

KING HENRY V.

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 bedfellow⁴,
Whom he hath cloy'd and grac'd⁵ with princely favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery⁶!

Trumpet sounds. 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 Masham,
And you, my gentle knight,—give me your thoughts:

⁴ —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, (still preserved in the collection of the present duke,) addressed "To his beloved cousyn Thomas Arundell, &c." which begins, "*Bedfellow*, after my most harté commendacion,—." 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. 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 mean men with whom he slept. MALONE.

⁵ —cloy'd and grac'd—] Thus the quarto; the folio reads—*dull'd* and cloy'd. Perhaps *dull'd* is a mistake for *dol'd*. STEEVENS.

⁶ —to death and treachery!] Here the quartos insert a line omitted in all the following editions:

"Exet. O! the lord of Masham!" JOHNSON.

Think

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?⁷

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 concent⁸ 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. Even those, that were your father's enemies,
Have steep'd their galls in honey; and do serve you
With hearts create⁹ 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 steeld 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 advice¹, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign; lest example

⁷ —in head assembled them?—] Head for an army formed. JOHNSON.
In head seems synonymous to the modern military term *in force*.

MALONE.

⁸ —in a fair concent—] In friendly concord; in unison with ours.
See Vol. IV. p. 413, n. *. MALONE.

⁹ —hearts create—] Hearts compounded or made up of duty and
zeal. JOHNSON.

¹ —more advice—] On his return to more coolness of mind. JOHNSON.
See Vol. I. p. 137, n. 8, and Vol. II. p. 127, n. 6. MALONE.

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 shew 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 distemper²,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye³,
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 cause;
Who are the late commissioners⁴?

Cam. I one, my lord;

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is
yours;—

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

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—

My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—

² —*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. Brabantio says, that Roderigo is
“ Full of supper and *distemp'ring* draughts.”

Again, Holinshed, Vol. III. p. 626: “—gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith *distempered*, and reel'd as he went.” STEVENS.

³ —*how shall we stretch our eye*, &c.] If we may not *wink* at small faults, *how wide must we open our eyes* at great. JOHNSON.

⁴ —*the late commissioners*?] That is, as appears from the sequel, who are the persons lately appointed commissioners? MASON.

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^s 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 them.—
 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 him⁶ 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

^s —quick—] That is, *living*. JOHNSON.

⁶ *To furnish him*—] The latter word, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the editor of the second. MALONE.

As black from white⁷, my eye will scarcely see it.
 Treason, and murder, ever kept together,
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
 Working so grossly⁸ 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 glittering semblances of piety;
 But he, that temper'd thee⁹, 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 dæmon, that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back¹,
 And tell the legions—I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected

⁷ —though the truth stand off as gross

As black from white,—] Though the truth be as apparent and visible as black and white contiguous to each other. To *stand off* is *être relevé*, to be prominent to the eye, as the strong parts of a picture.

JOHNSON,

⁸ —so grossly—] i. e. palpably; with a plain and visible connexion of cause and effect. JOHNSON.

⁹ —that temper'd thee,—] Though *temper'd* may stand for *formed* or *moulded*, yet I fancy *tempted* was the author's word, for it answers better to *suggest* in the opposition. JOHNSON.

Temper'd, I believe, is the true reading. Falstaff says of Shallow, that he has him "*tempering* between his finger and thumb." STEEV.

¹ —vasty Tartar—] i. e. *Tartarus*, the fabled place of future punishment. So, in Heywood's *Bracken Age*, 1613:

"With Aconitum that in *Tartar* springs." STEEVENS.

Again, in *The troublesome raigne of King John*, 1591:

"And let the black tormenters of black *Tartary*,

"Upbraide them with this damned enterprize." MALONE.

The sweetness of affiance²! Shew 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 complement³;
 Not working with the eye, without the ear⁴,
 And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither?
 Such, and so finely boulded⁵, didst thou seem:
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best indu'd⁶,

With

Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetest of affiance!] Shakspeare urges this aggravation of
 the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worst conse-
 quences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which
 makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which
 is the poison of society. JOHNSON.

³ *Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement;*] *Complement* has in this
 instance the same sense as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, ACT I. *Complements*,
 in the age of Shakspeare, meant the same as *accomplishments* in the
 present one. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 314, n. 9. By the epithet *modest* the king means that
 Scroop's accomplishments were not ostentatiously display'd. MALONE.

⁴ *Not working with the eye, without the ear,*] The king means to
 say of Scroop, that he was a cautious man, who knew that *fronti nulla*
fides, that a specious appearance was deceitful, and therefore did not
 work with the eye without the ear, did not trust the air or look of any
 man till he had tried him by enquiry and conversation. JOHNSON.

⁵ — *so finely boulded,*] i. e. refined or purged from all faults. POPE.
Boulded is the same with *sifted*, and has consequently the meaning of
 refined. JOHNSON.

⁶ *To mark the full-fraught man, and best indu'd, &c.*] The folio,
 where alone this line is found, reads—*To make the full fraught man,*
 &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. Mr. 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 *induced* with suspicion,” does not appear, to
 my ear at least, like the phraseology of Shakspeare's or any other age.
Make and *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 Mr. Pope. MALONE.

With some suspition. 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 Masham.

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 rejoyce^a,

Beseech.

Our author has the same thought again in *Cymbeline*:

“—So thou, Posthumus,

“Wilt lay the leven to all proper men;

“Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd,

“From thy great fall.” THEOBALD.

⁷ For me,—the gold of France did not seduce;] Holinshed, p. 549, observes from Hall, that “diverse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the lord Scroope and Thomas Graie for the murdering of king Henrie, to please the French king withall, but onlie to the intent to exalt to the crowne his brother-in-law Edmund E. 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 E. of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for neede of monie to be corrupted by the French king, than he would declare his inward mind, &c. 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,” &c. STEEVENS.

^a Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoyce,—] I, which is wanting in the old copy, was added by the editor of the second folio. Cambridge means to say, at which prevention, or, which intended scheme

Beseeking 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^o, 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 unto desolation¹.

Touthing our person, seek we no revenge;

But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,

Whose ruin you three fought, that to her laws

We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence²,

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;

that it was prevented, I shall rejoice. Shakspeare has many such elliptical expressions. The intended scheme that he alludes to, was the taking off Henry, to make room for his brother-in-law. See the preceding note. MALONE.

^o *My fault, &c.*] One of the conspirators against queen Elizabeth, I think Parry, concludes his letter to her with these words: "a culpa, but not a pena, *absolve me, most dear lady.*" This letter was much read at that time, [1585,] and the author doubtless copied it. JOHNSON.

The words of Parry's letter are, "Discharge me a culpa, but not a pena, good ladie. REED.

¹ —unto desolation.—] The folio, 1623, where alone this passage is found, has into desolation. Corrected by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

² —Get you therefore hence.] So, in Holinshed: "—Get ye hence therefore, ye poor miserable wretches, to the receiving of your just reward: wherein God's majesty give you grace," &c. STEEVENS.

Since

KING HENRY V.

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.

Chearly to sea; the signs of war advance:

—No king of England, if not king of France³. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

London. *Before Mrs. Quickly's house in Eastcheap.*

Enter PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, NYM, BARDOLPH,
and Boy.

