefield.**Alarum. Drums and trumpets are heard. Enter AGRIPPA and OTHERS.*

AGRIPPA Retire! We have engaged ourselves too far:

Caesar himself has work, and our oppression

Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.]

*Alarum. Enter SCARRUS (wounded) with ANTONY.*

SCARRUS O my brave Emperor, this is fought indeed!

Had we done so at first, we had droven them home

With clouts about their heads.

ANTONY Thou bleed'st apace.

SCARRUS I had a wound here that was like a 'T',

But now 'tis made an 'H'.<sup>96</sup> [Retreat sounded far off.]

ANTONY They do retire.

SCARRUS We'll beat 'em into bench-holes. I have yet

Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

EROS They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves

For a fair victory.

SCARRUS Let us score their backs

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EROS They are beaten, sir, and our advantage serves

For a fair victory.

SCARRUS Let us score their backs

And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind:  
'Tis sport to maul a runner.

ANTONY

I will reward thee

Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold  
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

SCARRUS

I'll halt after.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE 8.

*Near the battlefield.*

*Alarm. Enter ANTONY, SCARRUS and SOLDIERS, marching  
as from victory, with drums and trumpets. They halt.*

ANTONY

We have beat him to his camp. Run one before,  
And let the Queen know of our gests.

[*Exit soldier.*]

Tomorrow,

Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood  
That has today escaped. I thank you all,  
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought  
Not as you served the cause, but as't had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's.<sup>97</sup>  
Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends;  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honoured gashes whole.

10

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

[*To Scarrus:*] Give me thy hand:

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee. [*To Cleopatra:*] O thou  
day o'th'world,

Chain mine armed neck; leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triumphing!

CLEOPATRA

Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue, com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare uncaught?

ANTONY

My nightingale,

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl:

Though grey

Do something mingle with our younger brown,

yet ha've

20

A brain that nourishes our nerves and can  
Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand:

Kiss it, my warrior: he hath fought today

As if a god, in hate of mankind, had

Destroyed in such a shape. [*Scarrus kisses her hand.*]

CLEOPATRA

[*to Scarrus:*]

I'll give thee, friend,

An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

He has deserved it, were it carbuncled

Like holy Phoebus' car. Give me thy hand.

Through Alexandria make a jolly march;

Bear our hacked targets like the men that owe them.

Had our great palace the capacity

To camp this host, we all would sup together

And drink carouses to the next day's fate,

Which promises royal peril. [*He calls:*] Trumpeters,

With brazen din blast you the city's ear,

Make mingle with our rattling tabourines,

That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,

Applauding our approach!

[*Loud fanfare sounds. Exeunt.*]

30

## SCENE 9.

*Near Alexandria. Caesar's camp.*

*Enter a SENTRY and his company of WATCHMEN.*

*Enter, separately, ENOBARBUS.*

SENTRY

If we be not relieved within this hour,

We must return to th' court of guard: the night

Is shiny, and they say we shall embattle

By th' second hour i'th' morn.

WATCH. 1

This last day was

A shrewd one to's.

ENOBARR.

O, bear me witness, night.

WATCH. 2 What man is this? Stand close, and list him.

WATCH. 1 [They eavesdrop.]

ENOBARR. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon.

When men revolved shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent. 10

SENTRY Enobarbus?

WATCH. 2 Peace: hark further.

ENOBARR. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me. Throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault,  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. — O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular,  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver and a fugitive. 20

O Antony! O Antony! [He dies.]

WATCH. 1 Let's speak to him.

SENTRY Let's hear him, for the things he speaks

May concern Cæsar.

WATCH. 2 Let's do so. But he sleeps.

SENTRY Swoonds rather, for so bad a prayer as his

Was never yet for sleep.

Go we to him.

WATCH. 1 Awake, sir, awake. Speak to us.

WATCH. 2 Hear you, sir? [Drums far off.] 30

SENTRY The hand of death hath raught him. Hark: the drums

Demurely wake the sleepers. Let's bear him  
To th' court of guard: he is of note. Our hour  
Is fully out.

WATCH. 2 Come on, then; he may recover yet.  
[Exeunt, bearing Enobarbus.]

## SCENE 10.

Near Alexandria.

Enter ANTONY and SCARRUS, with their ARMY.

Their preparation is today by sea:

We please them not by land.

For both, my lord.

I would they'd fight i'th' fire or i'th' air;<sup>98</sup>  
We'd fight there too. But this it is, our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city

Shall stay with us (order for sea is given;

They have put forth the haven),

Where their appointment we may best discover,

And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE 11.

Near Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR and his ARMY.

But being charged, we will be still by land;

Which, as I take't, we shall, for his best force

Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales,

And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE 12.

A hill near Alexandria.

Enter ANTONY and SCARRUS.

Yet they are not joined. Where yond pine does stand,

I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word

Straight, how 'tis like to go. [Exit.]

Swallows have built

In Cleopatra's sails their nests.<sup>99</sup> The augurers

Say they know not, they cannot tell; look grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant and dejected, and by starts  
His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear,  
Of what he has and has not.

*Alarum far off. The sea-battle proceeds and ends.* 100

*Enter ANTONY.*

ANTONY

All is lost!

10

This foul Egyptian hath betrayèd me:  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe, and yonder  
They cast their caps up and carouse together  
Like friends long lost. — Triple-turned whore, 'tis thou  
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee! [*To Scarnus.*] Bid them all fly;  
For when I am revenged upon my charm,  
I have done all. Bid them all fly: be gone! [*Exit Scarnus.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more.

Fortune and Antony part here: even here

20

Do we shake hands. All come to this? The hearts  
That spanieled me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets  
On blossoming Caesar; and this pine is barked,  
That overtopped them all. Betrayed I am. 101  
O this false soul of Egypt! This grave charm,  
Whose eye becked forth my wars and called

them home,

Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,

Like a right gypsy hath at fast and loose

Beguled me to the very heart of loss.

[*He calls:*] What, Eros, Eros!

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

Ah, thou spell! Avaunt! 30

CLEOPATRA Why is my lord enraged against his love?

ANTONY Vanish, or I shall give thee thy deserving.

