

S C E N E III.

Enter King Henry and his Train before the Gates.

K. *Henry*. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
 This is the latest parle we will admit:
 Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
 Or, like to men proud of destruction,
 Defy us to our worst; as I'm a soldier,
 (A name that in my thoughts becomes me best)
 If I begin the batt'ry once again,
 I will not leave the half-atchieved *Harfleur*,
 Till in her ashes she lie buried.
 The gates of mercy shall be all shut up;
 And the flesh'd soldier, rough, and hard of heart,
 In liberty of bloody hand shall range
 With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
 Your fresh fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants.
 What is it then to me, if impious war,
 Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats,
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand
 Of hot and forcing violation?
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness,
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
 We may as bootless spend our vain command
 Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil,
 As send our precepts to th' leviathan
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of *Harfleur*,
 Take pity of your town, and of your people,
 While yet my soldiers are in my command,
 While yet the cool and temp'rate wind of grace
 O'er-blows the filthy and contagious clouds
 Of heady murder, spoil, and villany.