

# Henry V

## 4.5

*Enter the Constable, the Dukes of OrleÂans and  
[Bourbon], and Lord Rambures*

**CONSTABLE** *O diable!*

**ORLEÂANS** *O Seigneur! Le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

**[BOURBON]**

*Mort de ma vie!* All is confounded, all.

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.

5

*A short alarum*

*O meÂchante fortune!±± (To Rambures)* Do not run away.

**[ORLEÂANS]**

We are enough 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. Once more back again!

10

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go home, and with his cap in hand

Like a base leno hold the chamber door

Whilst by a slave no gentler than my dog

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

15

**CONSTABLE**

Disorder that hath spoiled us friend us now.

Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

**BOURBON** I'll to the throng.

Let life be short, else shame will be too long.

*Exeunt*