

Henry V

4.7

Enter Captains Fluellen and Gower

FLUELLEN Kill the poys and the luggage! 'Tis expressly against the law of arms. 'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offert. In your conscience now, is it not?

GOWER 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive. And the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter. Besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King most worthily hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O 'tis a gallant king. 10

FLUELLEN Ay, he was porn at Monmouth. Captain Gower, what call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

GOWER Alexander the Great.

FLUELLEN Why I pray you, is not 'pig' great? The pig or the great or the mighty or the huge or the magnanimous are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations. 15

GOWER I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon. His father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it. 20

FLUELLEN I think it is e'en Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth. It is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river±±but 'tis all one, 'tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well. For there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages and his furies and his wraths and his cholers and his moods and his displeasures and his indignations, and also being a little 35

intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers,
look you, kill his best friend Cleitus±±

GOWER Our King is not like him in that. He never killed
any of his friends.

FLUELLEN It is not well done, mark you now, to take the 40
tales out of my mouth ere it is made an end and
finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of
it. As Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his
ales and his cups, so also Harry Monmouth, being in
his right wits and his good judgements, turned away 45
the fat knight with the great-belly doublet±±he was full
of jests and gipes and knaveries and mocks±±I have
forgot his name.

GOWER Sir John Falstaff.

FLUELLEN That is he. I'll tell you, there is good men porn 50
at Monmouth.

GOWER Here comes his majesty.

*Alarum. Enter King Harry [and the English army],
with the Duke of Bourbon, [the Duke of Orleans,]
and other prisoners. Flourish*

KING HARRY

I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill. 55
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field: they do offend our sight.
If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away as swift as stones
Enforce'd from the old Assyrian slings. 60
Besides, 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. 65

KING HARRY

How now, what means this, herald? Know'st thou
not

That I have fined these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

MONTJOY No, great King.

I come to thee for charitable licence,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field 70
To book our dead and then to bury them,
To sort our nobles from our common men±±
For many of our princes, woe the while,
Lie drowned and soaked in mercenary blood.
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs 75
In blood of princes, and our wounded steeds
Fret fetlock-deep in gore, and with wild rage
Jerk out their armeÁd heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O give us leave, great King,
To view the field in safety, and dispose 80
Of their dead bodies.

KING HARRY 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 HARRY
PraiseÁd be God, and not our strength, for it. 85
What is this castle called that stands hard by?

MONTJOY They call it Agincourt.

KING HARRY
Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispian.

FLUELLEN Your grandfather of famous memory, an't 90
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 HARRY They did, Fluellen.

FLUELLEN Your majesty says very true. If your majesties 95
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 100
upon Saint Tavy's day.

KING HARRY

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 105
that. God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases
his grace, and his majesty too.

KING HARRY 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 world. 110
I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be
God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

KING HARRY

God keep me so.

Enter Williams with a glove in his cap

Our heralds go with him.

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead

On both our parts.

*Exeunt Montjoy, [Gower,] and an English
herald*

Call yonder fellow hither.

115

EXETER *(to Williams)* Soldier, you must come to the King.

KING HARRY Soldier, why wearest thou that glove in thy
cap?

WILLIAMS An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one
that I should fight withal, if he be alive. 120

KING HARRY An Englishman?

WILLIAMS An't please your majesty, a rascal, that
swaggered with me last night±±who, if a live, and ever
dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him
a box o'th' ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap±± 125
which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear
if a lived±±I will strike it out soundly.

KING HARRY What think you, Captain Fluellen? Is it fit
this soldier keep his oath?

FLUELLEN He is a craven and a villain else, an't please 130
your majesty, in my conscience.

KING HARRY It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great
sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

FLUELLEN Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil
is, as Lucifer and Beelzebub himself, it is necessary,¹³⁵
look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath. If
he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant
a villain and a Jack-sauce as ever his black shoe trod
upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience,
law. 140

KING HARRY Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou
meetest the fellow.

WILLIAMS So I will, my liege, as I live.

KING HARRY Who serv'st thou under?

WILLIAMS Under Captain Gower, my liege. 145

FLUELLEN Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge
and literated in the wars.

KING HARRY Call him hither to me, soldier.

WILLIAMS I will, my liege.

Exit

KING HARRY (*giving him Williams's other glove*) Here, ¹⁵⁰
Fluellen, wear thou this favour for me and stick it in
thy cap. When Alenc on and myself were down together,
I plucked this glove from his helm. If any man challenge
this, he is a friend to Alenc on and an enemy to our
person. If thou encounter any such, apprehend him, ¹⁵⁵
an thou dost me love.

FLUELLEN Your grace does me as great honours as can
be desired in the hearts of his subjects. I would fain see
the man that has but two legs that shall find himself
aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see ¹⁶⁰
it once. An't please God of his grace, that I would see.

KING HARRY Know'st thou Gower?

FLUELLEN He is my dear friend, an't please you.

KING HARRY Pray thee, go seek him and bring him to my
tent. 165

FLUELLEN I will fetch him.

Exit

KING HARRY

My lord of Warwick and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o'th' ear. 170

It is the soldier's. I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick.
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it,
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And touched with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury.
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

175

180

Exeunt severally