

# Every Graphic Novel comes in three versions

The **Original Text**, as it was written. The **Plain Text**, the original words but using modern English and the **Quick Text**, conveying the meaning with as few words as possible. Please see below for examples.



Act Four

Scene Three

THE ENGLISH CAMP, AGINCOURT - 25TH OCTOBER 1415.  
THE MORNING OF THE BATTLE...

WHERE IS THE KING?

THE KING HIMSELF IS RODE TO VIEW THEIR BATTLE.

OF FIGHTING MEN THEY HAVE FULL THREE-SCORE THOUSAND.

THERE'S FIVE TO ONE; BESIDES, THEY ALL ARE FRESH.

GOD'S ARM STRIKES WITH US! 'TIS A FEARFUL ODDS.



BY JOVE, I AM NOT COVETOUS FOR GOLD, NOR CARE I WHO DOTH FEED UPON MY COST;

IT YEARN'S ME NOT IF MEN MY GARMENTS WEAR; SUCH OUTWARD THINGS DWELL NOT IN MY DESIRES;

BUT, IF IT BE A SIN TO COVET HONOUR, I AM THE MOST OFFENDING SOUL ALIVE. NO, FAITH, MY COZ, WISH NOT A MAN FROM ENGLAND.

GOD'S PEACE! I WOULD NOT LOSE SO GREAT AN HONOUR, AS ONE MAN MORE, METHINKS, WOULD SHARE FROM ME FOR THE BEST HOPE I HAVE. O! DO NOT WISH ONE MORE!



RATHER PROCLAIM IT, WESTMORELAND, THROUGH MY HOST, 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 DYE WITH US.



GOD BE MY YOU, PRINCES ALL; I'LL TO MY CHARGE. IF WE NO MORE MEET, TILL WE MEET IN HEAVEN, THEN, JOYFULLY,

MY NOBLE LORD OF BEDFORD, -- MY DEAR LORD GLOUCESTER, -- AND MY GOOD LORD EXETER, -- AND MY KIND KINSMAN, -- WARRIORS ALL, ADIEU!



FAREWELL, GOOD SALISBURY, AND GOOD LUCK GO WITH THEE!

FAREWELL, KING LORD. FIGHT VALIANTLY TO-DAY! AND YET I DO THIS WRONG TO MIND THEE OF IT, FOR THOU ART FRAM'D OF THE FIRM TRUTH OF VALOUR.



HE IS AS FULL OF VALOUR AS OF KNOWNESS; PRINCELY IN BOTH.

O! THAT WE NOW HAD HERE BUT ONE TEN THOUSAND OF THOSE MEN IN ENGLAND, THAT DO NO WORK TO-DAY!



WHAT'S HE THAT WISHES SO? MY COUSIN WESTMORELAND? -- NO, MY FAIR COUSIN. IF WE ARE MARK'D TO DIE, WE ARE ENOW TO DO OUR COUNTRY LOSS; AND IF TO LIVE, THE FEWER MEN, THE GREATER SHARE OF HONOUR.

GOD'S WILL! I PRAY THEE, WISH NOT ONE MAN MORE.



THIS DAY IS CALL'D THE FEAST OF CRISPIAN.

HE THAT OUTLIVES THIS DAY, AND COMES SAFE HOME, WILL STAND A TIP-TOE WHEN THIS DAY IS NAMED, AND ROUSE HIM AT THE NAME OF CRISPIAN. HE THAT SHALL LIVE THIS DAY, AND SEE OLD AGE, WILL YEARLY ON THE VIGIL FEAST HIS NEIGHBOURS, AND SAY, "TO-MORROW IS SAINT CRISPIAN."

THEN WILL HE STRIP HIS SLEEVE AND SHOW HIS SCARS, AND SAY, "THESE WOUNDS I HAD ON CRISPIAN'S DAY." OLD MEN FORGET; YET ALL SHALL BE FORGOT, BUT HE'LL REMEMBER WITH ADVANTAGES WHAT FEATS HE DID THAT DAY.

