

DAUPHIN

O Dieu vivant ! Shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds
And overlook their grafters ?

BRITAINE

Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards !
Mort de ma vie ! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom
To buy a slobb'ry and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.

CONSTABLE

Dieu de batailles ! where have they this mettle ?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns ? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reined jades, their barley broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat ?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty ? O, for honor of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields –
'Poor' we call them in their native lords !

(III, v : 5-26)

PISTOL

Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valor, hath by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel –
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone –

FLUELLEN By your patience, Aunchient Pistol, Fortune
is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify
to you that Fortune is plind ; and she is painted also with
a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that
she is turning and inconstant, and mutability, and
variation ; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spheri-
cal stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth,
the poet makes a most excellent description of it.
Fortune is an excellent moral.

PISTOL

Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him ;
For he hath stol'n a pax, and hangèd must 'a be –
A damnèd death !
Let gallows gape for dog ; let man go free,
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak – the duke will hear thy voice ;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach.

(III, vi : 24-47)

GOWER Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then
goes to the wars to grace himself, at his return into Lon-
don, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are
perfit in the great commanders' names, and they will
learn you by rote where services were done : at such
and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy ; who
came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what
terms the enemy stood on ; and this they con perfitly in
the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned
oaths ; and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid
suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-
washed wits is wonderful to be thought on. But you
must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you
may be marvellously mistook.

(III, vi : 66-79)