

Henry V

by William Shakespeare

Act III, sc. 5. Line 8 – Verse

King of France

Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.

Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edged

More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:

Charles Delabreth, high constable of France;

You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,

Alencon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;

Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,

Beaumont, Grandpre, Roussi, and Fauconberg,

Foix, Lestrade, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,

For your great seats now quit you of great shames.

Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land

With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow

Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat

The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:

Go down upon him, you have power enough,

And in a captive chariot into Rouen

Bring him our prisoner.