

ACT ONE(VS ENTERS/"TURN OFF CELL PHONES, ETC.")

MUSIC BEGINS (TOTAL PROLOGUE MUSIC/APPROX 9:15)

DANCERS ENTER CARRYING PLACARDS WITH TITLES

MUSIC/APPROX 0:51 TO 1:35

GORDON'S CHORUS/Vs SPEAKS OVER MUSIC:

At the Globe Theater,
Shakespeare's Henry Five began
when Shakespeare's Chorus entered -
played by a male actor - actually,
there are four roles for women in Henry Five -
and forty roles for men -
and every role was played by a male actor -
anyway - Shakespeare's Chorus entered -
and lamented the inadequacies of the stage
and urged the audience to use their imaginations
to compensate for that poor theater's deficiencies
but, we here at Danspace,
being always used to using our imaginations
need no such encouragement
so I, as Gordon's Chorus will not bother.

MUSIC/APPROX 1:35 TO 3:25 (ENDS W/FANFARE)

DANCERS RE-ENTER CARRYING PLACARDS.

MUSIC CHANGES/APPROX 3:25 TO 4:40 (ENDS W/FANFARE)

GORDON'S CHORUS/Vs SPEAKS OVER MUSIC:

Also, Shakespeare's Henry Five ^{was} ~~is~~ five acts and runs four
hours but Gordon's Dancing Henry Five ~~is~~ one act and runs
about one hour - _{was}

(which means everything's going to move very fast)

so, as Gordon's Chorus -

I will provide summaries and narrative bridges -

I will warn about omitted scenes and characters -

will comment on and move the action along -

I will fill in - fill up - fill out -

and once in a while I will offer an opinion -

not my opinion - no - Gordon's opinion.

FANFARE

It's time for Shakespeare's Chorus to appear.

PROLOGUE/SHAKESPEARE'S CHORUS: (NO MUSIC)

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene.
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars, and at his heels
(Leash'd in, like hounds) should famine, sword, and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
On your imaginary forces work.

MUSIC/APPROX 1:00

Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder.
Peace out our imperfections with your thoughts.
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.
Think when we talk of horses that you see them
Printing their proud hooves i'th' receiving earth,
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass. For the which supply
Admit me Chorus to this history,

NO MUSIC:

Who, Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge our play.

MUSIC/CONTINUES APPROX 1:00

DANCERS PREPARE FOR ENTRANCE OF KING

GORDON'S CHORUS/VS: (NO MUSIC)

So, there is a new King on the throne - Henry V.

MUSIC/APPROX 0:01 TO 1:30 (of 4:30)

This same Henry was old Falstaff's pal Prince Hal.
They drank and caroused together famously -
in Shakespeare's Henry IV parts 1 and 2.
Great carefree comrades of a low-life fraternity -
they were mischievous, bawdy and bent on pleasure -

MUSIC/APPROX 1:31 TO 3:00 (of 4:30)

Then Hal turned over a new leaf.
(Don't we seem to love good boys
who grow predictably to good men
so much less than bad boys redeemed?)

DANCE OF THE DEATH OF FALSTAFF
(MUSIC INCLUDES RECORDED WORDS)

VOICE OF SHAKESPEARE'S CHORUS:
Falstaff he is dead.
The King has killed his heart.

GORDON'S CHORUS/VIS: (OVER MUSIC)
Now, Prince Hal -
newly crowned King Henry V
refuses to acknowledge old fat dying Falstaff
and publicly rejects his claim for friendship.

(No one is more moral than a born again moralist.)

VOICE OF FALSTAFF:
God save thy Grace - King Hal - my royal Hal
God save thee, my sweet boy:
My king, my Jove, I speak to thee my heart

VOICE OF HENRY V:
I know thee not, old man,
Fall to thy prayers
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester
I have long dreamed of such a kind of man,
So surfeit swelled, so old and so profane,
But being awaked I do despise my dream.
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know - so shall the world perceive
That I have turned away my former self
So shall I those that kept me company.

(DANCE OF THE DEATH OF FALSTAFF/ENDS AT 4:30)

GORDON'S CHORUS/VIS: (OVER END OF MUSIC)

Falstaff is dead and Mistress Quickly tells his last moments to his friends.

