Enter Chorus

Chorus

O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling* scene!  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port* of Mars* and at his heels,
Leash’d in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dared
On this unworthy scaffold* to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit* hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques*
That did affright the air at Agincourt*?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure*
Attest* in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers* to this great accompt,*°
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,*
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts*
The perilous narrow ocean* parts asunder:
Piece out* our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance°;
Think when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th receiving earth;
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck* our kings,  
*adorn
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.
Exit