And blemish Caesar's triumph. Let him take thee,

And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians;

Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot

Of all thy sex. Most monster-like, be shown

For poor'st diminutives, for dolts, 102 and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her preparèd nails. [*Exit Cleopatra.*

'Tis well thou'rt gone,

40

If it be well to live; but better 'twere  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many. — Eros, ho! —  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage.  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o' th' moon,  
And, with those hands that grasped the heaviest club,  
Subdue my worthiest self. 103 — The witch shall die.  
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
Under this plot. She dies for't. — Eros, ho! [*Exit.*

SCENE 13.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS and MARDIAN.*

CLEOPATRA Help me, my women! O, he's more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield; the Boar of Thesaly  
Was never so embossed. 104

CHARMIAN

To th' monument.

There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.

The soul and body rive not more in parting

Than greatness going off.

CLEOPATRA

To th' monument!

— Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;

Say that the last I spoke was 'Antony',

And word it (prithce) piteously. Hence, Mardian,

And bring me how he takes my death.

To th' monument! [*Exit* 10



## SCENE 14.

*Alexandria. Cleopatra's palace.**Enter ANTONY and EROS.*

ANTONY Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

Ay, noble lord.

EROS

Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,

A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,

A towered citadel, a pendent rock,

A forked mountain, or blue promontory

With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,

And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these signs;

They are black Vesper's pageants.

EROS

Ay, my lord.

ANTONY That which is now a horse, even with a thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct

As water is in water.

EROS

It does, my lord.

ANTONY My good knave Eros, now thy captain is

Even such a body: here I am Antony,

Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.

I made these wars for Egypt, and the Queen –

Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,

Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto t

A million moe (now lost) – she, Eros, has

Packed cards with Caesar, and false-played my glory

Unto an enemy's triumph.<sup>105</sup>

Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us

Ourselves to end ourselves.

*Enter MARDIAN.*

– O, thy vile lady!

She has robbed me of my sword.

MARDIAN

No, Antony,

My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled

With thine entirely.

ANTONY

Hence, saucy eunuch! Peace!

MARDIAN

She hath betrayed me, and shall die the death.

Death of one person can be paid but once,

And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do

Is done unto thy hand: the last she spake

Was 'Antony! Most noble Antony!';

Then in the midst a tearing groan did break

The name of Antony: it was divided

Between her heart and lips: she rendered life,

Thy name so buried in her.

Dead then? Dead.

ANTONY

MARDIAN

– Unarm, Eros, the long day's task is done,

And we must sleep. [*To Mardian:*] That thou depart'st

hence safe

Does pay thy labour richly. Go. [*Exit Mardian.*]Off, pluck off. [*Eros helps Antony to disarm.*]

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep

This battery from my heart.<sup>106</sup> O, cleave, my sides!

Heart, once be stronger than thy continent:

Crack thy frail case! Apace, Eros, apace! [*He is dismissed.*]

No more a soldier. Bruis'd pieces, go;

You have been nobly borne. [*To Eros:*] From me awhile.[*Exit Eros.*]

I will o'erake thee, Cleopatra, and

Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now

All length is torture: since the torch is out,

Lie down and stray no farther. Now all labour

Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles

Itself with strength. Seal then, and all is done.

– Eros! – I come, my Queen. – Eros! – Stay for me.

Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,

And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:

Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,

And all the haunt be ours.<sup>107</sup> – Come, Eros, Eros!*Enter EROS.*

What would my lord?

EROS

Since Cleopatra died,

ANTONY

I have lived in such dishonour that the gods

Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
 Quartered the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack  
 The courage of a woman: less noble mind  
 Than she which, by her death, our Caesar tells  
 'I am conqueror of myself'. Thou art sworn, Eros,  
 That when the exigent should come (which now  
 Is come indeed), when I should see behind me  
 Th'inevitable prosecution of  
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,  
 Thou then wouldst kill me. Do't: the time is come;  
 Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Caesar thou defeat'st.  
 Put colour in thy cheek.

EROS

The gods withhold me!

70

Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,  
 Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

ANTONY

Eros,

Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome, and see  
 Thy master thus with pleached arms, bending down  
 His corrigible neck, his face subdued  
 To penetrative shame, whilst the wheeled seat  
 Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded  
 His baseness that ensued? <sup>108</sup>

EROS

I would not see't.

ANTONY Come then, for with a wound I must be cured.  
 Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
 Most useful for thy country.

80

EROS

O sir, pardon me!

ANTONY When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then  
 To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once,  
 Or thy precedent services are all  
 But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.  
 Turn from me then that noble countenance,  
 Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

EROS

ANTONY

[*Turning*.] Lo thee.

EROS

My sword is drawn.

ANTONY

Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

EROS

My dear master,

90

My captain, and my Emperor, let me say,  
 Before I strike this bloody stroke 'Farewell'.

ANTONY

'Tis said, man; and farewell.

EROS

Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now?

ANTONY

Now, Eros.

EROS

[*Eros stabs himself.*]

Why, there then. Thus I do escape the sorrow

ANTONY

Of Antony's death.

Thrice-nobler than myself!

[*He dies.*]

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what  
 I should and thou couldst not. My Queen and Eros  
 Have by their brave instruction got upon me  
 A nobleness in record; but I will be

ANTONY

A bridegroom in my death, and run into't

As to a lover's bed. Come then; and, Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar: to do thus

100

[*He stabs himself.*]

I learnt of thee. — How, not dead? Not dead?

— The guard, ho! O, dispatch me!

Enter DERCEtus <sup>109</sup> and GUARDS.

GUARD 1

I have done my work ill, friends: O, make an end

ANTONY

Of what I have begun.

GUARD 2

The star is fall'n.

GUARD 1

And time is at his period.

GUARDS

Alas, and woe!

ANTONY

Let him that loves me strike me dead.

GUARD 1

Not I.

GUARD 2

Nor I.

GUARD 3

[*Exeunt guards.* 110

DERCEtus

Nor any one.

DIOMEDES

Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

DERCEtus

This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings,

DIOMEDES

Shall enter me with him. [*He takes Antony's sword.*]

Enter DIOMEDES.

DIOMEDES Where's Antony?

DERCEtus

There, Diomed, there.

DIOMEDES

Lives he? [*Exit Derceus.*]

Will thou not answer, man?

ANTONY Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword, and give me  
Sufficing strokes for death.

DIOMEDES Most absolute lord,

ANTONY My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

DIOMEDES When did she send thee?

ANTONY Now, my lord.

DIOMEDES Locked in her monument. She had a prophesying fear

Of what hath come to pass: for when she saw

(Which never shall be found) you did suspect

She had disposed with Cæsar, and that your rage

Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;

But fearing since how it might work, hath sent

Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,

I dread, too late.

ANTONY Too late, good Diomed: call my guard, I prithee.

DIOMEDES What ho, the Emperor's guard! The guard, what ho!

Come, your lord calls.

*Enter four or five of Antony's guards.*

ANTONY Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bids.

'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

GUARD 1 Woe, woe are we, sir. You may not live to wear

All your true followers out.

GUARDS Most heavy day!

ANTONY Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate

To grace it with your sorrows. Bid that welcome

Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,

Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up.

I have led you off: carry me now, good friends,

And have my thanks for all.

*[Exeunt, Antony and Eros carried by guards.]*

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

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

CONSTABLE I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way. But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

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

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

DAUPHIN 'Tis midnight. I'll go arm myself. *Exit.*

ORLEANS The Dauphin longs for morning.

RAMBURES He longs to eat the English.

CONSTABLE I think he will eat all he kills.

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

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

ORLEANS He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

CONSTABLE Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

ORLEANS He never did harm, that I heard of.

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

ORLEANS I know him to be valiant.

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

ORLEANS What's he?

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

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

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

ORLEANS Ill will never said well.

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

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

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

79-80 Would . . . desert! I wish I could find words to equal his deserving! 82-3 faced . . . way braved out of my way, put to shame. 84 fain gladly. about the ears buffeting the heads 85 go to hazard bet, play at dice. (But the Constable replies in the sense of "encounter danger.") 95-6 tread . . . oath (1) fulfill the oath by dancing (2) stamp on, spurn the oath. 99 Doing (1) Acting, pretending (2) Copulating. still continually 100 did harm i.e., offended. (But the Constable uses it to mean "hurt any enemy.") 109 He needs not i.e., There is no need for him to proclaim it himself. it i.e., valor 110-11 Never . . . lackey i.e., He shows "valor" only in beating his servant. 111 hooded valor (The hawk was kept hooded to prevent it from beating its wings, or "batting.") 112 bate (1) beat its wings (2) abate, be downcast. 116-17 Give . . . due Give even the devil his due; everyone deserves some praise. (But the Constable turns this proverb against the Dauphin by likening him to the devil.) 118-19 There . . . devil i.e., You just called the Dauphin the devil. 119 Have . . . eye Shoot straight at the mark. (A sporting term appropriate to this verbal contest of "capping proverbs.")

ORLEANS You are the better at proverbs by how much "A fool's bolt is soon shot." 122

CONSTABLE You have shot over. 123

ORLEANS 'Tis not the first time you were overshot. 124

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

CONSTABLE Who hath measured the ground?

MESSENGER The Lord Grandpré.

CONSTABLE A valiant and most expert gentleman.

*[Exit Messenger.]*

Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! He longs not for the dawning as we do.

ORLEANS What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brained followers so far out of his knowledge! 133

CONSTABLE If the English had any apprehension, they would run away. 135

ORLEANS That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armor, they could never wear such heavy headpieces.

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

ORLEANS Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crushed like rotten apples. You may as well say "That's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion." 142

CONSTABLE Just, just! And the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils. 146

ORLEANS Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of 151 beef.

CONSTABLE Then shall we find tomorrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm. Come, shall we about it? 154

ORLEANS

It is now two o'clock; but let me see, by ten  
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. *Exeunt.* 2)

[4.0]

*[Enter] Chorus.*

CHORUS

Now entertain conjecture of a time 1

When creeping murmur and the poring dark 2

Fills the wide vessel of the universe.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night, 5

The hum of either army stilly sounds,

122 bolt short, blunt arrow 123 shot over i.e., shot over the mark. 124 overshot i.e., outshot, defeated. 133 mope (1) wander about (2) be downcast 135 apprehension (1) sense (2) sense of danger 142 winking shutting their eyes 146 Just Exactly. sympathize with resemble 147 robustious violent, boisterous 151 shrewdly out of devilishly short of 154 stomachs appetites

4.0. Chorus.

1 entertain conjecture of imagine 2 poring in which one must strain the eyes to see 5 stilly softly

That the fixed sentinels almost receive  
 The secret whispers of each other's watch.  
 Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames  
 Each battle sees the other's umbered face.  
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents  
 The armorers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation.  
 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 overlustly 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 condemnèd 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. Oh, now, who will behold  
 The royal captain of this ruined 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 color  
 Unto the weary and all-watchèd night,  
 But freshly looks and overbears attain  
 With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;  
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.  
 A largess universal like the sun  
 His liberal eye doth give to everyone,  
 Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all  
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
 A little touch of Harry in the night.  
 And so our scene must to the battle fly;  
 Where—oh, for pity!—we shall much disgrace  
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
 Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,  
 The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,  
 Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

Exit.



8 paly pale 9 battle army. umbered shadowed 12 accomplishing equipping 17 secure overconfident 18 overlustly overly merry 19 play gamble for 24 inly inwardly 25 gesture sad serious bearing 26 investing clothing 32 host army 36 enrounded surrounded 37 dedicate yield up. color i.e., bright color of complexion 38 all-watchèd spent entirely in wakefulness and waiting 39 overbears attaint overcomes the effects of weariness and depression 45 mean and gentle those of low and of high birth 46 unworthiness I, who am unworthy of praising so great an object 50 foils blunted fencing swords 53 Minding bearing in mind. mockeries inadequate imitations

## [4.1]

Enter the King, Bedford, and Gloucester.

8  
 9 KING  
 Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;  
 The greater therefore should our courage be.  
 12 Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!  
 There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
 Would men observingly distill it out; 5  
 For our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers,  
 Which is both healthful and good husbandry. 7  
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
 And preachers to us all, admonishing  
 17 That we should dress us fairly for our end. 10  
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed  
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

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

ERPINGHAM

Not so, my liege. This lodging likes me better,  
 Since I may say, "Now lie I like a king." 16

KING

'Tis good for men to love their present pains  
 32 Upon example; so the spirit is eased. 19  
 And when the mind is quickened, out of doubt  
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
 Break up their drowsy grave and newly move  
 22 With casted slough and fresh legerity. 23  
 36 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. [The King puts on  
 37 Erpingham's cloak.] Brothers both,  
 38 Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
 39 Do my good morrow to them, and anon  
 Desire them all to my pavilion. 25

GLOUCESTER We shall, my liege.

