

As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable.
But, though we think it so, it is no matter :
In causes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;
Which, of a weak and niggardly projection,
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king *Harry* strong ;
And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths :
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When *Cressy* battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, *Edward* the prince of *Wales* :
While that his mounting fire, on mounting standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroick feed, and smil'd to see him
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by god and by *French* fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear
The native mightiness and force of him.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from *Harry* king of *England*
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience.—Go, and bring
them.

You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten