

The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwick, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.

How be the heavens with black yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your eyball Tresses in the Skie,
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,
That haue consented vnto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fifth, too famous to be long,
England ne're lost a King of so much worth.

Gloster. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deserving to command,
His brandish'd Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spread wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repeat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Euenies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.
Exe. We mourne in black, why mourne we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer shall reuiue:
Vpon a Wooden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtle-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verles haue contri'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings,
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Judgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his fight.
The Battailles of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Gloster. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.
Winch. *Gloster*, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
Add lookest to command the Prince and Realme.
Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloster. Name not Religion, for thou loust the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these larres, & rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;
In stead of Gold, wee le offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers mislined eyes, Babes shall see,
Our He be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead,
Henry the Fifth, thy Ghost I innocente:
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerser Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then *Iulius Caesar*, or bright---

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guyen, Champagne, Rheims, Oulence,
Paris Guyons, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Bed. What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's* Cause?
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Gloster. Is Paris lost? is Roen yeelded vp?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
These news would cause him once more yeeld the Gholl.

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?

Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Souldiers this is mutter'd,
That here you maintaine feuerall Factions:
And what a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals,
One would haue lingring Warres, with little cost;
Another would fye swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Crop't are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coast, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bed. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my steeld Coat, He fight for France,
A way with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermissiue Miseries.

Enter

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quire,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.

The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheims:
The Bastard of Oulence with him is ioy'd:
Reginald, Duke of Anion, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side.

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whether shall we flye from this reproach?

Gloster. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slacke, He fight it out.

Bed. *Gloster*, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
As Armes haue I mou'd in my thoughts,
Where with already France is ouer-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* heart,
I will informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.

Win. What? wherein *Talbot* ouercame, is't so?
Mess. O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrowne:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.

The tenth of August last, this dreadful Lord,
Barving from the Siege of Oulence,
Hauing full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round compass'd, and set vpon:
No leisure had he to enranke his men,
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:

In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes piuekt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in,
More then three houres the fight continued:

Where valiant *Talbot*, about humane chought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.

Hundreds he lent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and euery where enrag'd he flew.
The French exclaim'd, the Deuill was in Armes,
All the whole Aray stood agaz'd on him.

His Souldiers spying his vndunted Spirit,
As *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine,
And rush't into the Bowels of the Bataille.

Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp,
If *Sir Iohn Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward.

He being in the Vanward, plac't behinde,
With purpose to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroake.

Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their Enemies,
A safe Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back,

Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face.

Bed. Is *Talbot* slaine then? I will flay my selfe,
For lying idly here, in pompe and ease,
What is such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

Mess. O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord *Seales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.

Bed. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
He hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Four of their Lords He change for one of ours.

Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

Mess. So you had need, for Oulence is besieg'd,
The English Army is growne weake and faint:

The Earle of Salisbury craueth iupply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutinie,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* sworne:
Eytter to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,
To goe about my preparation.

Gloster. He to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th' Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclaime young *Henry* King.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain'd his speciall Governour,
And for his safetie there He best desire.

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains:
But long I will not be lack out of Office,
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest Sterne of publike Weale.

Exe.

Scena II. Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier, warreing with Drums and Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true mounting, euen as in the Heauens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne,
Late did he shine vpon the English side:
Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
At pleasure here we lye, neere Oulence:
Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
Fainely besiege vs one houre in a moneth.

Alan. They want their Potredge, & their fat Bul Beccuen:
Eytter they must be dyed like Mules,
And haue their Pretender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reignier. Let's rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them,
Now for the honour of the ferlone French:
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye.

Exeunt.
Here Alarum, they are beaten back, by the English, with great losse.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier.
Charles. Who euer saw the like? what men haue I?
Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're haue fled,
But that they left me inidly my Enemies.

Reignier. *Salisbury* is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey.

Alan. *Froy-*

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Shakespeare, William. *The first Part of Henry the Sixt.* In *Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies: published according to the true originall copies.* London: Isaac Jaggard and Edward Blount, 1623. Folger STC 22273 Fo.1 no. 68

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