VOICE OF MISTRESS QUICKLY/ACT 2/SCENE 3:

Nay, he's not in hell. He's in Arthur's bosom if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A made a finer end, and went away an it had been any christom child. A parted e'en just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o'the tide, for I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was no way but one. For his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir Joh," quoth I, "what man, be o'good cheer!" So a cried out "God, God, God" three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a bade me lay more clothes on his feet. I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone. Then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

GORDON'S CHORUS/VIS (RECORDED AND LIVE): (approx 1:40)

But, this newly crowned and newly good young King has the bad old problem of a government deficit - but the government has plans to take some of the Church's money - but the Church has plans to keep all of the Church's money - and the Archbishop has a plan to definitely keep the Church's money - and to do away with the focus on the deficit.

What about France?

What, the Archbishop asks, about France?

His Majesty - the Archbishop explains - surely has the right to the throne of France.

The Archbishop expounds (at some length) about how, why, when, where and because of whom and urges the King to fight for that right.

Why not, the Archbishop suggests, make war?

(War, after all, takes folk's minds off deficits.)

Henry - to his credit -
wants to make sure it's a just war
and the Archbishop assures him - just enough.

So, Henry V - now determined to fight -
(actually, this is not historically true)
calls for the French messenger
(actually, he's waiting in the wings)
who delivers from the Dauphin of France -
an insulting gift - a bunch of big red rubber balls
(actually, tennis balls.)

Here follows a short court red rubber ball dance -
after which, King Henry V declares war on France.

BALL DANCE: From Chants d'Auvergne 2:45

Now the ball is done - with one eye on the clock
It's time for every one to be at Southampton Dock.

ACT TWO:

TOTAL "EMBARKATION" MUSIC: 3:27

MUSIC STOPS/SHAKESPEARE'S CHORUS BEGINS APPROX 0:50

Now all the youth of England are on fire
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The King is set from London, and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,
And thence to France shall we convey you safe
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass, for if we may
We'll not offend one stomach with our play.

MUSIC RESUMES

Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton Pier
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus feigning.
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing.
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd. Behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge vessels through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge.
PAUSE IN SPEECH AS MUSIC CONTINUES

SHAKESPEARE'S CHORUS: CONTINUES

O do but think
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th'inconstant billows dancing,
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Cheerily to sea, the signs of war advance.
No king of England if not king of France!
MUSIC CONCLUDES W/FANFARES

GORDON'S CHORUS/VS: NO MUSIC

So, the gathered fleet
set sail boldly from Southampton pier
with King Henry's own ship leading the way -

(in the middle ages - unlike these modern ages -
the king didn't get to send young folks off to war while
he, himself, sat safely home in the palace)

and the king and the warriors aboard -
men and boys - a little scared and a little brave
watched the receding shores of England
(and a little homesick - and also a little seasick)
while across the channel - the French king
(historically, a little crazy)
and his son the Dauphin
(who sent the insulting tennis balls)
take precautions to resist the invasion.

MUSIC INCLUDES RECORDED WORDS/APPROX 1:08 TO 1:28
Farewell, farewell, divine Zenocrate -
Is it not passing brave to be a king
And ride in triumph through Persepolis.
Touch her soft lips and part.

MUSIC ENDS AT 2:12
GORDON'S CHORUS/VS: NO MUSIC
While the French King takes precautions for war
his daughter the Princess Katherine -
takes her own precautions -
for after the war.

Katherine has heard that Henry is on his way and
(unlike her brother the Dauphin who
underrates the combined powers of
the newly reformed Henry and his newly formed army)
Katherine thinks it not impossible
Henry may get what he came for and
rumor has it she may be part of what he came for and rumor
also has it he's not bad looking
(for an Englishman)
and becoming Queen of France
(and England too)
doesn't seem a too bad fate for a French princess
in the year fourteen hundred and fifteen or so -
so she persuades Alice, her lady in waiting,
to begin to teach her English -
just in case.

KATHERINE AND ALICE DANCE TO MUSIC FOR 1:04

KATHERINE:
Alice, tu as ete en Angleterre, et tu bien parles le
langage.

ALICE:
Un peu, madame.

