

KING

O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts,  
Possess them not with fear ! Take from them now  
The sense of reck'ning, if th' opposèd numbers  
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,  
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault  
My father made in compassing the crown !  
I Richard's body have interrèd new ;  
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears  
Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood.  
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up  
Toward heaven to pardon blood ;

(IV, i : 275-286)

GRANDPRÉ

Why do you stay so long, my lords of France ?  
Yond island carrions, desperate of their bones,  
Ill-favoredly become the morning field.  
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.  
Big Mars seems bankrout in their beggared host  
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.  
The horsemen sit like fixèd candlesticks  
With torch-staves in their hand ; and their poor jades  
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,  
The gum down roping from their pale-dead eyes,  
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmaled bit  
Lies foul with chewed grass, still and motionless ;  
And their executors, the knavish crows,  
Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.  
Description cannot suit itself in words  
To demonstrate the life of such a battle  
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

CONSTABLE

They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

DAUPHIN

Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits  
And give their fasting horses provender,  
And after fight with them ?

(IV, ii : 38-59)

BOURBON

Shame, and eternal shame ! nothing but shame !  
Let us die in honor. Once more back again !  
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,  
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand  
Like a base pander hold the chamber door  
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,  
His fairest daughter is contaminated.

CONSTABLE

Disorder, that hath spoiled us, friend us now !  
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

ORLEANS

We are enow yet living in the field  
To smother up the English in our throngs,  
If any order might be thought upon.

BOURBON

The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng.  
Let life be short ; else shame will be too long.

(IV, iii : 11-21)

CONSTABLE

Hark how our steeds for present service neigh !

DAUPHIN

Mount them and make incision in their hides,  
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes  
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha !

(IV, ii : 8-11)

CONSTABLE

To horse, you gallant princes ! straight to horse !  
Do but behold yond poor and starvèd band,  
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  
There is not work enough for all our hands,  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins  
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out  
And sheathe for lack of sport. Let us but blow on them,  
The vapor of our valor will o'erturn them.

(IV, ii : 15-24)

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 honors reeking up to heaven,  
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
Mark then abounding valor in our English,  
That, being dead, like to the bullet's crasing,  
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 labor.  
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.

(IV, iii : 90-125)