

The King # 5 Henry

Adapted from Shakespeare by Ken Hudson

Staging notes:

The production was adapted to be specifically staged on an indoor ice-hockey pad split in half lengthways, with the audience bleachers installed on one half, and the action of the play on the other half. Mediating this set-up was a small stage (risers) at center-ice flanked by two mat walkways on either side of the stands for downstage right and left entrances. The stage was used for intimate scenes in the developing action. The whole rink was used in staging the conflict sequences, including the choreography of the Agincourt battle scene.

FIRST ACT

SCENE ONE The King's Chamber

Black. Music cue. Lights slowly up from black. King Henry IV is laying motionless center stage as lights up. Prince Henry enters slowly, tentatively, from DSL until he is before the King.

PRINCE HENRY

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
My gracious lord! my father!
This sleep is sound indeed, this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate as thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,
Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

Hal picks up the crown and exits DSR. King Henry IV awakens.

KING HENRY IV

Warwick! Gloucester!
Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

GLOUCESTER

We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

KING HENRY IV

The Prince of Wales! Where is he? Let me see him:
Where is the crown? Who took it from my pillow?

WARWICK

When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

KING HENRY IV

The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty that he doth suppose
My sleep my death? Find him.
See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?

Re-enter Prince Henry DSR

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.

PRINCE HENRY

I never thought to hear you speak again.

KING HENRY IV

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honors
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will o'erwhelm thee.
Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lovedst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Harry the Fifth is crown'd: up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

PRINCE HENRY

O, pardon me, my liege! There is your crown;
God witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold:
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd: most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

KING HENRY IV

O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.
To thee it shall descend with bitter quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,
May waste the memory of the former days.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

PRINCE HENRY

My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

KING HENRY IV

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

PRINCE HENRY

My Lord of Warwick!

Enter WARWICK

KING HENRY IV

Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

WARWICK

'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

KING HENRY IV

Laud be to God! even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

Snap to Black. Music cue: Bells Chime.

SCENE TWO
The Street

Bells cross-fade from dark and somber to bright and celebratory. Then into full pomp as lights fade up quickly. King Henry V, newly crowned, enters with train parading past his subjects.

FALSTAFF

God save thy grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

PISTOL

The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

FALSTAFF

God save thee, my sweet boy!

KING HENRY V

Speak to that vain man.

ATTENDANT

Have you your wits? know you what 'tis to speak?

FALSTAFF

My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

KING HENRY V

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd, so old and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:

Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strengths and qualities,
Give you advancement. Set on.

Music cue: Bright trumpets reprise. Henry V and train moves abruptly past Falstaff who "takes" the whole speech in one gesture of shock. Train exits. Cross-fade to black and lights up from black. Chorus, dressed in sports jacket and tie, is at down-center stage. He delivers his lines as a sportscaster might, sharply and clearly.

Chorus

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, and gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;

Into a thousand parts divide on man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.

Music cue chanting voices. Cross-fade lights to King at court just behind Chorus.

SCENE THREE

Henry V at Court

CANTERBURY

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

KING HENRY V

Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:

CANTERBURY

Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
'No woman shall succeed in Salique land:'
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear that Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France:

Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

KING HENRY V

May I with right and conscience make this claim?

CANTERBURY

The sin upon *my* head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit.

EXETER

Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.
They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness; never king of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

CANTERBURY

O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

KING HENRY V

Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
Now are we well resolved; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces:

Enter Montjoy

Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

MONTJOY

May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?

KING HENRY V

We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

MONTJOY

Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advised there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

KING HENRY V

What treasure, uncle?

EXETER

Tennis-balls, my liege.

KING HENRY V

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have march'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,

Not measuring what use we made of them.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exit Montjoy

EXETER

This was a merry message.

KING HENRY V

We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furtherance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
For, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

Snap to black and then spot snap up on Chorus

CHORUS

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,

Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promised to Harry and his followers.

SCENE FOUR
A Tavern

Lights fade up. Pistol and the Boy are on the edge of a brawl.

PISTOL

Mullett! Base mullett!

BARDOLPH

Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to
France together: why the devil should we keep
knives to cut one another's throats?

PISTOL

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

BOY

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

PISTOL

Base is the slave that pays.

BOY

That now I will have.

PISTOL

As manhood shall compound: push home.

BARDOLPH

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

PISTOL

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

BARDOLPH

An thou wilt be friends, be friends:
an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too.
Prithee, put up.

