Some of you may still be disturbed or offended when I say something that some people might find, well, abrasive – like “You’re just as stupid as I am in physics” or politely “You may be ignorant of physics, but I will cure you.”

But, you may also remember, at the course’s start, I said that you here with me that day are some of the few who actually have the talent to understand this material – even though it is hard and “fearful”.

So just this once, I will indicate how I really feel about this course and the students who take it.

    I offer a tale ....
THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT
In 1415, near the village of Agincourt, France, one of the great battles of the Hundred Years War (1337-1453) between England and France was fought on October 25th, St. Crispin’s Day, a religious holiday in England on which common workers and serfs got a day of rest.

The French forces were lead by the Constable of France and several princes of royal blood. The English were led by young King Henry V.

The French vastly outnumbered the English. They had a large contingent of heavily armored knights, while the English forces had brave men skilled in using the longbow.

Video: Henry V’s speech before the Battle of Agincourt
The King's speech to his men before the Battle of Agincourt from Shakespeare's *Henry V*

**Westmoreland:**
O that we now had here
But one ten thousandth of those men in England
That do no work today!

**King Henry:**
What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin;
If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honor.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more....
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
That he which hath no stomach to do 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.
This day is called 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 neighbors,
And say "Tomorrow 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. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words –
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester –
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'red.
This story shall a good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered –
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day!