The first Part of Henry the Sixt.

by

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Based on the Folio Text of 1623
# Shakespeare: First Folio

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Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Dead March.
Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by
the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke
of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter War-wicke,
the Bishop of Winchester, and
the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.
Hung be yeauens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie,
And with them scourge the bad reuolting Stars,
That haue consented vnto Henries death:
King Henry the Fift, too famous to liue long,
England ne’re lost a King of so much worth.

Glost. England ne’re had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deseruing to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
Then mid- day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne’re lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer shall reuie:
Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtile- witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verses haue contriu’d his end.

Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Judgement- Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.
The Battailes of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.

Glost. The Church? where is it?

Had not Church- men pray’d,

His thred of Life had not so soone decay’d.

None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,

Whom like a Schoole- boy you may ouer- awe.

Winch. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector,

And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.

Thy Wife is proud, she holdeth thee in awe,

More then God or Religious Church- men may.

Glost. Name not Religion, for thou lou’st the Flesh,

And ne’re throughout the yeere to Church thou go’st,

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these Jarres, & rest your minds in peace:

Let’s to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;

In stead of Gold, wee’le offer vp our Armes,

Since Armes auayle not, now that Henry’s dead,

Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,

When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,

Our Ille be made a Nourish of salt Teares,

And none but Women left to wayle the dead.

Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I inuocate:

Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Civill Broyles,

Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;

A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,

Then Iulius Caesar, or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable Lords, health to you all:

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,

Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:

Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,

Paris Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bedf. What say’st thou man, before dead Henry’s Coarse?

Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes

Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.

Glost. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?

If Henry were recall’d to life againe,

These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was vs’d?

Mess. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.

Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,

That here you maintaine seuerall Factions:

And whil’st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,

You are disputing of your Generals.

One would haue lingring Warres, with little cost;

Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn’d.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower- de- Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.
Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my steeled Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermissiue Miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.
Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is reuolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes, of no import.
The Dolphin Charles is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Bastard of Orleance with him is ioyn’d:
Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side.

Exe. The Dolphin crown’d King? all flye to him?
O whither shall we flye from this reproach?
Glost. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out.
Bed. Gloster, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army haue I muster’d in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is ouer- run.

Enter another Messenger.
Mes. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King Henries hearse,
I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot, and the French.
Win. What? wherein Talbot ouercame, is’t so?

3.Mes. O no: wherein Lord Talbot was o’rthrown:
The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
Hauing full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round incompassed, and set vpon:
No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant Talbot, aboue humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundredes he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and euery where enrag’d, he slew.
The French exclaym’d, the Deuill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz’d on him.
His Souldiers spying his vndaunted Spirit,
A Talbot, a Talbot, cry’d out amaine,
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal’d vp,
If Sir Iohn Falstaffe had not play’d the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, plac’t behinde,
With purpose to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroake.
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust Talbot with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face.
Bedf. Is Talbot slaine then? I will slay my selfe,
For liuing idly here, in pompe and ease,
Whil’st such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his dastard foe- men is betray’d.
3. Mess. O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter’d, or tooke likewise.
Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Four of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.
Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint Georges Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
3. Mess. So you had need, for Orleance is besieg’d,
The English Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.
Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to Henry sworne:
Eyther to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.
Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,
To go about my preparation. Exit Bedford.

_Glost._ Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th’ Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclayme young Henry King.
Exit Gloster.

_Exe._ To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordain’d his speciall Gouernor,
And for his safetie there Ile best deuise. Exit.

_Winch._ Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remaines:
But long I will not be Jack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chieftest Sterne of publique Weale.
Exit.

_Sound a Flourish._

_Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier, marching_
_with Drum and Souldiers._

_Charles._ Mars his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he shine vpon the English side:
Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance:
Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth.
_Alan._ They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeues:
Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
And haue their Prouender ty’d to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.
_Reignier._ Let’s rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?
_Talbot_ is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn’d Salisbury,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.
_Charles._ Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye. Exeunt.
_Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the_
_English, with great losse._

_Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reignier._
_Charles._ Who euer saw the like? what men haue I?
Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne’re haue fled,
But that they left me ’midst my Enemies.
_Reignier._ Salisbury is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey.

Alanson. Freysard, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all Oliuers and Rowlands breed,
During the time Edward the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Samsons and Goliasses
It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenn?
Leane raw- bon’d Rascals, who would e’er suppose,
They had such courage and audacitie?

Charles. Let’s leaue this Towne,
For they are hayre- brayn’d Slaues,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they’le teare downe, then forsake the Siege.
Reigneir. I thynke by some odde Gimors or Deuice
Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;
Else ne’re could they hold out so as they doe:
By my consent, wee’le euen let them alone.
Alanson. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleance.
Bastard. Where’s the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes
for him.

Dolph. Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs.
Bast. Me thynke your looks are sad, your chear appal’d.
Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay’d, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Ordayned is to rayse this tedious Siege,
And drie the English forth the bounds of France:
The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine Sibyls of old Rome:
What’s past, and what’s to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.

Dolph. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reigneir stand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Question her prowldy, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter Ioane Puzel.
Reigneir. Faire Maid, is’t thou wilt doe these won-drous
feats?
Puzel. Reigneir, is’t thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer seen before.
Be not amaz’d, there’s nothing hid from me;
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.

Reigneir. She takes vpon her brauely at first dash.

Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit vntrayn’d in any kind of Art:
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas’d
To shine on my contemptible estate.

Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display’d my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Maiestie,
Will’d me to leaue my base Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
Her ayde she promis’d, and assur’d successe.
In compleat Glory shee reueal’d her selfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus’d on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.
Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer vnpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar’st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.

Dolph. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:
Onely this proofe Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Puzel. I am prepar’d: here is my keene- edg’d Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower- de- Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine, in S[aunt]. Katherines Church- yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.

Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.
Puzel. And while I liue, Ile ne’re flye from a man.

Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel overcomes.

Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of Debora.
Puzel. Christs Mother helpes me, else I were too weake.

Dolph. Who e’re helps thee, ’tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu’d.
Excellent Puzel, if thy name be so,
Let me thy seruant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.

Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue,
For my Profession's sacred from aboue:
When I haue chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.

Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate Thrall.

Reigneir. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.

Alans. Doubtlesse he shrues this woman to her smock,
Else ne’re could he so long protract his speech.

Reigneir. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no meane?

Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? what deuise you on?
Shall we giue o’re Orleance, or no?

Puzel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.

Dolph. What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee’le fight it out.

Puzel. Assign’d am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse:
Expect Saint Martins Summer, Halcyons dayes,
Since I haue entred into these Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
With Henries death, the English Circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that proud insulting Ship,
Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

Dolph. Was Mahomet inspired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the Mother of Great Constantine,
Nor yet S[aunt]. Philips daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of Venus, falne downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worship thee enough?

Alanson. Leaue off delayes, and let vs rayse the Siege. [k4

Reigneir. Woman, do what thou canst to saue our honors,
Driue them from Orleance, and be immortaliz’d.

Dolph. Presently wee’le try: come, let vs rayse about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if shee proue false. Exeunt.

Enter Gloster, with his Serving- men.
Glost. I am come to suruey the Tower this day;
Since Henries death, I feare there is Conueyance:
362 Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
363 Open the Gates, ’tis Gloster that calls.
364 1. Warder. Who’s there, that knocks so imperiously?
365 2. Gloster. It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.
366 1. Warder. Who ere he be, you may not be let in.
367 1. Man. Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?
368 1. Warder. The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
369 We doe no otherwise then wee are will’d.
370 2. Gloster. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
371 There’s none Protector of the Realme, but I:
372 Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
373 Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?
374 Gloster. men rush at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile
375 the Lieutenant speaks within.
376 Wooduile. What noyse is this? what Traytors haue
377 wee here?
378 2. Gloster. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?
379 Open the Gates, here’s Gloster that would enter.
380 2. Wooduile. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
381 The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:
382 From him I haue expresse commandement,
383 That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.
384 2. Gloster. Faint-hearted Wooduile, prizest him ’fore me?
385 Arrogant Winchester, that haughtie Prelate,
386 Whom Henry our late Soueraigne ne’ere could brooke?
387 Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
388 2. Gloster. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
389 Thou that contriued’st to murther our dead Lord,
390 Thou that giu’st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
391 Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
392 If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
393 2. Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
394 This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
395 To slay thy Brother Abel, if thou wilt.
396 2. Gloster. I will not slay thee, but Ile driue thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile vse, to carry thee out of this place.

