

Tell him, we could at *Harfleur* have rebuk'd him,  
 But that we thought not good to bruise an injury  
 Till it were ripe. Now speak we on our cue,  
 With voice imperial: *England* shall repent  
 His folly, see his weakness, and admire  
 Our suff'rance. Bid him, therefore, to consider  
 What must the ransom be, which must proportion  
 The losses we have born, the subjects we  
 Have lost, and the disgrace we have digested;  
 To answer which, his pettiness would bow under.  
 First for our loss, too poor is his exchequer;  
 For the effusion of our blood, his army  
 Too faint a number; and for our disgrace,  
 Ev'n his own person, kneeling at our feet,  
 A weak and worthless satisfaction.  
 To this, defiance add: and, for conclusion,  
 Tell him, he hath betray'd his followers,  
 Whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far  
 My king and master; and so much my office.

*K. Henry.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mount. Mountjoy.*

*K. Henry.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,  
 And tell thy king, I do not seek him now;  
 But could be willing to march on to *Calais*  
 Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,  
 (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much  
 Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)  
 My people are with sickness much enfeebled;  
 My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,  
 Almost no better than so many *French*;  
 Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,  
 I thought, upon one pair of *English* legs  
 Did march three *Frenchmen*. — Yet forgive me, god,  
 That I do brag thus! — this your air of *France*  
 Hath blown that vice in me I must repent.  
 Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;

My