

Henry V F F F

Act I, sc. 1 (line 20)

BUCKINGHAM

All the whole time

I was my chamber's prisoner.

NORFOLK

Then you lost

The view of earthly glory: men might say,

Till this time pomp was single, but now married

To one above itself. Each following day

Became the next day's master, till the last

Made former wonders its. To-day the French,

All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,

Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they

Made Britain India: every man that stood

Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were

As cherubins, all guilt: the madams too,

Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear

The pride upon them, that their very labour

Was to them as a painting: now this masque

Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night

Made it a fool and beggar. The two kings,

Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,

As presence did present them; him in eye,

Still him in praise: and, being present both

'Twas said they saw but one; and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns--
For so they phrase 'em--by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
That Bevis was believed.