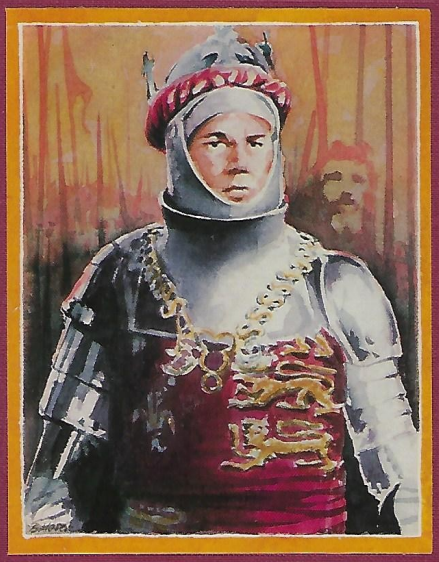
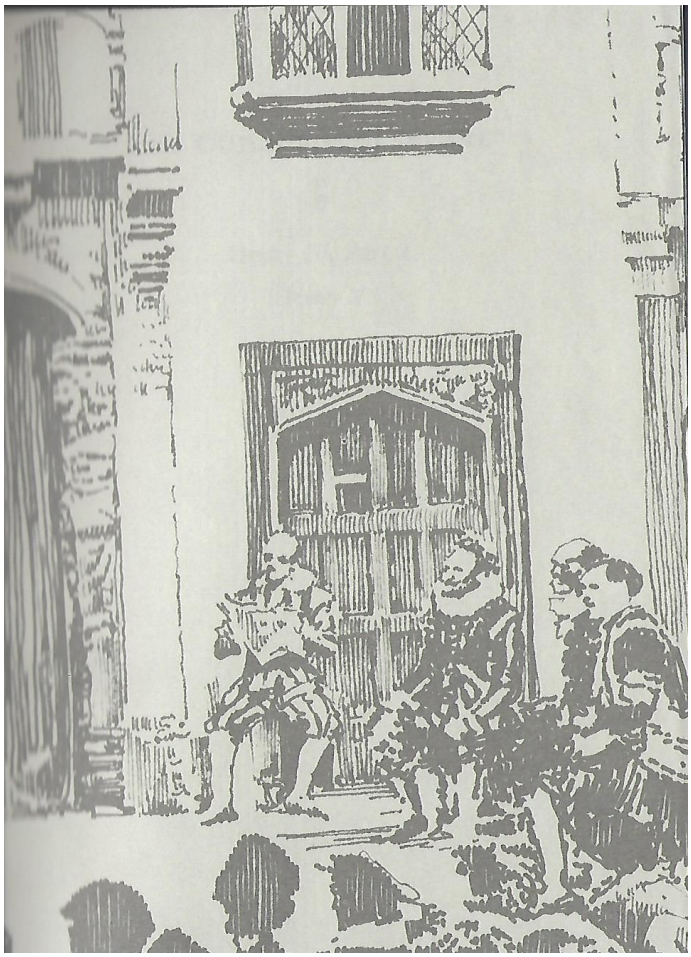
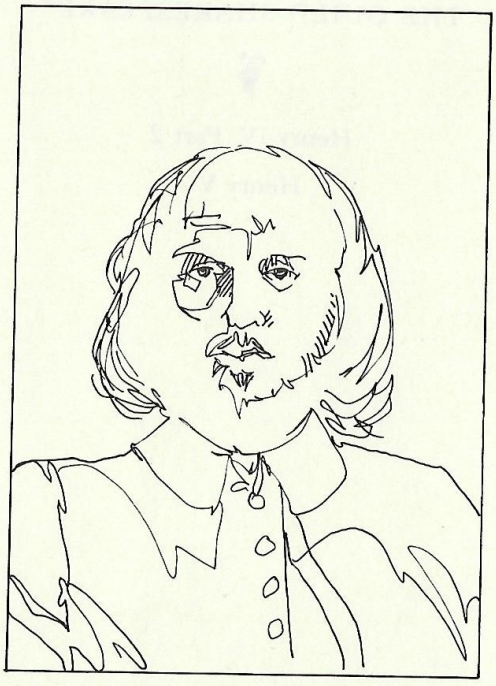
THE GUILD

Shakespeare







THE GUILD

Shakespeare

HENRY IV, PART 2

HENRY V

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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Forewords by

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FOREWORD
to
HENRY IV, PART 2
by Patrick Stewart

Several years ago, during the filming of a science fiction epic in Mexico City, a group of actors were sitting around killing time, during one of those periods of waiting that movie-making requires. It was a very international group—Americans, British, Germans, Swedes, Italians—and when the subject of Shakespeare arose, each actor listed his favorite plays. The obvious ones were well represented, the ones that put a gleam in a theatre

PATRICK STEWART has played such diverse Shakespearean roles as Henry V, King John, Enobarbus, Oberon, Leontes, Prospero, Touchstone, and King Henry in *Henry IV, Part 2.* He is an Associate Artist of The Royal Shakespeare Company, a Director of Acter Shakespeare Company (U.K.), and an Associate Director of A.C.T.E.R.—A Centre for Theater, Education and Research at the University of California, Santa Barbara.

manager's eye, but of particular interest was the frequency with which the titles of certain "problem" plays appeared: *Coriolanus, Troilus and Cressida* (much loved by actors who have been in it), *Measure for Measure, Pericles,* and, most fondly mentioned, *Henry IV, Part 2.* Not that there is a lack of affection for *Henry IV, Part 1*—on the contrary—but to those who have been in both parts it seems a grand preparation for the major work that is Part 2.

Everyone agreed to its greatness, its richness and diversity of character and language, its complexity of moods and rhythms, and its thrilling structure. There was talk of favorite minor characters (Davy is highly regarded), moments of calm and reflection or of emotional intensity, pieces of stage business. One actor had seen Laurence Olivier's Shallow and vividly described the brilliant physical business of " 'a would manage you his piece thus . . ."

It is a play that actors like to return to again and again, and it can well represent the stages in a career—Prince John, Hal, Henry, Falstaff. It is a great "company" play. Other than the three major characters, I can count fifteen roles that an actor might shine in. It is a play that tests the depths and strengths of a company. No single actor can take the reins of this play and govern each stage of the event. Here the control passes fluidly from actor to actor, restraining indulgence and urging swiftness, lightness, and balance. It demands true ensemble playing, yet bold and vivid interpretations from the principal actors.

Falstaff, Hal, and Henry exist more independently here than in *1 Henry IV.* Although the central issues remain—the morality and responsibility of power, the conflicts between public and private life—we see the three protagonists who are at the center

of these issues in a broader series of relationships: Falstaff with the Lord Chief Justice, Doll, Prince John, and Shallow; Hal also with the Lord Chief Justice, with Poins, his brothers, and the Nobles; Henry with his sons and the Earl of Warwick. How different from *1 Henry IV,* where, for example, Falstaff and Hal are on stage together for almost 900 lines; in *2 Henry IV* they share no more than 170. The context of these characters broadens, and with each new encounter a richer life emerges: detailed, idiosyncratic, pulsating with the minutia of city, countryside, and court.

The sense of an English landscape permeates even the most "foreign" of Shakespeare's plays: Warwickshire and London lie like a transparency over the alien worlds of Elsinore, Vienna, Verona, Athens, and Bohemia. But in *2 Henry IV,* Shakespeare moves us across an English countryside whose characteristics impregnate the play and become a tangible part of the audience's experience. "A worm-eaten Hold of rotton Stone," the bleak Northern home of the traitor, Northumberland; the "good Air" of Shallow's orchard arbor; buying a saddle at Pie Corner; dinner at the Lubber's Head in Lumbert Street.

Here is one of the sweetest morsels of dramatic literature, and yet many theatregoers leave it unpicked. Although the two parts of *Henry IV* have been performed in tandem in recent years, the subtitle Part 2 is a curse; box office figures show that though audiences enthusiastically support Part 1, only a percentage will return to see the continuation of the story. And, of course, Part 1 as an entertainment can stand alone, complete and conclusive, the two final couplets confidently reassuring us that, after Shrewsbury, all that is needed is a little tidying up of loose ends. In 1983 when both parts were played in the opening season of the

RSC's new London home at the Barbican, I felt justified at matinées in loading those lines with as much uncertainty, doubt, and insecurity as they could bear, while simultaneously firmly instructing the audience to be back in their seats at 7:30.

This production was not my first encounter with these plays. In 1966 I joined the RSC for the season when Peter Hall revived the *Henry IV*s and *Henry V,* first seen as part of his great Histories Cycle, which included John Barton's reworking of the *Henry VI*s under the title "Wars of the Roses." My contribution was modest, Sir Walter Blunt in Part 1 and Mowbray in Part 2. As Blunt, being given seven of the King's lines in I.i. did not compensate for my having to lie dead for a full fifteen minutes during the battle and being on the receiving end of the biggest putdown in dramatic literature: "this Advertisment is five days old." (This moment comes at the end of the great scene between Hal and his father in III.ii.)

Mowbray has more lines than Blunt, but only two scenes, the second being the wordy, political IV.i–ii, Gaultree Forest. Without any of the play's major characters, this scene can be tiresome for the audience and is often heavily cut, wrongly in my view. It is a scene of marvelous argument and reason, with sudden bursts of passion fueled by resentment and ancient mistrust. The character of Prince John is most interesting here. Truly his father's son, he acquires real stature, and the contrast with his brother Hal is coolly made. Here is a Prince who seems better fitted to inherit his father's kingdom than does his older brother.