Winc. Doe what thou darst, I heard thee to thy face.

Glost. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?

Draw men, for all this privyledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.
Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:
In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.
Winc. Gloster, thou wilt answere this before the Pope.

Glost. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?
Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men,
and enter in the hurly-burry the Maior
of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.
Glost. Peace Maior, thou knowest little of my wrongs:
Here’s Beauford, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrayn’d the Tower to his use.
Winc. Here’s Gloster, a Foe to Citizens,
One that still motions Warre, and never Peace,
O’re charging your free purses with large Fines;
That seekes to ouerthrow Religion,
Because he is Protector of the Realme;
And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne himselfe King, and suppress the Prince.
Glost. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.

Here they skirmish again.

Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Proclamation.

All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,
against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command
you, in his Highnesse Name, to repayre to your seuerall dwel-ling places, and not to weare, handle, or vse any Sword, Wea-pon,
or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death.

Glost. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.
Winc. Gloster, wee’le meet to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.
Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall’s more haughtie then the Deuill.
Glost. Maior farewell: thou doo’st but what thou may’st.
Winch. Abominable Gloster, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long. Exeunt.
Maior. See the Coast clear’d, and then we will depart.
Good God, these Nobles should such stomachs beare,
I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere. Exeunt.
Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.
M.Gunner. Sirrha, thou know’st how Orleance is besiegd,
And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne.
Boy. Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,
How e’re vnfortunate, I miss’d my ayme.
M.Gunner. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul’d by me:
Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes espyals haue informed me,
How the English, in the Suburbs close entrenched,
Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to ouer- peere the Citie,
And thence discouer, how with most advantage
They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault.
To intercept this inconuenience,
A Peece of Ordnance ’gainst it I haue plac’d, [k4v
And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy’st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Gouernors. Exit.
Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may spye them. Exit.
Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,
Salisb. Talbot, my life, my ioy, againe return’d?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what means got’s thou to be releas’d?
Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.
Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call’d the braue Lord Ponton de Santrayle,
For him was I exchang’d, and ransom’d.
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would haue barter’d me:
Which I disdaining, scorn’d, and craued death,
Rather then I would be so pil’d esteem’d:
In fine, redeem’d I was as I desir’d.
But O, the trecherous Falstaffe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salisb. Yet tell’st thou not, how thou wert enter-tain’d.

Tal. With scoffes and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc’t they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg’d stones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem’d me not secure:
That they suppos’d I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
That walkt about me euery Minute while:
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salisbury. I grieue to heare what torments you endur’d,
But we will be reueng’d sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir Thomas Gargraue, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me haue your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt’ry next?

Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands
Lords.
Glansdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the
Bridge.

Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled. Here they shot, and
Salisbury falls downe.

Salisb. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.
Gargraue. O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.

Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?
Speake Salisbury; at least, if thou canst, speake:
How far’st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatal Hand,
That hath contriu’d this wofull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battaliues, Salisbury o’recame:
Henry the Fift he first trayn’d to the Warres.
Whil’st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,
His Sword did ne’re leaue striking in the field.
Yet liu’st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands.
Sir Thomas Gargraue, hast thou any life?
Speake vnto Talbot, nay, looke vp to him.
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles—
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantaginet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.
Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.
What stirre is this? what tumult’s in the Heauens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather’d head.
The Dolphin, with one Ioane de Puzel ioyn’d,
A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.
Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe vp, and groanes.
Talb. Heare, heare, how dying Salisbury doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng’d.
Frenchmen, Ile be a Salisbury to you.
Puzel or Pussel, Dolphin or Dog- fish,
Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
Conuey me Salisbury into his Tent,
And then wee’le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
Alarum. Exeunt.
Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,
and driueth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel,
driuing Englishmen before her.
Then enter Talbot.
Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them. 

Enter Puzel. 

Here, here shee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee: Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile conjure thee: Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch, And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru’st. Puzel. Come, come, ’tis onely I that must disgrace thee. Here they fight. 

Talb. Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle? My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage, And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder, But I will chastise this high- minded Strumpet. They fight againe. 

Puzel. Talbot farwell, thy houre is not yet come, I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith: A short Alarum: then enter the Towne with Souldiers. [k5 

O’re- take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength. Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry- starued men, Helpe Salisbury to make his Testament, This Day is ours, as many more shall be. Exit. 

Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele, I know not where I am, nor what I doe: A Witch by feare, not force, like Hannibal, Driues back our troupes, and conquers as she lists: So Bees with smoake, and Doues with noysome stench, Are from their Hyues and Houses driuen away. They call’d vs, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges, Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away. A short Alarum. 

Hearke Countreymen, eyther renew the fight, Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat; Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons stead: Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe, Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard, As you flye from your oft- subdued slaues. Alarum. Here another Skirmish. 

It will not be, retyre into your Trenches: You all consented vnto Salisbury’s death, For none would strike a stroake in his reuenge. Puzel is entred into Orleance, In spight of vs, or ought that we could doe. O would I were to dye with Salisbury, The shame hereof, will make me hide my head. Exit Talbot. 

Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.
Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigner,
Alanson, and Souldiers.
Puzel. Aduance our wauing Colours on the Walls,
Rescu’d is Orleance from the English.
Thus Ioane de Puzel hath perform’d her word.
Dolph. Diuiniest Creature, Astrea’s Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe?
Thy promises are like Adonis Garden,
That one day bloom’d, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,
Recour’d is the Towne of Orleance,
More blessed hap did ne’re befall our State.
Reigner. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towne?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.
Alans. All France will be replete with mirth and ioy,
When they shall heare how we haue play’d the men.
Dolph. ’Tis Ioane, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.
A statelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then Rhodophe’s or Memphis euer was.
In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Vrne more precious
Then the rich- iewel’d Coffer of Darius,
Transported, shall be at high Festiuals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,
But Ioane de Puzel shall be France’s Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.
Flourish. Exeunt.[

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.
Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Souldier you perceiue
Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)

Constrain’d to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling

Ladders: Their Drummes beating a

Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,

By whose approach, the Regions of Artoys,

Wallon, and Picardy, are friends to vs:

This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,

Hauing all day carows’d and banquetted,

Embrace we then this opportunitie,

As fitting best to quittance their deceite,

Contriu’d by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.

Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,

Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,

To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.

Bur. Traitors haue neuer other company.

But what’s that Puzell whom they tearme so pure?

Tal. A Maid, they say.

Bed. A Maid? And be so martiall?

Bur. Pray God she proue not masculine ere long:

If vnderneath the Standard of the French

She carry Armour, as she hath begun.

Tal. Well, let them practise and conuersue with spirits.

God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name

Let vs resolue to scale their flinty bulwarkes.

Bed. Ascend braue Talbot, we will follow thee.

Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,

That we do make our entrance seuerall wayes:

That if it chance the one of vs do faile,

The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And heere will Talbot mount, or make his graue.

Now Salisbury, for thee and for the right

Of English Henry, shall this night appeare

How much in duty, I am bound to both.

Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.

Cry, S[aient]. George, A Talbot.

The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter

seuerall wayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier,

halfe ready, and halfe vnready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie so?

Bast. Vnready? I and glad we scap’d so well.

