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Resource Pages

for

The Middle Ages

by Dorothy Mills

Used with *Classical Lessons for The Middle Ages*

from

A Mind in the Light Curriculum



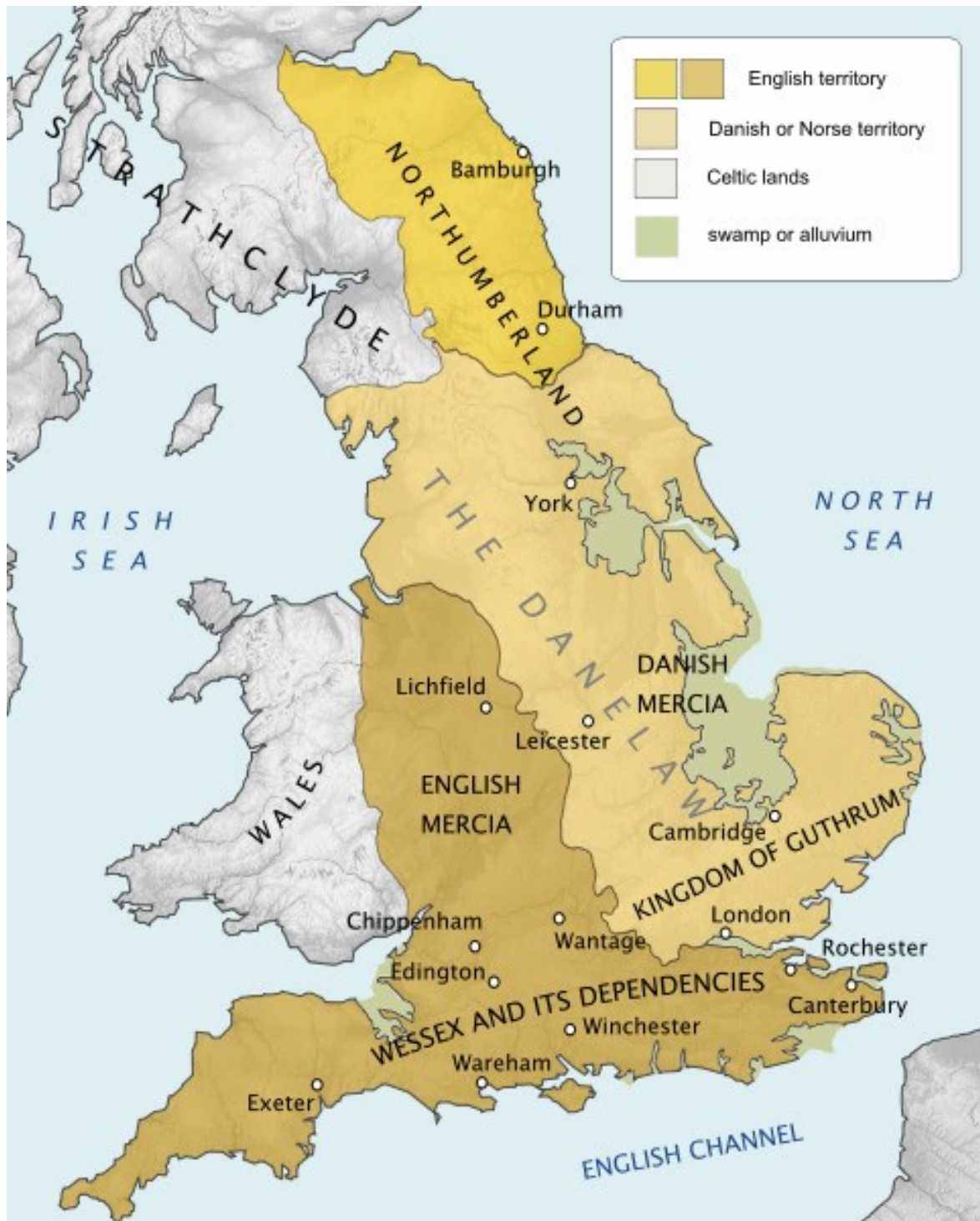
Title: The Coronation of Charlemagne
Artist: Workshop of Raphael
Completion Date: 1516-1517
Technique: fresco
Dimensions: 670cm wide
Location: Apostolic Palace, Vatican City



