

# Henry V, Part One

Act I, sc. 4 (line 22)

## TALBOT

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;  
I know not where I am, nor what I do;  
A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,  
Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:  
So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench  
Are from their hives and houses driven away.  
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;  
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

*A short alarum*

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,  
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;  
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:  
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,  
Or horse or oxen from the leopard,  
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

*Alarum. Here another skirmish*

It will not be: retire into your trenches:  
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,  
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.  
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,

In spite of us or aught that we could do.

O, would I were to die with Salisbury!

The shame hereof will make me hide my head.