Gaultree Forest is a long scene, for audience and actors alike. In 1966 one of our "spear carriers," John Kane (four years later a wonderful Puck in Peter Brook's *Midsummer Night's Dream*) in-

vented a novel way of keeping the up-stage soldiery amused during those long 350 lines. He fitted a roller-blind device to his tabard which, when operated by a string at the front, revealed colorful and witty notices pinned to the back of his chain-mail. All of this, of course, unseen by the audience and, for a long time, unknown to the principal actors. As the season wore on and his writing inspiration flagged, the notices were replaced by a series of ludicrous and often obscene objects. (I have also recently learned that this same actor for a while fitted a false arm to his shield and was thereby also able to operate a glove puppet to outrageous effect!)

There was another famous practical joker in the scene, Michael Jayston, who played Westmoreland. One matinée, after the truce had been made and the drinking bowl of peace was passing from hand to hand, the seriousness of the moment was somewhat undermined by much spluttering and slopping of "wine" as each actor drank. Only when it reached me did I understand the cause, two frantic goldfish darting about in the bowl.

The placing of the interval is a delicate, contentious matter in Shakespearean productions. It can profoundly affect the impact and rhythm of the central part of a play as well as give prominence and emphasis to one character or theme at the expense of others. At the Barbican in 1983 the Director, Trevor Nunn, insisted that we close the first half with III.i., King Henry's first scene. I was always very uneasy about this: the preceding scene, the Boar's Head with Pistol, Doll Tearsheet, Falstaff, and Hal, was so brilliantly comic and inventive, and moved and excited the audience so, that its conclusion was a natural time for

audience respite. The audience often felt this instinctively, so that entering as the King, I would find half of them on their feet, ready to head for the bar. Not the best circumstances in which to begin one's first scene.

The Director's main argument for the positioning of the interval was that the audience must have a knowledge of Henry before the first half ended. He argued that the break would give proper emphasis to Henry's obsession with the Holy Land, his need for release from the consuming guilt of Richard's murder.

This scene opens with the marvelous "sleep" soliloquy. After a few days of rehearsal, Trevor Nunn gave an invaluable note about how to approach it. Henry, he reasoned, is a sick, exhausted, anxiety-ridden insomniac; but to act sickness and exhaustion would have a negative effect on the audience's perception of the man and the scene. Rather, he said, we should play Henry the workaholic, the fighter, whose remaining reserves of energy are being used to capacity. Then the scene becomes active and energised. Instead of being a whine about the cares of Kingship, then, the opening soliloquy becomes an angry argument with "Sleep" and the final, famous line not self-pitying indulgence but amused irony.

To emphasize Henry's bleak, fatalistic view, we included the Quarto lines not found in the Folio:

> O if this were seen,
> The happiest Youth, viewing his Progress through,
> What Peril's past, what Crosses to ensue,
> Would shut the Book and sit him down and die.

It is true that this passage interrupts what seems to be a natural thought progression through to Richard and Northumberland, but the bonus is in the sense of a feverish mind suddenly taking a turning into a bleak and despairing cul-de-sac before returning to the preoccupation with Richard and the justification for the usurpation.

Henry has only one other scene, IV.iv and IV.v being continuous action, and it is, in effect, his death scene. But few death scenes can contain such intricate shifts and changes—and, for Henry, a rollercoaster of emotions.

Following Nunn's principle for III.i, the scene opens confidently and optimistically. But after the loaded cross-questioning of the Princes, Henry is again chewing on the bitter topic of Hal's vicious and dissolute life. Although it is the grim future of his country that seems to fill Henry with such despair, there lies behind this the shadow of a personal and filial betrayal. He feels the "Serpent's Tooth" that Lear would later complain of in his outcry against the ingratitude of his daughters.

Henry asks for music, a surprising and uncharacteristic request. It reveals, however, much more than the poet/playwright at work. It shows us the man of the theatre, the showman/manipulator, the "director," providing the actor playing Hal with a backing, a "music-track" for his speech to his supposed dead father. Without Henry's instruction it would be a brave—or perhaps vulgar—director who would put a music cue here. With it, it becomes a piece of unexpected theatre.

What a painful scene. Family blood-letting as shocking as anything at Shrewsbury. In my experience, no modern playwright, unless it be Edward Albee, can communicate so cruelly,

so passionately, so lovingly the anguish of domestic pain and need.

In a moment of intense emotion Shakespeare's audacity in using a simple, sometimes banal phrase has always thrilled me. Lear's "Pray you, undo this Button"; Ophelia's "I hope all will be well"; Leontes' "O, she's warm." In this scene we used the Folio's "O, my Son" at IV.v.183. On the days when we played both parts, the accumulation of feeling released into that line made it necessary for me to apply great restraint.