ERPINGHAM Shall I attend Your Grace?

KING No, my good knight,

45 Go with my brothers to my lords of England.  
 46 I and my bosom must debate awhile,  
 And then I would no other company.

ERPINGHAM

50 The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!  
 Exeunt [all but the King].

KING

53 God-a-mercy, old heart! Thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

PISTOL Che vous là?

36

## 4.1. Location: The English camp at Agincourt.

5 Would men if one could 7 husbandry economy, thrift. 10 dress us fairly prepare ourselves well 15 churlish rough, hard 16 likes us pleases 19 Upon example i.e., following or considering the example of persons such as King Henry and Erpingham 22-3 Break . . . legerity break out of their lethargy and move nimbly, like a snake having cast off its old skin. 24 Brothers both i.e., Bedford and Gloucester 25 Commend me convey my greetings 36 Che vous là? i.e., Qui va là? ("Who goes there?") or Qui vous là? ("Who are you there?"). (Pistol's imperfect French.)

KING A friend.

PISTOL

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

KING I am a gentleman of a company.

PISTOL Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

KING Even so. What are you?

PISTOL

As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

KING Then you are a better than the King.

PISTOL

The King's a bawcock and a heart of gold,  
A lad of life, an imp of fame,  
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.  
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heartstring  
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

KING Harry le Roy.

PISTOL

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

KING No, I am a Welshman.

PISTOL Know'st thou Fluellen?

KING Yes.

PISTOL

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

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

PISTOL Art thou his friend?

KING And his kinsman too.

PISTOL The *figo* for thee, then!

KING I thank you. God be with you!

PISTOL My name is Pistol called.

*Exit.*

KING It sorts well with your fierceness.

*Manet King [standing apart].*

*Enter Fluellen and Gower [meeting].*

GOWER Captain Fluellen!

FLUELLEN So, in the name of Jesu Christ, speak fewer.

It is the greatest admiration in the universal world,  
when the true and aunchient prerogatives and laws of  
the wars is not kept. If you would take the pains but  
to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall  
find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle-taddle nor  
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.

38 Discuss Declare 39 popular of low birth. 40 gentleman of a  
company gentleman serving as a volunteer. 41 Trail'st . . . pike? i.e.,  
Are you in the infantry? 45 bawcock fine fellow. (From the French  
*beau coq*.) 46 imp of fame child or scion of renown 49 bully (A term  
of endearment meaning "fine fellow.") 52 Welshman (Henry was  
born at Monmouth, then considered part of Wales.) 55-6 leek . . . Day  
(On Saint David's Day, March 1, the leek was worn in memory of a  
Welsh victory over the Saxons in 540 A.D., since Saint David, the  
Welsh leader, had commanded his followers to wear leeks in their  
caps on that occasion.) 61 figo (A provoking gesture of contempt;  
see the note for 3.6.57.) 64 sorts fits, agrees 64.1 *Manet King* The  
King remains. 66 fewer i.e., calmly, more quietly. 67 admiration  
wonder 70 Pompey the Great Roman general defeated by Julius  
Caesar 71-2 tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble tittle-tattle nor bibble-  
babble 74 sobriety orderliness, decorum 75 modesty propriety

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

38 FLUELLEN If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating 78  
39 coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, 79  
40 look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb?  
41 In your own conscience, now?

GOWER I will speak lower.

FLUELLEN I pray you and beseech you that you will.

*Exit [with Gower].*

KING

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

*Enter three soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court,  
and Michael Williams.*

49 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.

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

KING A friend.

55 WILLIAMS Under what captain serve you?

56 KING Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILLIAMS A good old commander and a most kind  
gentleman. I pray you, what thinks he of our estate? 97

KING Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to  
be washed off the next tide. 98

61 BATES He hath not told his thought to the King?

KING No, nor it is not meet he should. For, though I 101  
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 103  
shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but 104  
human conditions. His ceremonies laid by, in his 105  
nakedness he appears but a man; and though his  
affections are higher mounted than ours, yet when 107  
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 110  
reason, no man should possess him with any appear- 111  
ance 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. 117

KING By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the  
King: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but  
where he is.

78-9 prating coxcomb chattering fool 97 estate situation.

98 wrecked shipwrecked 101 meet fitting 103-4 element shows  
sky appears 105 ceremonies symbols of royalty 107 affections . . .  
mounted desires soar higher. (A falconry metaphor continued in  
*stoop*, "descend," "swoop down," and *with the like wing*, "similarly.")  
110 relish taste 111 possess him with induce in him 117 at all  
adventures at all events (since the Thames would be less risky  
under any circumstances than the impending battle). quit here  
out of this situation.

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

KING I dare say you love him not so ill to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's 125 minds. Methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the King's company, his cause being just and his quarrel honorable.

WILLIAMS That's more than we know.

BATES Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough if we know we are the King's subjects. If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

WILLIAMS 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, 137 "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 141 few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it; who 145 to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

KING So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the 148 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 149 money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the 153 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 157 deaths when they propose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrament of swords, can try it out with 160 all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of 163 perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with 164 pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they 166 can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God. War is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here 169

men are punished for before-breach of the King's laws 170 in now the King's quarrel. Where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they 172 would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation 173 than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the 176 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 179 dying so, death is to him advantage, or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained. And in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

WILLIAMS 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill 186 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.

KING I myself heard the King say he would not be ransomed.

WILLIAMS Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed and we ne'er the wiser.

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

WILLIAMS You pay him then! That's a perilous shot out 196 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.

KING Your reproof is something too round. I should be 202 angry with you, if the time were convenient.

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

KING I embrace it.

WILLIAMS How shall I know thee again?

KING Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in 207 my bonnet. Then if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

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

KING There. [*They exchange gloves.*]

WILLIAMS This will I also wear in my cap. If ever thou come to me and say, after tomorrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear. 214

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

WILLIAMS Thou dar'st as well be hanged.

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

WILLIAMS Keep thy word. Fare thee well.

125 feel feel out 137 Latter Day last day, Christian Day of Judgment  
141 rawly without provision 145 who whom 146 proportion of subjection proper duty of a subject. 148 sinfully miscarry die in his sins 149 imputation . . . wickedness wickedness imputed to him 152–3 in . . . iniquities with his wicked deeds unabsolved 155 answer answer for 157 purpose intend 159–60 if . . . swords if a dispute can be settled only by swords 161 unspotted innocent 163 broken seals (1) broken promises (2) violated maidenheads 164 bulwark refuge from punishment (for offenses committed) 166 defeated broken 167 native at home 169 beadle parish officer responsible for punishing petty offenders

170 before-breach prior violation 171–3 Where . . . perish i.e., Whereas before they feared execution but escaped punishment, here where they look for safety they die in battle. 173–4 unprovided spiritually unprepared 176 visited i.e., by punishment. 179 mote small impurity 186 dies ill dies in sin 196 You pay him then! i.e., That will really pay him back for his perfidy, won't it? (Said sarcastically.) 197 elder-gun popgun made from a branch of elder with the pith hollowed out 202 round direct, brusque. 207 gage pledge 214 take give, strike

BATES	Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.	221	The intertissued robe of gold and pearl, The farcèd title running 'fore the king, 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 filled and vacant mind, Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread; Never sees horrid night, the child of hell, But like a lackey from the rise to set Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse, And follows so the ever-running year With profitable labor to his grave. And but for ceremony, such a wretch, Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep, Had the forehand and vantage of a king. The slave, a member of the country's peace, Enjoys it, but in gross brain little wots What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace, Whose hours the peasant best advantages.	260 261 268 270 271 272 273
KING	Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one they will beat us, for they bear them on their shoulders; but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and tomorrow the King himself will be a clipper.	223	<i>Exeunt soldiers.</i>	
	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. Oh, 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 heartsease 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 worshipers? 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 feared, Than they in fearing. What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, But poisoned flattery? Oh, be sick, great greatness, And bid thy ceremony give thee cure! Thinks 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 scepter, and the ball, The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,	229 232 233 234 236 241 243 244		
			<i>Enter Erpingham.</i>	
			ERPINGHAM	
			My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence, Seek through your camp to find you.	283
			KING	
			Good old knight, Collect them all together at my tent. I'll be before thee.	280 281 282
			ERPINGHAM	
			I shall do't, my lord.	<i>Exit.</i> 286
			KING	
			O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts; Possess them not with fear! Take from them now The sense of reck'ning, ere th'opposèd numbers Pluck their hearts from them. Not today, O Lord, Oh, not today, think not upon the fault My father made in compassing the crown! I Richard's body have interred new, And on it have bestowed more contrite tears Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood. Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay Who twice a day their withered hands hold up Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;	289 291 292 293 299 300

221 could tell knew 223 lay bet. (But also anticipating the meaning "lay down or lose in battle.") crowns (1) coins (2) heads 225 English treason (It was a treasonable offense to clip or "cut" English coins; it obviously is no offense to slash French heads, and even King Henry will be such a "clipper.") 229 careful full of cares 232-4 Twin-born . . . wringing i.e., inseparable from the condition of being born of royal rank, a condition that makes a king the subject of the idle gossip of every fool, even those whose sensibilities pay attention to nothing other than the rumbling of their own stomachs. 236 privates private persons 241 comings-in revenues. 243 thy soul of adoration the essential quality that makes you so much admired. 244 place rank 249-50 Oh . . . cure! Learn to cure yourself by being sick, by treating poisoned flattery and ceremoniousness as a medicine that will purge you of being in love with your own great greatness. 251-2 Thinks . . . adulation? Do you really think that the fever of vain pride will be extinguished by speeches breathed by flatterers? (Blown also suggests "inflated.") 253 Will . . . bending? i.e., Will the sickness yield to bowing and scraping? 257 find thee i.e., experience greatness and am able to appraise its worth and limitations 258 balm consecrating oil used to anoint a king in his coronation. ball orb of sovereignty 259 mace ceremonial staff

260 intertissued interwoven 261 farcèd stuffed (with pompous phrases) 268 distressful earned by hard work 270 lackey (1) footman running alongside the chariot of the sun (2) peasant. rise to set sunrise to sunset 271 Phoebus the sun god 272 Elysium in Greek mythology, the abode of the blessed 273 Hyperion the father of the sun, or the sun itself. (The peasant is up before the sun.) 278 Had would have. forehand upper hand 279 member sharer 280 it i.e., peace. wots knows 281 watch wakeful guard 282 the peasant best advantages most benefit the peasant. 283 jealous of apprehensive because of 286 be be there 289 sense of reck'ning ability to reckon up the odds 291 the fault i.e., the deposition and murder of Richard II 292 compassing obtaining 293 new anew 299 chantries chapels in which masses for the dead were celebrated. sad grave 300 still continually



Though all that I can do is nothing worth,  
 Since that my penitence comes after all,  
 Imploring pardon.

302

*Enter Gloucester.*

GLOUCESTER My liege!

KING My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;

I know thy errand. I will go with thee.

The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

*Exeunt.*



[4.2]

*Enter the Dauphin, Orleans, Rambures, and Beaumont.*

ORLEANS

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

DAUPHIN *Monte à cheval!* My horse! *Varlet!* *Lacquais!* Ha! 2

ORLEANS Oh, brave spirit!

DAUPHIN *Via, les eaux et terre!* 4

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

DAUPHIN *Cieux, cousin Orleans.* 6

*Enter Constable.*

Now, my Lord Constable?

CONSTABLE

Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh! 8

DAUPHIN

Mount them, and make incision in their hides, 9

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes 10

And dout them with superfluous courage. Ha! 11

RAMBURES

What, will you have them weep our horses' blood? 12

How shall we then behold their natural tears? 13

*Enter Messenger.*

MESSENGER

The English are embattled, you French peers. 14

CONSTABLE

To horse, you gallant princes, straight to horse! 15

Do but behold yond poor and starvèd band, 16

And your fair show shall suck away their souls, 17

Leaving them but the shales and husks of men. 18

There is not work enough for all our hands,

Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins

To give each naked curtal ax a stain 21

That our French gallants shall today draw out  
 And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on  
 them,

The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.

