

3.6 Enter the King of FRANCE, the DAUPHIN, the CONSTABLE
of France, the Duke of BOURBON, and others

FRENCH KING 'Tis certain he hath passed the River Somme.
CONSTABLE And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France. Let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.
DAUPHIN *O Dieu vivant!* Shall a few sprays of us, 5
The emptying of our father's luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds
And overlook their grafters?
BOURBON Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards! 10
Mort de ma vie, if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.
CONSTABLE *Dieu de batailles*, where have they this mettle? 15
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-reined jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat? 20
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? Oh, for honour of our land
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields! 25
'Poor' may we call them, in their native lords!
DAUPHIN By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out, and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth 30
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

BOURBON They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
 And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos,
 Saying our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty runaways. 35

FRENCH KING 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 Delabret, High Constable of France, 40
 You Dukes of Orléans, Bourbon and of Berri,
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar and Burgundy,
 Jacques Châtillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi and Fauconbridge,
 Foix, Lestrelles, Boucicault and Charolais, 45
 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 50
 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.

CONSTABLE This becomes the great. 55
 Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
 His soldiers sick, and famished in their march,
 For I am sure when he shall see our army
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
 And for achievement offer us his ransom. 60

FRENCH KING Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy,
 And let him say to England that we send
 To know what willing ransom he will give.
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

DAUPHIN Not so, I do beseech your majesty. 65

FRENCH KING Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all,
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

Exeunt