BOY

I shall have my eight shillings?

PISTOL

My manly heart doth earn.

Bardolph, be blithe:

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must earn therefore.

BARDOLPH

The king has killed his heart.

BOY

The king hath run bad humours on the knight.

PISTOL

Thou hast spoke the right;

His heart is fractured and corroborate.

BOY

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

PISTOL

Ah, poor heart!

BOY

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

BARDOLPH

Nay, sure he is not in hell. He's in Arthur's Bosom, if ever a man went to Arthur's bosom.

PISTOL

Shall we shog? The king will be gone from Southampton.

BARDOLPH

Come let's away.

PISTOL

Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

BARDOLPH

Three sworn brothers to France!

As they exit, Chorus enters and picks up the thread.

CHORUS

The French, advised by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
Have, for the gilt of France,--O guilt indeed!
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France.
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The king is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;

Music cue: Tense violins. Cross-fade lights from Chorus to King and men.

SCENE FIVE **Treason at Southampton**

KING HENRY V

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:
Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

SCROOP

No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

KING HENRY V

I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded
We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

CAMBRIDGE

Never was monarch better fear'd and loved
Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

GREY

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

KING HENRY V

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;

SCROOP

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

KING HENRY V

We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider
it was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.

SCROOP

That's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

KING HENRY V

O, let us yet be merciful.

CAMBRIDGE

So may your highness, and yet punish too.

GREY

Sir, You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.

KING HENRY V

Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punished. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?

CAMBRIDGE

I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

SCROOP

So did you me, my liege.

GREY

And I, my royal sovereign.

KING HENRY V

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.
Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

CAMBRIDGE

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

GREY /SCROOP

To which we all appeal.

KING HENRY V

The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspired,
And sworn unto the practises 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 mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
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 practises!

EXETER

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.

KING HENRY V

Hear your sentence.
You have conspired against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;

Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.

Exit Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, guarded

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France.

Black. Music cue: Beating wars drums fades into courtly music. Lights up.

SCENE SIX

French Court

KING OF FRANCE

Thus comes the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
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.

DAUPHIN

My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say 'tis meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

CONSTABLE

O peace, Prince Dauphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.

DAUPHIN

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

KING OF FRANCE

Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smiled to see him,
Mangle the work of nature and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter Montjoy

MONTJOY

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

KING OF FRANCE

We'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them.
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

DAUPHIN

Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Enter Exeter in full armor (hockey equipment)

KING OF FRANCE

From our brother England?

EXETER

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 raked,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing to overlook this pedigree:
And when you find him evenly derived
From his most famed of famous ancestors,
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.

KING OF FRANCE

Or else what follows?

EXETER

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
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens groans,
For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

KING OF FRANCE

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

DAUPHIN

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

EXETER

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

DAUPHIN

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

EXETER

He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assured, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

KING OF FRANCE

To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

EXETER

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

KING OF FRANCE

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

Cross-fade light to Chorus who walks onto the stage.

CHORUS

Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches.

Snap black on Chorus. Lights up on skating warriors USL towards the arena boards. Music cue: War drums.

SCENE SEVEN **Siege at Harfleur**

KING HENRY V

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it

As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English.
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeoman,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and Saint George!'

ENGLISH SOLDIERS (together in cheer)
Harry, England, Saint George!

All charge forth in the opening in the boards.

BARDOLPH
On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

BOY
Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot;
and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives:

PISTOL
The plain-song in most just: for humours do abound:
Knocks go and come; God's vassals drop and die;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

BOY

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

PISTOL

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

Enter Fluellen

FLUELLEN

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

PISTOL

Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

BOY

I must leave them, and seek some better service:
their villany goes against my weak stomach, and
therefore I must cast it up.

Exit Boy. Re-enter Fluellen with Gower following.

GOWER

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

FLUELLEN

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,
the athversary, you may discuss unto the duke, look
you, is digt himself four yard under the
countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plough up
all, if there is not better directions.

GOWER

The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the
siege is given, is altogether directed by an
Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

FLUELLEN

It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

GOWER

I think it be.

FLUELLEN

By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his beard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris

GOWER

Here a' comes.

How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

MACMORRIS

By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

FLUELLEN

Captain Macmorris, I beseech you now, will you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

MACMORRIS

It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is

throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there
ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la!

FLUELLEN

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

MACMORRIS

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?

FLUELLEN

Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is
meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think
you do not use me with that affability as in
discretion you ought to use me, look you: being as
good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of
war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in
other particularities.

