

**УИЛЬЯМ
ШЕКСПИР**

THE LIFE OF
KING HENRY
THE FIFTH

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The Life of King Henry the Fifth

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The Life of King Henry the Fifth:

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William Shakespeare

The Life of King Henry the Fifth

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

CHORUS

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, brother to the King

DUKE OF BEDFORD, " " " "

DUKE OF EXETER, Uncle to the King

DUKE OF YORK, cousin to the King

EARL OF SALISBURY

EARL OF WESTMORELAND

EARL OF WARWICK

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BISHOP OF ELY

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE, conspirator against the King

LORD SCROOP, " " " "

SIR THOMAS GREY, " " " "

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, officer in the King's army

GOWER, " " " " "

FLUELLEN, " " " " "

MACMORRIS, " " " " "

JAMY, " " " " "

BATES, soldier in the King's army

COURT, " " " " "

WILLIAMS, " " " " "

NYM, " " " " "

BARDOLPH, " " " " "

PISTOL, " " " " "

BOY A HERALD

CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France

LEWIS, the Dauphin DUKE OF BURGUNDY

DUKE OF ORLEANS DUKE OF BRITAINNE

DUKE OF BOURBON THE CONSTABLE OF FRANCE

RAMBURES, French Lord

GRANDPRE, " "

GOVERNOR OF HARFLEUR MONTJOY, a French herald

AMBASSADORS to the King of England

ISABEL, Queen of France

KATHERINE, daughter to Charles and Isabel

ALICE, a lady attending her

HOSTESS of the Boar's Head, Eastcheap; formerly Mrs.

Quickly, now married to Pistol Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers,
Messengers, Attendants

SCENE: England and France

PROLOGUE PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS

CHORUS. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire,
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,

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

ACT I. SCENE I. London. An ante-chamber in the KING'S palace

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF ELY

CANTERBURY. My lord, I'll tell you: that self bill is urg'd
Which in th' eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

ELY. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

CANTERBURY. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession;
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus-
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the King, beside,
A thousand pounds by th' year: thus runs the bill.

ELY. This would drink deep.

CANTERBURY. 'T would drink the cup and all.

ELY. But what prevention?

CANTERBURY. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

ELY. And a true lover of the holy Church.

CANTERBURY. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.

The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise
T'envelop and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady currance, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.

ELY. We are blessed in the change.

CANTERBURY. Hear him but reason in divinity,

And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a prelate;
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study;
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle rend'ring you in music.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter; that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,

And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric;
Which is a wonder how his Grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

ELY. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality;
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

CANTERBURY. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

ELY. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the Commons? Doth his Majesty
Incline to it, or no?

CANTERBURY. He seems indifferent
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his Majesty-

Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France- to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

ELY. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

CANTERBURY. With good acceptance of his Majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his Grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true tides to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown and seat of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

ELY. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

CANTERBURY. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

ELY. It is.

CANTERBURY. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

ELY. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. Exeunt

SCENE II. London. The Presence Chamber in the KING'S palace

Enter the KING, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,
WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and attendants

KING HENRY. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

EXETER. Not here in presence.

KING HENRY. Send for him, good uncle.

WESTMORELAND. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my
liege?

KING HENRY. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF ELY

CANTERBURY. God and his angels guard your sacred
throne,

And make you long become it!

KING HENRY. Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly and religiously unfold

Why the law Salique, that they have in France,
Or should or should not bar us in our claim;
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many, now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war-
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,
'Gainst him whose wrongs gives edge unto the swords
That makes such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

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:
'In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant!'

'No woman shall succeed in Salique land';
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law: to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land;
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,

Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth-
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught-
Convey'd himself as th' heir to th' Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine;
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the Crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and tide of the female;
So do the kings of France unto this day,
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your Highness claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbar their crooked tides
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

KING HENRY. 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,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the fun power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forge in blood of French nobility.

O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

ELY. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats.
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

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.

WESTMORELAND. 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. We must not only arm t' invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

CANTERBURY. They of those marches, gracious
sovereign,

Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

KING HENRY. We do not mean the coursing snatchers
only,

But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,

With ample and brim fulness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girdling with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

CANTERBURY. She hath been then more fear'd than
harm'd, my
liege;

For hear her but exempl'd by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings,
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

WESTMORELAND. But there's a saying, very old and true:

'If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin.'

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

EXETER. It follows, then, the cat must stay at home;

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreeing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

CANTERBURY. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed as an aim or but
Obedience; for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king, and officers of sorts,
Where some like magistrates correct at home;
Others like merchants venture trade abroad;
Others like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,

Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows loosed several ways
Come to one mark, as many ways meet in one town,
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea,
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So many a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well home
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.
KING HENRY. Call in the messengers sent from the
Dauphin.

Exeunt some attendants

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,

Or break it all to pieces; or there we'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them.
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter AMBASSADORS of France

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.
AMBASSADOR. May't please your Majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far of
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?
KING HENRY. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fett'ed in our prisons;
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.
AMBASSADOR. Thus then, in few.
Your Highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the Prince our master

Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
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. What treasure, uncle?

EXETER. Tennis-balls, my liege.

KING HENRY. We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant
with us;

His present and your pains we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valu'd this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself
To barbarous licence; as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,
When I do rouse me in my throne of France;
For that I have laid by my majesty

And plodded like a man for working-days;
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant Prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones, 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 of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt AMBASSADORS

EXETER. This was a merry message.

