

Henry V

4.3

Enter the Dukes of Gloucester, [Clarence], and Exeter, the Earls of Salisbury and [Warwick], and Sir Thomas Erpingham, with all [the] host

GLOUCESTER Where is the King?

[CLARENCE]

The King himself is rode to view their battle.

[WARWICK]

Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

EXETER

There's five to one. Besides, they all are fresh.

SALISBURY

God's arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds. 5

God b'wi' you, princes all. I'll to my charge.

If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,

Then joyfully, my noble Lord of Clarence,

My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,

And (to Warwick) my kind kinsman, warriors all,

adieu. 10

[CLARENCE]

Farewell, good Salisbury, and good luck go with thee.

EXETER

Farewell, kind lord. Fight valiantly today±±

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,

For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

Exit Salisbury

[CLARENCE]

He is as full of valour as of kindness, 15

Princely in both.

Enter King Harry, behind

[WARWICK] O that we now had here

But one ten thousand of those men in England

That do no work today.

KING HARRY

What's he that wishes so?

My cousin Warwick? No, my fair cousin.

If we are marked to die, we are enough 20

To do our country loss; and if to live,

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will, I pray thee wish not one man more.
 By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
 Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; 25
 It ernes me not if men my garments wear;
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
 But if it be a sin to covet honour
 I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England. 30
 God's peace, I would not lose so great an honour
 As one man more methinks would share from me
 For the best hope I have. O do not wish one more.
 Rather proclaim it presently through my host
 That he which hath no stomach to this fight, 35
 Let him depart. His passport shall be made
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
 We would not die in that man's company
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.
 This day is called the Feast of Crispian. 40
 He that outlives this day and comes safe home
 Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall see this day and live t'old age
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours 45
 And say, 'Tomorrow is Saint Crispian.'
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars
 And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
 But he'll remember, with advantages, 50
 What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
 Familiar in his mouth as household words±±
 Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester±±
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered. 55
 This story shall the good man teach his son,
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
 From this day to the ending of the world
 But we in it shall be remembereÁd,
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers. 60
 For he today that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,

This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here, 65
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Enter the Earl of Salisbury

SALISBURY

My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed.
The French are bravely in their battles set
And will with all expedience charge on us. 70

KING HARRY

All things are ready if our minds be so.

[WARWICK]

Perish the man whose mind is backward now.

KING HARRY

Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

[WARWICK]

God's will, my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle. 75

KING HARRY

Why now thou hast unwished five thousand men,
Which likes me better than to wish us one.±±
You know your places. God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy

MONTJOY

Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound 80
Before thy most assured overthrow.
For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance, that their souls 85
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields where, wretches, their poor
bodies
Must lie and fester.

KING HARRY Who hath sent thee now?

MONTJOY The Constable of France. 90

KING HARRY

I pray thee bear my former answer back.
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.

Good God, why should they mock poor fellows thus?
 The man that once did sell the lion's skin
 While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him. 95
 A many of our bodies shall no doubt
 Find native graves, upon the which, I trust,
 Shall witness live in brass of this day's work.
 And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills 100
 They shall be famed. For there the sun shall greet
 them
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven,
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
 Mark then abounding valour in our English, 105
 That, being dead, like to the bullets grazing
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in relapse of mortality.
 Let me speak proudly. Tell the Constable
 We are but warriors for the working day. 110
 Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched
 With rainy marching in the painful field.
 There's not a piece of feather in our host±±
 Good argument, I hope, we will not fly±±
 And time hath worn us into slovenry. 115
 But by the mass, our hearts are in the trim.
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes, as they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er your French soldiers' heads,
 And turn them out of service. If they do this±± 120
 As if God please, they shall±±my ransom then
 Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour.
 Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald.
 They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints±±
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them, 125
 Shall yield them little. Tell the Constable.

MONTJOY

I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well.
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more.

KING HARRY

I fear thou wilt once more come for a ransom.

Exit Montjoy
Enter the Duke of York

YORK

My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vanguard.

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KING HARRY

Take it, brave York.±±Now soldiers, march away,
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day.
Exeunt