'Tis positive against all exceptions, lords, 25

That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,

Who in unnecessary action swarm

About our squares of battle, were enough 28

To purge this field of such a hilding foe, 29

Though we upon this mountain's basis by 30

Took stand for idle speculation— 31

But that our honors must not. What's to say? 32

A very little little let us do

And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound

The tucket sonance and the note to mount; 35

For our approach shall so much dare the field 36

That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

*Enter Grandpré.*

GRANDPRÉ

Why do you stay so long, my lords of France? 39

Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones, 40

Ill-favoredly become the morning field. 41

Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose, 42

And our air shakes them passing scornfully. 43

Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggared host 44

And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps. 45

The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks, 46

With torch staves in their hand, and their poor jades 47

Lob down their heads, drooping the hides and hips, 48

The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes, 49

And in their pale dull mouths the gimmaled bit 50

Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless; 51

And their executors, the knavish crows, 52

Fly o'er them all impatient for their hour. 53

Description cannot suit itself in words 54

To demonstrate the life of such a battle 55

In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

CONSTABLE

They have said their prayers, and they stay for death. 56

DAUPHIN

Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits, 57

And give their fasting horses provender, 58

And after fight with them?

CONSTABLE

I stay but for my guard. On to the field! 60

I will the banner from a trumpet take, 61

302 Since that necessitating that

4.2. Location: The French camp.

0.2 *Beaumont* (The Folio text mentions Lord Beaumont but does not give him a speaking part.) 2 *Monte à cheval!* To horse! 4 *Via . . . terre!* Begone, waters and earth! (The Dauphin imagines himself riding through and over rivers and solid ground.) 5 *Rien . . . feu?* Nothing more? What about air and fire? (i.e., Why not soar above all four elements, not just water and earth?) 6 *Cieux* The heavens. (The Dauphin carries the metaphor one step further to its ultimate height.)

8 *present service* immediate action 9 *incision* i.e., with spurs 10 *spin* gush, spatter 11 *And . . . courage* i.e., and put out the English eyes with the horses' superfluous blood, the proof of their excessive courage. *dout* put out 14 *embattled* arranged in battle order 17 *fair show* impressive appearance 18 *shales* shells 21 *curtal ax* cutlass, short sword

25 *exceptions* objections 28 *squares of battle* four-sided military formations 29 *hilding* worthless, base 30 *basis* foot. by nearby 31 *speculation* looking on 32 *But that* except for the fact that 35 *tucket sonance* trumpet call. *mount* mount our horses 36 *dare* (1) defy (2) stupify with fear 39 *carrions* cadavers for the scavenger birds. *desperate of* without hope of saving 40 *ill-favoredly become* i.e., are an eyesore to 41 *curtains* colors, banners 42 *passing* exceedingly 43 *Mars* the god of war 44 *beaver* visor 46 *torch staves* i.e., tapers in place of lances. (The horsemen themselves look like carved candleholders.) 47 *Lob down* hang down. *drooping* letting droop 48 *gum* watery discharge. *down-roping* hanging down ropelike 49 *gimmaled* jointed 51 *their executors* the disposers of their remains 54 *battle army* 56 *stay for* await 58 *provender* fodder 60 *guard* (Including a standard-bearer.) 61 *trumpet* trumpeter

And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. *Exeunt.* 63



### [4.3]

*Enter Gloucester, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham,  
with all his host, Salisbury, and Westmorland.*

GLOUCESTER Where is the King?

BEDFORD

The King himself is rode to view their battle. 2

WESTMORLAND

Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

EXETER

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

SALISBURY

God's arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds.

God b'wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge. 6

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully, my noble lord of Bedford,

My dear lord Gloucester, and my good lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu! 10

BEDFORD

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

EXETER

Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly today!

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it, 13

For thou art framed of the firm truth of valor. 14

*[Exit Salisbury.]*

BEDFORD

He is as full of valor as of kindness,

Princely in both.

*Enter the King.*

WESTMORLAND Oh, that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England

That do no work today!

KING What's he that wishes so? 18

My cousin Westmorland? No, my fair cousin.

If we are marked to die, we are enough 20

To do our country loss; and if to live, 21

The fewer men, the greater share of honor.

God's will, I pray thee, wish not one man more.

By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, 25

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; 26

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 honor

I am the most offending soul alive.

No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England. 30

God's peace, I would not lose so great an honor

As one man more, methinks, would share from me 32

For the best hope I have. Oh, do not wish one more! 33

Rather proclaim it, Westmorland, through my host 34

That he which hath no stomach to this fight, 35

Let him depart; his passport shall be made

And crowns for convoy put into his purse. 37

We would not die in that man's company

That fears his fellowship to die with us. 39

This day is called the Feast of Crispian. 40

He that outlives this day and comes safe home

Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named

And rouse him at the name of Crispian. 44

He that shall see this day and live old age 45

Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbors

And say, "Tomorrow is Saint Crispian."

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,

And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's Day." 49

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, 50

But he'll remember with advantages

What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,

Familiar in his mouth as household words—

Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,

Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester—

Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.

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 rememberèd—

We few, we happy few, we band of brothers.

For he today that sheds his blood with me

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile, 62

This day shall gentle his condition. 63

And gentlemen in England now abed

Shall think themselves accurst they were not here,

And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's Day.

*Enter Salisbury.*

SALISBURY

My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed. 68

The French are bravely in their battles set, 69

And will with all expedience charge on us. 70

KING

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WESTMORLAND

Perish the man whose mind is backward now! 72

KING

Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz? 25

WESTMORLAND

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

63 outwear waste

4.3. Location: The English camp.

2 battle army. 6 charge post, command. 10 kinsman i.e., Westmorland, whose son had married Salisbury's daughter 13 mind remind 14 framed made, built 18 What's Who is 20-1 enough . . . loss enough loss for our country to suffer 25 upon my cost at my expense 26 yearns grieves 30 coz cousin, kinsman 32 share from me take from me as his share 33 For . . . have i.e., in exchange for my hope of eternal life.

34 host army 35 stomach to appetite for 37 crowns for convoy travel money 39 That . . . us who is afraid to risk his life in my company. 40 Feast of Crispian Saint Crispin's Day, October 25. (Crispinus and Crispianus were martyrs who fled from Rome in the third century; according to legend, they disguised themselves as shoemakers and afterward became the patron saints of that craft.) 44 live live to see 45 vigil evening before a feast day 49 yet in time 50 advantages additions of his own 62 vile lowly 63 gentle his condition i.e., raise his social status to the equivalent of gentleman in that he is my "brother." 68 bestow yourself take up your battle position 69 bravely . . . set finely arrayed in their battalions 70 expedience speed 72 backward reluctant

KING

Why, now thou hast unwished five thousand men,  
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—  
You know your places. God be with you all!

