

King:

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-favored 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 gallèd rock  
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base  
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,  
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof,  
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,  
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,  
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.  
Dishonor not your mothers. Now attest  
That those whom you called fathers did beget you.  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood  
And teach them how to war. And you, good  
yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture. Let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt  
not,  
For there is none of you so mean and base  
That hath not noble luster in your eyes.  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot.  
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge  
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"