The master stroke of the scene, however, is Shakespeare's decision to end it with a joke. I never dared hope the audience would laugh at "Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land," but often there was the unmistakable sense of an audience smiling.

Henry IV, Part 2 is richly sprinkled with these heart-stopping one-liners. When the play is only minutes old, Morton's hope-dashing line "I ran from Shrewsbury" always makes my scalp crawl. Hard on that comes Northumberland's "Why, he is dead." This is an unsung scene that always excites me, though never more than in Peter Hall's version, which began with the frantic hammering of steel on the timber of Northumberland's gate. There was once a memorable night during this scene when Northumberland, crying "and hence thou sickly Coif," flung from his head not only coif, but wig. Not only "crafty sick" but crafty bald too.

Falstaff's "I am old, I am old" will cut short the most careless laughter. And when the Lord Chief Justice, the Princes, and the Nobles meet after Henry's death, John of Lancaster's remark "We meet like men that had forgot to speak" is an icy assessment of everyone's apprehension.

Nothing in the play, however, touches me more than Shallow's remark "now comes in the Sweet o' th' Night." I had always assumed that this was the same as Falstaff's "sweetest Morsel of the Night" in II.iv. That is until the summer came to Warwickshire during that season of 1966. On nights off or at weekends I sat in the garden of my cottage, in a small orchard, on the edge of a cornfield; shortly after sunset, while those extraordinary twilights deepened, I often became aware of a delicate and beautiful scent in the air. It was a neighbor, a countryman sitting with us one evening, who at this moment said "Ah, there's the sweet of the night." Later he explained how the night-scented plants release their aroma at a certain moment after sunset.

There have been many times in Stratford—on stage, on the rehearsal floor, in the street, in the fields—when I have felt a presence at my shoulder. But never have I felt it more sharply than when the sixteenth century breathed again in my Warwickshire garden, as potently as it breathes in every corner of this masterpiece, the too often overlooked poor relation of *Henry IV, Part 1.*

FOREWORD
to
HENRY V
by Christopher Plummer

Let the Lords of Academe cavil if they must; let purists carp; let critics moan that it is not among the "great" plays, that, in fact, it is not a play at all, but an outworn allegory; that it has nothing in it save some fragmented scenes arranged to accompany one or

CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER is one of the established classical actors of his generation in the theatre today. He has performed almost all the great roles in the Shakespearean canon, ranging from Hamlet, Macbeth, Richard III, and Iago, to Benedick, Mercutio, and the two Mark Antonys. Apart from his starring appearances over the years on the stages of Broadway and London's West End, he has been a leading player at Great Britain's National Theatre, The Royal Shakespeare Company and, in its formative years, the Stratford Shakespeare Festival of Canada. Mr. Plummer is a veteran of over forty motion pictures, which have gained him international renown.

two familiar "arias"; that even before the Empire had decided to crumble, the work had long since served its purpose; that it is merely flag-waving and thoroughly old hat; that it simply out-Herods Herod; and, worst of all sins, that it insists upon glorifying war!

Well! Let 'em grumble if they will, for Shakespeare's *Henry the Fifth* will forever remain one of the glories of literature in the theatre—a masterpiece of epic poetry and uncannily modern prose. A play rich in humanity, it is heroic and romantic, ruthless and profound, crackling with humour and charged with pathos. There is more variety of character within its impassioned sweep than in most of its author's offerings. It is a work for all sizes and ages. And, in spite of what some may think, it can change with the times as swiftly and as easily as the chameleon changes its colours. It has been conceived and executed with a burning energy and a searing imagination that are superhuman in their powers; and it contains, in its opening passage alone, the most eloquent description of the magic of the stage that was ever written by man.

You may have gathered that *Henry V* has long been a favourite of mine! I have known it like a good friend; for at various intervals during my life the old war-horse has quite frequently crossed my path, and each time has not only recaptured my excitement, my respect, and my love, but has brought me nothing but the greatest of good luck!

I had read quite a few Shakespeare plays before I was fourteen, and *Henry V* was one to linger in the mind. My artistic mother, God bless her, had seen to it that from the age of six on, I was taken to every museum, concert hall, and theatre that was

remotely possible. From the gallery I watched such actors as Gielgud, Wolfit, Redgrave, Barrault, Vilar, Gerard Phillipe, Edwige Feuillere, Elizabeth Bergner, and that indomitable creature of the thousand faces and voices—the invincible Ruth Draper.