Reig. ’Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,

Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.
Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow’d Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize. [k5v
More venturous, or desperate then this.
Bast. I thinke this Talbot be a Fiend of Hell.
Reig. If not of Hell, the Heauens sure fauour him.
Alans. Here commeth Charles, I maruell how he sped?
Enter Charles and Ioane.
Bast. Tut, holy Ioane was his defensiue Guard.
Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,
Make vs partakers of a little gayne,
That now our losse might be ten times so much?
Ioane. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?
At all times will you haue my Power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improuident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,
This sudden Mischief neuer could haue falne.
Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,
That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.
Alans. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the gouernment,
We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz’d.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.
Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,
I was imploy’d in passing to and fro,
About relieuing of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?
Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,
How or which way; ’tis sure they found some place,
But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our Souldiors, scatter’d and disperc’t,
And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.
Exeunt.
Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot:
they flye, leauing their Clothes behind.
Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they haue left:
The Cry of Talbot serues me for a Sword,
For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,
Using no other Weapon but his Name. Exit.
Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.
Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle ouer- vayl’d the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. Retreat.

_Talb._ Bring forth the Body of old Salisbury,
And here aduance it in the Market- Place,
The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.
Now haue I pay’d my Vow vnto his Soule:
For every drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in reuenge of him,
Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr’d:
Vpon the which, that every one may reade,
Shall be engrau’d the sacke of Orleance,
The trecherous manner of his mournefull death,
And what a terror he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
His new- come Champion, vertuous Ioane of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

_Bedf._ ’Tis thought Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rows’d on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
They did amongst the troups of armed men,
Leape o’re the Walls for refuge in the field.
_Burg._ My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,
For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar’d the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a payre of louing Turtle- Doues,
That could not liue asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
Wee’le follow them with all the power we haue.

_Enter a Messenger._
Mess. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike Talbot, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?
_Talb._ Here is the Talbot, who would speak with him?
_Mess._ The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouergne,
With modestie admiring thy Renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would’st vouchsafe
To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.
_Burg._ Is it euen so? Nay, then I see our Warres
Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladys craue to be encountred with.
819  You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.
820    Talb. Ne’re trust me then: for when a World of men
821  Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie,
822    Yet hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul’d:
823  And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,
824    And in submission will attend on her.
825  Will not your Honors beare me company?
826    Bedf. No, truly, ’tis more then manners will:
827    And I haue heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests
828  Are often welcommest when they are gone.
829    Talb. Well then, alone (since there’s no remedie)
830  I meane to proue this Ladyes courtesie.
831  Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.
832    Whispers.
833    Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.
834    Exeunt.
835    Enter Countesse.
836    Count. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,
837    And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me.
838    Port. Madame, I will. Exit.
839    Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
840  I shall as famous be by this exploit,
841    As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus death.
842  Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
843    And his atchieuements of no lesse account:
844  Faine would mine eyes be witnesse with mine eares,
845    To giue their censure of these rare reports.
846    Enter Messenger and Talbot.
847    Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir’d,
848    By Message crau’d, so is Lord Talbot come.
849    Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?
850    Mess. Madame, it is.
851    Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
852  Is this the Talbot, so much fear’d abroad?
853  That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
854  I see Report is fabulos and false.  [k6
855  I thought I should haue seene some Hercules,
856    A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
857    And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.
858  Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfe:
859  It cannot be, this weake and writhled shrimpe
860  Should strike such terror to his Enemies.
861    Talb. Madame, I haue beene bold to trouble you:
862  But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,
863  Ile sort some other time to visit you.
864    Count. What meanes he now?
Goe aske him, whither he goes?
Mess. Stay my Lord Talbot, for my Lady craues,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure?
Talb. Marry, for that shee’s in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her Talbot’s here.
Enter Porter with Keyes.
Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.
Talb. Prisoner? to whom?
Count. To me, blood- thirstie Lord:
And for that cause I trayn’d thee to my House.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,
That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres
Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,
And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuate.
Talb. Ha, ha, ha.
Count. Laughest thou Wretch?
Thy mirth shall turne to moane.
Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To thinke, that you haue ought but Talbots shadow,
Whereon to practise your seueritie.
Count. Why? art not thou the man?
Talb. I am indeede.
Count. Then haue I substance too.
Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
You are deceiu’d, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not sufficient to contayn’t.
Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
Talb. That will I shew you presently.
Winds his Horne, Drummes strike vp, a Peale
of Ordinance: Enter Souldiors.
How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subuerts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse,
I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entreate thee as thou art.

_Talb._ Be not dismay’d, faire Lady, nor misconstr
The minde of _Talbot_, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you haue done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,
But onely with your patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,
For Souldiers stomachs alwayes serue them well.

_Count._ With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feast so great a Warrior in my House.

_Yorke._ Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this silence?
Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

_Suff._ Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more convenient.

_Yorke._ Then say at once, if I maintain’d the Truth:
Or else was wrangling _Somerset_ in th’ error?

_Suff._ Faith I haue beene a Truant in the Law,
And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.

_Som._ Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then be-tweene

_War._ Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,
Between two Girles, which hath the merryest eye,
I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement:
But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.

_Yorke._ Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.

_Som._ And on my side it is so well apparrell’d,
So cleare, so shining, and so euident,
That it will glimmer through a blind- mans eye.

_Yorke._ Since you are tongue- ty’d, and so loth to speake,
In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true- borne Gentleman,
And stands vpon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.
War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour
Of base insinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rose with Plantagenet.

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young Somerset,
And say withall, I thinke he held the right.
Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he vpon whose side
The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well obiected:
If I haue fewest, I subscribe in silence.
York. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,
Giuing my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on, who else? [k6v
Lawyer. Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.
Yorke. Now Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.

York. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No Plantagenet:
Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Yorke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, Plantagenet?

Yorke. I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood.

Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintaine what I haue said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seene.
Yorke. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I scorne thee and thy fashion, peeuish Boy.
Suff. Turne not thy scorner this way, Plantagenet.
Yorke. Proud Poole, I will, and scorne both him and thee.
Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William de la Poole,
We grace the Yeoman, by connuersing with him.
Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong’st him, Somerset:
His Grandfather was Lyonel Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third Edward King of England:
Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root?
Yorke. He beares him on the place’s Priuiledge,
Or durst not for his crauen heart say thus.
Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Christendome.
Was not thy Father, Richard, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treason, stand’st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Trespas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be restor’d, thou art a Yeoman.
Yorke. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn’d to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;
And that Ile proue on better men then Somerset,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you your selfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Looke to it well, and say you are well warn’d.
Som. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee still:
And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes,
For these, my friends in spight of thee shall weare.
Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood- drinking hate,
Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.
Suff. Goe forward, and be choak’d with thy ambition:
And so farwell, vntill I meet thee next. Exit.
Som. Haue with thee Poole: Farwell ambitious Ri-chard.
Exit.
Yorke. How I am brau’d, and must perforce endure it?
Warw. This blot that they obiect against your House,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,
Call’d for the Truce of Winchester and Gloucester:
And if thou be not then created Yorke,
I will not liue to be accounted Warwicke.
Meane time, in signall of my loue to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.
And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send betweene the Red- Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
Yorke. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.
Ver. In your behalfe still will I weare the same.
Lawyer. And so will I.
Yorke. Thankes gentle.
Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare say,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.
Exeunt.
Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre,
and Iaylors.
Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himselfe.
Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:
And these gray Locks, the Pursuiuants of death,
Nestor- like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These Eyes like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, ouer- borne with burthening Griefe,
And pyth- lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droupes his sappe- lesse Branches to the ground.
Yet are these Feet, whose strength- lesse stay is numme,
(Vnable to support this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift- winged with desire to get a Graue,
As witting I no other comfort haue.
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:
We sent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,
And answer was return’d, that he will come.
Mort. Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reigne,
Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathsome sequestration haue I had;
And euen since then, hath Richard beene obscur’d,
Depriu’d of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Despaires,
Just Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir’d,
That so he might recouer what was lost.
Enter Richard,
Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Rich. I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs’d,
Your Nephew, late despised Richard, comes.
Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly giue one fainting Kisse.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly giue one fainting Kisse.
And now declare sweet Stem from Yorkes great Stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis’d?
Rich. First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Disease.
This day in argument vpon a Case,
Some words there grew ’twixt Somerset and me:
Among which tearmes, he vs’d his lauish tongue,
And did vpbrayd me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers sake,
In honor of a true Plantagenet,
And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.
Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison’d me,
And hath detayn’d me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was cursed Instrument of his decease.
Rich. Discouer more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse.
Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos’d his Nephew Richard, Edwards Sonne,
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of Edward King, the Third of that Descent.
During whose Reigne, the Percies of the North,
Finding his Vsurpation most vniust,
Endeouour’d my advancement to the Throne.
The reason mou’d these Warlike Lords to this, Was, for that (young Richard thus remou’d, Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body) I was the next by Birth and Parentage: For by my Mother, I deriued am From Lionel Duke of Clarence, third Sonne To King Edward the Third; whereas hee, From John of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree, Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne. But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt, They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire, I lost my Libertie, and they their Liues. Long after this, when Henry the Fift (Succeeding his Father Bullingbrooke) did reigne; Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu’d From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of Yorke, Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was; Againe, in pitty of my hard distresse, Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme, And haue insta’ll’d me in the Diademe: But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle, And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers, In whom the Title rested, were supprest. Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last. Mort. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue haue, And that my fainting words doe warrant death: Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather: But yet be wary in thy studious care. Rich. Thy graue admonishments preuayle with me: But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny. Mort. With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick, Strong fixed is the House of Lancaster, And like a Mountaine, not to be remou’d. But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence, As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy’d With long continuance in a seted place. Rich. O Vnckle, would some part of my young yeeres Might but redeeme the passage of your Age. Mort. Thou do’st then wrong me, as y slaughterer doth, Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill. Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good, Onely giue order for my Funerall. And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes, And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. Dyes. Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite ouer- past thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Councell in my Brest,
And what I doe imagine, let that rest.
Keepers conuey him hence, and I my selfe
Will see his Buryall better then his Life. Exit.
Here dyes the duskie Torch of _Mortimer_,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.
And for those Wrongs, those bitter Injuries,
Which _Somerset_ hath offer’d to my House,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Eyther to be restored to my Blood,
Or make my will th’ aduantage of my good. Exit.

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**Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.**

_Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick._
_Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Gloster offers to put vp a Bill: Winchester snatches it, teares it._

_Winche._ Com’st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?

_Humfrey_ of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,

_Or ought intend’st to lay vnto my charge,

Doe it without inuention, suddenly,

As I with sudden, and extemporall speech,

Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

_Glo._ Presumptuous Priest, this place co[m]mands my patie[n]ce,

_Or thou should’st finde thou hast dis- honor’d me._

Think not, although in Writing I preferr’d

_The manner of thy vile outrageous Crymes,_

_That therefore I haue forg’d, or am not able_

_Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne._

_No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,_

_Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious prancks,_

_As very Infants prattle of thy pride._

_Thou art a most pernitious Vsurer,_

_Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,_

_Lasciuious, wanton, more then well beseemes_

_A man of thy Profession, and Degree._

_And for thy Trecherie, what’s more manifest?_

_In that thou layd’st a Trap to take my Life,_

_As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower._

_Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt
From enuious mallice of thy swelling heart.
Winch. Gloster, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe
To giue me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerse,
As he will haue me: how am I so poore?
Or how haps it, I seeke not to aduance
Or rayse my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be prouok’d.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens’d the Duke:
It is because no one should sway but hee,
No one, but hee, should be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breast,
And makes him rore these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.
Glost. As good?
Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.
Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?
Glost. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?
Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Glost. Yes, as an Out- law in a Castle keepes,
And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.
Winch. Vnreuerent Glocester.
Glost. Thou art reuerent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.
Winch. Rome shall remedie this.
Warw. Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your dutie to forbeare.
Som. I, see the Bishop be not ouer- borne:
Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to such.
Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.
Warw. State holy, or vnhallow’d, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,
Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Else would I haue a fling at Winchester.
King. Vnckles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
The speciall Watch- men of our English Weale,
I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,
To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?
Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Cuill dissension is a viperous Worne,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common- wealth.
A noyse within, Downe with the
Tawny- Coats.
  King. What tumult’s this?
Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.
A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.
Enter Maior.
  Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous Henry,
Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Haue fill’d their Pockets full of peeble stones;
And banding themselues in contrary parts,
Doe pelt so fast at one another’s Pate,
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,
And we, for feare, compell’d to shut our Shops.
Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.
  King. We charge you, on allegeance to our selfe,
To hold your slaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray’ Vnckle Gloster mitigate this strife.
  1.Seruing. Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee’le fall
to it with our Teeth.
  2.Seruing. Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.
Skirmish againe.
  Glost. You of my household, leaue this peeuish broyle,
And set this vnaccustom’d fight aside.
  3.Seru. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:
And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common- weale,
To be disgraced by an Inke- horne Mate,
Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.
  1.Seru. I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.
Begin againe.
  Glost. Stay, stay, I say:
And if you loue me, as you say you doe,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold

My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?

Who should be pittifull, if you be not?

Or who should study to preferre a Peace,

If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?

Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld Winchester,

Except you meane with obstinate repulse

To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme.

You see what Mischief, and what Murther too,

Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Winch. He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.

Glost. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,

Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest

Should euer get that priuiledge of me.

Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke

Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,

As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:

Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?

Glost. Here Winchester, I offer thee my Hand.

King. Fie Vnckle Beauford, I haue heard you preach,

That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:

And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?

But proue a chiefe offender in the same.

Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:

For shame my Lord of Winchester relent;

What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?

Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee

Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.

Glost. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.

See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,

This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,

Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:

So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.

Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.

King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloster,

How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.

Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,

But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.

1. Seru. Content, Ile to the Surgeons.

2. Seru. And so will I.

3. Seru. And I will see what Physick the Tauerne af-fords.

Exeunt.

Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of Richard Plantagenet, 
We doe exhibite to your Maiestie. 
Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince, 
And if your Grace marke euery circumstance, 
You haue great reason to doe Richard right, 
Especially for those occasions 
At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie. [I2 
King. And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force: 
Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is, 
That Richard be restored to his Blood. 
Warv. Let Richard be restored to his Blood, 
So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc’t. 
Winch. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester. 
King. If Richard will be true, not that all alone, 
But all the whole Inheritance I giue, 
That doth belong vnto the House of Yorke, 
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent. 
Rich. Thy humble seruant vows obedience, 
And humble servise, till the point of death. 
King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot, 
And in reguerdon of that dutie done, 
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of Yorke: 
Rise Richard, like a true Plantagenet, 
And rise created Princely Duke of Yorke. 
Rich. And so thrue Richard, as thy foes may fall, 
And as my dutie springs, so perish they, 
That grudge one thought against your Maiesty. 
All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of Yorke. 
Glost. Now will it best auaile your Maiestie, 
To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown’d in France: 
The presence of a King engenders loue 
Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends, 
As it dis- animates his Enemies. 
King. When Gloster sayes the word, King Henry goes, 
For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes. 
Glost. Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse. 
Manet Exeter. 
Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France, 
Not seeing what is likely to ensue: 
This late dissention grewne betwixt the Peeres, 
Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg’d loue, 
And will at last breake out into a flame, 
As festred members rot but by degree, 
Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal Prophecy,
Which in the time of Henry, nam’d the Fift,
Was in the mouth of every sucking Babe,
That Henry borne at Monmouth should win all,
And Henry borne at Windsor, loose all:
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish,
His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time. Exit.

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**Scoena Secunda.**

Enter Pucell disguis’d, with four Souldiors with Sacks upon their backs.
Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talk like the vulgar sort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,
Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dolphin may encounter them.
Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,
Therefore wee’le knock. Knock.
Watch. Che la.
Pucell. Peasans la pouure gens de Fraunce,
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucell. Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarke to the ground. Exeunt.
Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.
Charles. Saint Dennis blesse this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee’le sleepe secure in Roan.
Bastard. Here entred Pucell, and her Practisants:
Now she is there, how will she specifie?
Here is the best and safest passage in.
Reig. By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern’d, shewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakness) which she entred.
Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.
Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countreymen,
But burning fatall to the Talbonites.

Bastard. See Noble Charles the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.

Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.

Reig. Deferre no time, delayes haue dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,
And then doe execution on the Watch. Alarum.

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

Talb. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
If Talbot but suruiue thy Trecherie.
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,
Hath wrought this Hellish Mischief vnawares,
That hardly we escap’t the Pride of France. Exit.

An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought
in sicke in a Chayre.
Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell,
Charles, Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls.
Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
Before hee’le buy againe at such a rate.

'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?
Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,
I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne.

Charles. Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that
time.

Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Trea-son.
Pucell. What will you doe, good gray- beard?
Broke a Launce, and runne a- Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre.

Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,
Incompass’d with thy lustfull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?
Damsell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Pucell. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet Pucell hold thy peace,
If Talbot doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisper together in counsell.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker? [l2v

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?
Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fools,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.

Talb. I speak not to that rayling Hecate,
But vt to thee Alanson, and the rest.
1502 Will ye, like Souldiars, come and fight it out?
1503  Alans. Seignior no.
1504  Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,
1505  Like Pesant foot- Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
1506  And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.
1507  Pucell. Away Captaines, let’s get vs from the Walls,
1508  For Talbot means no goodnesse by his Lookes.
1509  God b’uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
1510  That wee are here. Exeunt from the Walls.
1511  Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
1512  Or else reproach be Talbots greatest fame.
1513  Vow Burgonie, by honor of thy House,
1514  Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain’d in France,
1515  Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
1516  And I, as sure as English Henry liues,
1517  And as his Father here was Conqueror;
1518  As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,
1519  Great Cordelions Heart was buryed;
1520  So sure I sweare, to get the Towne, or dye.
1521  Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy
1522  Vowes.
1523  Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
1524  The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
1525  We will bestow you in some better place,
1526  Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age.
1527  Bedf. Lord Talbot, doe not so dishonour me:
1528  Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,
1529  And will be partner of your weale or woe.
1530  Burg. Courageous Bedford, let vs now perswade you.
1531  Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
1532  That stout Pendragon, in his Litter sick,
1533  Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
1534  Me thinkes I should reuie the Souldiors hearts,
1535  Because I euer found them as my selfe.
1536  Talb. Vndaunted spirit in a dying breast,
1537  Then be it so: Heauens keepe old Bedford safe.
1538  And now no more adoe, braue Burgonie,
1539  But gather we our Forces out of hand,
1540  And set vpon our boasting Enemie. Exit.
1541  An Alarum: Excursions. Enter Sir Iohn
1542  Falstaffe, and a Captaine.
1543  Capt. Whither away Sir Iohn Falstaffe, in such haste?
1544  Falst. Whither away? to saue my selfe by flight,
1545  We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.
1546  Capt. What? will you flye, and leaue Lord Talbot?
1547  Falst. I, all the Talbots in the World, to saue my life.
Exit.  
Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.  
Exit.  
Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,  
For I haue seene our Enemies ouerthrow.  
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?  
They that of late were daring with their scoffes,  
Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselues.  
Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.  
An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the rest.  
Talb. Lost, and recover'd in a day againe,  
This is a double Honor, Burgonie:  
Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie.  
Burg. Warlike and Martiall Talbot, Burgonie  
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects  
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.  
Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is Pucel now?  
I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.  
Now where’s the Bastards braues, and Charles his glikes?  
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe,  
That such a valiant Company are fled.  
Now will we take some order in the Towne,  
Placing therein some expert Officers,  
And then depart to Paris, to the King,  
For there young Henry with his Nobles lye.  
Burg. What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgonie.  
Talb. But yet before we goe, let’s not forget  
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas’d,  
But see his Exequies fulfill’d in Roan.  
A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,  
A gentler Heart did neuer sway in Court.  
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,  
For that’s the end of humane miserie. Exeunt.

Scaena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucell.  
Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,  
Nor grieue that Roan is so recover’d:  
Care is no cure, but rather corrosiue,  
For things that are not to be remedy’d.
Let frantike Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,
Wee’le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul’d.

Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrust.

Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.

Alans. Wee’le set thy Statue in some holy place,
And haue thee reuerenc’t like a blessed Saint.

Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.

Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth Ioane deuise:
By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leaue the Talbot, and to follow vs.

Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for Henryes Warriors,
Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,
But be extirped from our Prouinces.

Alans. For euer should they be expuls’d from France,
And not haue Title of an Earledome here.

Pucell. Your Honors shall perceiue how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme sounds a farre off.
Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue
Their Powers are marching vnto Paris- ward.

Here sound an English March.
There goes the Talbot with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him. [l3

French March.
Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.
Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.
Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?
Burg. What say’st thou Charles? for I am marching
hence.

Charles. Speake Pucell, and enchaunt him with thy
words.
Pucell. Braue Burgonie, vndoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand- maid speake to thee.
Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer- tedious.
Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defac’t,
By wasting Ruine of the cruel Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender- dying Eyes.
See, see the pining Maladie of France:
Behold the Wounds, the most unnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast gien her woffull Brest.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieue thee more then streames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,
And washe away thy Countries stayned Spots.
Burg. Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.
Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclameth on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.
Who ioynest thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashiond thee that Instrument of Ill,
Who then, but English Henry, will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive?
Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemie,
They set him free, without his Ransome pay’d,
In spight of Burgonie and all his friends.
See then, thou fight’st against thy Countrymen,
And ioynest with them will be thy slaughter- men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.
Burg. I am vanquished:
These haughty words of hers
Haue batt’red me like roaring Cannon- shot,
And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.
Forgiue me Countray, and sweet Countrymen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell Talbot, Ile no longer trust thee.
Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-gaine.
Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes
vs fresh.
Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our
Breasts.
Alans. Pucell hath brauely play’d her part in this,
And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold.
Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And seeke how we may preiudice the Foe. Exeunt.

Scoena Quarta.

Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiours, Talbot.
Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arriuall in this Realme,
I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym’d
To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,
Twelue Cities, and seuen walled Townes of strength,
Beside fiue hundred Prisoners of esteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submissiue loyalty of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.
King. Is this the Lord Talbot, Vnckle Gloucester,
That hath so long beene resident in France?
Glost. Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.
King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.
Long since we were resolued of your truth,
Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon’d with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we neuer saw your face.
Therefore stand vp, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.
Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
Dar’st thou maintaine the former words thou spak’st?
1726  Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
1727  The envious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
1728  Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.
1729  Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.
1730  Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as Yorke.
1731  Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in witnesse take ye that.
1732  Strikes him.
1733  Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
1734  The Law of Armes is such,
1735  That who so drawes a Sword, ’tis present death,
1736  Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
1737  But Ile vnto his Maiestie, and craue,
1738  I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,
1739  When thou shalt see, Ile meet thee to thy cost.
1740  Vern. Well miscreant, Ile be there as soone as you,
1741  And after meete you, sooner then you would.
1742  Exeunt. [l3v

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

1744  Enter King, Glocester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somer-set,
1745  Warwicke, Talbot, and Gouernor Exeter.
1746  Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne vpon his head.
1747  Win. God saue King Henry of that name the sixt.
1748  Glo. Now Gouernour of Paris take your oath,
1749  That you elect no other King but him;
1750  Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,
1751  And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend
1752  Malicious practises against his State:
1753  This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.
1754  Enter Falstaffe.
1755  Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,
1756  To haste vnto your Coronation:
1757  A Letter was deliuer’d to my hands,
1758  Writ to your Grace, from th’ Duke of Burgundy.
1759  Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
1760  I vow’d (base Knight) when I did meete the next,
1761  To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,
1762  Which I haue done, because (vnworthily)
1763  Thou was’t installed in that High Degree.
1764  Pardon me Princely Henry, and the rest:
1765  This Dastard, at the battell of Poictiers,
1766  When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,
1767  And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,
Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.
In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men.
My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz’d, and taken prisoners.
Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:
Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man;
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When first this Order was ordain’d my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,
But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.
He then, that is not furnish’d in this sort,
Doth but usurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this most Honourable Order,
And should (if I were worthy to be Judge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge- borne Swaine,
That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear’st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that was’t a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung’d
his Stile?

