

My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign!

K. *Henry*. God quit you in his mercy! hear your sentence;
You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof, god, of his mercy, give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! — Bear them hence. —
Now, lords, for *France*; the enterprize whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

[*Exeunt.*

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since god so graciously hath brought to light
This dangerous treason lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginning. Now we doubt not
But every rub is smoothed in our way:
Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of god,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea the signs of war advance;
No king of *England*, if not king of *France*.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE