

Henry V

3.5

Enter King Charles the Sixth of France, the Dauphin, the Constable, the Duke of [Bourbon], and others

KING CHARLES

'Tis certain he hath passed the River Somme.

CONSTABLE

And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

DAUPHIN

O Dieu vivant! Shall a few sprays of us, 5
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds
And over-look their grafters?

[BOURBON]

Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards! 10
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? 15
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? 20
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O for honour 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±± 25
'Poor' may we call them, in their native lords.

DAUPHIN

By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us and plainly say

Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth, 30
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

[BOURBON]

They bid us, `To the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos'±±
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways. 35

KING CHARLES

Where is Montjoy the herald? Speed him hence.
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes, and with spirit of honour edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.
Charles Delabret, High Constable of France, 40
You Dukes of OrleÃns, Bourbon, and of Berri,
AlencÃon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy,
Jaques ChaÃtillion, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, GrandpreÃ, Roussi, and Fauconbridge,
Foix, Lestrelles, Boucicault, and Charolais, 45
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur;
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow 50
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

CONSTABLE This becomes the great. 55

Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famished in their march,
For I am sure when he shall see our army
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And, fore achievement, offer us his ransom. 60

KING CHARLES

Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.±±
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

DAUPHIN

Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

65

KING CHARLES

Be patient, for you shall remain with us.±±
Now forth, Lord Constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall.
Exeunt severally