MACMORRIS

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

GOWER

Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

A parley sounded

The town sounds a parley.

FLUELLEN

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

*Before the gates of the Town (ie Arena Boards, with the governor standing on the
Hockey Bench)*

KING HENRY V

How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit;
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;

Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds,
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

GOVERNOR

Great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

KING HENRY V

Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we address

Snap black. Music cue: Mournful strings. Up from Black, Katherine is seated center stage, translating to herself English from French. She hears the noise of the men entering, and she exits as they appear.

SCENE EIGHT

French Court

KING OF FRANCE

'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

CONSTABLE

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.

DAUPHIN

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

ORLEANS

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

CONSTABLE

Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
Poor we may call them in their native lords.

DAUPHIN

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.

ORLEANS

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

KING OF FRANCE

Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

CONSTABLE

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

KING OF FRANCE

Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy.
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

DAUPHIN

Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

KING OF FRANCE

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

Snap black on stage. Music cue: Big Tension Orchestra. Lights up on ice, with English on skates.

SCENE NINE
The English camp in Picardy.

Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN, meeting

GOWER

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

FLUELLEN

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

GOWER

Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

FLUELLEN

The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not-God be praised and blessed!--any hurt in the world; but keeps the bridge most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but did see him do as gallant service.

GOWER

What do you call him?

FLUELLEN

He is called Aunchient Pistol.

GOWER

I know him not.

Enter Pistol

FLUELLEN

Here is the man.

PISTOL

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

FLUELLEN

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

PISTOL

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

FLUELLEN

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

PISTOL

Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be:
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dog; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak: the duke will hear thy voice:
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

FLUELLEN

Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

PISTOL

Why then, rejoice therefore.

FLUELLEN

Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be used.

PISTOL

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

FLUELLEN

It is well.

PISTOL

The fig of Spain!

Exit Pistol

FLUELLEN

Very good.

GOWER

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

FLUELLEN

I'll assure you, a' uttered as brave words at the bridge 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.

GOWER

Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of

the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

FLUELLEN

I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind.

Hark you, the king is coming.

God pless your majesty!

KING HENRY V

How now, Fluellen! camest thou from the bridge?

FLUELLEN

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

KING HENRY V

What men have you lost, Fluellen?

FLUELLEN

The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed and his fire's out.

KING HENRY V

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.

Enter Montjoy (on skates)

MONTJOY

You know me by my habit.

KING HENRY V

Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

MONTJOY

My master's mind.

KING HENRY V

Unfold it.

MONTJOY

Thus says my king: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuked him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

KING HENRY V

What is thy name? I know thy quality.

MONTJOY

Montjoy.

KING HENRY V

Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back.
And tell thy king I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment.
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessened, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me: I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.
Go bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master.

MONTJOY

I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

Exit Montjoy

GLOUCESTER

I hope they will not come upon us now.

KING HENRY V

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.

Fade out lights. Music cue: Somber theme revisits introduction music.

End ACT ONE.

SECOND ACT

The staging remains essentially unaltered in the second act, with a few exceptions. Backdrop set pieces are completely eliminated. All actors are now on skates. Boxes used in conjunction with risers are moved behind stage and directly onto the ice, thus informally creating the English and French camps. The camps themselves are stage right and left respectively and, as in the play and the historical events, are uneasily close to one another.

*Fade up from black on Chorus, who uses the stage as his vantage point, moving up onto it, and back down from it as the scene shifts to action behind him on the ice.
Music cue: hollow and desperate.*

CHORUS

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs

Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away.

Cross-fade to French

SCENE ONE

The French camp, near Agincourt

Fully costumed seated French soldiers enjoy the music of a minstrel, playing a mandolin as the scene opens. The Constable of France, at the conclusion of the opening song, makes a physical indication for the minstrel to revise a known 'favorite'. The musician plays the theme from Hockey Night in Canada. All applaud delicately.

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

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

CONSTABLE

It is the best horse of Europe.

DAUPHIN

My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you
talk of horse and armour?

ORLEANS

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

DAUPHIN

What a long night is this! I will not change my
horse with any that treads but on four pasterns.
Ca, ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his
entrails were hairs; le cheval volant, the Pegasus,
chez les narines de feu! When I bestride him, I
soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth

sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

ORLEANS

He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

DAUPHIN

And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in Patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

CONSTABLE

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

DAUPHIN

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

ORLEANS

No more, cousin.

