

Henry V

4.6

Alarum. Enter King Harry and his train, with prisoners

KING HARRY

Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen.
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.
[Enter the Duke of Exeter]

EXETER

The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

KING HARRY

Lives he, good uncle? Thrice within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again and fighting. 5
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

EXETER

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain. And by his bloody side,
Yokefellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies. 10
Suffolk first died, and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
And cries aloud, 'Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk. 15
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven.
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry.'
Upon these words I came and cheered him up. 20
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble grip says, 'Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign.'
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kissed his lips, 25
And so espoused to death, with blood he sealed
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopped.

But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

30

KING HARRY I blame you not,
For hearing this I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.

Alarum

But hark, what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforced their scattered men.
Then every soldier kill his prisoners.

35

[The soldiers kill their prisoners]

Give the word through.

[PISTOL] *Coup' la gorge.*
Exeunt