

Famous Victories: Prince Henry Goes to Court

NED: But whither are ye going now?

HENRY V: To the Court, for I hear say my father lies very sick.

TOM: But I doubt he will not die.

HENRY V: Yet will I go thither, for the breath shall be no sooner out of his mouth but I will clap the crown on my head.

JOCKEY: Will you go to the Court with that cloak so full of needles?

HENRY V: Cloak, eyelet-holes, needles and all was of mine own devising, and therefore I will wear it. [530]

TOM: I pray you, my lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

HENRY V: [20] Why man, 'tis a sign that I stand upon thorns 'til the crown be on my head.

JOCKEY: Or that every needle might be a prick to their hearts that repine at your doings.

HENRY V: Thou sayest true, Jockey; but there's some will say, "The young Prince will be a well-toward young man," and all this gear, that I had as lief they would break my head with a pot, as to say any such thing. But we stand prating here too long. I must needs speak with my father; therefore come away.

PORTER: What a rapping keep you at the King's court gate?

HENRY V: Here's one that must speak with the King.

PORTER: The King is very sick, and none must speak with him.

HENRY V: No, you rascal, do you not know me?

PORTER: You are my Lord the young Prince.

HENRY V: Then go and tell my father that I must and will speak with him.

NED: Shall I cut off his head?

HENRY V: [30] No, no; though I would help you in other places, yet I have nothing to do here. What, you are in my father's Court.

NED: I will write him in my tables, for so soon as I am made Lord Chief Justice, I will

put him out of his office.

The trumpet sounds.

HENRY V: Gog's wounds, sirs, the King comes. Let's all stand aside.

Enter the KING, with the Lord of EXETER.

KING HENRY IV: And is it true, my lord, that my son is already sent to the Fleet? Now truly that man is more fitter to rule the realm than I, for by no means could I rule my son, and he by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh, my son, my son, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other. I had thought once whiles I had lived, to have seen this noble realm of England flourish by thee my son, but now I see it goes to ruin and decay.

He weepeth.

Enters Lord of OXFORD.

OXFORD: And please your Grace, here is my Lord your son that cometh to speak with you. He sayeth he must and will speak with you.

KING HENRY IV: Who, my son Harry?

OXFORD: [40] Aye, and please your Majesty.

KING HENRY IV: I know wherefore he cometh, but look that none come with him.

OXFORD: A very disordered company and such as make very ill rule in your Majesty's house.

KING HENRY IV: Well, let him come, but look that none come with him.

He goeth.

OXFORD: And please your Grace, my Lord the King sends for you.

HENRY V: Come away, sirs; let's go all together.

OXFORD: And please your Grace, none must go with you.

HENRY V: Why, I must needs have them with me; otherwise I can do my father no countenance. Therefore come away. [590]

OXFORD: The King your father commands there should none come.

HENRY V: [50] Well, sirs, then be gone and provide me three noise of musicians.

Exeunt knights.

Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.

KING HENRY IV: Come, my son, come on a God's name. I know wherefore thy coming is. Oh, my son, my son, what cause hath ever been that thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this wild and reprobate company, which abuseth youth so manifestly? Oh, my son, thou knowest that these thy doings will end thy father's days.

He weeps.

Aye, so, so, my son, thou fearest not to approach the presence of thy sick father in that disguised sort. I tell thee my son, that there is never a needle in thy cloak but it is a prick to my heart, and never an eyelet-hole but it is a hole to my soul, and wherefore thou bringest that dagger in thy hand I know not but by conjecture.

He weeps.

HENRY V: My conscience accuseth me, most sovereign Lord and well-beloved father, to answer first to the last point. That is, whereas you conjecture that this hand and this dagger shall be armed against your life, no; know my beloved father, far be the thoughts of your son--son said I? an unworthy son for so good a father--but far be the thoughts of any such pretended mischief. And I most humbly render it to your Majesty's hand, and live my Lord and sovereign forever. And with your dagger arm show like vengeance upon the body of that your—"son", I was about to say and dare not; ah, woe is me, therefore--that your wild slave. 'Tis not the crown that I come for, sweet father, because I am unworthy; and those wild and reprobate company I abandon, and utterly abolish their company forever. Pardon, sweet father, pardon, the least thing and most desired. And this ruffianly cloak I here tear from my back and sacrifice it to the devil, which is master of all mischief. Pardon, sweet father, pardon me--good my lord of Exeter, speak for me--pardon me, pardon, good father. Not a word, ah, he will not speak one word. Ah Harry, now thrice unhappy Harry. But what shall I do? I will go take me into some solitary place and there lament my sinful life, and when I have done, I will lay me down and die.

Exit.

KING HENRY IV: Call him again; call my son again.

HENRY V: [60] And doth my father call me again? Now Harry, happy be the time that thy father calleth thee again.

KING HENRY IV: Stand up, my son, and do not think thy father, but at the request of thee my son, I will pardon thee. And God bless thee, and make thee his servant.

HENRY V: Thanks, good my Lord, and no doubt but this day, even this day, I am born

new again.

KING HENRY IV: Come, my son and lords; take me by the hands.

Exeunt omnes.