

Henry V, Part Two

Act III, sc. 2 (line 318)

SUFFOLK

A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,

As curst, as harsh and horrible to hear,

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave:

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

Mine hair be fixed on end, as one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burthen'd heart would break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they taste!

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!

Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks!

Their softest touch as smart as lizards' sting!

Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,

And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell--