

The first Part of Henry the Sixth.

by

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Based on the Folio Text of 1623



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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The first Part of Henry the Sixt

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Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

2 *Dead March.*
 3 *Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by*
 4 *the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke*
 5 *of Gloster, Protector; the Duke of Exeter War-wicke,*
 6 *the Bishop of Winchester, and*
 7 *the Duke of Somerset.*
 8 *Bedford.*
 9 Hung be y heauens with black, yield day to night;
 10 Comets importing change of Times and States,
 11 Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie,
 12 And with them scourge the bad reuolting Stars,
 13 That haue consented vnto *Henries* death:
 14 King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to liue long,
 15 England ne're lost a King of so much worth.
 16 *Glost.* England ne're had a King vntill his time:
 17 Vertue he had, deseruing to command,
 18 His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
 19 His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings:
 20 His sparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
 21 More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
 22 Then mid- day Sunne, fierce bent against their faces.
 23 What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
 24 He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.
 25 *Exe.* We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
 26 *Henry* is dead, and neuer shall reuiue:
 27 Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
 28 And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
 29 We with our stately presence glorifie,
 30 Like Captiuies bound to a Triumphant Carre.
 31 What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
 32 That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
 33 Or shall we thinke the subtile- witted French,
 34 Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
 35 By Magick Verses haue contriu'd his end.
 36 *Winch.* He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
 37 Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement- Day
 38 So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.
 39 The Battailes of the Lord of Hosts he fought:

40 The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.
 41 *Glost.* The Church? where is it?
 42 Had not Church- men pray'd,
 43 His thred of Life had not so soone decay'd.
 44 None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
 45 Whom like a Schoole- boy you may ouer- awe.
 46 *Winch. Gloster,* what ere we like, thou art Protector,
 47 And lookest to command the Prince and Realme.
 48 Thy Wife is prowde, she holdeth thee in awe,
 49 More then God or Religious Church- men may.
 50 *Glost.* Name not Religion, for thou lou'st the Flesh,
 51 And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
 52 Except it be to pray against thy foes.
 53 *Bed.* Cease, cease these Iarres, & rest your minds in peace:
 54 Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;
 55 In stead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,
 56 Since Armes auayle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
 57 Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,
 58 When at their Mothers moistned eyes, Babes shall suck,
 59 Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
 60 And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
 61 *Henry* the Fift, thy Ghost I inuocate:
 62 Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
 63 Combat with aduerse Planets in the Heauens;
 64 A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
 65 Then *Iulius Caesar*, or bright—
 66 *Enter a Messenger.*
 67 *Mess.* My honourable Lords, health to you all:
 68 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
 69 Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
 70 Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
 71 Paris Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
 72 *Bedf.* What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarse?
 73 Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
 74 Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.
 75 *Glost.* Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded vp?
 76 If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
 77 These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.
 78 *Exe.* How were they lost? what trecherie was vs'd?
 79 *Mess.* No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
 80 Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
 81 That here you maintaine seuerall Factions:
 82 And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
 83 You are disputing of your Generals.
 84 One would haue lingring Warres, with little cost;
 85 Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings:

86 A third thinkes, without expence at all,
 87 By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
 88 Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
 89 Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
 90 Cropt are the Flower- de- Luces in your Armes
 91 Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.
 92 *Exe.* Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
 93 These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.
 94 *Bedf.* Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
 95 Giue me my steeled Coat, Ile fight for France.
 96 Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes;
 97 Wounds will I lend the French, in stead of Eyes,
 98 To weepe their intermissiue Miseries. [k3
 99 *Enter to them another Messenger.*
 100 *Mess.* Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
 101 France is reuolted from the English quite,
 102 Except some petty Townes, of no import.
 103 The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes:
 104 The Bastard of Orleance with him is ioyn'd:
 105 *Reynold*, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part,
 106 The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side. *Exit.*
 107 *Exe.* The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
 108 O whither shall we flye from this reproach?
 109 *Glost.* We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
 110 *Bedford*, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out.
 111 *Bed. Gloster*, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
 112 An Army haue I muster'd in my thoughts,
 113 Wherewith already France is ouer- run.
 114 *Enter another Messenger.*
 115 *Mes.* My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
 116 Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearse,
 117 I must informe you of a dismall fight,
 118 Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.
 119 *Win.* What? wherein *Talbot* ouercame, is't so?
 120 *3.Mes.* O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrown:
 121 The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.
 122 The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
 123 Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
 124 Hauing full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
 125 By three and twentie thousand of the French
 126 Was round incompassed, and set vpon:
 127 No leysure had he to enranke his men.
 128 He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
 129 In stead whereof, sharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
 130 They pitched in the ground confusedly,
 131 To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.

132 More then three houres the fight continued:
 133 Where valiant *Talbot*, aboue humane thought,
 134 Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
 135 Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
 136 Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he slew.
 137 The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,
 138 All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
 139 His Souldiers spying his vndaunted Spirit,
 140 A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine,
 141 And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
 142 Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd vp,
 143 If Sir *Iohn Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward.
 144 He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,
 145 With purpose to relieue and follow them,
 146 Cowardly fled, not hauing struck one stroake.
 147 Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre:
 148 Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
 149 A base Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
 150 Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back,
 151 Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
 152 Durst not presume to looke once in the face.
 153 *Bedf.* Is *Talbot* slaine then? I will slay my selfe,
 154 For liuing idly here, in pompe and ease,
 155 Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
 156 Vnto his dastard foe- men is betray'd.
 157 *3.Mess.* O no, he liues, but is tooke Prisoner,
 158 And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
 159 Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.
 160 *Bedf.* His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
 161 Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
 162 His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
 163 Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.
 164 Farwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
 165 Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 166 To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feast withall.
 167 Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
 168 Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
 169 *3.Mess.* So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,
 170 The English Army is growne weake and faint:
 171 The Earle of Salisbury craueth supply,
 172 And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
 173 Since they so few, watch such a multitude.
 174 *Exe.* Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* sworne:
 175 Eyther to quell the Dolphin vtterly,
 176 Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.
 177 *Bedf.* I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,

178 To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*
 179 *Glost.* Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,
 180 To view th' Artillerie and Munitiion,
 181 And then I will proclayme young *Henry* King.
 182 *Exit Gloster.*
 183 *Exe.* To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
 184 Being ordayn'd his speciall Gouvernor,
 185 And for his safetie there Ile best deuise. *Exit.*
 186 *Winch.* Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
 187 I am left out; for me nothing remaines:
 188 But long I will not be Iack out of Office.
 189 The King from Eltam I intend to send,
 190 And sit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale.
 191 *Exit.*
 192 *Sound a Flourish.*
 193 *Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir, marching*
 194 *with Drum and Souldiers.*
 195 *Charles.* Mars his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,
 196 So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
 197 Late did he shine vpon the English side:
 198 Now we are Victors, vpon vs he smiles.
 199 What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
 200 At pleasure here we lye, neere Orleance:
 201 Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
 202 Faintly besiege vs one houre in a moneth.
 203 *Alan.* They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeues:
 204 Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
 205 And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,
 206 Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.
 207 *Reigneir.* Let's rayse the Siege: why liue we idly here?
 208 *Talbot* is taken, whom we wont to feare:
 209 Remayneth none but mad- brayn'd *Salisbury*,
 210 And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
 211 Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre.
 212 *Charles.* Sound, sound Alarum, we will rush on them.
 213 Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
 214 Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,
 215 When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*
 216 *Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the*
 217 *English, with great losse.*
 218 *Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir.*
 219 *Charles.* Who euer saw the like? what men haue I?
 220 Dogges, Cowards, Dastards: I would ne're haue fled,
 221 But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.
 222 *Reigneir.* *Salisbury* is a desperate Homicide,
 223 He fighteth as one weary of his life:

224 The other Lords, like Lyons wanting foode,
 225 Doe rush vpon vs as their hungry prey. [k3v
 226 *Alanson. Froysard*, a Countreyman of ours, records,
 227 England all *Oliuers* and *Rowlands* breed,
 228 During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
 229 More truly now may this be verified;
 230 For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
 231 It sendeth forth to skirmish: one to tenne?
 232 Leane raw- bon'd Rascals, who would e'er suppose,
 233 They had such courage and audacitie?
 234 *Charles*. Let's leaue this Towne,
 235 For they are hayre- brayn'd Slaues,
 236 And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
 237 Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
 238 The Walls they'le teare downe, then forsake the Siege.
 239 *Reigneir*. I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Deuice
 240 Their Armes are set, like Clocks, still to strike on;
 241 Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:
 242 By my consent, wee'le euen let them alone.
 243 *Alanson*. Be it so.
 244 *Enter the Bastard of Orleance*.
 245 *Bastard*. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I haue newes
 246 for him.
 247 *Dolph*. Bastard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs.
 248 *Bast*. Me thinks your looks are sad, your chear appal'd.
 249 Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?
 250 Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
 251 A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
 252 Which by a Vision sent to her from Heauen,
 253 Ordayned is to rayne this tedious Siege,
 254 And driue the English forth the bounds of France:
 255 The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
 256 Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
 257 What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
 258 Speake, shall I call her in? beleeeue my words,
 259 For they are certaine, and vnfallible.
 260 *Dolph*. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
 261 *Reignier* stand thou as Dolphin in my place;
 262 Question her prowdly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
 263 By this meanes shall we sound what skill she hath.
 264 *Enter Ioane Puzel*.
 265 *Reigneir*. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe these won-drous
 266 feats?
 267 *Puzel*. *Reignier*, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
 268 Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
 269 I know thee well, though neuer seene before.

270 Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
 271 In priuate will I talke with thee apart:
 272 Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.
 273 *Reigneir.* She takes vpon her brauely at first dash.
 274 *Puzel.* Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
 275 My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:
 276 Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
 277 To shine on my contemptible estate.
 278 Loe, whilst I wayted on my tender Lambes,
 279 And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,
 280 Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
 281 And in a Vision full of Maiestie,
 282 Will'd me to leaue my base Vocation,
 283 And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
 284 Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
 285 In compleat Glory shee reueal'd her selfe:
 286 And whereas I was black and swart before,
 287 With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,
 288 That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.
 289 Aske me what question thou canst possible,
 290 And I will answer vnpremeditated:
 291 My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,
 292 And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
 293 Resolue on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
 294 If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.
 295 *Dolph.* Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:
 296 Onely this prooffe Ile of thy Valour make,
 297 In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
 298 And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
 299 Otherwise I renounce all confidence.
 300 *Puzel.* I am prepar'd: here is my keene- edg'd Sword,
 301 Deckt with fine Flower- de- Lucas on each side,
 302 The which at Touraine, in S[aint]. *Katherines* Church- yard,
 303 Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.
 304 *Dolph.* Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.
 305 *Puzel.* And while I liue, Ile ne're flye from a man.
 306 *Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel ouercomes.*
 307 *Dolph.* Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
 308 And fightest with the Sword of *Debora*.
 309 *Puzel.* Christs Mother helpes me, else I were too
 310 weake.
 311 *Dolph.* Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
 312 Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
 313 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
 314 Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be so,
 315 Let me thy seruant, and not Soueraigne be,