One day at school we were hustled into the assembly hall, and some old actor I didn't know, with long hair, a monocle, and a faded "Director's suit," declaimed Henry's "Once more unto the Breach" speech at us. I was in heaven of course (anything theatrical got me going); but strangely, all the children present, even the most cynical of them, sat spellbound, enthralled, riveted to their seats. The old boy was, to say the least, a bit of a ham, but, by God, those stirring words had found their mark *that* happy morning!

A few weeks later, as part of our English course, the school was given the day off to see Laurence Olivier's newly arrived and highly acclaimed film version of the play. Well, I tell you! Never had I seen Shakespeare presented like that! So modern, so natural, so full of action, and so damned attractive! I was hooked! In those days I fancied myself as a mimic of unusual brilliance (little horror that I was) and, with the help of one other wayward chum, would regale the class during breaks with unflattering imitations of various masters. This time, mightily inspired by the *Henry* film, I committed "Once more unto the Breach" to memory and I waited for the first break the next morning. Then, mixing the vocal style of the old actor with that of Olivier, I hurled at my captive fellow-students a barrage of iambic pentameter I was determined they'd never forget. It must have worked, for they rallied at the end, good little scouts that they were, responding

with some pretty convincing war-cries of their own! It was at that moment that I somehow knew what the future held in store—O Fate, thou cruel and irresistible siren—that I, heaven help me, was to be sentenced for life to the theatre! Little did I think that ten years hence I would be the youngest of my country to lead the miraculous new Stratford Shakespearean Festival of Canada, both on home ground and at the Edinburgh Festival, as none other than King Henry the Fifth!

Ours was a unique production. French actors portrayed the French court and invaluably brought to the play a whole other world—a whole other life! Visually stunning, yet extremely intimate and human, our *Henry V* became the story of a rather angry young man reluctant to shed the debauchery of his youth and assume the responsibility of a kingship he did not want, only to discover at the last moment on the battlefield facing those insuperable odds that, without being aware, he at last had grown up: just another soldier, but a King nonetheless. It was a far cry from the rousing piece of Churchillian propaganda of the Forties which England "in its finest hour" had demanded of the film. But it was very raw and very right for the mid-Fifties: the emergence of John Osborne, the growing influence of Brecht, and the birth of the anti-hero. It was like quaffing gallons of champagne to act in that play: I had the best time of my life and I shan't be anything but eternally grateful to Henry and his followers, for they literally gave me my career.

Twenty-five years later I had the audacity to attempt the role again, this time playing the Chorus as well! Can you imagine the arrogance?! Of course the press rightly clobbered me for my aging Henry, but my Chorus was praised. Chorus being an age-

less creature, I shall go on playing him, if I can, till I'm ninety. Lately I've been having the most fun of all performing the concert version to William Walton's music with my friend Sir Neville Marriner conducting the symphony orchestras of London, Minneapolis, and Washington. It's a feast! I get to play Henry, Chorus, Falstaff (from *Henry IV*), Duke of Burgundy, and Williams all in a dinner-jacket. Perhaps one day in my dotage, I might even get to play the French Princess as well! Who knows?

There is an afternoon in London in the mid-Seventies I shall never forget. It was the anniversary of the victory at Agincourt, and the Dean of Westminster arranged a celebration in the Abbey, where of course the famous young King is interred. The Dean collected all the best-known living "Henry the Fifths" and huddled us into the narrow choirstalls that form a direct path to the Great Altar.

Filling both sides of the stalls, there we sat, all us "Henrys"—staring at each other. Then the senior "Henry" of us all, Sir Laurence Olivier, walked to the altar, turned, and gave us the "Crispin's Day" speech to honour the occasion. He spoke it beautifully, very quietly, with great dignity and simplicity. The silence was devastating as those words echoed through the vastness of the Abbey. High above our heads, the late afternoon sun shone through stained glass, casting long thin shafts that crossed each other in myriads of coloured lights which spilled upon the ancient stones. It was a haunting moment. One could almost believe that the Shades of Garrick and Irving had stolen away from Poet's Corner and now stood rapt in attention among the dark shadows beside us; and that even Henry of Monmouth himself, tiny Henry, had risen from his effigy in the next room and

had come forward, his head pressed against the arches, to listen in the stillness. It seemed for one brief interval that some five hundred years had slipped away and we were suddenly there, all of us, again at Agincourt—and then the moment vanished. Not without leaving me with a deeply thrilling shiver down my spine which anyone, I swear, might have felt at that moment—anyone that is, who is a lover of pageantry, of chivalry, of daring, of the mystery and romance of the old Plantagenet days of the wind in the flags, of the rally of distant trumpets, of the everlasting majesty of language, and of the genius it took to have kept it all—these many centuries—so vividly and so wondrously alive!

