

If ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, 'This is my glove,'
by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

KING HENRY V

If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

WILLIAMS

Thou darest as well be hanged.

KING HENRY V

Well. I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

WILLIAMS

Keep thy word. Fare thee well.

BATES

Be friends, you English fools, be friends. We have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

KING HENRY V

Indeed the French may lay twenty French crowns* to one they will beat us;
for they bear them on their shoulders.

But it is no English treason to cut French crowns,* and to morrow the King himself will be a clipper.

(Exeunt soldiers.)

Upon the King!

Let us our lives, our souls, our debts, our careful wives, our children and our sins lay on the King!
We must bear all.

O hard condition.

Twin born with greatness,

subject to the breath of every fool, whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing.*

What infinite heart's-ease must kings neglect, that private men enjoy.

And what have kings, that privates have not too, save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that sufferest more of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? What are thy comings in? O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

What is thy soul of adoration?*

Art thou aught else but place, degree and form, creating awe and fear in other men,
wherein thou art less happy being feared than they in fearing?

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, but poisoned flattery?

O, be sick, great greatness, and bid thy ceremony give thee cure!

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out with titles blown from adulation?

Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee, command the health of it?

No, thou proud dream, that playest so subtly with a king's repose.

I am a king that find thee; and I know 'tis not the balm,* the sceptre and the ball, the sword, the mace,
the crown imperial, the intertissued robe of gold and pearl, the farced title running 'fore the king,

crowns - gold pieces, *crowns* - heads, *wringing* - suffering, *soul of adoration* - reason for worship,

balm - consecrated oil used in coronation

the throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp that beats upon the high shore of this world,
 no, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony, not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 who with a body filled and vacant mind gets him to rest, crammed with distressful* bread;
 never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 but like a lackey, from the rise to set, sweats in the eye of Phoebus* and all night sleeps in Elysium;*
 next day after dawn, doth rise and help Hyperion* to his horse,
 and follows so the ever-running year with profitable labor to his grave;
 and but for ceremony, such a wretch, winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
 had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
 The slave, a member of the country's peace, enjoys it;
 but in gross* brain little knows what watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
 whose hours the peasant best advantages.

(Enter SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM.)

ERPINGHAM

My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence, seek through your camp to find you.

KING HENRY V

Good old knight, collect them all together at my tent.
 I'll be before thee.

ERPINGHAM

I shall do it, my lord.

(Exit ERPINGHAM.)

KING HENRY V

O God of battles, steel my soldiers' hearts; possess them not with fear!
 Take from them now the sense of reckoning,* if the opposed numbers pluck their hearts from them.

(Enter GLOUCESTER.)

GLOUCESTER

My liege!

KING HENRY V

My brother Gloucester's voice?
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee.
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.

(Exeunt.)

distressful - hard earned, *Phoebus* - the sun god, *Elysium* - classical abode of the virtuous dead,
Hyperion - charioteer of the sun, *gross* - common, *sense of reckoning* - ability to count