

Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height. Now on, you noblest *English*,
 Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;
 Fathers, that, like so many *Alexanders*,
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
 That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. — And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in *England*, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture: let us swear,
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not:
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like greyhounds on the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
 Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
 Cry, god for *Harry*, *England*, and saint *George*!
 [*Exeunt King and Train. Alarm, and Cannon go off.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nym. 'Pray thee, corporal, stay, the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just; for humours do abound:
 Knocks go and come; god's vassals drop and die;
 And sword and shield, in bloody field, doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Wou'd I were in an alehouse in *London*! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I; if wishes would prevail,

I wou'd