77

*Tucket. Enter Montjoy.*

MONTJOY

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

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KING

Who hath sent thee now?

MONTJOY

The Constable of France.

KING

I pray thee, bear my former answer back:  
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.  
Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus?  
The man that once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast lived was killed with hunting him.  
A many of our bodies shall no doubt  
Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,  
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.  
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,  
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them  
And draw their honors reeking up to heaven,  
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
Mark then abounding valor in our English,  
That, being dead, like to the bullets crazing  
Break out into a second course of mischief,  
Killing in relapse of mortality.  
Let me speak proudly. Tell the Constable  
We are but warriors for the working day.  
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched  
With rainy marching in the painful field.  
There's not a piece of feather in our host—  
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—  
And time hath worn us into slovenry.  
But, by the Mass, our hearts are in the trim!  
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night

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They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck 117  
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads 118  
And turn them out of service. If they do this— 119  
As, if God please, they shall—my ransom then  
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labor. 121  
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald. 122  
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.

MONTJOY

I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well.

Thou never shalt hear herald any more. *Exit.*

KING

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

*Enter York [and kneels].*

YORK

My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg

The leading of the vaward. 130

KING

Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away.

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

*Exeunt.*

## [4.4]

*Alarum. Excursions. Enter Pistol, French Soldier,  
[and] Boy.*

PISTOL Yield, cur!

FRENCH SOLDIER *Je pense que vous êtes le gentilhomme de  
bonne qualité.* 2 3

PISTOL

*Qualtitie calmie custure me!*

Art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? Discuss. 4 5

FRENCH SOLDIER *O Seigneur Dieu!* 6

PISTOL

Oh, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman.

Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark:

O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,

Except, O signieur, thou do give to me

Egregious ransom. [*He threatens him with his sword.*] 11

FRENCH SOLDIER *Oh, prenez miséricorde! Ayez pitié de  
moi!* 12 13

PISTOL

"Moy" shall not serve. I will have forty moys,

Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat 14 15

77 likes pleases 80 compound make terms 82 gulf whirlpool  
83 englutted swallowed up. 84 mind remind 86 retire retreat  
91 achieve capture 95 A many Many. (The phrase is an exact paral-  
lel to "a few.") 96 native in our own land (i.e., England) 101 reek-  
ing (1) breathing (2) smelling 104 abounding overflowing,  
abundant 105 crazing shattering, with a suggestion also of grazing,  
"ricocheting" 107 Killing . . . mortality killing (their foes) as they  
(the English) fall back (decompose) into their elements; also, like the  
bullet, with a deadly ricochet. 109 for the working day to do seri-  
ous work, not take a holiday. 114 slovenry slovenliness, untidiness.  
115 in the trim fully rigged, ready for action.

117-19 They'll . . . service they will be more freshly dressed by night-  
fall, if no other way than by defrocking the French soldiers like inca-  
pable servants being dismissed and stripped of their livery. (Soldiers  
got to keep such spoils of war from their victims.) 121 levied col-  
lected. 122 gentle noble 130 vaward vanguard.

4.4. Location: The field of battle.

0.1 Excursions Sorties. 2-3 *Je . . . qualité* I think that you are a gen-  
tleman of high rank. 4 *calmie custure me* (These words are perhaps  
derived from the refrain of a popular song, supposed to be Irish, "Calen  
o custure me.") 5 Discuss Speak. 6 *O Seigneur Dieu!* O Lord God!  
8 Perpend Attend to, consider 9 fox sword 10 Except unless  
11 Egregious huge 12-13 *Oh . . . moi!* Oh, have mercy! Take pity on me!  
14 Moy (Pistol, not understanding, takes *moi* for the name of a coin or  
a sum of money, a moiety or half.) 15 rim midriff, diaphragm

In drops of crimson blood.  
 FRENCH SOLDIER *Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?* 17  
 PISTOL Brass, cur? 18  
 Thou damnèd and luxurious mountain goat,  
 Offer 'st me brass? 20  
 FRENCH SOLDIER *Oh, pardonnez-moi!*  
 PISTOL  
 Say'st thou me so? Is that a ton of moys?— 23  
 Come hither, boy. Ask me this slave in French  
 What is his name.  
 BOY *Écoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?* 26  
 FRENCH SOLDIER *Monsieur Le Fer.*  
 BOY He says his name is Master Fer.  
 PISTOL Master Fer? I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret 29  
 him. Discuss the same in French unto him.  
 BOY I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and  
 firk.  
 PISTOL  
 Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.  
 FRENCH SOLDIER *Que dit-il, monsieur?* 34  
 BOY *Il me commande à vous dire que vous faites vous  
 prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de  
 couper votre gorge.* 35-37  
 PISTOL  
*Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,* 38  
 Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns,  
 Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.  
 FRENCH SOLDIER *Oh, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de  
 Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis le gentilhomme de bonne  
 maison. Gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents  
 écus.* 41-44  
 PISTOL What are his words?  
 BOY He prays you to save his life. He is a gentleman of  
 a good house, and for his ransom he will give you two  
 hundred crowns.  
 PISTOL  
 Tell him my fury shall abate, and I  
 The crowns will take.  
 FRENCH SOLDIER *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?* 51  
 BOY *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner  
 aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous  
 l'avez promis, il est content à vous donner la liberté,  
 le franchisement.* 52-55

17-18 *Est-il . . . bras?* Is it impossible to escape the strength of your arm? (But Pistol takes *bras*, "arm," for *brass*.) 20 *luxurious* lecherous 23 *a ton of moys* (This is what Pistol phonetically makes out of *pardonnez-moi*.) 26 *Écoutez . . . appelé?* Listen: what is your name? 29 *firk* trounce. *ferret* worry (like a ferret) 34-7 *Que . . . gorge* What does he say, sir? BOY He bids me tell you that you must prepare yourself, because this soldier intends to cut your throat immediately. 38 *Owy Ouy*, "yes." *permafoy per ma foi*, by my faith 41-4 *Oh . . . écus* Oh, I pray you, for the love of God, to pardon me! I am a gentleman of a good house; preserve my life, and I shall give you two hundred crowns. 47 *house family* 51-5 *Petit . . . franchisement* What does he say, little sir? BOY Although it is against his oath to pardon any prisoner, nevertheless, for the sake of the crowns you have promised, he is willing to give you your liberty, your freedom.

