

# Henry V

Act IV, sc. 1 (line 178)

## KING HENRY V

O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;  
Possess them not with fear; take from them now  
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers  
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,  
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault  
My father made in compassing the crown!  
I Richard's body have interred anew;  
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears  
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:  
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up  
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built  
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests  
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;  
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,  
Since that my penitence comes after all,  
Imploring pardon.