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring
thee⁴ to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yern.—

Bardolph, be blith;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yern 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 end⁵, and went away, an it had been any christom
child;

³ *No king of England, if not king of France.*] So in the old play
before that of Shakipeare:

“If not king of France, then of nothing must I be king.”

STEEVENS.

⁴ —*let me bring thee*—] Let me attend or accompany thee. See
Vol. II. p. 8, n. 2. REED.

⁵ —*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.” MASON.

Again, in *Macbeth*:

“They say, he *parted well*, and paid his score;

“And so God be with him!”

Our

child⁶; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o'the tide⁷: for after I saw him fumble with the

Our author has elsewhere used the comparative for the positive. See *Macbeth*, p. 354, n. 9. 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.

⁶—*and 'had been any christom child*;] "The *chrysom* was no more than the white cloth put on the new baptised child." See *Johnson's Canons of Eccles. Law*, 1720. The child itself was sometimes called a *chrysom*, as appears from the following passage in *Albrowine*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1629: "Sir, I would fain depart in quiet, like other young *chrysmes*." Again, in *Your Five Gallants*, by Middleton: "—a fine old man to his father, it would kill his heart i' faith: *be'd away like a chrysom*." STEEVENS.

In the *Liturgie*, 2 E. 6. *Form of private Baptism*, is this direction: "Then the minister shall put the white vesture, commonly called the *chrisome*, 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 unguntur, ne *chrisma deflueret*, capita *panno candido obvolvebantur*, qui octava demum die ab his 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 *Append. to the History of Glastonbury*, p. 275.] "A young *chrisome* being a man child, beinge found drowned," &c. TYRWHITT.

The *chrysom* 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 the minister. So that, truly speaking, a *chrysom 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, *chrysom child*? If that reading were supported by any copy of authority, I should like it much. It agrees better with my dame's enuntiation, who was not very likely to pronounce a hard word with propriety, and who just before had called *Abraham—Aribur*. WHALLEY.

Mr. Whalley is right in his conjecture. The first folio reads *chrysom*; and so should the word be printed. The quarto has *chrysom'd child*.—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 *chrysom-cloth*. MALONE.

⁷—*turning o'the tide*:] It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *de imperio solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but

the sheets⁸, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way⁹; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields'. How now sir John? quoth I: what, man! be of good

but in time of ebb: half the deaths in London confute the notion; but find that it was common among the women of the poet's time, JOHNSON.

⁸ —*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 apaces.

"1. That's an ill sign.

"2. And fumbles with the pots too.

"1. Then there's no way but one with him."

Pliny in his chapter on *The Signs of Death*, makes mention of "a fumbling and plecting of the bed-cloths." See P. Holland's *Translations*, chap. li. STEEVENS.

There is this expression, and not, I believe, designed as a sneer on Shakspeare, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Spanish Curate*, Act IV. sc. v.

"A glimmering before death, 'tis nothing else, sir;

"Do you see how he fumbles with the sheets?" WHALLEY.

The same indication of approaching death is enumerated by Celsus, Lommius, Hippocrates and Galen. The testimony of the latter is sufficient to shew that such a symptom is by no means imaginary. "Manus ante faciem attollere, muscas quasi venari inani operâ, floccos carpere de vestibus, vel pariete. Et in seipso hoc expertus fuit Galenus. Quum enim," &c. Van Swieten *Comm.* t. li. sect. 708. COLLINS.

⁹ —*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*, 1605:

"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 his money and books." STEEVENS.

¹ —*and 'a babbled of green fields*.] The folio, 1623, (for these words are not in the quarto,) reads—and a Table of green fields. Mr. Theobald made the correction. Dr. Warburton objects to the 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, Mr. Smith (whose notes were published by Dr. Grey,) would read—upon a table [i. e. a table-book] of green fells: "to the backs or covers of which silver or steel pens very sharp-pointed are sometimes affixed," MALONE. It

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 God²; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: So, 'a bade me lay more cloaths 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 stone².

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.

It has been observed (particularly 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 calentine, that they have their heads run on green fields. THEOBALD.

²—*now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; &c.*] Perhaps Shakspeare was indebted to the following story in *Wits, Fitts, 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.

³—*cold as any stone.*] Such is the end of Falstaff, from whom Shakspeare had promised us in his epilogue to *Henry IV.* that we should receive more entertainment. It happened to Shakspeare as to other writers, to have his imagination crowded 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 for ever discarded him, and made haste to dispatch 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

Quick. 'A could never abide carnation⁴; 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

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

Quick. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatick⁵; and talk'd 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-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd 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 rule⁶; the word is, *Pitch and pay*⁷;

Trust none;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck;

This disappointment probably inclined queen Elizabeth to command the poet to introduce him once again, and to shew him in love or courtship. This was indeed a new source of humour, and produced a new play from the former characters. JOHNSON.

4—'a could never abide carnation;] Mrs. Quickly blunders, mistaking incarnate for a colour. In *Questions of love*, 1566, we have, "yellowe, pale, redde, blue, whyte, graye, and incarnate." HENDERSON.

5—rheumatick—] This word is elsewhere used by our author for peevish, or splenetick, as *scorbutico* is in Italian. Mrs. Quickly however probably means lunatick. MALONE.

6 Let senses rule;] This evidently means, let prudence govern you: conduct yourself sensibly; and it agrees with what precedes and what follows. STEEVENS.

7—Pitch and pay;] The 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 you worship run—?" So, again, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

"—he that will purchase this,

"Must pitch and pay." STEEVENS.

John Florio says, "*Pitch and paie*, and goe 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.

There—

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor².
 Go, clear thy crystals³.—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.
Card. Farewel, hostess. [kissing her.
Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu.
Pist. Let housewifery appear; keep close⁴, I thee com-
 mand.
Quick. Farewel; adieu. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

France. *A Room in the French king's Palace.*
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

² *Therefore, caveto be thy counsellor.*] The old quartos read:

Therefore Cophetua be thy councillor. STEEVENS.

The reading of the text is that of the folio. MALONE.

³ —*clear thy crystals.*—] 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 *A Match at*
Midnight, 1633:

“—ten thousand Cupids

“Methought sat playing on that pair of *chryssals*.”

Again, in *The Double Marriage*, by B. and Fletcher:

“—sleep, you sweet glasses,

“An everlasting slumber close those *crystals*!”

Again, in *Coriolanus*, Act III. sc. 2:

“—the *glasses* of my sight.”

The old quartos 1600 and 1608, read: *Clear up thy chryssals.* STEEV.

⁴ —*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 courtifans of Venice

“Shall keep their *bugle bowes* for thee, dear uncle.”

The reader may suppose *buggle boe* to be just what he pleases. STEEV.

Whatever covert sense Pistol may have annexed to this word, it appears
 from Cole's Latin Dictionary, 1678, that *bugle-bo* (now corruptly sounded
bugabow

And more than carefully² 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 dispatch,
 To line, and new repair, our towns of war,
 With men of courage, and with means defendant:
 For England his approaches makes as fierce,
 As waters to the sucking of a 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 expectations:
 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 shew of fear;
 No, with no more, than if we heard that England
 Were busied³ with a Whitfun morris-dance:
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd⁴,
 Her scepter so fantastically borne
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humourous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin!