Editor's Introduction to

HENRY IV, PART 2

and

HENRY V

The plays in this volume are among the most intimately related of Shakespeare's works, but it is hard to imagine a pair that have fared more differently in fortune. Critics have usually spoken warmly about *Henry IV, Part 2,* and as Patrick Stewart notes in his delightful foreword to the play, the same has been true of the actors who have had the opportunity to appear in one of its many rewarding roles. Because its title would seem to suggest that *2 Henry IV* is incapable of standing on its own, though, it has rarely enjoyed the kind of success it deserves at the box office. Audiences have ignored it in droves. By contrast, as Christopher Plummer reminds us in his fervent prologue to *Henry V,* it is the critics who have habitually voted against the final installment of Shakespeare's Henriad. Because of its stirring poetry, however, and the potency of its appeal to patriotic sentiment, this historical

pageant has long been a favorite with audiences, not only in the theatre but, thanks to Laurence Olivier's vibrant film (1944), in movie houses and on television screens the world over.

Taken together, the two plays complete Shakespeare's triptych on a monarch of epic, if not mythic, stature. *2 Henry IV* picks up where *1 Henry IV* left off, and as it hovers over the waning days of Prince Hal's care-worn father it extends our understanding of what it means to wear an "uneasy" crown in the fallen world of post-medieval England. But of course that is not the play's primary purpose, which is to dramatize the final stages of young Harry's preparation to inherit the throne as the "Star of England." Once the new ruler begins wielding his scepter, *Henry V* sweeps both "Warlike Harry" and us across the Channel to France. Here we see this most dynamic of leaders in a trial by fire that tests his men and his mettle to the utmost. And when he emerges both strengthened and victorious, we are invited to celebrate what Shakespeare and his contemporaries looked back upon as England's finest hour.

Both works display the protagonist against a large and varied backdrop. In *2 Henry IV* we see the Prince in an urban setting that teems with whores and tapsters, swaggerers and thieves. In the play's vignettes of lowlife London we encounter not only the vitality but all the vices and diseases that Elizabethans associated with haunts like Eastcheap, Smithfield, and Lumbert Street. Meanwhile, as we follow the course of the ills that afflict the country at large, we visit the Gloucestershire farm of Justice Shallow, the strongholds of the northern Nobility, and the somber chambers of the King and his Court at Westminster.

In *Henry V* we see England through the eyes of the French,

and France through the eyes of the English. Along the way, through our encounters with soldiers like MacMorrice, Jamy, and Fluellen, we come to appreciate the benefits that accrue when an English monarch is able to enlist the support and win the devotion of his neighbors from Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. And at the end, as we observe the dynastic wooing that will briefly unite the thrones of two traditional enemies, we glimpse a moment of European harmony that is all the more touching for its fragility in a world that will not stand still for happy ever afters.

2 Henry IV was probably written in late 1596 or early 1597, shortly after Shakespeare completed *1 Henry IV.* There are signs that it was well along before protests from the powerful Cobham family forced Shakespeare and his company to change the name of the fat knight from Oldcastle to Falstaff (for more on this matter, see the introduction to Volume 3), but whether it was ever performed with Oldcastle in the role is uncertain. If it was not completed by early spring, it may well have been interrupted for the playwright to turn his hand to *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* which seems most likely to have had its first performance in April of 1597. But by the autumn of 1597 at the latest, it was probably in regular repertory with Falstaff firmly installed, and by this point it had no doubt assumed essentially the form it had when it was first published in 1600, in a quarto that may well have been printed from Shakespeare's own draft of the playscript.

For some reason the Quarto originally emerged without the scene (III.i) in which King Henry makes his initial appearance in the drama; shortly thereafter a second issue was published to correct the omission. Not included in either version of the Quarto, however, were eight brief passages (adding up to slightly

more than 150 lines) that first saw print in the 1623 Folio text of the play. It is conceivable that at least some of these passages were added later. Most scholars now infer, however, that they were part of the original text but were cut, either to shorten the script for performance or to comply with the orders of a Court censor who insisted on the deletion of material that might be politically sensitive. Four of the passages refer to the deposition of King Richard II, and by 1600 (for reasons outlined in the introduction to Volume 5) that was a very touchy subject.

Like other modern editions of *2 Henry IV,* the Guild text follows the First Quarto except for those passages that are unique to the Folio printing. For the text of *Henry V* (which was probably written and first performed during the spring or early summer of 1599 and which initially appeared in print in a corrupt, unauthorized quarto in 1600) the Guild edition follows the version that appeared for the first time in the 1623 Folio. Here again the authoritative printing seems to have been based on the playwright's own manuscript of the play.

