2.8.2 Saint Crispin’s Day

O God of battles! steel my soldiers’ hearts;
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if th’opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them ...

“We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother ...”
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs’d they were not here
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin’s day.

That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man’s company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.

Henry V, [IV, i and iii]