You

bugaboo,) signified "an ugly wide-mouthed picture, carried about with May-games." Cole renders it by the Latin words, *manducus*, *sarriculamentum*. The interpretation of the former word has been just given. The latter he renders thus: "A terrible spectacle; a fearful thing; a scare-crow." T. C.

² *And more than carefully*—] *More than carefully* is with more than common care; a phrase of the same kind with *better than well*. JOHNSON.

³ *Were busied*—] The 4to 1600 reads, —*Were troubled*. STEEVENS.

⁴ —*so idly king'd*,] Shakspeare is not singular in the use of this verb *to king*. I find it in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. VIII. chap. xlii:

"——and king'd his sister's son." STEEVENS.

You are too much mistaken in this king :
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,—
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception⁵, and, withal,
 How terrible in constant resolution,—
 And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus⁶,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly⁶;

As

⁵ *How modest in exception,—*] How diffident and decent in making objections. JOHNSON.

⁶ *And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent*

Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,

Covering discretion with a coat of folly;] Shakspeare 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 comforting with a dissolute crew of robbers. It seems to me, that Shakspeare 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, Shakspeare 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, Shakspeare 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 *show* habit by,

" Wherein deep policy did him disguise;

" And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,

" To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes."

Vol. V.

K k

Thomas

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, & a weak and niggardly projection⁷,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting
A little cloth.

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.

[*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*.

Mr. Steevens says, that *which* may refer to the word *defence*. But would not the sense then be, “*which well prepared defence, with all proportions filled, doth, in consequence of a weak and niggardly projection, &c.*”

Perhaps in Shakspeare'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.

Fr.

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 paths⁸:
 Witness our too much memorable shame,
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck⁹,
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
 Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;
 Whiles that his mountain fire,—on mountain standing¹,
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun²,—

⁸ *That haunted us—*] To *haunt* is a word of the utmost horror, which shows that they dreaded the English as goblins and spirits. JOHNSON.

⁹ *When Cressy battle fatally was struck,*] So, in *Robert of Gloucester*:

“—and that fole of Somerlete—

“His come, and smyte a batayle.”

Again, in the title to one of Sir David Lyndsay's poems: “How king Ninus began the first warres and strake the first battell.” STEEV.

¹ *Whiles that his mountain fire,—on mountain standing,*] In a subsequent scene *Fluellen* is called in contempt, “a mountain squire;” but here no disrespect could have been intended; nor indeed could the epithet in that sense be applied with any propriety to Edward III. who was not born in Wales, though his father Edward II. was. I believe, if the text is not corrupt, Mr. Steevens's explication is the true one. See the extract from Holinshed, p. 461, n. 7. Mr. Theobald with some probability reads—*mounting* fire; i. e. high-minded, aspiring; but the repetition of the word *mountain* is much in our author's manner, and therefore I believe the old copy is right. MALONE.

Thus, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, A⁴ IV:

“Whoe'er he was, he slew'd a *mounting* mind.”

Mr. Theobald's 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.*

So, in Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, B. I. c. xi:

“Where stretch'd he lay upon the sunny side

“Of a great hill, himself like a great bill.”

—*agmen agens, magnique ipse agminis instar.*

Mr. Tollet thinks this passage may be explained by another in A⁴ I. sc. ii. “—his most mighty father on a bill.” STEEVENS.

² *Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,*—] Dr. Warburton calls this “the nonsensical line of some player.” The idea, however, might have been taken from Chaucer's *Legend of good Women*:

“His gilt heere was yecrownid with a son.” STEEVENS.

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 him³.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Henry 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 mouths⁴, when what they seem to threaten,
 Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
 Take up the English short; and let them know
 Of what a monarchy you are the head:
 Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin,
 As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother England?

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

³ — *fate of him.*] His *fate* is what is allotted him by destiny, or what he is fated to perform. JOHNSON.

So Virgil, speaking of the future deeds of the descendants of Æneas:

"Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotum." STEEVENS.

⁴ — *spend their mouths,*] That is, *bark*; the sportsman's term. JOHNSON.

He sends you this most memorable line ⁵, [*gives a paper.*

If 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 is he 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

Turns he * the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,

The dead men's blood ⁶, 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 further:

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?

⁵ — *memorable line,*] This genealogy; this deduction of his lineage.

JOHNSON.

* *Turns he—*] Thus the quarto, 1600. The folio reads—*turning*
the widows' tears. MALONE.

⁶ *The dead men's blood,—*] The disposition of the images were more
regular, if we were to read thus:

—upon your head

Turning the dead men's blood, the widows' tears,

The orphans' cries, the pining maidens' groans, &c.

JOHNSON.

Pining is the reading of the quarto, 1600. The folio has—*privity*.
Blood is the reading of the folio.—The quarto instead of it has—*bones*.

MALONE.

Exe. Scorn, and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty tender, 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 for it,
That caves and wombby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass⁷, and return your m⁸.
In second accent of his ordnance⁹.

Dau. Say, if my father tender fair reply,
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 th¹⁰ 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 now⁹ ; now he weighs time,
Even to the utmost grain ; which you shall read¹
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king

* ⁷ *Shall chide your trespasss,*] To *chide* is to *reſcund*, to *eccho*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :

“ — never did I hear

“ Such gallant *chiding*.”

So, in *King Henry VIII* :

“ As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood.” STEEVENS.

This interpretation is confirmed by a passage in the *Tempest* :

“ — the thunder,

“ That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd

“ The name of Prosper ; it did *bais* my *trespass*.” MALONE.

⁸ — *of his ordnance.*] *Ordnance* is here used as a trisyllable ; being in our author's time improperly written *ordinance*. MALONE.

⁹ — *he masters now* ;] Thus the folio. The quartos 1600 and 1608, read *masters*. STEEVENS.

¹ — *you shall read*—] So the folio. The quarto 1600, has—*you shall find*. MALONE.

Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd, with fair conditions:

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

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
Embark his royalty²; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning³.
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'd⁴: behold the threaten'd sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think,

² *The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty;*] The folio, in which alone the choruses are found, reads *Dover pier*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald.

MALONE.

Among the records of the town of Southampton, they have a minute and authentic 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.

³ —*Phœbus fanning,*] Old Copy—*sayning*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

⁴ *Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd;*] So in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

“——the boatswain whistles, and

“The master calls, and trebles the confusion.” MALONE.

You stand upon the rivage⁵, and behold
 A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
 For so appears this fleet majestic,
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
 Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy⁶;
 And leave your England, as dead midnight, still
 Guarded with grandfires, 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, the ambassador from the French comes back;
 Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him
 Catharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
 The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
 With linstock⁷ now the devilish cannon touches,
 [Alarum; and chambers go off.
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
 And eke⁸ out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

⁵ — *rivage*,—] The bank or shore. JOHNSON.

Rivage: French. So, in Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. i.

"Pactolus with his waters there

"Throws forth upon the *rivage* round about him here." STEEV.

⁶ *Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy*;] The stern being the hinder part of the ship, the meaning is, let your minds follow close after the navy. STEEVENS.

I suspect, that the author wrote, *steerage*.⁹ So, in *Pericles*:

"—Think his pilot, thought;

"So with his *steerage* shall your thoughts grow on;

"To fetch his daughter home." MALONE.

⁷ — *linstock*—] The staff to which the match is fixed when ordnance is fired. JOHNSON.

