

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing is activity, and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he car'd not who knew it.^a

SCENE VIII.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord high constable, the *English* lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The lord *Grandpree*.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas poor *Harry* of *England*, he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king of *England*, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the *English* had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy headpieces.

^a ----- who knew it.

Orl. He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appears it will abate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with, *There is flattery in friendship*.

Orl. And I will take up that with, *Give the devil his due*.

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with, *A pox of the devil*.

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much *A fool's bolt is soon shot*.

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

SCENE-----

Ram.