As with *Richard II* and *1 Henry IV,* Shakespeare's primary source for the historical material in *2 Henry IV* and *Henry V* was the 1587 edition of Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland.* Once again, though, he seems to have drawn on other sources as well, among them Edward Hall's *Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Houses of Lancaster and York* (1548), Samuel Daniel's *The First Four Books of the Civil Wars Between the Two Houses of Lancaster and York* (1595), and an anonymous play of the mid-1590s on *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth.* The playwright also seems to have consulted two books by the historian John Stow, *The Chronicles of England* (1580) and *The Annals of England* (1592),

and an influential treatise on *The Governor* (1531) by Sir Thomas Eliot. Meanwhile, as usual, he drew freely on his knowledge of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, the writings of Erasmus and other Renaissance humanists, and a broad assortment of legends and folktales about the wild prince who grew up to become the bravest and wisest of England's warrior-kings.

What Shakespeare did with those source materials is, as always, the grand masterpiece to observe. In *2 Henry IV* he redeployed many of the same devices he had put to such brilliant use in *1 Henry IV.* Once again he juxtaposed scenes involving the Court or the Nobility with scenes in the London taverns and scenes in the countryside. Once again he arranged those juxtapositions so that comic situations (normally in prose or in a verse quite different from the stately diction of the more elevated scenes) would echo and thereby comment on more serious situations. And once again he drew on Biblical paradigms and figurative motifs to structure the action and guide the audience's response to its ethical, political, and spiritual implications.

In many instances the episodes in *2 Henry IV* parallel similar episodes in *1 Henry IV.* Thus, for example, we have two scenes in each play where Hal and Poins first plot (II.ii in modern editions) and then execute (II.iv) a trap to catch Falstaff off guard; in both cases the audience is given an opportunity to delight in the resourcefulness with which the play's Father of Lies extricates himself from what would otherwise be a ruinous dilemma. Other parallels include Falstaff's witty catechisms on Honor and on Sack (in V.i of *1 Henry IV* and IV.iii of *2 Henry IV,* respectively), his abuse of the royal commission to conscript soldiers (in IV.ii and III.ii), and his theft of honors in "battle" (in V.iv and IV.iii).

There is, of course, no precedent in *1 Henry IV* for the most painful event in either play, the rejection scene that concludes *2 Henry IV.* But this moment too is anticipated in II.iv.529–30 of *1 Henry IV* when the play-acting Falstaff says "banish plump Jack, and banish all the World" and the Prince replies "I do, I will." In the earlier, comic scene, Falstaff assumes that the "Lion's Whelp" is only kidding. And, true to form, in the final scene of *2 Henry IV* he initially hears no cause for alarm when the new King tells the "Old Man" to begone and "fall to [his] Prayers" (V.v.48).

Part of what makes Falstaff the quintessential "old man" in both plays is what he facetiously calls "the Disease of Not List'ning, the Malady of Not Marking" (I.ii.134–35). To a degree unmatched by any other character in the Henriad, Falstaff is willfully deaf to anything he doesn't wish to heed. Others may be called to account for their debts and their crimes; others may find it necessary to treat the Lord Chief Justice and the younger brother of the Crown Prince with at least a show of respect; others may feel the need to prepare their souls for the Last Judgment. But not Falstaff. With each escape from requital, he becomes more and more confident that he is exempt not only from "the Laws of England" (V.iii.134–35) but from the laws of God. And that, in the final analysis, is why the new King is compelled to turn his back on the holiday jester he describes as the "Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots" (V.v.63).

2 Henry IV begins with an exhortation to the audience: "Open your Ears." This advice comes from Rumor, a proverbially unreliable source, to be sure, but in this case a spokesman who proffers wise counsel. Rumor's words echo Matthew 11:15 ("He that hath ears to hear, let him hear"), a passage to which

several incidents allude in *1 Henry IV,* and they warn us that "Not List'ning" is the surest way to fall victim to "Slanders," "False Reports," and the other traps (Induction, 6, 8, 16, 40) that lie in wait for the unwary.

A form of this malady proves to be the undoing of the Archbishop and his rebellious allies at Gaultree Forest, and we are reminded that a related malady, "winking" or not seeing, was what led Hotspur to leap "into Destruction" (I.iii.33) at the head of an earlier insurrection against the King. The antidote to both maladies is what the Lord Chief Justice calls "cold Consid'rance" (V.ii.97), and that is the quality the new King manifests at the end of the play when he embraces Falstaff's old Nemesis as the proper "Father" to the new monarch's "Youth."

"Cold Consid'rance" is more or less equivalent to what Duke Theseus calls "cool Reason" in V.i.6 of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* and, for better or for worse, it epitomizes the "new man" who emerges from the Coronation at Westminster Abbey. It is an aspect of the spiritual "Consideration" (divine wisdom) that Canterbury praises in I.i.28 of *Henry V,* and among other things it refers to the objectivity that prevents a person from being undone by such misleaders as "Imagination" or wishful thinking (I.iii.31), "Surmises" (erroneous inferences), "smooth Comforts false" (flattery), and "Jealousy's Conjectures" (unfounded suspicions).