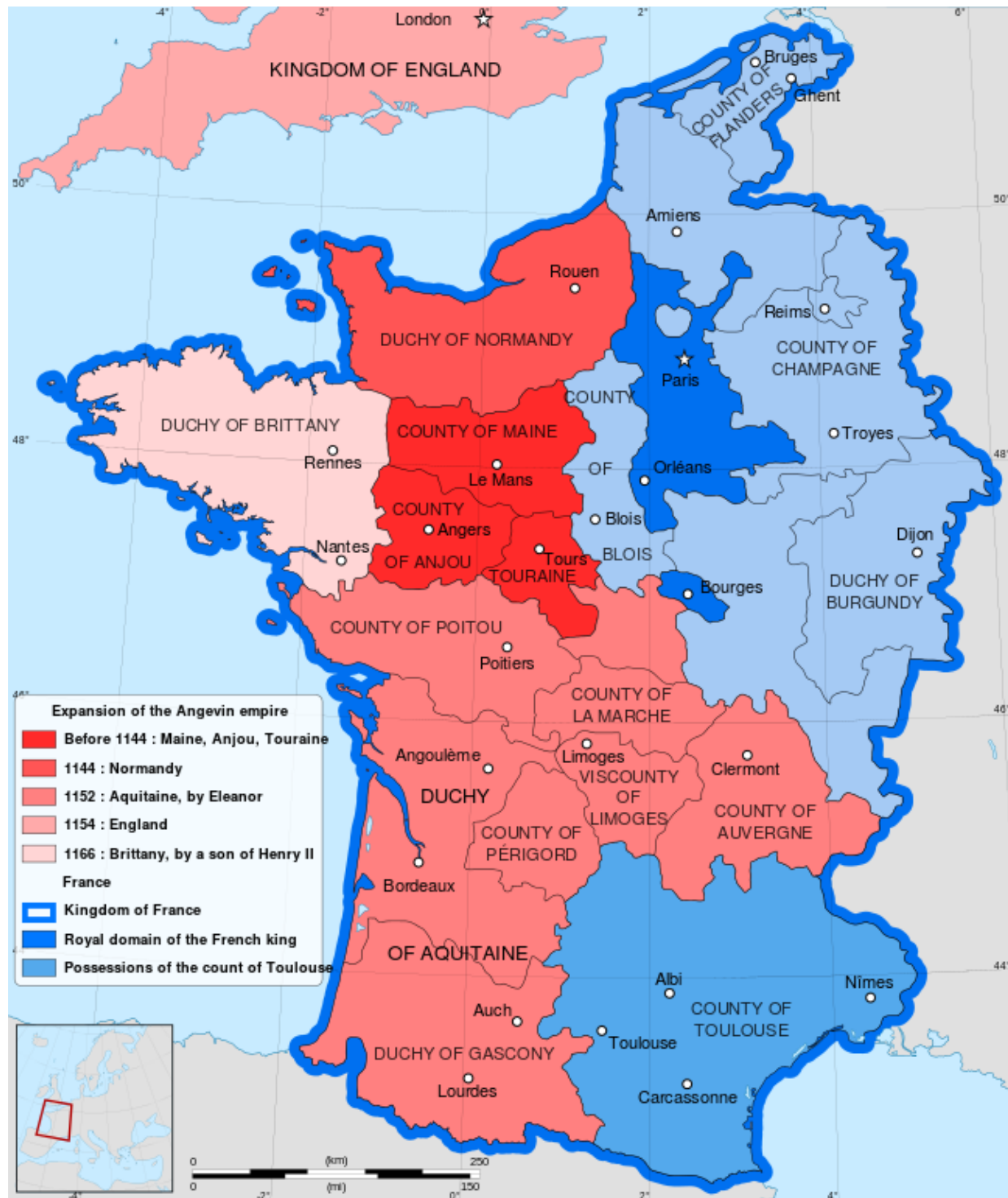
*Title: Equestrian Statue of Charlemagne
Artist: Agostino Cornacchini
Completion Date: 1725
Location: St. Peter's Basilica, Vatican City*



Title: Edmund Being Martyred
Source: An illumination from a medieval manuscript



England in 878 C.E.



France in 1154 C. E.



Title: Detail from Life of Bernard of Clairvaux
Artist: Jorg Breu the Elder
Completion Date: 1500
Medium: Wood
Dimensions: 71 x 73cm
Location: Church, Zwettl
Note: Image of Cistercians at work



Title: Detail from fresco: St. Benedict
Artist: Fra Angelico
Completion Date: circa 1437-1446
Medium: fresco
Location: Convent of San Marco, Florence



*Title: Village Fair
Artist: Gillis Mostaert
Completion Date: 1590
Medium: Painting
Location: Gemaldegalerie, Berlin*



Title: A Village Fair
Artist: Pieter Brueghel the Younger
Date: 1564-1638
Medium: oil on panel
Dimensions: 1118 x 1651mm
Location: Auckland Art Gallery

St. Crispin's Day Speech

Henry V by Shakespeare

WESTMORELAND

O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

KING

What's he that wishes so?
My cousin, Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin;
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more methinks would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse;

We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
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 live this day, and see 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 rememb'red.
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.