

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights;
 For your great feats, now quit you of great shames:
 Bar *Harry England*, that sweeps through our land
 With pennons painted in the blood of *Harfleur*:
 Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
 Upon the vallies, whose low vassal seat
 The *Alps* doth spit and void his rheum upon.
 Go down upon him, you have pow'r enough,
 And, in a captive chariot, into *Roan*
 Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march:
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And, for atchievement, offer us his ransome.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on *Mountjoy*,
 And let him say to *England*, that we send
 To know what willing ransome he will give. —
 Prince dauphin, you shall stay with us in *Roan*.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us. —
 Now forth, lord constable, and princes all;
 And quickly bring us word of *England's* fall. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

The English Camp.

Enter Gower, and Fluellen.

Gow. **H**OW now, captain *Fluellen*, come you from the bridge?
Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services
 committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the duke of *Exeter* safe?

Flu. The duke of *Exeter* is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*,
 and a man that I love, and honour with my soul, and my heart,
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