

## SCENE VI.

*Drum and colours. Enter the King and his poor Soldiers.*

*Flu.* Got pless your majesty!

*K. Henry.* How now, *Fluellen*? cam'st thou from the bridge?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty: the duke of *Exeter* has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the *French* is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages: marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of *Exeter* is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

*K. Henry.* What men have you lost, *Fluellen*?

*Flu.* The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think, the duke hath lost never a man but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one *Bardolph*, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubuckles, and wheelks, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

*K. Henry.* We would have such offenders so cut off;  
And give exprefs charge, that, in all our march,  
There shall be nothing taken from the villages  
But shall be pay'd for; and no *French* upbraided,  
Or yet abused, in disdainful language;  
When lenity and cruelty play for kingdoms,  
The gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket sounds. Enter Mountjoy.*

*Mount.* You know me by my habit.

*K. Henry.* Well then, I know thee; what shall I know of thee?

*Mount.* My master's mind.

*K. Henry.* Unfold it.

*Mount.* Thus says my king: say thou to *Harry England*,  
Although we seemed dead, we did but sleep:  
Advantage is a better foldier than rashness.