

# Henry V

## 2.0

*Enter Chorus*

### CHORUS

Now all the youth of England are on fire,  
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;  
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought  
Reigns solely in the breast of every man.  
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse, 5  
Following the mirror of all Christian kings  
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
For now sits expectation in the air  
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point  
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets, 10  
Promised to Harry and his followers.  
The French, advised by good intelligence  
Of this most dreadful preparation,  
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy  
Seek to divert the English purposes. 15  
O England!—model to thy inward greatness,  
Like little body with a mighty heart,  
What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
Were all thy children kind and natural?  
But see, thy fault France hath in thee found out: 20  
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men—  
One, Richard, Earl of Cambridge; and the second  
Henry, Lord Scrope of Masham; and the third  
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland— 25  
Have, for the guilt of France—O guilt indeed!—  
Confirmed conspiracy with fearful France;  
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
If hell and treason hold their promises,  
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton. 30  
Linger your patience on, and we'll digest  
Th'abuse of distance, force—perforce—a play.  
The sum is paid, the traitors are agreed,  
The King is set from London, and the scene

Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton. 35  
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit,  
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
To give you gentle pass±±for if we may  
We'll not offend one stomach with our play. 40  
But till the King come forth, and not till then,  
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene.  
*Exit*