

The English soldiers were tired with a long march; they had had very bad weather to march in, which made many of them ill, and they had not enough to eat. But they loved the king; they knew he was as badly off as they were, and he was so kind and good-humoured, and talked so cheerfully to them, that in spite of hunger, and weariness, and sickness, they went to battle in good spirits. The English bowmen shot their long arrows all at once with such force, that the French soldiers, especially those on horseback, were obliged to give way; and in a very short time King Henry won as great a victory at Agincourt, as Edward III. and the Black Prince did at Crecy and Poitiers. One day, when you are older, you will read a most delightful play written by the poet Shakspeare about this battle, and some other parts of King Henry the Fifth's life.

Not long after the battle, Henry went to Paris, and there the princes and nobles told him that, if he would let the poor mad King Charles be called king while he lived, Henry and his children should be always Kings of France. And so peace was made, and Henry governed France for a little while, and he married the French Princess Catherine, and they had a little son born at Windsor, who was called Henry of Windsor, Prince of Wales, and was afterwards King Henry VI.

Very soon afterwards, King Henry V. was taken very ill at Paris. He found he was going to die, so he sent for his brothers, and the other English lords who were in France, and gave them a great deal of good advice about ruling England and France, and begged them to take great care of his little son. He then told his chaplain to chant some of the psalms to him, and died very quietly.