DAUPHIN

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,'--

ORLEANS

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

DAUPHIN

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

ORLEANS

Your mistress bears well.

DAUPHIN

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

CONSTABLE

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

DAUPHIN

So perhaps did yours.

CONSTABLE

Mine was not bridled.

DAUPHIN

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

CONSTABLE

You have good judgment in horsemanship.

DAUPHIN

Be warned by me, then: they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

CONSTABLE

I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

DAUPHIN

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

CONSTABLE

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

DAUPHIN

'Le chien est retourne a son propre vomissement, et la truie lavee au boubier;' thou makest use of any thing.

CONSTABLE

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

MONTJOY

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

CONSTABLE

Stars, my lord.

DAUPHIN

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

CONSTABLE

And yet my sky shall not want.

DAUPHIN

That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 'twere more honour some were away.

CONSTABLE

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

DAUPHIN

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

CONSTABLE

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

MONTJOY

Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

CONSTABLE

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

DAUPHIN

'Tis midnight; I'll go arm myself.

Exit Dauphin

ORLEANS

The Dauphin longs for morning.

MONTJOY

He longs to eat the English.

CONSTABLE

I think he will eat all he kills.

ORLEANS

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

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

CONSTABLE

Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

ORLEANS

He never did harm, that I heard of.

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

I know him to be valiant.

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

What's he?

CONSTABLE

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

Re-enter Dauphin

DAUPHIN

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

CONSTABLE

Who hath measured the ground?

DAUPHIN

The Lord Grandpre.

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

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

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

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

MONTJOY

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

ORLEANS

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

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

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

Cross-fade to Chorus on stage.

CHORUS

The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminatè
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean; cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
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 attainè
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, that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.

Cross-fade lights. King Henry V wears a hooded cloak.

SCENE TWO **Harry in the Night**

PISTOL

Qui va là?

KING HENRY V

A friend.

PISTOL

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

KING HENRY V

I am a gentleman of a company.

PISTOL

Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

KING HENRY V

Even so. What are you?

PISTOL

As good a gentleman as the emperor.

KING HENRY V

Then you are a better than the king.

PISTOL

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

KING HENRY V

Harry le Roy.

PISTOL

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

KING HENRY V

No, I am a Welshman.

PISTOL

Know'st thou Fluellen?

KING HENRY V

Yes.

PISTOL

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

KING HENRY V

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

PISTOL

Art thou his friend?

KING HENRY V

And his kinsman too.

PISTOL

The figo for thee, then!

KING HENRY V

I thank you: God be with you!

PISTOL

My name is Pistol call'd.

Exit Pistol

KING HENRY V

It sorts well with your fierceness.

WILLIAMS

Who goes there?

KING HENRY V

A friend.

WILLIAMS

Under what captain serve you?

KING HENRY V

Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

WILLIAMS

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

KING HENRY V

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

WILLIAMS

He hath not told his thought to the king?

KING HENRY V

No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

WILLIAMS

He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

KING HENRY V

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

WILLIAMS

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

KING HENRY V

I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the king's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

WILLIAMS

That's more than we know.

If his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in battle, shall join together at the latter day.

I am afraid there are few die well that die in a battle;

Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

KING HENRY V

So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own.

WILLIAMS

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

KING HENRY V

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

WILLIAMS

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

KING HENRY V

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

WILLIAMS

That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

KING HENRY V

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

WILLIAMS

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

KING HENRY V

I embrace it.

Enter Fluellen

FLUELLEN

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

KING HENRY V

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

FLUELLEN

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

KING HENRY V

I will speak lower.

FLUELLEN

I pray you and beseech you that you will.

Exit Fluellen

KING HENRY V

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

King Henry V removes his hooded disguise

O hard condition,
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease

Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred anew;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER searching

GLOUCESTER

My liege!

KING HENRY V

My brother Gloucester's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for me.

Fade to black. Fade up from black.

Scene Three

The French Prepare

ORLEANS

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

DAUPHIN

Montez A cheval! My horse! varlet! laquais! ha!

ORLEANS

O brave spirit!

DAUPHIN

Via! les eaux et la terre.

ORLEANS

Rien puis? L'air et la feu.

DAUPHIN

Ciel, cousin Orleans.

Enter Constable

Now, my lord constable!

CONSTABLE

Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

DAUPHIN

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

ORLEANS

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

Enter Montjoy

MONTJOY

The English are embattled, you French peers.