⁸ *And eke*—] This word is in the first folio written *each*; as it was, sometimes at least, pronounced—So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"And time that is so briefly spent,

"With your fine fancies quaintly *each*;

"What's dumb in shew I'll plain with *speech*." MALONE.

SCENE I.

*The same. 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 dead¹ !

In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,

As modesty, stillness, and humility :

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,

Then imitate the action of the tyger² ;

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood³,

Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;

Let it pry through the portage of the head³,

Like the brags cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,

As fearfully, as doth a galled rock

¹ *Or close the wall, &c.]* Here is apparently a chiasm. One line at least is lost, which contained the other part of a disjunctive proposition. The king's speech is, *dear friends*, either win the town, or close up the wall with dead. The old quarto gives no help. JOHNSON.

² *—when the blast of war blows in our ears,*

Then imitate the action of the tyger,] Sir Tho. Hammer has observed on the following passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, that in *storms and high winds the tyger roars and rages most furiously.*

“ —even so

“ Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide

“ In storms of fortune : for, in her ray and brightness,

“ The herd hath more annoyance by the brize

“ Than by the tyger : but when splitting winds

“ Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,

“ And flies flee under shade, why then the thing of courage,

“ As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,” &c.

STEEVENS.

³ *—summon up the blood,]* Old Copy—*Commune, &c.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

³ *—portage of the head,]* *Portage*, open space, from *port*, a gate. Let the eye appear in the head as cannon through the battlements, or embrasures, of a fortification. JOHNSON.

So we now say—the *port-holes* of a ship. MASON.

O'er-

O'er-hang and jutting his confounded base⁴,
 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 spirit⁵
 To his full height!—On, on, you noble English*,
 Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof⁶!
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought;
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument⁷.
 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 women,
 Whose limbs were made in England, shew 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 start⁸. 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.*]

4 — *his confounded base,*] His *worn* or *wasted* base. JOHNSON.

One of the senses of *to confound*, in our author's time, was, *to destroy*. See Minshew's *Dict.* in *v.* MALONE.

5 — *bend up every spirit*—] A metaphor from the law. JOHNSON.

So again, in *Hamlet*: "they fool me to the top of my bent." Again, in *Macbeth*:

"I am settled, and bend up

"Each corporal agent to this terrible feat." MALONE.

* — *you noble English,*] The folio (where alone this speech is found,) has—you *noblist* English. For the present correction I am answerable. The editor of the second folio reads—*noblest*. MALONE.

⁶ *Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!*] Thus the folio 1623, and rightly. So Spenser's *Faery Queene*, B. III.

"Whom strange adventure did from Britain *set*."

Again, in Lord Surrey's translation of the second book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"And with that winde had *set* the land of Grece."

The sacred writings afford many instances to the same purpose. STEEV.

⁷ — *argument,*] is *matter*, or *subject*. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Straining upon the start,*] The old copy reads *Straying*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

SCENE

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^o, stay; the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives¹: 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 affalls drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Dosh win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an ale-house in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me²,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

^o — corporal,] We should read *lieutenant*. It is Bardolph to whom he speaks. STEEVENS.

Though Bardolph is only a corporal in *K. Henry IV.* as our author has in this play, from inadvertence or design, made him a lieutenant, I think with Mr. Steevens, that we should read *lieutenant*. See a former note, p. 477. The truth is, I believe, that the variations in his title proceeded merely from Shakspeare's inattention. MALONE.

¹ — 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 Mr. 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. MALONE.

² If wishes, &c.] This passage, I have replaced from the first folio, which is the only authentick copy of this play. These lines, which perhaps are part of a song, Mr. Pope did not like, and therefore changed them in conformity to the imperfect play in quarto, and was followed by the succeeding editors. For *prevail* I should read *avail*. JOHNSON.

Boy.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as bird doth sing
bough³.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's blood!—Up to the preaches⁴, you rascals!
will you not up to the preaches? [*driving them forward.*]

Pist. Be merciful, great duke⁵, to men of mould⁶!

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 humours⁷—your honour wins bad
humours⁷. [*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH,*

followed by FLUELLEN.

Boy.

³ *As duly, &c.*] This speech I have restored from the folio STEEV.

⁴ — *up to the preaches*—*&c.*] Thus the quarto, with only the difference of *breaches* instead of *preaches*. Modern editors have been very liberal of their *variations*. The folio reads, *Up to the breach, you dogges; quaint, you cullions.* STEEVENS.

⁵ *Be merciful, great duke,*] That is, great commander. So, in Harrington's *Orlando Furioso*, 591:

“And as herself, the dame of Carthage kill'd,

“When as thy 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. See Vol. II. p. 441, n. 1. In Pistol's mouth the word has here peculiar propriety.

The author of REMARKS, &c. on the last edition of Shakspeare, 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 1621, this is not the case. When the king retired before the entry of Bardolph, &c. the duke of Exeter certainly accompanied him, with Bedford, Gloucester, &c. though in the folio the word *Exeunt* is accidentally omitted. In the quarto, before the entry of Bardolph, Fluellen, &c. we find EXETER 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 Welchman, but to old Sir Thomas Erpingham.

I should not have taken the trouble to refute this tasteless and 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.

⁶ — *to men of mould*!] *To men of earth*, to poor mortal men. JOHNSON.

So, in the Countess of Pembroke's *Trinity Church*: “At length man was made of mould by crafty Prometheus.” STEEVENS.

⁷ — *wins bad humours.*] In a former scene Nym says, “the king hath run bad humours on the knight.” We should therefore perhaps read

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three⁸, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, 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 men⁹; 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 half-pence. 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 coals¹⁰. 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.

runs here a fo. But there is little certainty in any conjecture concerning the dialect of Nym or Pistol. MALONE.

⁸ —but all they three, —] We should read, I think, —all the three.

MALONE.

⁹ —best men;] That is, *bravest*; so in the next lines, *good deeds* are *brave actions*. JOHNSON.

¹⁰ —the men would carry coals.] It appears that in Shakspeare's age, to carry coals was, I know not why, to endure affronts. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, one servingman asks another whether he will carry coals.

JOHNSON.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines: For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you,) is digt himself four yards under the countermines²: by Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all³, 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 'orlo: I will verifys 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 wappy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS, and JAMY, at a distance.

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

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous valorous 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, gud-day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, goot captain Jamy.

Gow. 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 by my father's soul, the work ish ill done; e ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save

Cant phrases are the ephemerons of literature. In the quartos 1600 and 1608, the passage stands thus:

I knew by that *they* meant to carry coals. STEEVENS.

² — *is digt himself four yards under the countermines:*] Fluellen means, that the enemy had digged himself countermines four yards under the mines. JOHNSON.

³ — *'a will plow up all,*] That is, *he will blow up all.* JOHNSON.
me,

me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I pefeech you now, will you youtafe me, look you, a few difputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the difciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to fatisfy my opinion, and partly, for the fatisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military difcipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It fall be very gud, gud feith, gud captains bath: and I fall quit you⁴ with gud leve, as I may pick occafion; that fall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to difcoursfe, fo Chrish fave me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes; it is no time to difcoursfe. The town is befecch'd, and the trumpet calls us to the breach; and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing; 'tis shame for us all: fo God fa' me, 'tis sham 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, fo Chrish fa' me, la.