No more but plaine and bluntly? (To the King.)
Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?
Or doth this churlish Superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What’s heere? I haue vpon especiall cause,
Mou’d with compassion of my Countries wracke,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,
Forsaken your pernitious Faction,
And ioyn’d with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?
Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.
King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?
Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord Talbot there shall talk with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But y I am preuented,
I should haue begg’d I might haue bene employd.

King. Then gather strength, and march vnto him straight:
Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Bassit.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.
Bas. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.
Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine (sweet Henry) fauour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.

Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaine,
And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?
Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
King. What is that wrong, wherof you both complain
First let me know, and then Ile answer you.

Bas. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,
Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare,
Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaues
Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes:
When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine question in the Law,
Argu’d betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,
I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.
Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he seeme with forged queint conceite
To set a glosse vpon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok’d by him,
And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,
Bewray’d the faintnesse of my Masters heart.
Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?
Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, wil out,
Though ne’re so cunningly you smother it.
King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-sicke men, When for so slight and friulous a cause, Such factious aemulations shall arise? Good Cosins both of Yorke and Somerset, Quiet your selues (I pray) and be at peace. Yorke. Let this dissention first be tried by fight, And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace. Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone, Betwixt our selues let vs decide it then. Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset. Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first. Bass. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord. Glo. Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife, And perish ye with your audacious prate, Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashiam’d With this immodest clamorous outrage, To trouble and disturbe the King, and Vs? And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well To beare with their peruerse Obiections: Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes, To raise a mutiny betwixt your selues. Let me perswade you take a better course. Exet. It greeues his Highnesse, Good my Lords, be Friends.

King. Come hither you that would be Combatants: Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour, Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause. And you my Lords: Remember where we are, In France, amongst a fickle wauering Nation: If they perceyue dissention in our lookes, And that within our selues we disagree; How will their grudging stomackes be prouok’d To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell? Beside, What infamy will there arise, When Forraigne Princes shall be certified, That for a toy, a thing of no regard, King Henries Peeres, and cheefe Nobility, Destroy’d themselues, and lost the Realme of France? Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father, My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe That for a trifle, that was bought with blood. Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife: I see no reason if I weare this Rose, That any one should therefore be suspitious I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:
Both are my kinsmen, and I loue them both.

As well they may vpbray’d me with my Crowne,
Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown’d.
But your discretions better can perswade,
Then I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let vs still continue peace, and loue.
Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerset, vnite
Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerefully together, and digest
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respit, will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented by your Victories,
With Charles, Alanson, and that Traiterous rout.


War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.
Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.
York. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
Other affayres must now be managed. Exeunt.

Flourish. Manet Exeter.

Exet. Well didst thou Richard to suppresse thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I feare we should haue seene decipher’d there
More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin’d or suppos’d:
But howsoere, no simple man that sees
This iarring discord of Nobilitie,
This shouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
But that it doth presage some ill euent.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuision,
There comes the ruine, there begins confusion. Exit.

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme,
before Burdeaux.
Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. Sounds.
Enter Generall aloft.

English Iohn Talbot (Captaines) call you forth,

Seruant in Armes to Harry King of England,

And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,

Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,

And do him homage as obedient Subjectes,

But if you frowne vpon this proffer’d Peace,

You tempt the fury of my three attendants,

Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,

Who in a moment, eeuen with the earth,

Shall lay your stately, and ayre- brauing Towers,

If you forsake the offer of their loue.

Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,

Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,

The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,

On vs thou canst not enter but by death:

For I protest we are well fortified,

And strong enough to issue out and fight.

If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,

Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.

On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,

To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;

And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,

But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,

And pale destruction meets thee in the face:

Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament,

To ryue their dangerous Artillerie

Vpon no Christian soule but English Talbot:

Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man

Of an invincible vnconquer’d spirit:

This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,

That I thy enemy dew thee withall:

For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,

Finish the processe of his sandy houre,

These eyes that see thee now well coloured,

Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.

Drum a farre off.

Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,

Sings heauy Musicke to thy timorous soule,

And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. Exit

Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie:

Out some light Horsemens, and peruse their Wings.

O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,

How are we park’d and bounded in a pale?

A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz’d with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
Not Rascall- like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges, [l4v
Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:
Sell euery man his life as deere as mine,
And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.
God, and S[aunt]. George, Talbot and Englands right,
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.
Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke
with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.
Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return’d againe,
That dog’d the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Mess. They are return’d my Lord, and giue it out,
That he is march’d to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with Talbot as he march’d along.
By your espyals were discouered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which ioyn’d with him, and made their march for |(Burdeaux
Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delayes my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were leuied for this siege.
Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier:
God comfort him in this necessity:
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.
Enter another Messenger.
2. Mes. Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,
Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,
And hem’d about with grim destruction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
Else farwell Talbot, France, and Englands honor.
Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in Talbots place,
So should wee saue a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeiting a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.
Mes. O send some succour to the distrest Lord.
Yorke. He dies, we loose: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France smiles: We loose, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.
Mes. Then God take mercy on braue Talbots soule,
And on his Sonne yong John, who two houres since,
I met in traualie toward his warlike Father;
This seuen yeeres did not Talbot see his sonne,
And now they meete where both their liues are done.
Yorke. Alas, what ioy shall noble Talbot haue,
To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Graue:
Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,
That sundred friends greete in the houre of death.
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, Bloys, Poytiers, and Toures, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay. Exit
Mes. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to losse:
The Conquest of our scarce- cold Conqueror,
That euer- liuing man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other crosse,
Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.
Enter Somerset with his Armie.
Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by Yorke and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a sally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the ouer- daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor
By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde aduenture:
Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
That Talbot dead, great Yorke might beare the name.
Cap. Heere is Sir William Lucie, who with me
Set from our ore- matcht forces forth for ayde.
Som. How now Sir William, whether were you sent?
Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L[ord] Talbot,
Who ring’d about with bold aduersitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,
To beate assayling death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody swet from his warre- wearied limbes,
And in aduantage lingring lookes for rescue,
You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,
Kepee off aloofe with worthlesse emulation:
Let not your priuate discord keepe away
The leuied succours that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Bastard, Charles, Burgundie,

Alanson, Reignard, compasse him about,

And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. Yorke set him on, Yorke should haue sent him ayde.

Luc. And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace exclaines,

Swearing that you with- hold his leuied hoast,

Collected for this expidition.

Som. York lyes: He might haue sent, & had the Horse:

I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Loue,

And take foule scorne to fawne on him by sending.

Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,

Hath now intrapt the Noble- minded Talbot:

Neuer to England shall he beare his life,

But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemens striate:

Within sixe houres, they will be at his ayde.

Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,

For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:

And flye would Talbot neuer though he might.

Som. If he be dead, braue Talbot then adieu.

Lu. His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.

Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong Iohn Talbot, I did send for thee
to tutor thee in stratagems of Warre,

That Talbots name might be in thee reuiu’d,

When saplesse Age, and weake vnable limbes

Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.

But O malignant and ill- boading Starres,

Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,

A terrible and vnauoyded danger:

Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,

And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape

By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.

Iohn. Is my name Talbot? and am I your Sonne? [l5

And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,

Dishonor not her Honorable Name,

To make a Bastard, and a Slawe of me:

The World will say, he is not Talbots blood,

That basely fled, when Noble Talbot stood.