KATHERINE:
Je te prie, m'enseignez. Il faut que j'apprenne a parler.
Comment appelez-vous la main en anglais?

ALICE:
La main. Elle est appelee "de hand."

KATHERINE:

"De hand." Et les doigts?

ALICE:

Les doigts, ma foi, j'ai oublie les doigts, mais je me souviendrai les doigts. Je pense qu'ils sont appeles "de fingres." Oui, "de fingres."

KATHERINE:

La main, "de hand." Les doigts, les "fingres." Je pense que je suis le bon ecolier. J'ai gagne deux mots d'anglais vitement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

ALICE:

Les ongles, nous les appelons "de nails."

KATHERINE:

"De nails." Ecoutez! Dites-moi si je parle bien: "de hand," "de fingres," et "de nails."

ALICE:

C'est bien dit, madame. Il est fort bon anglais.

KATHERINE:

Dites-moi l'anglais pour le bras.

ALICE:

"De arm," madame.

KATHERINE:

Et le coude.

ALICE:

"D'elbow."

KATHERINE:

"D'elbow." Je m'en fais la repetition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris des a present.

ALICE:

Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

KATHERINE:

Excusez-moi, Alice. Ecoutez, "d'hand," "de fingres," "de nails," d'arma," de bilbow."

ALICE:

"D'elbow," madame.

KATHERINE:

O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie "d'elbow!" Comment appelez-vous le col?

ALICE:

"De nick," madame.

KATHERINE:

"De nick." Et le menton?

ALICE:

"De chin."

KATHERINE:

"De sin." Le col, "de nick," Le menton, "de sin."

ALICE:

Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en verite vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

KATHERINE:

Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

ALICE:

N'avez-vous pas deja oublie ce que je vous ai enseigne?

KATHERINE:

Non, et je reciterai a vous promptement: "d'hand, de fingre, de mailles--"

ALICE:

"De nails," madame.

KATHERINE:

"De nails, de arma, de ilbow--"

ALICE:

Sauf votre honneur, "de elbow."

KATHERINE:

Ainsi dis-je. "D'elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous les pieds et la robe?"

ALICE:

"De foot," madame, et "de count."

KATHERINE:

"De foot" et "de count?" O Seigneur Dieu, ils sont les mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'usage! Je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde! Foh! "De foot" et "de count!" Neanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: "de hand, de fingre, de nails, d'arma, d'elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, le count."

ALICE:

Excellent, madame.

KATHERINE:

C'est assez pour une fois. Allons-nous a diner.

DANCE CONTINUES FOR ABOUT 1:00

GORDON'S CHORUS/VIS: NO MUSIC

While Katherine interrupts her lessons in English
to eat her fine French dinner -
(probably with fine French wine)
and while the Dauphin in splendid armor -
confident of the strength of the French army -
waits impatiently for morning -
(and probably impatiently for his father's throne
which, historically, he is denied succession to.)

while all that's all going on -
the outnumbered English army
have made their way by sea to the French coast

(if you've ever done that channel crossing -
especially in rough weather -
you have to feel a little sorry for them)

and fought their way from the coast
to where we find them now.

Perhaps this is the moment to say
we omitted the battle of Harfleur -
(but we're going to do the battle of Agincourt which is
musically much longer)
and we've cut the three traitors who Henry condemns
and all of Henry's old roustabout friends -
who - after the death of Falstaff - join the army
and all the lords of the English court
and all the lords of the French court.
(There are, after all, only seven dancers and me.)

So, the English army - what's left of them -
a little weary, a little ragtag, a little heartsore
prepares for their greatest battle.

Meanwhile, King Henry -
yes, he's still right here in a borrowed cloak - walks
among his soldiers -
in the dark - unrecognized.

THE NIGHT WATCH/W/MUSIC approx 5:20

SHAKESPEARE'S CHORUS:

Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll;
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away.

The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts.

O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.

KING HENRY V CONTINUES:

Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrouned him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshly looks and overbears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before, Beholding him,
plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to everyone,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.

