

Henry V

3.3

Enter Captain Gower [and Captain Fluellen, meeting]

GOWER Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines. The Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

FLUELLEN To the mines? Tell you the Duke it is not so good to come to the mines. For look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war. The concavities of it is not sufficient. For look you, th'athversary, you may discuss unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself, four yard under, the countermines. By Cheshu, I think a will plow up all, if there is not better directions. 5

GOWER The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i'faith. 10

FLUELLEN It is Captain MacMorris, is it not?

GOWER I think it be.

FLUELLEN By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his beard. He has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you±±of the Roman disciplines±±than is a puppy dog. 15

Enter Captain MacMorris and Captain Jamy

GOWER Here a comes, and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him. 20

FLUELLEN Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'anciant wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions. By Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans. 25

JAMY I say gud day, Captain Fluellen.

FLUELLEN Good e'en to your worship, good Captain James.

GOWER How now, Captain MacMorris, have you quit the mines? Have the pioneers given o'er? 30

MACMORRIS By Chrish law, 'tish ill done. The work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand

I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done, it
ish give over. I would have blowed up the town, so 35
Chrish save me law, in an hour. O 'tish ill done, 'tish
ill done, by my hand 'tish ill done.

FLUELLEN Captain MacMorris, I beseech you now, will
you vouchsafe me, look you, a few disputations with
you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines 40
of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument,
look you, and friendly communication? Partly to satisfy
my opinion and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of
my mind. As touching the direction of the military
discipline, that is the point. 45

JAMY It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains bath,
and I sall quite you with gud leve, as I may pick
occasion. That sall I, marry.

MACMORRIS It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me.
The day is hot, and the weather and the wars and the 50
King and the dukes. It is no time to discourse. The
town is besieged. An the trumpet call us to the breach,
and we talk and, be Chrish, do nothing, 'tis shame for
us all. So God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still, it is
shame by my hand. And there is throats to be cut, and 55
works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Christ
sa' me law.

JAMY By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves
to slumber, ay'll de gud service, or I'll lig i'th' grund
for it. Ay owe Got a death, and I'll pay't as valorously 60
as I may, that sall I suirely do, that is the brief and
the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question
'tween you twae.

FLUELLEN Captain MacMorris, I think, look you, under
your correction, there is not many of your nation±± 65

MACMORRIS Of my nation? What ish my nation? Ish a
villain and a bastard and a knave and a rascal? What
ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

FLUELLEN Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than
is meant, Captain MacMorris, peradventure I shall think 70
you do not use me with that affability as in discretion
you ought to use me, look you, being as good a man
as yourself, both in the disciplines of war and in the

derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

MACMORRIS I do not know you so good a man as myself. 75
So Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

GOWER Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

JAMY Ah, that's a foul fault.

A parley is sounded

GOWER The town sounds a parley.

FLUELLEN Captain MacMorris, when there is more better 80
opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold
as to tell you I know the disciplines of war. And there
is an end.

Exit

*[Flourish.] Enter King Harry and all his train before
the gates*

KING HARRY

How yet resolves the Governor of the town?

This is the latest parle we will admit. 85

Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or like to men proud of destruction

Defy us to our worst. For as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,

If I begin the batt'ry once again 90

I will not leave the half-achieveÁd Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie burieÁd.

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the fleshed soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range 95

With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh fair virgins and your flow'ring infants.

What is it then to me if impious war
Arrayed in flames like to the prince of fiends
Do with his smirched complexion all fell feats 100

Enlinked to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
If your pure maidens fall into the hand

Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness 105

When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th'enrageÁd soldiers in their spoil

As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur, 110
Take pity of your town and of your people
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command,
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murder, spoil, and villainy. 115
If not±±why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dashed to the walls; 120
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confused
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid? 125
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroyed?

Enter Governor [on the wall]

GOVERNOR

Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dauphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread King, 130
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

KING HARRY

Open your gates.

[Exit Governor]

Come, Uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur. There remain, 135
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French.
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
Tonight in Harfleur will we be your guest; 140
Tomorrow for the march are we addressed.

*[The gates are opened.] Flourish, and they enter
the town*