

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.  
*Mort de ma vie!* if thus they march along  
 Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
 To buy a foggy and a dirty farm  
 In that nook-shotten isle of *Albion*.

*Con.* *Dieu de batailles!* why, whence have they this mettle?  
 Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?  
 On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
 Killing their fruit with frowns? can sodden water,  
 A drench for sur-reyn'd jades, their barley broth,  
 Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
 And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
 Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,  
 Let us not hang like frozen icicles  
 Upon our house-tops, while more frosty people  
 Sweat drops of gallant blood in our rich fields,  
 Poor, we may call them, in their native lords.

*Dau.* By faith and honour,  
 Our madams mock at us, and plainly say,  
 Our mettle is bred out; and they will give  
 Their bodies to the lust of *English* youth,  
 To new-store *France* with bastard warriors.

*Bour.* They bid us to the *English* dancingschools,  
 And teach *lavolta's* high, and swift *coranto's*;  
 Saying, our grace is only in our heels,  
 And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Fr. King.* Where is *Mountjoy* the herald? speed him hence,  
 Let him greet *England* with our sharp defiance. —  
 Up, princes, and with spirit of honour edg'd  
 Yet sharper than your swords, hie to the field!  
*Charles Delabreth*, high constable of *France*;  
 You dukes of *Orleans*, *Bourbon*, and of *Berry*,  
*Alançon*, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgundy*,  
*Jaques Chatillion*, *Rambures*, *Vaudemont*,  
*Beaumont*, *Grandpree*, *Roussie*, and *Faulconbridge*,  
*Loys*, *Lestrale*, *Bouciqualt*, and *Charoloys*,

High