CONSTABLE

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

DAUPHIN

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

CONSTABLE

I stay but for my guidon: to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

Exit and fade to black. Fade up from Black.

SCENE FOUR
The Ready English

GLOUCESTER

Where is the king?

EXETER

The king himself is rode to view their battle.

GLOUCESTER

Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

EXETER

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

GLOUCESTER

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

Enter King Henry V

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

KING HENRY V

What's he that wishes so?

No, If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.

I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have.

O, do not wish one more!

Rather proclaim it, that he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart;

We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian:'

Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

EXETER

My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

KING HENRY V

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

EXETER

Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

KING HENRY V

Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

GLOUCESTER

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

KING HENRY V

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

Enter Montjoy

MONTJOY

Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

KING HENRY V

Who hath sent thee now?

MONTJOY

The Constable of France.

KING HENRY V

I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Let me speak proudly: tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There's not a piece of feather in our host--
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this,--
As, if God please, they shall,--my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

MONTJOY

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

Exit Montjoy

KING HENRY V

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

Enter Exeter

EXETER

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

KING HENRY V

Take it. Now, soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!

Fade to Black. Lights fade up on Chorus center stage.

CHORUS

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-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt.

Black. Music cue reprises.

SCENE FIVE
The Battle of Agincourt

The entire physical sequence of the battle is choreographed for artistic reasons, and for the safety of all persons involved. The entire length of the ice sheet is used, as are the upstage boards, doorways, penalty box and player benches. The warring 'teams' each sing a song of National identity culled from Shakespeare's text. The music during the sequence is both loud and intense heavy metal rock music, and is timed to the emotional and physical arcs of sequences. Refer to diagrams and choreography prepared separately, including some dialogue thrown between combatants during the activity of the choreography. What follows is text with cues. These "moments" break off from but are physically included in the fight choreography or they may be referred to as rest points or plateaus where the dialogue rather than the action is once again driving the plot.

Enter Pistol, French Soldier, and Boy

PISTOL

Yield, cur!

French Soldier

Je pense que vous etes gentilhomme de bonne qualite.

PISTOL

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

French Soldier

O Seigneur Dieu!

PISTOL

O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman:

French Soldier

O pardonnez moi!

PISTOL

Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy

Ecoutez: comment etes-vous appele?

French Soldier

Monsieur le Fer.

Boy

He says his name is Master Fer.

PISTOL

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

Boy

I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

PISTOL

Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

French Soldier

Que dit-il, monsieur?

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

PISTOL

What are his words?

Boy

He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

PISTOL

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

French Soldier

Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy

Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.

Exit

Enter Constable, Orleans, and DAUPHIN.

CONSTABLE

O diable!

ORLEANS

O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

DAUPHIN

Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. O merchant fortune!
Do not run away.

CONSTABLE

Why, all our ranks are broke.

DAUPHIN

O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

ORLEANS

Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let us die in honour: once more back again;

CONSTABLE

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

ORLEANS

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

Exit.

Enter King Henry and Exeter

KING HENRY V

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

EXETER

The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

KING HENRY V

Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

EXETER

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.

KING HENRY V

The French have reinforced their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners:
Give the word through.

Exit

Enter Fluellen

FLUELLEN

Kill the poys ! 'tis expressly
against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of
knavery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your
conscience, now, is it not?
'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the
cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done
this slaughter: wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every
soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.

Enter King Henry V

KING HENRY V

I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. We'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter Montjoy

EXETER

Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

GLOUCESTER

His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

KING HENRY V

How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Comest thou again for ransom?

MONTJOY

No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes--woe the while!--
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!

KING HENRY V

I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.

MONTJOY

The day is yours.

KING HENRY V

Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

MONTJOY

They call it Agincourt.

KING HENRY V

Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

FLUELLEN

Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your
majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack
Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles,
fought a most prave pattle here in France.

KING HENRY V

They did, Fluellen.

FLUELLEN

Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is
remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a
garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their
Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this
hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do
believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek
upon Saint Tavy's day.

KING HENRY V

I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

FLUELLEN

All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's
Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that:
God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases
his grace, and his majesty too!

KING HENRY V

Thanks, good my countryman.

FLUELLEN

By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not
who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I
need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be
God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

Enter an English Herald

KING HENRY V

Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Herald

Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

KING HENRY V

What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

EXETER

Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

KING HENRY V

This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
Where is the number of our English dead?

Herald shows him another paper

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss

On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

EXETER

'Tis wonderful!

KING HENRY V

Come, go we in procession to the village.
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take the praise from God
Which is his only.

FLUELLEN

Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell
how many is killed?

KING HENRY V

Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for us.

FLUELLEN

Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

KING HENRY V

Do we all holy rites;
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then:
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

Exit and fade to black. End of battle music cue.

Fade up slowly from black. The King of France stands on the riser, stage left. The other players, including Katherine, who is seated on the stage, are on skates, on the ice. As the court exits, Henry V and Katherine have a small skate together while exchanging their lines and then return to greet the court's re-entry.

**SCENE SIX:
French Royal Palace**

KING HENRY V

Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!

Unto our brother France,
Health and fair time of days; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katherine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you and princes French, and peers,
Health to you all!

KING OF FRANCE

Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:
So are you, princes English, every one.

MONTJOY

My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?

KING HENRY V

You must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenors and particular effects
You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

MONTJOY

The king hath heard them; to which as yet
There is no answer made.

KING HENRY V

Well then the peace,
Which you before so urged, lies in his answer.

KING OF FRANCE

I have but with a cursorary eye
O'er glanced the articles: pleaseth your grace

To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

KING HENRY V

Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
go with the king;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we'll consign thereto.
Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, comprised
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

KING OF FRANCE

She hath good leave.

KING HENRY V

Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms
Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

KATHARINE

Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

KING HENRY V

O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with
your French heart, I will be glad to hear you
confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do
you like me, Kate?

KATHARINE

Pardonnez-moi, I cannot tell what is 'like me.'

KING HENRY V

An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

KATHARINE

O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de
tromperies.

KING HENRY V

What says she? that the tongues of men
are full of deceits?

KATHARINE

Oui, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of
deceits:

KING HENRY V

The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith,
Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am
glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if
thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king
that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my
crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but
directly to say 'I love you:' how say you, lady?

KATHARINE

Sauf votre honneur, me understand vell.

KING HENRY V

Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for
your sake, Kate, why you undid me: If I could win a lady at
leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my
armour on my back, under the correction of bragging
be it spoken. I should quickly leap into a wife.
I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou would have such a one, take
me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier,
take a king. And what sayest thou then to my love?
speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

KATHARINE

Is it possible dat I sould love de enemy of France?

KING HENRY V

No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of
France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love
the friend of France; for I love France so well that
I will not part with a village of it; I will have it
all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am
yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

KATHARINE

I cannot tell vat is dat.

KING HENRY V

No, Kate. I will tell thee in French:
Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand
vous avez le possession de moi,--let me see, what
then? Saint Denis be my speed!--donc votre est
France et vous etes mienne. It is as easy for me,
Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much
more French: I shall never move thee in French,
unless it be to laugh at me.

KATHARINE

Sauf votre honneur, le Francois que vous parlez, il
est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

KING HENRY V

But, Kate, dost thou
understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

KATHARINE

I cannot tell.

KING HENRY V

Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate?

KATHARINE

Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de
most sage demoiselle dat is en France.

KING HENRY V

Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in
true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I
dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to
flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor
and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew
my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars
when he got me: therefore was I created with a
stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when
I come to woo ladies, I fright them
Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is
music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of
all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken
English; wilt thou have me?

KATHARINE

Dat is as it sall please de roi mon pere.

KING HENRY V

Nay, it will please him well, Kate it shall please him, Kate.

KATHARINE

Den it sall also content me.

KING HENRY V

Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

KATHARINE

Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez:

KING HENRY V

Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

KATHARINE

Les dames et demoiselles pour etre baisees devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

KING HENRY V

It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married?

KING HENRY V

O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings.
Here comes your father.

Re-enter the French King and other Lords

Shall Kate be my wife?

FRENCH KING

So please you.

KING HENRY V

I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

FRENCH KING

We have consented to all terms of reason.

KING HENRY V

Is't so, my lords of England?

EXETER

The king hath granted every article:
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.
Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your majesty demands, that the King of France,
having any occasion to write for matter of grant,
shall name your highness in this form and with this
addition in French, Notre trescher fils Henri, Roi
d'Angleterre, Heritier de France.

FRENCH KING

Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

KING HENRY V

I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

FRENCH KING

Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

ALL

Amen!

KING HENRY V

Prepare we for our marriage--on which day,
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

Cross fade to Chorus DSC leaving court in shadow, although not tableax.

Chorus

Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,

In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly lived
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden be achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed.

Music cue. Slowly fade to black.