Jamy. By the melf, ere theife eyes of mine take themselves to flumber, aile d, gude service, or aile ligge i'the grund for it; ay, ay, to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may; that fal I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you twy.

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 your-

⁴ — *I fall quit you—*] That is, I shall, with your permission, requite you, that is, answer you, or interpose with my arguments, as I shall find opportunity. JOHNSON.

self, 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. An! that's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*]

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there's an end^s.

SCENE III.

The same. Before the gates of Harfleur.

The Governour and some citizens on the walls; the English forces below. Enter King HENRY and his Train.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governour of the town? This is the latest parley 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-atchieved *de-fleur*,

Till in her ashes she lie buried.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up^e;

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

^s — *there's an end.*] It were to be wished that the poor merriment of this dialogue had not been purchased with so much profaneness. *JOHNS.*

^e *The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;*] Mr. Gray has borrowed this thought in his *Elegy*:

“And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,” *STEEVENS.*

We again meet with this significant expression in *K. Henry VI.* P. 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 Shakspeare: “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.*

Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,—

Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?⁷

What is it 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 the enraged soldiers in their spoil,

As send precepts to the Leviathan

To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,

Take pity of your town, and of your people,

Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;

Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds

Of heady murder⁸, spoil, and villainy.

If not, why, in a moment, look to see

The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand

Defile the locks⁹ of your shrill-shrieking daughters;

Your fathers taken by the silver beards,

And their most reverent heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infanc¹⁰ 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.

⁷ — fell feats

Enlink'd to waste and desolation? All the savage practices naturally concomitant to the sack of cities. JOHNSON.

⁸ *Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace*

O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds—] This is a very harsh metaphor. To *over-blow* is to drive away, or to keep off. JOHNSON.

⁹ *Of heady murder—*] The folio has *headly*. The passage is not in the quarto. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio. *Heady* must mean *headstrong*. Though *deadly* is an epithet of but little force, applied to murder, I yet suspect it to have been the poet's word. MALONE.

¹⁰ *Defile the locks—*] The folio reads:—*Defire* the locks, STEEVENS.

The emendation is Mr. Pope's. MALONE.

What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gow. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread 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'll retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guests;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest².

[*Flourish. The king, &c., enter the town.*]

SCENE IV³.

Rouen. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CATHARINE and ALICE.

*Cath. Alice, tu as esté⁴ en Angleterre, et tu parles bien
le language.*

²—*are we addrest*. I. e. prepared. So, in Heywood's *Raven Age*, 1613:

“clamours from afar,

“Tell us their champions are addrest for war.” STEEVENS.

³ This scene is 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 observ'd, 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 pall vou la main en francoy.” JOHNSON.

Alice.

Alice. *Un peu, madame.*

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

Alice. *La main? elle est appelée, de hand.*

Cath. *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 appelé de fingres; ouy, de fingres.*

Cath. *La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que j. suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois d'estement. Comment appelez vous les ongles?*

Alice. *Des ongles? les appellons, de nails.*

Cath. *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.*

Cath. *Dites moy le Anglois, le bras.*

Alice. *De a m, madame.*

Cath. *Et le coude.*

Alice. *De elbow.*

Cath. *De elbow. Je m'en faitz la repetition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès a present.*

* Cath. *Alice, tu es...* have regulated several speeches in this French scene; some of these were given to Alice, and yet evidently belonged to Catharine: and so, *vice versa*. It is not material to distinguish the particular transpositions I have made. Mr. 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 patch'd and pye-bald dialogue of no beauty or force." THEOBALD.

In the collection of *Chester Whitson Mysteries*, among the *Harleian MSS.* No. 1017, 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 *Skyner'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 4to edition of *King Henry V.*

STEEVENS.

Alice. *Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.*

Cath. Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Cath. O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ; De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col ?

Alice. De neck, madame.

Cath. De neck : Et le menton ?

Alice. De chin.

Cath. De fin. Le col, de neck, le menton, de fin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur, en verité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.

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

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié que je vous ay enseignée ?

Cath. Non, je reciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—

Alice. De nails, madame.

Cath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.

Cath. Ainsi dis je ; de elbow, de neck, et de fin : Comment appelez vous le pieds et la robe ?

Alice. De foot, madame ; et de con.

Cath. 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 pourrais 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 neck, de fin, de foot, de con,

Alice. Excellent, madame !

Cath. C'est assez pour une fois ; allons nous à dîner.

[*Exeunt.*]

^s De foot, madame, et de con.] Alice pronounces all the other words rightly, and why should she be supposed not to know these ? We should read—De foot, Madame, et de gown. *WHYTE.*

SCENE

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 *Some*.

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' luxury⁶,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock⁷,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And over-look their grafters?

Beur. 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 Albion⁸.

Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit, and blows? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades⁹, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?

And

⁶ —*luxury*, in this place, as in others, means *lust*. JOHNSON.

⁷ —*savage*—] is here used in the French original sense, for *silvan*, uncultivated, the same with *wild*. JOHNSON.

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.

⁹ —*Can sodden water*,

A drench for sur-rein'd jades,—] The exact meaning of *sur-rein'd* I do not know. It is common to give horses over-riden or feverish, ground malt and hot water mixed, which is called a *masb*. To this he alludes. JOHNSON.

I suppose, *sur-rein'd* means *over-riden*; horses on whom the rein has remained too long. MALONE.

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' thatch¹, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth² in our rich fields;
Poor—we may call them³, in their native lords.

Daup. 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 high⁴, and swift *arantos*;
Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him
hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—
Up, princes; and, with spirit of honour edg'd,
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles De-la-bret⁵, high constable of France;

You

The word *sur-vein'd* occurs more than once in the old plays. So, in
Jack Drum's Entertainment, 1601:

"Writes he not a good cordial happy title?"

"A *sur-vein'd* jaded wit, but he rubs on."

It should be observed that the quartos 1600 and 1608 read:

—A drench for *swolne* jades. STEEVENS.

¹ —upon our houses' thatch.] Thus the folio. The quarto has—our
houses' tops. MALONE.

² —drops of gallant youth—] This is the reading of the folio. The
quarto reads—drops of youthful blood. MALONE.

³ —we may call them,—] *May*, which is wanting in the old copy,
was added by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

⁴ —lavoltas high,] Hanmer observes that in this dance there was
much turning and much capering. Shakspeare mentions it more than
once, but never so particularly as the author of *Mulcasses 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 *lavoltas* to the sun,

"Circle me round." STEEVENS.

⁵ *Charles De-la-bret*,—] Milton somewhere bids the English take no
rice how their names are mispelt by foreigners, and seems to think
that

You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
 Jaques Chatillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Rouffi, and Fauconberg,
 Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights⁶,
 For your great feats, now quit you of great shames.
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land,
 With pennons⁷ painted in the blood of Harfleur:
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow *

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 render them both from all other parts of the text. Instead of *Charles Desubrier*, we should read *Charles D'Albret*; but the metre will not allow of it. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare followed Holinshed's Chronicle, in which the Constable is called *Delabreth*, as he here is in the folio. MALONE.

⁶ —and knights,] The old copy reads *kings*. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. It is confirmed by a line in the last scene of the fourth act: "—princes, barons, lords, *knights*,—" MALONE.

⁷ With pennons—] *Pennon*, an armorial were small flags, on which the arms, device and motto might be painted. *Pennon* is the same as *pendant*. So, in *The Stately Moral of the Three Lords of London*, 1596:

"With curious *pendants* on their launces fix'd."

Again, in Chaucer's *Knyghtes Tale*, v. 980. late edit.

"And by his banner borne is his *penon*

"Of gold ful riche, in which there was a bete

"The Minotaure which that he slew in Crete."

In MS. Harl. No. 2413, is the following note.

"A *penon* must bee tow yardes and a half 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 lieutenant shall make a flitt in the end of the *pennon*, and the heralds shall raise it out.

"*Pencells* or flagges for horsemen must bee a yarde and a halfe longe, with the crosse of St. George," &c. STEEVENS.

* —melted snow—] The poet has here defeated himself by passing too soon from one image to another. To bid the French rush upon the English as the torrents formed from melted snow stream from the Alps, was at once vehement and proper, but its force is destroyed by the grossness of the thought in the next line. JOHNSON.

Upon the vallies; whose low vassal seat
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon⁸:
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—
 And in a captive chariot, into Rouën
 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 atchievement, offer us his ransom⁹.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjôy;
 And let him say to England, that we find
 To know what willing ransom he will give.—
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouën*.

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 service committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love, and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost powers: he is not, (God be praised and blessed!) any hurt in the 'orld; but keeps

⁸ *The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:]*

"Jupiter hybernas canâ nive conspuat Alpes."

Fur. Bibac. ap Hor. STEEVENS.

⁹ *And, for atchievement, offer us his ransom.]* That is, instead of atchieving a victory over us, make a proposal to us to pay a certain sum, as a ransom. See Vol. IV. p. 296, n. 4. MALONE.

* — in Rouën.] Here and a little higher we have in the old copy *Roan*, which was in Shakspeare's time the mode of spelling *Rouën* in Normandy. He probably pronounced the word as a monosyllable, *Roan*; as indeed most Englishmen do at this day. MALONE.

the pridge most valiantly¹, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign² 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 'orld; but I did see him do gallant service.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd—ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter PISTOL.

Flu. Do you not know him? Here comes 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. Barbolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
Of buxom valour³ bath,—by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,

That stands upon the rolling restless stone³,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol⁴. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you, that fortune is plind⁴: And she is painted also with

¹ —but keeps the pridge most valiantly,] This is, not an imaginary circumstance, but founded on an historical fact. After Henry had passed the Somme, 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 Ternis 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.

² —there is an ensign—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—there is an ancient lieutenant. Pistol was not a lieutenant. MALONE.

³ Of buxom valour,] i. e. valour under good command, obedient to its superiours. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*:

“Love tyrannizeth in the bitter smarts

“Of them that to him are buxom and prone.” STEEVENS.

³ That goddess blind,

That stands upon the restless rolling stone,—] Fortune is described by Ceber, and by Pacuvius in the fragments of Latin authors, p. 60, and the first book of the *Pieces* to Herennius, precisely in these words of our poet. It is unnecessary to quote them. S. W.

⁴ Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler before her eyes, to signify

with a wheel; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a sperical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls:—In good truth,⁵ the poet is make a most excellent description of fortune: fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him; For he hath stol'n a *pix*⁶, and hanged must 'a be. A damned Death!

Let

nify to you that fortune is blind:] Fluellen could never have said that *Fortune was painted blind*, to signify *she was blind*. We should therefore strike out the first *blind*, and read: *Fortune is painted with a muffler*, &c. WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one. *Fortune, the Goddess*, is represented blind, to shew that *fortune*, or *the chance of life*, is without discernment. A *muffler* appears to have been part of a lady's dress. STEEV.

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 verses cited in Vol. II. p. 240:

"Now is she barefast to be seene, straight on her muffler goes;

"Now is she huff up to the crowne, straight nuzzled to the nose."

MALONE.

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.

⁵ *In good truth, &c.*] The reading here is made out of two copies, the quarto, and the first folio. MALONE.

⁶ — *he hath stol'n a pix*,] 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 Mr. Theobald's emendation for the reason that he assigns. MALONE.

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 kiss'd 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

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
 And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate :
 But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
 For *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 brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions ; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd ; and *figo* for thy friendship !

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain !

[Exit PISTOL.
Flu.

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.

Holinshed (whom our author followed,) says, "a foolish soldier stole a *pixe* out of a church, *figo* which cause he was apprehended, and the king would not once remove till the *box* was restored, and the offender strangled." MALONE.

[Why then rejoice therefore.] This passage, with several others, in the character of Pistol, is ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in *The Poetaster*, as follows :

"Why then lament therefore ; damn'd be thy guts

"Unto king Pluto's hell, and princely Erebus ;

"For sparrows must have food." STEEVENS.

The former part of this passage in the *Poetaster* seems rather to be a parody on one of Pistol's in *King Henry IV.* P. II. p. 428. "Why then lament therefore." Perhaps in that before us our author had in his thoughts a very contemptible play of Marlowe's,—*The Massacre of Paris* :

"The Guise is dead, and I rejoice therefore." MALONE.

[The fig of Spain !] This is no allusion to the *figo* already explained in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. but to the custom of giving poison'd 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 marrow." So, in one of Gascoigne's *Poems* :

"It

Flu. Very good⁹.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cut-purse.

Flu. I'll assure you 'a utter'd as prave 'ords 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 great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done;—at such and such a sconce¹, at such a breach, at such a convey; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: And what a beard² of the general's cut², and a horrid suit of the camp³, will do among
foaming

“It may fall out that thou shalt be entic'd

“To sup sometimes with a magnifico,

“And have *sico* foisted in thy dish,” &c.

Again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

“—Is it [poison] speeding?—

“As all our *Spanish figs* are.” STEEVENS.

The quarto shews, I think, that Mr. Steevens is right. Mr. Reed is of opinion that “the fig of Spain is here only a term of contempt. In the old translation of *Galateo of manners and behaviour*, we have,

“She gave the *Spanish figge*

“With both her thumbs at once.”

See p. 429, n. 9. MALONE.

⁹ *Very good.*] Instead of these two words, the quartos read: “Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?” STEEVENS.

¹ —a *sconce*,] appears to have been some hasty, rude, inconsiderable kind of fortification. STEEVENS.

So, Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: “I will *ensconce*, [i. e. entrench] myself behind the arras.” BLACKSTONE.

² —a *beard* of the general's cut,] It appears from an old ballad inserted in a Miscellany, entitled *Le Prince d'Amour*, 8vo. 1660, that our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards, and that a certain *cut* or form was appropriated to the foldier, the bishop, the judge, the clown, &c. The *spade-beard*, and perhaps the *filetto-beard* also, was appropriated to the first of these characters. It is observable that our author's patron, Henry Earl of Southampton, who spent much of his time in camps, is drawn with the latter of these beards; and his unfortunate friend, Lord Essex, is constantly represented
with

foaming bottles, and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such slanders of the age⁴, 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 shew to the 'orld 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 bridge⁵.

Enter

with the former. In the ballad above mentioned the various forms of this fantastick ornament are thus described:

" Now of beards there be,
" Such a companie,
" Of fashions such a throng,
" That it is very hard
" To treat of the beard,
" Though it be ne'er so long.

" The *skeleton* beard,
" O, it makes me afeard,
" It is so sharp beneath;
" For he that doth place
" A dagger in his face,
" What wears he in his sheath?

