
ACT IV. SCENE I.

The English Camp at Agincourt.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, and Gloucester.

K. HENRY.

GLO'STER, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be. —
Good-morrow, brother *Bedford*. — God almighty!
There is some foul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out:
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful, and good husbandry.
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing,
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter Erpingham.

Good-morrow, old sir *Thomas Erpingham*:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of *France*.

Erping. Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now lie I like a king.

K. *Henry*. 'Tis good for men to love their present pain:
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh celerity.
Lend me thy cloak, sir *Thomas*. — Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp:

VOL. III.

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