KING HENRY. We hope to make the sender blush at it.

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;
For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness ad
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought
That this fair action may on foot be brought. Exeunt

ACT II. PROLOGUE

Flourish. Enter 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,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness,
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What 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-
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,

Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the guilt 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- and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest
Th' abuse of distance, force a play.
The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,
The King is set from London, and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the play-house now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. Exit

SCENE I. London. Before the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap

Enter CORPORAL NYM and LIEUTENANT BARDOLPH

BARDOLPH. Well met, Corporal Nym.

NYM. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

BARDOLPH. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

NYM. For my part, I care not; I say little, but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles- but that shall be as it may. I dare

not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple

one; but what though? It will toast cheese, and it will endure

cold as another man's sword will; and there's an end.

BARDOLPH. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we'll

be all three sworn brothers to France. Let't be so, good Corporal

Nym.

NYM. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it;

and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may. That is my

rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

BARDOLPH. It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to Nell

Quickly; and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

NYM. I cannot tell; things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and

they may have their throats about them at that time; and some

say

knives have edges. It must be as it may; though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions.

Well, I

cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL and HOSTESS

BARDOLPH. Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife.
Good

Corporal, be
patient here.

NYM. How now, mine host Pistol!

PISTOL. Base tike, call'st thou me host?

Now by this hand, I swear I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

HOSTESS. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge
and
board a

dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the
prick
of

their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house
straight. [Nym draws] O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not
drawn!

Now

we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

BARDOLPH. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal, offer
nothing here.

NYM. Pish!

PISTOL. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of
Iceland!

HOSTESS. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put
up your
sword.

NYM. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

PISTOL. 'Solus,' egregious dog? O viper vile!

The 'solus' in thy most mervailous face;

The 'solus' in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;

And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!

I do retort the 'solus' in thy bowels;

For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,

And flashing fire will follow.

NYM. I am not Barbason: you cannot conjure me. I have
an humour
to

knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me,
Pistol, I

will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms; if
you

would walk off I would prick your guts a little, in good
terms,

as I may, and thaes the humour of it.

PISTOL. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!

The grave doth gape and doting death is near;

Therefore exhale. [PISTOL draws]

BARDOLPH. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes
the
first

stroke I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier.

[Draws]

PISTOL. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.

[PISTOL and Nym sheathe their swords]

Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;

Thy spirits are most tall.

NYM. I will cut thy throat one time or other, in fair terms;
that

is the humour of it.

PISTOL. 'Couple a gorge!'

That is the word. I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?

No; to the spital go,

And from the powd'ring tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,

Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse.

I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly

For the only she; and- pauca, there's enough.

Go to.

Enter the Boy

BOY. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master; and
your

hostess- he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph,
put

thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan.

Faith, he's very ill.

BARDOLPH. Away, you rogue.

HOSTESS. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these

days: the King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home

presently. Exeunt HOSTESS and BOY

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!

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

PISTOL. Base is the slave that pays.

NYM. That now I will have; that's the humour of it.

PISTOL. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[PISTOL and Nym draw]

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.

[Sheathes his sword]

BARDOLPH. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends; an

thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Prithee put up.

NYM. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

PISTOL. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;

And liquor likewise will I give to thee,

And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood.

I'll live by Nym and Nym shall live by me.

Is not this just? For I shall sutler be

Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.

Give me thy hand.

NYM. [Sheathing his sword] I shall have my noble?

PISTOL. In cash most justly paid.

NYM. [Shaking hands] Well, then, that's the humour of't.

Re-enter HOSTESS

HOSTESS. As ever you come of women, come in quickly to Sir

John.

Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian

that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

NYM. The King hath run bad humours on the knight; that's the

even

of it.

PISTOL. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;

His heart is fractured and corroborate.

NYM. The King is a good king, but it must be as it may; he passes

some humours and careers.

PISTOL. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Southampton. A council-chamber

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND

BEDFORD. Fore God, his Grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

EXETER. They shall be apprehended by and by.

WESTMORELAND. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,

As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty!

BEDFORD. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

EXETER. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours-
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

**Trumpets sound. Enter the KING, SCROOP,
CAMBRIDGE, GREY, and attendants**

KING HENRY. 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 pow'rs 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. 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 lov'd
Than is your Majesty. There's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasines
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. We therefore have great cause of
thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

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

KING HENRY. 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. 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. 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 punish'd. 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. 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,

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 have so cowarded and chas'd 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. 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 an 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 mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use-
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause
That admiration did not whoop at them;
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder;
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence;
And other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetch'd
From glist'ring semblances of piety;

But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,
And tell the legions 'I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.'

O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou. Come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou. Or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem;
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open.
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

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.

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.

CAMBRIDGE. For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended;
But God be thanked for prevention,
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

GREY. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise.

My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

KING HENRY. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your
sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,

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

**Exeunt 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; we doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance;
No king of England, if not king of France!

Flourish. Exeunt

**SCENE III. Eastcheap.
Before the Boar's Head tavern**

Enter PISTOL, HOSTESS, NYM, BARDOLPH, and Boy

HOSTESS. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee
to

Staines.

PISTOL. No; for my manly heart doth earn.

Bardolph, be blithe; Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins;
Boy, bristle thy courage up. For Falstaff he is dead,
And we must earn therefore.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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