

## HENRY V

We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;  
His present and your pains we thank you for:  
When we have march'd our rackets to these balls,  
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.  
And we understand him well,  
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
Not measuring what use we made of them.  
But tell the Dauphin I will keep my state,  
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness  
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:  
For that I have laid by my majesty  
And plodded like a man for working-days,  
But I will rise there with so full a glory  
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his  
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul  
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows  
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;  
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;  
And some are yet ungotten and unborn  
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.  
But this lies all within the will of God,  
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name  
Tell you the Dauphin I am coming on,  
To venge me as I may and to put forth  
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.  
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin  
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,  
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.  
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.