Talb. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine.

Iohn. He that flyes so, will ne’re returne againe.

Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.

Iohn. Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:

Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done.
You fled for Vantage, euery one will sweare:
But if I bow, they’le say it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will stay,
If the first howre I shrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, preseru’d with Infamie.

Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?
Iohn. I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.
Talb. Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.
Iohn. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.
Talb. Part of thy Father may be sau’d in thee.
Iohn. No part of him, but will be shame in mee.
Talb. Thou neuer hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.
Iohn. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?
Talb. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from y staine.
Iohn. You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.

If Death be so apparant, then both flye.
Talb. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was neuer tainted with such shame.
Iohn. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
No more can I be seuered from your side,
Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine diuide:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For liue I will not, if my Father dye.
Talb. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
Come, side by side, together liue and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. Exit.

Talb. Saint George, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is John Talbot? pawse, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and rescu’d thee from Death.
Iohn. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gau’st me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
To my determin’d time thou gau’st new date.
Talb. When fro[m] the Dolphins Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm’d thy Fathers heart with proud desire
Of bold- fac’t Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken’d with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe Alanson, Orleance, Burgundie,
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The irefull Bastard Orleance, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed
Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis- begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my braue Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not wearie, Iohn? How do’st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art seal’d the Sonne of Chiualrie?
Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one stands me in little stead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our liues in one small Boat.
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,
My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sau’d, if thou wilt flye away.

**John.** The Sword of Orleance hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw Life- blood from my Heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To saue a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot flye,
The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the pesant Boyes of France,
To be Shames scorne, and subiect of Mischance.
Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,
And if I flye, I am not Talbots Sonne.
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to Talbot, dye at Talbots foot.
**Talb.** Then follow thou thy desp’rate Syre of Creet,
Thou Icarus, thy Life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
And commendable prou’d, let’s dye in pride. Exit.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old

Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.

O, where’s young Talbot? where is valiant Iohn?

Triumphant Death, smear’d with Captiuitie,

Young Talbots Valour makes me smile at thee.

When he percei’d me shrinke, and on my Knee,

His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,

And like a hungry Lyon did commence

Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:

But when my angry Guardant stood alone,

Tendring my ruine, and assayl’d of none,

Dizzie- ey’d Furie, and great rage of Heart,

Suddenly made him from my side to start

Into the clustring Battaile of the French:

And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench

His ouer- mounting Spirit; and there di’de

My Icarus, my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.

Seru. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.

Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh’st vs here to scorn,

Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,

Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,

Two Talbots winged through the lither Skie,

In thy despiight shall scape Mortalitie. [l5v

O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,

Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,

Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:

Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.

Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,

Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.

Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,

My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.

Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,

Now my old armes are yong Iohn Talbots graue. Dyes

Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard,

and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,

We should haue found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the yong whelpe of Talbots raging wood,

Did flesh his punie- sword in Frenchmens blood.

Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:

Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.

But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne

He answer’d thus: Yong Talbot was not borne
2274 To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
2275 So rushing in the bowels of the French,
2276 He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.
2277   Bur. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
2278 See where he lyes inherced in the armes
2279 Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes.
2280   Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones assunder,
2281 Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia’s wonder.
2282   Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we haue fled
2283 During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.
2284 Enter Lucie.
2285   Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
2286 To know who hath obtain’d the glory of the day.
2287   Char. On what submissiue message art thou sent?
2288   Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
2289 We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
2290 I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
2291 And to suruey the bodies of the dead.
2292   Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
2293 But tell me whom thou seek’st?
2294   Luc. But where’s the great Alcides of the field,
2295 Valiant Lord Talbot Earle of Shrewsbury?
2296 Created for his rare successe in Armes,
2297 Great Earle of Washford, Waterford, and Valence,
2298 Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Vrchinfield,
2299 Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdon of Alton,
2300 Lord Cromwell of Wingefield, Lord Furniuall of Sheffeild,
2301 The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
2302 Knight of the Noble Order of S[a]int. George,
2303 Worthy S[a]int. Michael, and the Golden Fleece,
2304 Great Marshall to Henry the sixt,
2305 Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
2306   Puc. Heere’s a silly stately stile indeede:
2307 The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
2308 Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.
2309 Him that thou magnifi’st with all these Titles,
2310 Stinking and fly- blowne lyes heere at our feete.
2311   Lucy. Is Talbot slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
2312 Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke Nemesis?
2313 Oh were mine eye- balles into Bullets turn’d,
2314 That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
2315 Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
2316 It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
2317 Were but his Picture left amongst you here,
2318 It would amaze the prowdest of you all.
2319 Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
2320 And giue them Buriall, as beseemes their worth.
2321  Pucel. I thinke this vpstart is old Talbots Ghost,
2322 He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
2323 For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
2324 They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.
2325  Char. Go take their bodies hence.
2326  Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shal
2327 be reard
2328 A Phoenix that shall make all France affear’d.
2329  Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what y wilt.
2330 And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
2331 All will be ours, now bloody Talbots slaine. Exit.

Scena secunda.

2333  SENNET.
2334 Enter King, Glocester, and Exeter.
2335  King. Haue you perus’d the Letters from the Pope,
2336 The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?
2337  Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
2338 They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,
2339 To haue a godly peace concluded of,
2340 Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.
2341  King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
2342  Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
2343 To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
2344 And stablish quietnesse on euery side.
2345  King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
2346 It was both impious and vnnaturall,
2347 That such immannity and bloody strife
2348 Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.
2349  Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
2350 And surer binde this knot of amitie,
2351 The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to Charles,
2352 A man of great Authoritie in France,
2353 Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
2354 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.
2355  King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
2356 And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
2357 Then wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
2358 Yet call th’ Embassadors, and as you please,
2359 So let them haue their answeres euery one:
2360 I shall be well content with any choyce
2361 Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.
Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exe. What, is my Lord of Winchester install’d,
And call’d vnto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee’l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites
Haue bin consider’d and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolu’d,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I haue inform’d his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.

King. In argument and prooфе of which contract,
Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection.
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. Exeunt.

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
The summe of money which I promised
Should be deliuered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these graue Ornaments.
Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.
Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
Humfrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceiue,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be ouer- borne by thee:
Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny. Exeunt

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard,
Reignier, and Ione.
Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our droo-ping
spirits:
’Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall Charles of France,

And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,

Else ruine combate with their Pallaces.

Enter Scout.

Scout. Sucessse vnto our valiant Generall,

And happinesse to his accomplishes.


Scout. The English Army that diuided was

Into two parties, is now conioyn’d in one,

And meanes to giue you battell presently.

Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,

But we will presently prouide for them.

Bur. I trust the Ghost of Talbot is not there:

Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.

Pucel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.

Command the Conquest Charles, it shall be thine:

Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.


Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.

Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,

And ye choise spirits that admonish me,

And giue me signes of future accidents. Thunder.

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,

Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues proofe

Of your accustom’d diligence to me.

Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull’d

Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,

Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.

They walke, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence ouer- long:

Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,

Ile lop a member off, and giue it you,

In earnest of a further benefit:

So you do condiscend to helpe me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to haue redresse? My body shall

Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood- sacrifice,
Intreat ye to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England giue the French the foyle.
Then depart.
See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vall her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. Exit.
Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,
Unchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with Circe, she would change my shape.
Puc. Chang’d to a worser shape thou canst not be:
Yor. Oh, Charles the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on Charles, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz’d
By bloudy hands, in sleeping on your beds.
Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy tongue.
Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.
Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.
Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.
Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Gazes on her.
Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.
Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call’d.
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art alotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue,
Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. She is going
Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glassie streames,
Twinkling another counterfetted beame,
So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye De la Pole, disable not thy selfe:
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,
'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
What ransom must I pay before I passe?
For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why speak’st thou not? What ransom must I pay?
Suf. She’s beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can Margaret be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr’d: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at randon: sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. Ile win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
Why for my King: Tush, that’s a woorden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established beweene these Realmes.
But there remains a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Aniou and Mayne, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will scorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they ne’re so much:
Henr. is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I haue a secret to reuale.
Mar. What though I be inthral’d, he seems a knight
And will not any way dishonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu’d by the French,
And then I need not craue his curtesie.

Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.

Mar. Tush, women haue bene captiuate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, ’tis but Quid for Quo.

Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?

Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,

Than is a slaeue, in base seruility:

For Princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,

If happy Englands Royall King be free.

Mar. Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee?

Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee Henrys Queene,

To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,

And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,

If thou wilt condiscend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His loue.

Mar. I am vnworthy to be Henrys wife.

Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am

To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,

And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.

How say you Madam, are ye so content?

Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,

And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,

Wee’l craue a parley, to conferre with him.

Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walles.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?

I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,

Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,

Consent, and for thy Honor giue consent,

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,

Whom I with paine haue woed and wonne thereto:

And this her easie held imprisonment,

Hath gain’d thy daughter Princely libertie.

Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?

Suf. Faire Margaret knowes,

That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.

Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,

To giue thee answer of thy iust demand.
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in Aniou what your Honor pleases.

Suf. Thankes Reignier, happy for so sweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?
Reig. Since thou dost daigne to yee her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:

Vpon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine owne, the Country Maine and Aniou,
Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
My daughter shall be Henries, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransome, I deliuer her,
And those two Counties I will vndertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enioy.
Reig. And I againe in Henries Royall name,
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Glue thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I giue thee Kingly thankes,
Because this is in Traffike of a King.

And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Attourney in this case.
Ile ouer then to England with this newes.
And make this marriage to be solemniz’d:
So farewell Reignier, set this Diamond safe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King Henrie were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & praieres,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of Margaret. Shee is going.
Suf. Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you Margaret,
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Seruant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac’d, and modestie directed, [m1
But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maiestie?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnsotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King.
Suf. And this withall. Kisse her.
Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
To send such peeuish tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe: but Suffolke stay,
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and vgly Treasons lurke,
Solicite Henry with her wonderous praise.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com’st to kneele at Henries feete,
Thou mayest bereauе him of his wits with wonder. Exit
Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.
Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn’d to burne.
Shep. Ah Ione, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Haue I sought euery Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
Ah Ione, sweet daughter Ione, Ile die with thee.
Pucel. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and please you, ’tis not so
I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:
Her Mother liueth yet, can testifie
She was the first fruite of my Bach’ler- ship.
War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fye Ione, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake haue I shed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle Ione.
Pucell. Pezant auant. You haue suborn’d this man
Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.
Shep. ’Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time
Of thy natuiuite: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck’st her brest,
Had bin a little Rats- bane for thy sake.
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a- field,
I wish some rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. Exit.
Yorke. Take her away, for she hath liu’d too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First let me tell you whom you haue condemn’d;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue,
By inspiration of Celestial Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lustes,
Stain’d with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it straight a thing impossible
To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.
No misconceyued, _Ione of Aire_ hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden- blood thus rigorously effus’d,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
_Yorke._ I, I: away with her to execution.
_War._ And hearke ye sirs: because she is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrelles of pitch vpon the fatall stake,
That so her torture may be shortned.
_Puc._ Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?
Then _Ione_ discouer thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
_Yor._ Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?
_War._ The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.
_Yorke._ She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
_War._ Well go too, we’ll haue no Bastards liue,
Especially since _Charles_ must Father it.
_Puc._ You are deceyu’d, my childe is none of his,
It was _Alanson_ that inioy’d my loue.
_Yorke._ _Alanson_ that notorious Macheuile?
It dyes, and if it had a thousand lues.
_Puc._ Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
'Twas neyther _Charles_, nor yet the Duke I nam’d,
But _Reignier_ King of _Naples_ that preuayl’d.
_War._ A married man, that’s most intollerable.
_Yor._ Why here’s a Gyrle: I think she knowes not wel
(There were so many) whom she may accuse.
_War._ It’s signe she hath beene liberall and free.
_Yor._ And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine.
Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curse.

May never glorious Sunne reflex his beams

Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:

But darkness, and the gloomy shade of death

Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,

Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selves. Exit

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,

Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.

Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence

With Letters of Commission from the King.

For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,

Mou’d with remorse of these outrageous broyles,

Haue earnestly implor’d a generall peace,

Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French;

And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Train

Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.

Yorke. Is all our trauell turn’d to this effect,

After the slaughter of so many Peeres,

So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,

That in this quarrell haue beene overthrowne,

And sold their bodyes for their Countreyes benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?

Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes,

By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,

Our great Progenitors had conquered:

Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe

The utter losse of all the Realme of France.

Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It shall be with such strict and seuer Covenants,

As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,

That peacefull truce shall be proclaim’d in France,

We come to be informed by your selues,

What the conditions of that league must be.

Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes

The hollow passage of my poysone’d voyce,

By sight of these our balefull enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:

That in regard King Henry giues consent,

Of meere compassion, and of lenity,

To ease your Countrie of distressefull Warre,

And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,

You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.

And Charles, vpon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac’d as Viceroy vnder him,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.
Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.

Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possest
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerenc’d for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest vn-vanquisht,
Detract so much from that prerogatiue,
As to be call’d but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
That which I haue, than coueting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.

Yorke. Insulting Charles, hast thou by secret meanes
Vs’d intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand’st thou aloofe vpon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou vsurp’st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.

Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cauill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.
Alan. To say the truth, it is your policie,
To saue your Subjectes from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly scene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.

War. How sayst thou Charles?
Shall our Condition stand?
Char. It Shall:
Onely reseru’d, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.
Yor. Then sweare Allegiance to his Maiesty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
2818  For heere we entertaime a solemne peace. Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

2820  Enter Suffolke in conference with the King,
2821  Glocester, and Exeter.
2822  King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
2823  Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish’d me:
2824  Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
2825  Do breed Loues setled passions in my heart,
2826  And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
2827  Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
2828  So am I driuuen by breath of her Renowne,
2829  Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriuue
2830  Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.
2831  Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficial tale,
2832  Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
2833  The cheefe perfections of that louely Dame,
2834  (Had I sufficient skill to vtter them)
2835  Would make a volume of inticing lines,
2836  Able to rauish any dull conceit.
2837  And which is more, she is not so Diuine,
2838  So full repleate with choice of all delights,
2839  But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
2840  She is content to be at your command:
2841  Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
2842  To Loue, and Honor Henry as her Lord.
2843  King. And otherwise, will Henry ne’re presume:
2844  Therefore my Lord Protector, giue consent,
2845  That Marg’ret may be Englands Royall Queene.
2846  Glo. So should I giue consent to flatter sinne,
2847  You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath’d
2848  Vnto another Lady of esteeme,
2849  How shall we then dispense with that contract,
2850  And not deface your Honor with reproach?
2851  Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
2852  Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow’d
2853  To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
2854  By reason of his Aduersaries oddes.
2855  A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
2856  And therefore may be broke without offence.
2857  Glocester. Why what (I pray) is Margaret more
2858  then that?
2859  Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.

Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Jerusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
Because he is neere Kinsman vnto Charles.

Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receyue, than giue.
Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.

Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Pezants bargaine for their Wiuies,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Atturney- ship:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects, [m2
Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.

And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
In our opinions she should be preferr’d.

For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
An Age of discord and continuall strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.

Whom should we match with Henry being a King,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a King:
Her peerlesse feature, ioynd with her birth,
Approues her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and vndaunted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is seene)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King.

For Henry, sonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolue,
(As is faire Margaret) he be link’d in loue.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That Margaret shall be Queene, and none but shee.
King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming Loue,
I cannot tell: but this I am assur’d,
I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown’d
King Henry’s faithfull and annointed Queene.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sodaine execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolue and ruminate my greefe. Exit.
Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.
Exit Glocester.
Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail’d, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull Paris once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
But prosper better than the Troian did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. Exit

FINIS.
The first Part of Henry the Sixt.