

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in worst extremes.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Prophaning this most honourable order;
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death. — [*Exit Falstaff.*
And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of *Burgundy*.

Glou. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his stile?
No more but plain and bluntly, *To the King*. [*reading.*
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good will?
What's here? *I have, upon especial cause,* [*reads.*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles the rightful king of France.
O monstrous treachery! can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Henry. What! doth my uncle *Burgundy* revolt?

Glou. He doth, my lord, and is become our foe.

K. Henry. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glou. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Henry. Why then lord *Talbot* there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse. —
My lord, how say you, are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? yes: but that I'm prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Henry.