

Of *Brabant*, and of *Orleans*, shall make forth,
 And you, prince dauphin, with all swift despatch,
 To line, and new repair, our towns of war
 With men of courage, and with means defendant:
 For *England* his approaches makes as fierce
 As waters to the sucking of a gulf.
 It fits us then to be as provident
 As fear may teach us out of late examples,
 Left by the fatally neglected *English*
 Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
 It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe:
 For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
 (Though war, nor no known quarrel were in question)
 But that defences, musters, preparations,
 Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,
 As were a war in expectation.
 Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,
 To view the sick and feeble parts of *France*:
 And let us do it with no show of fear;
 No, with no more than if we heard that *England*
 Were busied with a witsun' morris-dance:
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
 Her sceptre so fantastically born,
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humourous youth,
 That fear attends her not.

Con. O, peace, prince dauphin!
 You are too much mistaken in this king:
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,
 With what great state he heard their embassy,
 How well supply'd with noble counsellors,
 How modest in exception, and, withal,
 How terrible in constant resolution:
 And you shall find his vanities forespent
 Were but the outside of the *Roman Brutus*,
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly;

As