Act three  Scene 1

Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back,  
Tells Harry that the King doth offer him  
Katherine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,  
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
The offer likes not, and the nimble gunner  
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,  

[Alarum, and chambers go off]  

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,  
And eke out our performance with your mind.  

[Exit]

Scene 1

France. Before Harfleur. Alarum. Enter the King and the  
English army, with scaling ladders.

King Henry  Once more unto the breach, dear friends,  
once more,  
Or close the wall up with our English dead.  
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man  
As modest stillness and humility;  
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
Then imitate the action of the tiger,  
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,  
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage.  
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect,  
Let it pry through the portage of the head  
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it  
As fearfully as doth a galled rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

Suppose that the ambassador comes back from the  
French and tells Harry that the king offers him his  
daughter Katherine and with her, as her dowry,  
some insignificant and worthless dukedoms. The  
offer is rejected, and the dexterous gunner touches  
off the devilish cannon with his taper –  

[The sound of gunfire is heard]  

– and down goes all before them! Bear with us still,  
and fill out our performance with your thoughts ...  

[He goes]

Scene 1

Outside the besieged town of Harfleur. Noises of war  
are loud now. The walls of the town have been  
breached by artillery, and it is the task of soldiers to  
break through into the town. King Henry enters, with  
troops carrying scaling ladders.

King Henry  Once more: charge into the gap, dear  
friends! Once more – or block the wall up with our  
English dead! In peacetime, there's nothing so  
becomes a man as meekness and humility. But  
when we hear the call to arms, then act like tigers:  
brace the muscles, stir the blood, disguise your  
tender feelings behind a mask of grim-faced fury!  
Next, give your eyes a terrifying look: let them  
protrude like brass cannons out of portholes. Frown,  
with all the frightfulness of a sea-tormented cliff  
that overhangs its eroded base, washed by the wild