316 'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.
 317 *Puzel.* I must not yeeld to any rights of Loue,
 318 For my Profession's sacred from aboue:
 319 When I haue chased all thy Foes from hence,
 320 Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.
 321 *Dolph.* Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate
 322 Thrall.
 323 *Reigneir.* My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.
 324 *Alans.* Doubtlesse he shriues this woman to her smock,
 325 Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.
 326 *Reigneir.* Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no
 327 meane?
 328 *Alan.* He may meane more then we poor men do know,
 329 These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
 330 *Reigneir.* My Lord, where are you? what devise you on?
 331 Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?
 332 *Puzel.* Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,
 333 Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.
 334 *Dolph.* What shee sayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight
 335 it out.
 336 *Puzel.* Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.
 337 This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse:
 338 Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
 339 Since I haue entred into these Warres.
 340 Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
 341 Which neuer ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
 342 Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
 343 With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
 344 Dispersed are the glories it included:
 345 Now am I like that prow'd insulting Ship,
 346 Which *Caesar* and his fortune bare at once.
 347 *Dolph.* Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Doue?
 348 Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
 349 *Helen*, the Mother of Great *Constantine*,
 350 Nor yet S[aint]. *Philips* daughters were like thee.
 351 Bright Starre of *Venus*, falne downe on the Earth,
 352 How may I reuerently worship thee enough?
 353 *Alanson.* Leauē off delayes, and let vs rayse the
 354 Siege. [k4
 355 *Reigneir.* Woman, do what thou canst to saue our honors,
 356 Driue them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.
 357 *Dolph.* Presently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,
 358 No Prophet will I trust, if shee proue false. *Exeunt.*
 359 *Enter Gloster, with his Seruing-men.*
 360 *Glost.* I am come to suruey the Tower this day;
 361 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 *Glost. I. Man*. It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.
 366 2. *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 *Glost*. 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 *Glosters men rush at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile*
 375 *the Lieutenant speakes within.*
 376 *Wooduile*. What noyse is this? what Traytors haue
 377 wee here?
 378 *Glost*. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?
 379 Open the Gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.
 380 *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 *Glost*. Faint- hearted *Wooduile*, prizest him 'fore me?
 385 Arrogant *Winchester*, that haughtie Prelate,
 386 Whom *Henry* our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?
 387 Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
 388 Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.
 389 *Seruingmen*. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
 390 Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.
 391 *Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester*
 392 *and his men in Tawney Coates.*
 393 *Winchest*. How now ambitious *Vmpheir*, what meanes
 394 this?
 395 *Glost*. Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be
 396 shut out?
 397 *Winch*. I doe, thou most vsurping Proditor,
 398 And not Protector of the King or Realme.
 399 *Glost*. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
 400 Thou that contriued'st to murther our dead Lord,
 401 Thou that giu'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
 402 Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
 403 If thou proceed in this thy insolence.
 404 *Winch*. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
 405 This be Damascus, be thou cursed *Cain*,
 406 To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.
 407 *Glost*. I will not slay thee, but Ile driue thee back:

408 Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
 409 Ile vse, to carry thee out of this place.
 410 *Winch.* Doe what thou dar'st, I heard thee to thy
 411 face.
 412 *Glost.* What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
 413 Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,
 414 Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
 415 I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.
 416 Vnder my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:
 417 In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
 418 Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.
 419 *Winch.* *Gloster*, thou wilt answere this before the
 420 Pope.
 421 *Glost.* Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
 422 Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?
 423 Thee Ile chase hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
 424 Out Tawney- Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.
 425 *Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men,*
 426 *and enter in the hurly- burly the Maior*
 427 *of London, and his Officers.*
 428 *Maior.* Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
 429 Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.
 430 *Glost.* Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
 431 Here's *Beauford*, that regards nor God nor King,
 432 Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his vse.
 433 *Winch.* Here's *Gloster*, a Foe to Citizens,
 434 One that still motions Warre, and neuer Peace,
 435 O're- charging your free Purses with large Fines;
 436 That seekes to ouerthrow Religion,
 437 Because he is Protector of the Realme;
 438 And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,
 439 To Crowne himselfe King, and suppressse the Prince.
 440 *Glost.* I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.
 441 *Here they skirmish againe.*
 442 *Maior.* Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
 443 But to make open Proclamation.
 444 Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst, cry:
 445 *All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day,*
 446 *against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command*
 447 *you, in his Highnesse Name, to repayre to your seuerall dwel-ling*
 448 *places, and not to weare, handle, or vse any Sword, Wea-pon,*
 449 *or Dagger hence- forward, vpon paine of death.*
 450 *Glost.* Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
 451 But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.
 452 *Winch.* *Gloster*, wee'le meet to thy cost, be sure:
 453 Thy heart- blood I will haue for this dayes worke.

