

**Henry V, side #11: Bardolph**

**1.3 London. A street.**

*Enter Corporal NYM and Lieutenant BARDOLPH*

**BARDOLPH**

Well met, Corporal Nym.

**NYM**

Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

**BARDOLPH**

What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

**NYM**

For my part, I care not. I say little, but when time shall serve there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one, but what though? It will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will, and there's an end.

**BARDOLPH**

I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends, and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

**NYM**

Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it, and when I cannot live any longer, I will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

**BARDOLPH**

It is certain, Corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

**NYM**

I cannot tell. Things must be as they may. Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may. Though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

*Enter PISTOL and HOSTESS*

**BARDOLPH**

Here comes Ancient Pistol and his wife. Good Corporal, be patient here.

**NYM**

How now, mine host Pistol!

AND

**Henry V, side #6, 5.2: Burgundy**

**QUEEN ISABEL**

You English princes all, I do salute you.

**BURGUNDY**

My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd  
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,  
To bring your most imperial majesties  
Unto this bar and royal interview  
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.  
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd  
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,  
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,  
If I demand, before this royal view,  
What rub or what impediment there is,  
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace  
Should not in this best garden of the world  
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?