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| **Chorus****1** Now entertain conjecture of a timeWhen creeping murmur and the poring darkFills the wide vessel of the universe.From camp to camp through the foul womb of night**5** The hum of either army stilly sounds,That the fixed sentinels almost receiveThe secret whispers of each other's watch:Fire answers fire, and through their paly flamesEach battle sees the other's umber'd face;**10** Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighsPiercing the night's dull ear, and from the tentsThe armourers, accomplishing the knights,With busy hammers closing rivets up,Give dreadful note of preparation:**15** The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,And the third hour of drowsy morning name.Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,The confident and over-lusty FrenchDo the low-rated English play at dice;**20** And chide the cripple tardy-gaited nightWho, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limpSo tediously away. The poor condemned English,Like sacrifices, by their watchful firesSit patiently and inly ruminate**25** The morning's danger, and their gesture sadInvesting lank-lean; cheeks and war-worn coats | Presenteth them unto the gazing moonSo many horrid ghosts. O now, who will beholdThe royal captain of this ruin'd band**30** Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'For forth he goes and visits all his host.Bids them good morrow with a modest smileAnd calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.**35** Upon his royal face there is no noteHow dread an army hath enrounded him;Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colourUnto the weary and all-watched night,But freshly looks and over-bears attaint**40** With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;That every wretch, pining and pale before,Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:A largess universal like the sunHis liberal eye doth give to every one,**45** Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,Behold, as may unworthiness define,A little touch of Harry in the night.And so our scene must to the battle fly;Where--O for pity!--we shall much disgrace**50** With four or five most vile and ragged foils,Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,Minding true things by what their mockeries be. |