454 *Maior.* Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
 455 This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill.
 456 *Glost.* Maior farewell: thou doo'st but what thou
 457 may'st.
 458 *Winch.* Abhominable *Gloster*, guard thy Head,
 459 For I intend to haue it ere long. *Exeunt.*
 460 *Maior.* See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
 461 Good God, these Nobles should such stomacks beare,
 462 I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*
 463 *Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and*
 464 *his Boy.*
 465 *M.Gunner.* Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleance is besieg'd,
 466 And how the English haue the Suburbs wonne.
 467 *Boy.* Father I know, and oft haue shot at them,
 468 How e're vnfortunate, I miss'd my ayme.
 469 *M.Gunner.* But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
 470 Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
 471 Something I must doe to procure me grace:
 472 The Princes espyals haue informed me,
 473 How the English, in the Suburbs close entrencht,
 474 Went through a secret Grate of Iron Barres,
 475 In yonder Tower, to ouer- peere the Citie,
 476 And thence discover, how with most aduantage
 477 They may vex vs with Shot or with Assault.
 478 To intercept this inconuenience,
 479 A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I haue plac'd, [k4v
 480 And euen these three dayes haue I watcht,
 481 If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
 482 For I can stay no longer.
 483 If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
 484 And thou shalt finde me at the Gouvernors. *Exit.*
 485 *Boy.* Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
 486 Ile neuer trouble you, if I may spye them. *Exit.*
 487 *Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets,*
 488 *with others.*
 489 *Salisb.* *Talbot*, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?
 490 How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
 491 Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?
 492 Discourse I prethee on this Turrets top.
 493 *Talbot.* The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
 494 Call'd the braue Lord *Ponton de Santrayle*,
 495 For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd.
 496 But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
 497 Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:
 498 Which I disdainig, scorn'd, and craued death,
 499 Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:

500 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
 501 But O, the trecherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
 502 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
 503 If I now had him brought into my power.
 504 *Salisb.* Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert enter-tain'd.
 505 *Tal.* With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
 506 In open Market- place produc't they me,
 507 To be a publique spectacle to all:
 508 Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
 509 The Scar- Crow that affrights our Children so.
 510 Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
 511 And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
 512 To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
 513 My grisly countenance made others flye,
 514 None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.
 515 In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
 516 So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
 517 That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
 518 And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
 519 Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
 520 That walkt about me euery Minute while:
 521 And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
 522 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.
 523 *Enter the Boy with a Linstock.*
 524 *Salisb.* I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,
 525 But we will be reueng'd sufficiently.
 526 Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
 527 Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
 528 And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
 529 Let vs looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
 530 *Sir Thomas Gargraue*, and *Sir William Glansdale*,
 531 Let me haue your expresse opinions,
 532 Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?
 533 *Gargraue.* I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands
 534 Lords.
 535 *Glansdale.* And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the
 536 Bridge.
 537 *Talb.* For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
 538 Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled. *Here they shot, and*
 539 *Salisbury falls downe.*
 540 *Salisb.* O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched sinners.
 541 *Gargraue.* O Lord haue mercy on me, wofull man.
 542 *Talb.* What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost vs?
 543 Speake *Salisbury*; at least, if thou canst, speake:
 544 How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
 545 One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes side struck off?

547 Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
 548 That hath contriu'd this wofull Tragedie.
 549 In thirteene Battailes, *Salisbury* o'recame:
 550 *Henry* the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres.
 551 Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck vp,
 552 His Sword did ne're leaue striking in the field.
 553 Yet liu'st thou *Salisbury*? though thy speech doth fayle,
 554 One Eye thou hast to looke to Heauen for grace.
 555 The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
 556 Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,
 557 If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.
 558 Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
 559 Sir *Thomas Gargaue*, hast thou any life?
 560 Speake vnto *Talbot*, nay, looke vp to him.
 561 *Salisbury* cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
 562 Thou shalt not dye whiles—
 563 He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
 564 As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
 565 Remember to auenge me on the French.
 566 *Plantaginet* I will, and like thee,
 567 Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
 568 Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.
 569 *Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.*
 570 What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?
 571 Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?
 572 *Enter a Messenger.*
 573 *Mess.* My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.
 574 The Dolphin, with one *Ioane de Puzel* ioyn'd,
 575 A holy Prophetesse, new risen vp,
 576 Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.
 577 *Here Salisbury lifteth himselfe vp, and groanes.*
 578 *Talb.* Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth groane,
 579 It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.
 580 Frenchmen, Ile be a *Salisbury* to you.
 581 *Puzel* or *Pussel*, Dolphin or Dog- fish,
 582 Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,
 583 And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
 584 Conuey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
 585 And then wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
 586 *Alarum. Exeunt.*
 587 *Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,*
 588 *and driueth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel,*
 589 *driuing Englishmen before her.*
 590 *Then enter Talbot.*
 591 *Talb.* Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
 592 Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them,