" The *soldiers* beard
" Doth match in this herd,
" In figure like a *spade*;
" With which he will make
" His enemies quake,
" To think their grave is made.
" Next the *clown* doth out-rush,
" With the beard of the bush," &c. MALONE.

3 —a horrid suit of *ibid* camp,] Thus the folio. The quartos 1600, &c. read—a horrid *shout* of the camp. STEEVENS.

Suit, I have no doubt, is the true reading. Soldiers *shout* in a field of battle, but not in a camp. *Suit* in our author's time appears to have been pronounced *shoot*: (See Vol. II. p. 363, n. 8.) hence probably the corrupt reading of the quarto. MALONE.

4 —such slanders of the age,] This was a character very troublesome to wise men in our author's time. "It is the practice with him," says Ascham, "to be warlike, though he never looked enemy in the face; yet some warlike sign must be used, as a slovenly buskin, or an over-staring frowned head, as though out of every hair's top should suddenly start a good big oath." JOHNSON.

⁵ I must speak with him from the bridge.] "Speak with him from the bridge, Mr. Pope tells us, is added to the latter editions; but that it

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and soldiers.

Flu. Got pless your majesty!

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

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd 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, very 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, ~~of~~ Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all ~~babukles~~ ^{whelks}, and whelks, and knobs⁷, and flames of fire; and his lips

is plain from the sequel, that the scene here continues, and the affair of the bridge is over. This is a most inaccurate 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.

With this Dr. Warburton concurs. JOHNSON.

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.

⁶ —and soldiers.] The direction in the folio is—"Enter the king and his *poor* soldiers." This was, I suppose, inserted, that their appearance might correspond with the subsequent description in the chorus of Act IV. "The *poor* condemned English," &c. MALONE.

⁷ —and whelks, and knobs.] So, in Chaucer's character of a *Sompnour*, from which, perhaps, Shakspeare took some hints for his description of Bardolph's face:

"A *Sompnour* was ther with us in that place,
" That hadde a *fire-red* cherubynnes face, &c.

"
" Ther na's quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
" Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non;

" Ne oinment that wolde clense or bite,
" That might him helpen of his *whelkes* white,

" Ne of the *knobbes* sitting on his chekes."

See the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, late edit. v. 628, &c. STEEV.
plows

plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes blue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed⁸, and his fire's out⁹.

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 sounds. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit².

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 ~~were~~ ^{were} 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

⁸ —*but his nose is executed, &c.*] I once thought that these words were inconsistent with the foregoing,—“one that is like to be executed”; but Fluellen's language must not be too strictly examined. He means, I suppose, that the fate which hung over Bardolph, had extinguished the flame of his face: it no longer glowed as it formerly did. It appears from what Pistol has just said to Fluellen, that Bardolph was not yet executed; or at least, that Fluellen did not know that he was executed. MALONE.

⁹ —*his fire's out.*] This is the last time that any sport can be made with the red face of Bardolph, which, to confess the truth, seems to have taken more hold on Shakspeare's imagination than any other. The conception is very cold to the solitary reader, though it may be somewhat invigorated by the exhibition on the stage. This poet is always more careful about the present than the future, about his audience than his readers. JOHNSON.

¹ *Enter Montjoy.*] *Montjoie* is the title of the first king at arms in France, as *Garter* is in our own country. STEEVENS.

² —*by my habit.*] That is, by his herald's coat. The person of a herald being inviolable, was distinguished in those times of formality by a peculiar dress, which is likewise yet worn on particular occasions.

JOHNSON.

we speak upon our cue³, 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 petteiness 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 impeachment⁴: 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 before⁵, tell him we will come on,

Though

³ —upon our cue,] In our turn. This phrase the author learned among players, and has imparted it to kings. JOHNSON.

⁴ Without impeachment.] i. e. hindrance. *Empêchement*, French.

STEEVENS.

⁵ —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

Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour⁶: 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 Raimbures, the
Duke of ORLEANS, 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?

logue between a herdsman and a maiden going on 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.

⁶ *There's for thy labour, Montjoy.*

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:—

We shall your tawny ground with your red blood

Discolour:] 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 blood. When he [Henry] had thus answered the herauld, he gave him a greates reward, 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. STEEV.

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. *Pa, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs⁷; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les nares 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 heat for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him⁸, but only impatient stillness, while his rider mounts him; he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—*Beast*.⁹

Gen.

⁷ *He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs;*] Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair, as appears from *Much Ado about Nothing*:—"and the old ornament of his back hath already stuffed tennis-balls." WARBURTON.

⁸ *—he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him,*] Thus Cleopatra, speaking of herself:

"I am air and fire; my other elements

"I give to baser life." STEEVENS.

So, in our author's 44th Sonnet:

"—so much of earth and water wrought,

"I must attend time's leisure with my moan."

Again in *Twelfth Night*:—"Do not our lives consist of the four elements?" MALONE.

⁹ *—and all other jades you may call—beasts,*] *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*:—"—what a wicked *beast* was I to disfigure myself against so good a time?" STEEVENS.

Mr. Mason has mentioned a passage in *Hamlet*, in which the word *beast* is not used as a contemptuous distinction:

"—and to such wond'rous doing brought his horse,

"As he had been incorp'd and deminatur'd

"With the brave *beast*."

I do

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*¹,—

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. *Malice*! the other day, methought, 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 kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait troffers².

Con.

I do not however 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.

¹ —*Wonder of nature*,] Here, I suppose, some foolish poem of our author's time is ridiculed; which indeed partly appears from the answer.

WARBURTON.

² —*like a kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait troffers*.] *Troffers* appear to have been tight breeches.—The kerns of

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd 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 her 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 borbier*: 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.

Ireland anciently rode without breeches, and therefore *strait troffers*, I believe, means only in their naked skin, which fits close to them. The word is still preferred, but is now written *trowfers*. STEEVENS.

"*Trowfers*," says the explanatory Index to Cox's *History of Ireland*, "are breeches and stockings made to fit as close to the body as *casaca*." Several of the morris-dancers represented upon the print of my window, have such hose or strait trowfers; but the poet seems by the waggish context to have a further meaning. TOLLET.

The old copy reads—*stroffers*. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald; who observes, that "by strait troffers 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 Mr. Toller's note, and from many passages in books of our author's age, that the *Irish strait troffers* or *trowfers* were not merely *figurative*; though, in consequence of their being made extremely tight, Shakspeare has here employed the words in an equivocal sense. "Bumbasted and paned hose," says Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1653, were, since I can remember, in fashion, but now our hose are made so close to our breeches, that, like *Irish trowfers*, they too manifestly discover the dimension of every part." The quotation is Mr. Collins's.—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 *trowfers*, "for then, (said he,) the boys will laugh at him as well as me." MALONE.

Con.

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 fair be about the ears of the English.

Lam. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English 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.

Flam. 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.

³ *Who will go to hazard with me for twenty English prisoners?* So, in the old anonymous *Henry V.*

"Come and you see what me tro at the king's drummer and fife."

"Faith, me will tro at the earl of Northumberland; and now I will tro at the king himself," &c.

This incident, however, might have been, furnished by the chronicle.

STEEVENS.

See p. 537, n. 7. MALONE.

M m 3

Con.

