

Henry V

2.2

Enter the Dukes of Exeter and [Gloucester], and the Earl of Westmorland

[GLOUCESTER]

Fore God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

EXETER

They shall be apprehended by and by.

WESTMORLAND

How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowne'd with faith and constant loyalty.

5

[GLOUCESTER]

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 dulled and cloyed with gracious
favours±±

That he should for a foreign purse so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

10

Sound trumpets. Enter King Harry, Lord Scrope, the Earl of Cambridge, and Sir Thomas Grey

KING HARRY

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?

15

SCROPE

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

KING HARRY

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.

20

CAMBRIDGE

Never was monarch better feared and loved 25
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 steeped their galls in honey, and do serve you 30
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

KING HARRY

We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,
And shall forget the office of our hand
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to their weight and worthiness. 35

SCROPE

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

KING HARRY

We judge no less.±±Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday 40
That railed against our person. We consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

SCROPE

That's mercy, but too much security.
Let him be punished, sovereign, lest example 45
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

KING HARRY

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. 50

KING HARRY

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 winked at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chewed, swallowed, and

digested, 55
Appear before us? We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scrope, 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 today.

60

SCROPE
So did you me, my liege.

GREY And I, my royal sovereign.

KING HARRY

Then Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scrope of Masham, and sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours. 65
Read them, and know I know your worthiness.±±
My lord of Westmorland, and Uncle Exeter,
We will aboard tonight.±±Why, how now, gentlemen?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?±±Look ye how they change: 70
Their cheeks are paper.±±Why, what read you there
That have so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance?

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

GREY AND SCROPE To which we all appeal. 75

KING HARRY

The mercy that was quick in us but late
By your own counsel is suppressed and killed.
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.±± 80
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 appurtenants
Belonging to his honour; and this vile man 85
Hath for a few light crowns lightly conspired

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 90
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scrope, 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 ha' coined me into gold 95
 Wouldst thou ha' 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 100
 As black on 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; 105
 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. 110
 And other devils that suggest by treasons
 Do botch and bungle up damnation
 With patches, colours, and with forms, being fetched
 From glist'ring semblances of piety;
 But he that tempered thee, bade thee stand up, 115
 Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
 If that same demon that hath gulled thee thus
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back 120
 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? 125
 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, 130
Garnished and decked in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purgeÁd judgement trusting neither?
Such, and so finely bouted, didst thou seem.
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot 135
To mark the full-fraught man, and best endowed,
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, 140
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 Scrope of
Masham.±±I arrest thee of high treason, by the name 145
of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

SCROPE
Our purposes God justly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more than my death,
Which I beseech your highness to forgive
Although my body pay the price of it. 150

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 thankeÁd for prevention,
Which heartily in sufferance will rejoice, 155
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 damneÁd enterprise. 160
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

KING HARRY
God 'quit you in his mercy. Hear your sentence.

You have conspired against our royal person,
Joined with an enemy proclaimed and fixed,
And from his coffers 165
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. 170
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 ye therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death; 175
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences.±±Bear them hence.

Exeunt the traitors, guarded

Now lords for France, the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious. 180
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 smootheÁd on our way. 185
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. 190

Flourish. Exeunt