

## 3.0

## CHORUS

Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies  
In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen  
The well-appointed king at Dover pier  
Embark his royalty, and his brave fleet 5  
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning.  
Play with your fancies, and in them behold  
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;  
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails, 10  
Borne with th'invisible and creeping wind,  
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,  
Breasting the lofty surge. O do but think  
You stand upon the rivage and behold  
A city on th'inconstant billows dancing±± 15  
For so appears this fleet majestic,  
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!  
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,  
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,  
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women, 20  
Either past or not arrived to pith and puissance.  
For who is he, whose chin is but enriched  
With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
These culled and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?  
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege. 25  
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.  
Suppose th'ambassador from the French comes back,  
Tells Harry that the King doth offer him  
Catherine his daughter, and with her, to dowry, 30  
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
The offer likes not, and the nimble gunner  
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,  
*Alarum, and chambers go off*

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,  
And eke out our performance with your mind.  
*Exit*