

Shakespeare paper: Henry V

Please read this page, but do not open the booklet until your teacher tells you to start.

Write your name, the name of your school and the title of the play you are writing about on the front cover of your answer booklet.

- The paper is 1 hour 15 minutes long.
- It has two sections:

Section A assesses your writing and has 20 marks;
Section B assesses your reading and understanding of
Henry V, and has 18 marks.

- You should spend about:
30 minutes on Section A
45 minutes on Section B
- You should start your answer to Section B on a new page.

BLANK PAGE

Section A – Writing

You should spend about 30 minutes on this section.

In *Henry V*, Henry gives a number of speeches to encourage his troops into battle.

Give it all you've got!

Imagine you are:

- the captain of a sports team facing an important match;
- or*
- the director of a school play;
- or*
- responsible for organising a big charity event.

You want to speak to everyone just before the event starts, to persuade them to do their best. These are your notes:

- *this is the big day*

- *do your best*

- *last-minute advice*

- *thank you*

Write your speech.

20 marks including 4 marks for spelling

Turn over for Section B

Section B – Reading

You should spend about 45 minutes on this section.

Henry V

Act 1 Scene 2, lines 234 to 297

Act 4 Scene 3, lines 88 to 125

In these extracts, how is the idea of strong leadership explored through the character of Henry?

Support your ideas by referring to the extracts which are printed on the following pages.

18 marks

Henry V

Act 1 Scene 2, lines 234 to 297

In this extract, Henry responds to the Dauphin's gift of a tun of tennis balls.

Enter AMBASSADOR of France [with attendants]

KING	Now are we well prepared to know the pleasure Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear Your greeting is from him, not from the king.	235
AMBASSADOR	May't please your majesty to give us leave Freely to render what we have in charge, Or shall we sparingly show you far off The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?	240
KING	We are no tyrant, but a Christian king, Unto whose grace our passion is as subject As are our wretches fettered in our prisons. Therefore with frank and with uncurbèd plainness Tell us the Dauphin's mind.	
AMBASSADOR	Thus then in few: Your highness lately, sending into France, Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third. In answer of which claim the prince our master Says that you savour too much of your youth, And bids you be advised: there's naught in France That can be with a nimble galliard won; You cannot revel into dukedoms there. He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit, This tun of treasure, and in lieu of this Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.	245 250 255
KING	What treasure, uncle?	
EXETER	<i>[Opens tun]</i> Tennis balls, my liege.	
KING	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.	260

Turn over

Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturbed 265
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.
We never valued this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself 270
To barbarous licence, as 'tis ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But 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, 275
For that I have 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. 280
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, 285
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal, and in whose name 290
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallowed cause.
So get you hence in peace. And tell the Dauphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit 295
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
[*To attendants*] Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambassador [and attendants]

Act 4 Scene 3, lines 88 to 125

In this extract, Henry responds to Montjoy's second request that he allow himself to be ransomed.

KING	Who hath sent thee now?	
MONTJOY	The Constable of France.	
KING	I pray thee bear my former answer back. Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones. Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus? The man that once did sell the lion's skin While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him. A many of our bodies shall no doubt Find native graves, upon the which, I trust, Shall witness live in brass of this day's work. And those that leave their valiant bones in France, Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills, They shall be famed, for there the sun shall greet them And draw their honours reeking up to heaven, Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime, The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France. Mark then abounding valour in our English, That being dead, like to the bullet's crazing Break out into a second course of mischief Killing in relapse of mortality. Let me speak proudly. Tell the Constable We are but warriors for the working day. Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched With rainy marching in the painful field. There's not a piece of feather in our host (Good argument, I hope, we will not fly) And time hath worn us into slovenry. But by the mass, our hearts are in the trim, And my poor soldiers tell me yet ere night They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads And turn them out of service. If they do this – As, if God please, they shall – my ransom then Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour. Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald. They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints, Which if they have, as I will leave 'em them, Shall yield them little. Tell the Constable.	90 95 100 105 110 115 120 125

END OF TEST