

Act 4, Scene 3 The English camp

(Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, with all his host; SALISBURY and WESTMORELAND.)

GLOUCESTER
Where is the King?

BEDFORD
The King himself is rode to view their battle.

WESTMORELAND
Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

EXETER
There's five to one;* besides, they all are fresh.

SALISBURY
God's arm strike with us! 'Tis a fearful odds.
God be with you, princes all; I'll to my charge.
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven, then joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
my dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter, and my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

BEDFORD
Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

EXETER
Farewell, kind Lord.

(Exit SALISBURY.)

BEDFORD
He is full of valor as of kindness; princely in both.

(Enter the KING.)

WESTMORELAND
O that we now had here but one ten thousand of those men in England that do no work today!

KING HENRY V
What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland?
No, my fair cousin. If we are marked to die, we are enough to do our country loss;
and if to live, the fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold, nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
it yearns me not if men my garments wear; such outward things dwell not in my desires:

five to one - if the French have three score thousand, or 60,000 soldiers, that means the English have 12,000 men

but if it be a sin to covet* honor, I am the most offending soul alive.
 No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England.
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host, that he which hath no stomach to this fight, let him depart;
 his passport shall be made and crowns for convoy* put into his purse.
 We would not die in that man's company that fears his fellowship* to die with us.
 This day is called the feast of Crispian.
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home, will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,
 and rouse him at the name of Crispian.
 He that shall live this day, and see old age, will yearly on the vigil* feast his neighbors,
 and say, "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."
 Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars, and say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
 Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, but he'll remember with advantages* 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 remembered.
 This story shall the good man teach his son;
 and Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by, from this day to the ending of the world,
 but we in it shall be remembered—we few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 for he today that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,*
 this day shall gentle his condition;*
 and gentlemen in England now a-bed shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
 and hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks that fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

(Re enter SALISBURY.)

SALISBURY

My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed.
 The French are bravely in their battles set, and will with all expedience charge on us.

KING HENRY V

All things are ready, if our minds be so.

WESTMORELAND

Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

KING HENRY V

Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

WESTMORELAND

God's will! my liege, would you and I alone, without more help, could fight this royal battle!

KING HENRY V

Why, now thou hast unwished twelve thousand men; which likes me better than to wish us one.
 You know your places. God be with you all!

(Horns. Enter MONTJOY.)

covet - crave, *convoy* - transport, *fellowship* - fraternal right, *vigil* - night before,
advantages - embellishments, *vile* - low born, *gentle his condition* - ennoble his rank