

If not; why, in a moment, look to see
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
 Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
 And their most rev'rend heads dash'd to the walls;
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
 While the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
 Do break the clouds; as did the wives of *Jewry*,
 At *Herod's* bloody hunting slaughter-fed.
 What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?
 Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Enter Governor.

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end:
 The dauphin, of whom succours we entreated,
 Returns us, that his pow'rs are yet not ready
 To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
 We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:
 Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
 For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your gates. — Come, uncle *Exeter*,
 Go you and enter *Harfleur*; there remain,
 And fortify it strongly 'gainst the *French*:
 Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
 The winter coming on, and sickness growing
 Upon our soldiers, we'll retire to *Calais*.
 To-night in *Harfleur* we will be your guest,
 To-morrow for the march we are address.

[flourish, and enter the town.^a

(a)----- are address.

[flourish, &c.

SCENE IV.

Enter Catharine, and an old Gentlewoman.

Cath. *Alice*, tu as esté en Angleterre, & tu parlois bien la language.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Cath. Je te prie de m'enseigner, il faut que j'apprenne a parler. Comment appelléz vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? il est appelé, de hand.

Cath. De hand. Et le doyt?

Alice. Le doyt? ma foy, je oublie le doyt; mais je me souviendrai le doyt: je pense, qu'ils ont appelé des fingres; ouy, de fingres.

S f f 2

Cath.