

Hotspur (Henry Percy).

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But I remember, when the fight was done, when I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,

came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd, fresh as a bridegroom;
and his chin new reap'd show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home.

He was perfumed like a milliner;

and 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held a pouncet-box,

which ever and anon he gave his nose and took't away again.

He smiled and talk'd, and as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,

he call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,

to bring a slovenly unhandsome corse betwixt the wind and his nobility.

With many holiday and lady terms he question'd me;

amongst the rest, demanded my prisoners in your majesty's behalf.

I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold, to be so pester'd with a popinjay,

out of my grief and my impatience, answer'd neglectingly I know not what,

he should or he should not; for he made me mad

to see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet and talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
of guns and drums and wounds,—God save the mark!—

and telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth was parmaceti for an inward bruise;

and that it was great pity, so it was,

this villanous salt-petre should be digg'd out of the bowels of the harmless earth,

which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd so cowardly;

and but for these vile guns, he would himself have been a soldier.

This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord, I answer'd indirectly, as I said;

and I beseech you, let not his report come current

for an accusation betwixt my love and your high majesty.