



## **The Life of King Henry the Fifth<sup>2</sup>**

### **Act 4, Scene 3**

#### **SCENE III. The English camp.**

*Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, with his host: SALISBURY  
and WESTMORELAND*

#### **GLOUCESTER**

Where is the king?

#### **BEDFORD**

The king himself is rode to view their battle.

#### **WESTMORELAND**

Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

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<sup>1</sup> Public domain image of William Shakespeare from:  
[http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:William\\_Shakespeare\\_portrait\\_section.JPG](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:William_Shakespeare_portrait_section.JPG)

<sup>2</sup> This is from the following website: [The Complete Works of William Shakespeare: The Life of King Henry the Fifth](#)

**EXETER**

There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

**SALISBURY**

God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.  
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:  
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,  
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,  
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,  
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

**BEDFORD**

Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

**EXETER**

Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:  
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,  
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

*Exit SALISBURY*

**BEDFORD**

He is full of valour as of kindness;  
Princely in both.

*Enter the KING*

**WESTMORELAND**

O that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day!

**KING HENRY V**

What's he that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:

God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is called the feast of Crispian:  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when the day is named,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian.'  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.  
And say 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'  
Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember with advantages  
What feats he did that day: then shall our names  
Familiar in his mouth as household words  
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,  
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remember'd;  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition:  
And gentlemen in England now a-bed  
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

*Re-enter SALISBURY*

#### **SALISBURY**

My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:  
The French are bravely in their battles set,  
And will with all expedience charge on us.

#### **KING HENRY V**

All things are ready, if our minds be so.