

HENRY V - AUDITION SIDES

UNDER 30-ish:

KING HENRY V

(responding to the French ambassador after the Dauphin has sent him a trunk of tennis balls as an insult)

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for.
When we have matched our rackets to these balls,
We will in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturbed
With chases. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
So tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France.
For that have I laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turned his balls to gun-stones, and his soul
Shall stand sore chargèd for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them; for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
Ay, some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.

OVER 30-ish:

EXETER

(Henry's uncle, giving a message/warning to the French king)

He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself and lay apart
The borrowed glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
Unto the crown of France. But if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel.
He bids you deliver up the crown and take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; else on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans
That shall be swallowed in this controversy.
Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.

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Chorus (introducing the siege scenes to the audience)

Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty. O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing,
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
For who is he, whose chin is but enriched
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back,
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not; and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind.

MACMORRIS (an Irish captain at the siege)

It is no time to discourse. The day is hot, and the weather, and the wars. The town is besieged, and the trumpet call us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing. By my hand, I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, in an hour. There is throats to be cut, and works to be done, so Chrish save me, la!

JAMY (a Scottish captain at the siege)

By the mass, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, I'll dae guid service, or I'll lie in the grund for it. Marry, I wad full fain hae heard some question 'tween you tway.

FLUELLEN (A Welsh captain ordered to the tunnels at the siege)

Tell you the duke, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war. The concavities of it is not sufficient, for, look you, th'athversary is digt himself four yard under with countermines. The duke is altogether directed by an Irishman, in faith. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as any is in the world. I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

MEN:

LE FER (A French soldier captured in the battle, begging to live)

O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison; gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents ecus.

[O, I beseech you, for the love of God, to spare me! I am a gentleman of a good house; save my life, and I will give you 200 crowns.]

WOMEN:

KATHARINE (learning English from her attendant)

La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon ecolier; j'ai gagne deux mots d'anglois viteement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

[I think I am a good student; I have acquired two words of English quickly. What do you call the nails?]

KATHARINE (when Henry V is trying to court her in French)

Your majestee ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is en France.