GORDON'S CHORUS/VS:

We've come to the Battle of Agincourt.
Let's assume nobody really ever wants any war
and certainly not this particular war.
I don't buy the rhetoric about the imminent danger and
though their King is very likely crazy
I'm not sure who's King isn't
and I don't know how much better off they'd be
if he wasn't there but we were.
I signed petitions and I marched
but I couldn't stop the economics or the politics -
I couldn't stop the greed or the envy -
I couldn't stop the bloody mindedness
and now it's my son out there in the army
and I don't want him to think I don't support him
and I don't want anyone to think I'm not patriotic
which must mean I want us to win -
but I don't want my son to get killed
which must mean I want him to kill the other guy.
Which must mean I want somebody else's son to die.

MUSIC: approx 0:00-1:20

KING HENRY V: approx 1:20-3:20

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall see this day, and live old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian":
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say "These wounds I had on Crispin's day".
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day!

MUSIC: approx 3:20-5:20

KING HENRY V CONTINUES: approx 5:20-6:00

Awake remembrance of our valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir, you sit upon their throne,
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and your thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
The sun is high. Now soldiers, march away:
And how thou pleases, God, dispose the day!

MUSIC: approx 6:00-12:30

KING HENRY V CONTINUES: approx 12:30-13:00

The day is ours! Praised be God,
And not our strength for it.
For when without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on th'other?
Take it God, for it is none but thine.

GORDON'S CHORUS VS: (NO MUSIC)

Did you hear that? The King said that. Then he said God
was on our side.

DIS-ASSEMBLE SCENE OF WAR WHILE GORDON'S CHORUS/V S SPEAKS.
When we want to make war against somebody we always say
"God is on our side". When somebody else wants to make war
against us or somebody else they say God is on their side
and if we win we say, "God was on our side." I don't know
what the losers say.

GORDON'S CHORUS/V S CONTINUES:

Anyway, the English army at Agincourt, we are told,
numbered about 2500 while the French we are told, had
about 10,000 but the English lost 500 while the French
lost 5000, we are told, which brings me to the term
"friendly fire" which, currently describes how we kill
each other. Seems we frequently can't tell the difference
between our friends and our foes. I can't help wondering
if the French didn't help the English a lot at Agincourt
by killing each other. Perhaps they called it "faux-pas
des amis".

GORDON'S CHORUS/VS:

Okay. (Makes a fanfare)

Henry, having won the war must now win the princess because the first article of the peace treaty which has already been negotiated is the marriage of Katherine to Henry (referred to as a political alliance) which Katherine has no choice about because they lost the bloody war so it becomes her job to act out being wooed as though she's free to choose or reject her lover and his job to woo as if his life depends on it. Because saving face - or "the public spin" is a classic government shenana-gin.

HENRY, KATHERINE AND ALICE DANCE TO MUSIC FOR APPROX. 1:35

KING:

Now fie upon my false French. By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate. By which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost. Put off your maiden blushes. Avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress. Take me by the hand and say "Harry of England, I am thine" which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal but I will tell thee aloud "England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine." Therefore, queen of all, Katherine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me?

KATHERINE:

Dat is as it shall please le roi mon pere.

KING:

Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

KATHERINE:

Den it shall also content me.

KING:

Upon that I kiss your hand and I call you my queen.

TRIO DANCE CONTINUES FOR APPROX. 1:10

GORDON'S CHORUS VS: (OVER MUSIC)

The negotiations took a little while
and the wedding planning did too

(big weddings are hell to pull off, aren't they?)
but Henry and Katherine eventually did marry
(and she bore him a son)
but their marriage lasted only four years
(because Henry died)

but she married another Englishman named Owen Tudor
(ah - l'amour, l'amour)
and they also had a son
but her son with Henry Five became Henry Six
(who reigned from 1422 to 1471)

and twenty-one years later
(in 1492)

Columbus discovered America
which has nothing to do with anything.

THE WEDDING CONTINUES FOR APPROX. 1:00

GORDON'S CHORUS/VS (RECORDED AND LIVE):

Okay,
We danced our way across the channel
Danced preparations for the fight

Danced the French princess learning English
Danced Agincourt with all our might

We danced the wooing and the wedding
Danced Shakespeare's words in Tipton's light

We danced our asses off to Walton's music
Now it's time to say goodnight.

ALL:
Goodnight.