Con. By my faith, fir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lacquey⁴: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate⁵.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb⁶ 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 devil⁷.

Orl. You're the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were over-shot.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The lord Granville.

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 peevish⁸ fellow is this king

⁴ —his lacquey:] He has beaten nobody yet but his footboy.

JOHNSON.

⁵ —'tis a hooded valour, and 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.

See Vol. III. p. 317, n. * MALONE.

⁶ I will cap that proverb—] Alluding to the practice of capping verses. JOHNSON.

⁷ —with—A pox of the devil!] The quartos 1600, and 1608 read, —with a jogge of the devil. STEEVENS.

⁸ —peevish—] in ancient language, signified—foolish, silly. Many examples of this are given in a note on *Cymbeline*, Act I. sc. 7:—He's strange and peevish. STEEVENS.

See also Vol. II. p. 174, n. 1; and p. 187, n. 7. MALONE.

of

of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd 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 in-
tellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy
head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant crea-
tures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of
a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten
apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that
dale eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathise with the
mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their
wits with their wives: and then give them great meals
of beef⁹, 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 we shall find tomorrow—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.

A C T IV.

Enter CHORUS.

Chorus. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur, and the poring dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.

From

9 —give them great meals of beef,] So, in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

“—but scant them of their chins of beef,

“And take away their downy featherbed,” &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. MALONE.

1—of the universe.] *Universe* for *horizon*: for we are not to think
Shakspeare so ignorant as to imagine it was night over the whole globe
at once. WARBURTON.

From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
 The hum of either army stilly sounds,
 That the fix'd centinels almost receive
 The secret whispers of each other's watch²;
 Fire answers fire³; and through their paly flames
 Each battle sees the other's umber'd face⁴:
 Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
 Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents⁵,

(The

There is a proof that Shakspeare knew the order of night and day,
 in *Macbeth* :

" — I woe'er the one half world

" Nature seems dead."

But there was no great need of any justification. The *universe* in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horizon; but, however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much as of the world as falls under observation. Let me remark further, that ignorance cannot be certainly inferred from inaccuracy. Knowledge is not always present. JOHNSON.

² *The secret whispers of each other's watch* ;] Holinshed says, that the distance between the two armies was but two hundred and fifty paces.

MALONE.

³ *Fire answers fire* ;] This circumstance is also taken from Holinshed : —but at their coming into the village, fires were made (by the English,) to give light on every side, as there likewise was in the French host."

MALONE.

—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 in my possession, entitled *The Tell-tale*, 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." See also Vol. III. p. 141, n. 6. MALONE.

Of this epithet used by Shakspeare in his description of fires reflected by night, Mr. Pope knew the value, and has transplanted it into the *Iliad* on a like occasion :

" Whose umber'd arms by turns thick flashes send."

Umber is a brown colour. So, in *As you like it* :

" And with a kind of umber smirch my face."

The distant visages of the soldiers would certainly appear of this hue when beheld through the light of midnight fires. STEEVENS.

⁵ — and from the tents, &c.] See the preparation for the battle between Palamon and Arcite in *Chaucer* :

" And on the morwe, whan the day 'gan spring,

" Of hors and harnes noise and clattering

" There

The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
 With busy hammers closing rivets up,
 Give dreadful note of preparation.
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name⁶.
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
 The confident and over-lusty French
 Do the low-rated English play at dice⁷;
 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 cheeks⁸, and war-worn coats,
 Presenteth them unto the gazing moon⁹

Presenteth.

" There was in the hostleries all aboute :—

" The fomy stedes on the golden bridel

" Gnawing, and fast the archers also

" With file and hammer priling to and fro." T. WARTON.

⁶ — of drowsy morning name.] The old copy reads—*nam'd*. The emendation is Mr. Trenchard's. Sir T. Hanmer, with almost equal probability, reads,

And the third hour of drowsy morning's nam'd. MALONE.

⁷ Do the low-rated English play at dice;] i. e. to play them away at dice. WARBURTON.

From Holinshed: "The Frenchmen in the mean while, as though they had been sure of victory, made great triumphe, for the captaines had determined before how to divide the spoil, and the *souldiers the night before had plaid the Englishmen at dice*." MALONE.

⁸ Investing lank-lean cheeks,—] I fancy Shakspeare might have written—In *fasting*, lank-lean-cheeks,—&c. HEATH.

Change is unnecessary. The harshness of the metaphor is what offends, which means only, that their looks are invested in mournful gestures. Such another harsh metaphor occurs in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"For my part, I am so *attir'd* in wonder,

"I know not what to say." STEEVENS.

Gesture only relates to their *cheeks*, after which word there should be a comma, as in the first folio. In the second song of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*:

"Anger *invests* the face with lovely grace." TOLLET.

⁹ Presenteth them—] The old copy has—*presented*. The emendation, which in my opinion needs no justification, was proposed by Mr.

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,¹
 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 things², by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*]

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.—

Mr. Steevens. The false concord is found in every page of the old editions. Here it cannot be corrected. *MALONE.*

¹ Then, mean, &c.] Old Copy—*That mean.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. *MALONE.*

² Minding true things—] To mind is the same as to call to remembrance. *JOHNSON.*

Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
 There is some foul 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.³
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham.⁴
 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.⁵
 Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
 Commend me to the princes in our camp;
 Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,

³ *That we should 'dress us fairly for our end.*] *Dress us*, I believe here means *address us*, i. e. prepare ourselves; and I have printed the word accordingly. So before, in this play:

"To-morrow for the march are we address'd." MALONE.

Dress, in its common acceptation, is the true reading. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"They come like sacrifices in their trim." STEEVENS.

⁴ *—old Sir Thomas Erpingham:*] Sir Thomas Erpingham came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commissioners to receive king Richard's abdication. EDWARD'S MS.

Sir Thomas Erpingham was in Henry V's time warden of Dover castle. His arms are still visible on one side of the Roman pharos. STEEVENS.

⁵ *Which casted slough—*] *Slough* is the skin which the serpent annually throws off, and by the change of which he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. JOHNSON.

Legerity is a word used by Ben Jonson in *Every Man out of his Humour*. STEEVENS.

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 awhile,

And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven blefs thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit ERPINGHAM.*]

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

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui es lá?*

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;

And of life, an imp of fame⁶;

Of parentage 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 Davy's day.

⁶ — an imp of fame;] An *imp* is a *shoot* in its primitive sense, but means a *son* in Shakspeare. In Holinshed, p. 951, the last words of lord Cromwell are preserved, who says, “—and after him that his sonne prince Edward, that goodlie *impe*, may long reigne over you.”

STEEVENS.

K. Hen.

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

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The *figo* for thee then!

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

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd.

[*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts⁷ well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN, and GOWER, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak lower⁸. It's the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and ancient 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 cere-

⁷ *It sorts*—] i. e. it agrees. So, in Chapman's version of the 17th book of the *Odyssey*:

"His faire long lance well *sorting* with his hand." STEEV.

⁸ —*speak lower*.] The earliest of the quartos reads—*speak lower*, 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 *lower*, (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 Welchman 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 doubt. I will do as you desire; "I will speak *lower*."

Shakspeare has here as usual followed Holinshed: "Order was taken by commandement from the king, after the army was first set in battaile array, that no noise or clamour should be made in the hoste."

MALONE.
monics