

*Chorus.*

Now entertain conjecture of a time  
When creeping murmur and the poring dark  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.  
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,  
The hum of either army stilly sounds,  
That the fixed sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch.  
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umbered face.  
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents  
The armorers accomplishing the knights,  
With busy hammers closing rivets up,  
Give dreadful note of preparation.  
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll  
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night  
Who like a foul and ugly witch doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemnèd English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently and inly ruminate  
The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,  
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruined band  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
Let him cry, 'Praise and glory on his head !'  
For forth he goes and visits all his host,  
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile  
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
Upon his royal face there is no note  
How dread an army hath enrouned him ;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of color  
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night,  
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint  
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.  
A largess universal, like the sun.  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night.  
And so our scene must to the battle fly ;  
Where (O for pity ! ) we shall much disgrace  
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,  
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,  
Minding true things by what their mock'ries be.

(IV, Chorus)