FRENCH SOLDIER [*kneeling*] *Sur mes genoux je vous  
 donne mille remercements; et je m'estime heureux que  
 j'ai tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense,  
 le plus brave, vaillant, et très-distingué seigneur  
 d'Angleterre.* 56-60

PISTOL 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, valor-  
 ous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

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

BOY *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.* 68  
 [Exeunt Pistol and French Soldier.]

I did never know so full a voice issue  
 from so empty a heart! But the saying is true, "The  
 empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Bardolph and  
 Nym had ten times more valor than this roaring devil  
 i'th'old play, that everyone may pare his nails with  
 a wooden dagger, and they are both hanged; and so  
 would this be, if he durst steal anything adventur-  
 ously. 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.*



#### [4.5]

*Enter Constable, Orleans, Bourbon, Dauphin, and  
 Rambures.*

CONSTABLE *Oh, diable!* 1  
 ORLEANS *Oh, Seigneur! Le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!* 2  
 DAUPHIN  
*Mort de ma vie!* All is confounded, all.  
 Reproach and everlasting shame  
 Sits mocking in our plumes. *A short alarum.*  
*Oh, méchante fortune!* Do not run away. 6  
 CONSTABLE Why, all our ranks are broke.  
 DAUPHIN  
 Oh, perdurable shame! Let's stab ourselves.  
 Be these the wretches that we played at dice for? 8  
 ORLEANS  
 Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?  
 BOURBON  
 Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!  
 Let us die! In once more! Back again!

56-60 *Sur . . . d'Angleterre* On my knees, I give you a thousand thanks, and I consider myself happy that I have fallen into the hands of a knight, as I think, the bravest, most valiant, and very distinguished gentleman in England. 68 *Suivez-vous . . . capitaine* Follow the great captain. 72-4 *this roaring . . . dagger* Shakespeare refers several times to the devil in the morality play with his dagger of lath; see 2H6, 4.2.2 and *Twelfth Night*, 4.2.126. The paring of the devil's nails was a proverbial act of bravado. 77 *a good prey* i.e., easy pickings 4.5. Location: The field of battle still. 1 *Oh, diable!* Oh, the devil! 2 *Oh . . . perdu!* Oh, Lord, the day is lost, all is lost! 3 *Mort . . . vie!* Death to my life! *confounded* lost 6 *Oh, méchante fortune!* Oh, malicious fortune! 8 *perdurable* everlasting

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 contaminated.

CONSTABLE

Disorder, that hath spoiled us, friend us now!  
 Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

ORLEANS

We are enough yet living in the field  
 To smother up the English in our throgs,  
 If any order might be thought upon.

BOURBON

The devil take order now! I'll to the throng.  
 Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

*Exeunt.*



[4.6]

*Alarum. Enter the King and his train, [Exeter, and others,] with prisoners.*

KING

Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen!  
 But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.

EXETER

The Duke of York commends him to Your Majesty.

KING

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.

EXETER

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,  
 Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,  
 Yokefellow to his honor-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 insteeped,  
 And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes  
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face.  
 He cries aloud, "Tarry, my cousin Suffolk!  
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;  
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,  
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field  
 We kept together in our chivalry!"  
 Upon these words I came and cheered him up.  
 He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,  
 And with a feeble grip says, "Dear my lord,  
 Commend my service to my sovereign."  
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
 He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips,  
 And so, espoused to death, with blood he sealed

A testament of noble-ending love.  
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forced  
 Those waters from me which I would have stopped; 29  
 But I had not so much of man in me,  
 And all my mother came into mine eyes 31  
 And gave me up to tears.  
 KING I blame you not;  
 18 For, hearing this, I must perforce compound 33  
 19 With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. *Alarum.* 34  
 But, hark, what new alarum is this same?  
 The French have reinforced their scattered men.  
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners!  
 37 Give the word through. *Exeunt.*



[4.7]

*Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

FLUELLEN Kill the poys and the luggage? 'Tis expressly 1  
 against the law of arms. 'Tis as arrant a piece of  
 knavery, mark you now, as can be offert; in your  
 conscience, now, is it not?  
 GOWER 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the  
 cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this  
 slaughter. Besides, they have burned and carried  
 away all that was in the King's tent, wherefore the  
 King most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut  
 his prisoner's throat. Oh, 'tis a gallant king!  
 FLUELLEN Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain 11  
 Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexan-  
 der the Pig was born?  
 GOWER Alexander the Great.  
 FLUELLEN Why, I pray you, is not "pig" great? The pig,  
 8 or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the  
 9 magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase 17  
 is a little variations.  
 GOWER I think Alexander the Great was born in  
 12 Macedon. His father was called Philip of Macedon, as  
 I take it.  
 14 FLUELLEN I think it is e'en Macedon where Alexander is  
 porn. I tell you, Captain, if you look in the maps of the  
 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons be-  
 tween 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 sal-  
 mons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry  
 of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well, for 32  
 there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, 33

16 gentler (1) more nobly born (2) tenderer 18 friend befriend  
 19 on in

4.6. Location: The field of battle still.

2 yet . . . field the French are in the field of battle still. 8 Larding  
 fattening, enriching (with his blood) 9 honor-owing honor-owning,  
 honorable 11 haggled over mangled, hacked 12 insteeped  
 steeped, soaked 14 yawn gape 21 me in the in my. raught  
 reached

29 waters i.e., tears 31 my mother i.e., the tenderer part of me  
 33 perforce necessarily. compound come to terms 34 issue issue  
 forth tears 37 kill his prisoners (This follows Holinshed, who says  
 that Henry, alarmed by the outcry of the lackeys and boys of the  
 camp, feared a new attack and ordered the prisoners killed as a pre-  
 caution. Gower, 4.7.7-10, attributes the King's action to revenge.)  
 4.7. Location: The field of battle still.  
 1 luggage i.e., lackeys guarding the luggage. 11 Monmouth (i.e., in  
 Wales) 17 are . . . reckonings come to the same thing 32 is . . . well  
 resembles it fairly well 33 figures comparisons, similes