Ideally, "cold Consid'rance" in a ruler entails temperance (control of his passions), prudence (political sagacity), and justice (sound judgment in the administration of law). But unless it is balanced by such "warm" qualities as love, compassion, and humility, it can turn what would otherwise be virtues into the worst

of all vices: a proud aloofness that comes across as unfeeling, calculating, and judgmental.

Prince John exhibits some of the negative aspects of "cold Consid'rance" in the "Christian Care" (IV.ii.115) he shows the rebels (particularly Colevile of the Dale) at Gaultree Forest. For that reason we are less reassured than we might otherwise be when we hear Prince John commend the "Fair Proceeding" he sees in the way his older brother has provided for his "wonted Followers" (V.v.100). By the end of *2 Henry IV* it seems inevitable that Falstaff and the other "good Lads in Eastcheap" must either reform themselves or fall away. But when the newly crowned King banishes Sir John from his presence and announces to all "the World" that "I have turn'd away my former Self" (V.v.58–59), we can't help wondering if in killing "the Heart" of an old man (*Henry V,* II.i.94–95) he hasn't also impaired the heart of the "new man" he is now resolved to be.

That question remains alive in *Henry V.* Because, for all his virtues, the King we see in this play strikes many viewers as much less appealing than the "nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales" we enjoyed in *1* and *2 Henry IV.*

Critics of Shakespeare's portrayal of Henry V note that the King's French campaign can be construed as a war of aggression. They point out that its primary, though unstated, purpose is "to busy Giddy Minds" at home with "Foreign Quarrels" (*2 Henry IV,* IV.v.209–10) that will keep England's unruly Nobles out of mischief for a while. They note that at the same time that he seizes on the "Salic Law" to justify a claim to the French throne, the King is cleverly diverting our eyes from the flimsiness of his own claim to the English throne (a title that is being implicitly challenged by

the Earl of Cambridge in the conspiracy exposed in II.ii). They note that the Archbishop who expounds the desired interpretation of the Salic Law in I.ii has been shown in the preceding scene to have ulterior motives for the reading he provides (he figures that a war with France will busy the minds of those who wish to despoil the Church of its rich land holdings). And they note that in his conduct of the war the King sometimes appears irresponsible (as in his threat to unleash a savage band of rapists and murderers on the besieged Harfleur in III.iii).

It is inconceivable that Shakespeare was unaware of these "problems" with his presentation of "the Mirror of all Christian Kings" (II.Chorus.6). He clearly recognized the craftiness of his Henry V, and he obviously knew that it would be possible to highlight rather than understate the devious aspects of the King's personality. But of course he didn't. What he did instead was to allow those characteristics to be visible in a dark corner of his canvas while the artist focused most of the viewer's attention on those features of the King's reign that offered qualities to admire and deeds to commemorate.

In IV.iii.92–94 of *Macbeth,* Malcolm lists what he identifies as the "King-becoming Graces":

> Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
> Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowliness,
> Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude.

All of these "graces" are on exhibit in the Henry V of Shakespeare's play. And so are the attributes commended in a simpler scheme that seems to have provided a touchstone for the play-

wright's contemporaries: a triad comprised of the Lion (a traditional symbol of strength and command), the Fox (a symbol of political acumen and wisdom), and the Pelican (a symbol of piety and self-sacrifice). The Lion and the Fox were most familiar to Elizabethans from Machiavelli's notorious treatise on *The Prince* (published five years after his death in 1532), and their attributes are what we find embodied in "cold Consid'rance." The image of the Pelican derived from medieval bestiaries in which a mother bird was shown offering the blood from her own breast to feed offspring who would otherwise starve.

When Shakespeare gives us "A little touch of Harry in the Night" (IV.Chorus.47), mingling with his men and sharing their discomforts and anxieties on the eve of Agincourt, he makes it clear that this is a King for whom "Ceremony" (IV.i.251–97) is a livery of service rather than a robe of pompous glory. When, shortly thereafter, he has that same Harry inspire his men with his stirring speech on Saint Crispin's Day, he reminds us that this is also a master of Ceremony in its role as the bond that holds a people firm to their most cherished values and traditions.

In some ways, *Henry V* is the most "theatrical" of Shakespeare's works. The Chorus keeps us ever mindful that we are not really in "the vasty Fields of France," that we are actually in the Globe playhouse, a simple "Wooden O," with our eyes glued on what Aristotle defined as nothing more or less than "the imitation of an action." Notwithstanding the Chorus' repeated apologies for the inadequacies of that imitation, the history of *Henry V* in performance would suggest that unless we are gravely deficient in "Imaginary Puissance" indeed, we cannot avoid being carried away by what is arguably the theatre's most eloquent paean to action.

HENRY IV, PART 2