
Shakespeare, Henry V, Act IV, Scene iii.
Enter the King.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That doe no worke to day

King. What's he that wishes so?
My Cousin Westmerland. No, my faire Cousin:
If we are markt to dye, we are enow
To doe our Countrey losse: and if to liue,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
Gods will, I pray thee wish not one man more.
By Ioue, I am not couetous for Gold,
Nor care I who doth feed vpon my cost:
It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.
But if it be a sinne to couet Honor,
I am the most offending Soule aliue.
No 'faith, my Couze, wish not a man from England:
Gods peace, I would not loose so great an Honor,
As one man more me thinkes would share from me,
For the best hope I haue. O, doe not wish one more:
Rather proclaime it (Westmerland) through my Hoast,
That he which hath no stomack to this fight,
Let him depart, his Pasport shall be made,
And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purse:
We would not dye in that mans companie,
That feares his fellowship, to dye with vs.
This day is call'd the Feast of Crispian:
He that out-liues this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rowse him at the Name of Crispian.
He that shall see this day, and liue old age,
Will yeerely on the Vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, to morrow is Saint Crispian.
Then will he strip his sleeue, and shew his skarres:
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot:
But hee'le remember, with aduantages,
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 remembred.
This story shall the good man teach his sonne:
And Crispine Crispian shall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it shall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're so vile,
This day shall gentle his Condition.
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themselues accurst they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any speakes,
That fought with vs vpon Saint Crispines day.
Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, bestow your selfe with speed:
The French are brauely in their battailes set,
And will with all expedience charge on vs

King. All things are ready, if our minds be so

West. Perish the man, whose mind is backward now

King. Thou do'st not wish more helpe from England,
Couze?

West. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile

King. Why now thou hast vnwisht fiue thousand men:
Which likes me better, then to wish vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montioy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King Harry,
If for thy Ransome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured Ouerthrow:
For certainly, thou art so neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs must be engluttet. Besides, in mercy
The Constable desires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a sweet retyre
From off these fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies
Must lye and fester

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France

King. I pray thee beare my former Answer back:
Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.
Good God, why should they mock poore fellowes thus?
The man that once did sell the Lyons skin
While the beast liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodyes shall no doubt
Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I trust
Shall witnesse liue in Brasse of this dayes worke.
And those that leaue their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
They shall be fam'd: for there the Sun shall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The smell whereof shall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our English:
That being dead, like to the bullets crasing,
Breake out into a second course of mischiefe,
Killing in relapse of Mortalitie.
Let me speake prouedly: Tell the Constable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gaynesse and our Gilt are all besmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoast:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:
And time hath worne vs into slouenrie.
But by the Masse, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in fresher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of seruice. If they doe this,
As if God please, they shall; my Ransome then

Will soone be leuyed.

Herauld, saue thou thy labour:

Come thou no more for Ransome, gentle Herauld,
They shall haue none, I sweare, but these my ioynts:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Constable

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:
Thou neuer shalt heare Herauld any more.
Enter.

King. I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a
Ransome.
Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, most humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward

King. Take it, braue Yorke.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exeunt.