

Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies,
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. 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 fanning.
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle shipboys climbing ;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused ; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. 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 !
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England as dead midnight still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance ;
For who is he whose chin is but enriched
With one appearing hair that will not follow
These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege :

(III, chorus)

BARDOLPH On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach, to the breach !

NYM Pray thee, corporal, stay. The knocks are too hot ;
and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives. The
humor of it is too hot ; that is the very plain-song of it.

PISTOL

The plain-song is most just ; for humors do abound.

Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die ;

And sword and shield

In bloody field

Doth win immortal fame.

BOY Would I were in an alehouse in London ! I would
give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

PISTOL And I :

If wishes would prevail with me,

My purpose should not fail with me,

But thither would I hie.

BOY

As duly, but not as truly,

As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

FLUELLEN Up to the preach, you dogs ! Avaunt, you cul-
lions !

[Drives them in.]

PISTOL

Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould !

Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,

Abate thy rage, great duke !

Good bawcock, bate thy rage ! Use lenity, sweet chuck !

(III, ii : 1-22)

BOY As young as I am, I have observed these three swash-
ers. I am boy to them all three ; but all they three, though
they would serve me, could not be man to me ; for indeed
three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph,
he is white-livered and red-faced ; by the means whereof
'a faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing
tongue and a quiet sword ; by the means whereof 'a
breaks words and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he
hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and
therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be
thought a coward ; but his few bad words are matched
with as few good deeds, for 'a never broke any man's
head but his own, and that was against a post when he
was drunk. They will steal anything, and call it purchase.
Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and
sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn
brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel.
I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals.
They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as
their gloves or their handkerchers ; which makes much
against my manhood, if I should take from another's
pocket to put into mine ; for it is plain pocketing up of
wrongs.

(III, ii : 25-47)