593 A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.
 594 *Enter Puzel.*
 595 Here, here shee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:
 596 Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:
 597 Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
 598 And straightway giue thy Soule to him thou seru'st.
 599 *Puzel.* Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace
 600 thee. *Here they fight.*
 601 *Talb.* Heauens, can you suffer Hell so to preuayle?
 602 My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,
 603 And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
 604 But I will chastise this high- minded Strumpet.
 605 *They fight againe.*
 606 *Puzel.* *Talbot* farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
 607 I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith:
 608 *A short Alarum: then enter the Towne*
 609 *with Souldiers.* [k5
 610 O're- take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
 611 Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry- starued men,
 612 Helpe *Salisbury* to make his Testament,
 613 This Day is ours, as many more shall be. *Exit.*
 614 *Talb.* My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
 615 I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
 616 A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*,
 617 Driues back our troupes, and conquers as she lists:
 618 So Bees with smoake, and Doues with noysome stench,
 619 Are from their Hyues and Houses driuen away.
 620 They call'd vs, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,
 621 Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.
 622 *A short Alarum.*
 623 Hearke Countreymen, eyther renew the fight,
 624 Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
 625 Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons stead:
 626 Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe,
 627 Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
 628 As you flye from your oft- subdued slaues.
 629 *Alarum. Here another Skirmish.*
 630 It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:
 631 You all consented vnto *Salisburies* death,
 632 For none would strike a stroake in his reuenge.
 633 *Puzel* is entred into Orleance,
 634 In spight of vs, or ought that we could doe.
 635 O would I were to dye with *Salisbury*,
 636 The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.
 637 *Exit Talbot.*
 638 *Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.*

639 *Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir,*
 640 *Alanson, and Souldiers.*
 641 *Puzel.* Aduance our wauing Colours on the Walls,
 642 Rescu'd is Orleance from the English.
 643 Thus *Ioane de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.
 644 *Dolph.* Diuine Creature, *Astrea's* Daughter,
 645 How shall I honour thee for this successe?
 646 Thy promises are like *Adonis* Garden,
 647 That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
 648 France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,
 649 Recouer'd is the Towne of Orleance,
 650 More blessed hap did ne're befall our State.
 651 *Reigneir.* Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
 652 Throughout the Towne?
 653 Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
 654 And feast and banquet in the open streets,
 655 To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.
 656 *Alans.* All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,
 657 When they shall heare how we haue play'd the men.
 658 *Dolph.* 'Tis *Ioane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
 659 For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,
 660 And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
 661 Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.
 662 A statelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,
 663 Then *Rhodophe's* or *Memphis* euer was.
 664 In memorie of her, when she is dead,
 665 Her Ashes, in an Vrne more precious
 666 Then the rich-iewel'd Coffe of *Darius*,
 667 Transported, shall be at high Festiualls
 668 Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
 669 No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
 670 But *Ioane de Puzel* shall be France's Saint.
 671 Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
 672 After this Golden Day of Victorie.
 673 *Flourish. Exeunt.* [

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

675 *Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.*
 676 *Ser.* Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
 677 If any noyse or Souldier you perceiue
 678 Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
 679 Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.
 680 *Sent.* Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Seruitors

681 (When others sleepe vpon their quiet beds)
 682 Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.
 683 *Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling*
 684 *Ladders: Their Drummes beating a*
 685 *Dead March.*
 686 *Tal.* Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
 687 By whose approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
 688 *Wallon*, and *Picardy*, are friends to vs:
 689 This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
 690 Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,
 691 Embrace we then this opportunitie,
 692 As fitting best to quittance their deceite,
 693 Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.
 694 *Bed.* Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
 695 Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,
 696 To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.
 697 *Bur.* Traitors haue neuer other company.
 698 But what's that *Puzell* whom they tearme so pure?
 699 *Tal.* A Maid, they say.
 700 *Bed.* A Maid? And be so martiall?
 701 *Bur.* Pray God she proue not masculine ere long:
 702 If vnderneath the Standard of the French
 703 She carry Armour, as she hath begun.
 704 *Tal.* Well, let them practise and conuerse with spirits.
 705 God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
 706 Let vs resolute to scale their flinty bulwarkes.
 707 *Bed.* Ascend braue *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
 708 *Tal.* Not altogether: Better farre I guesse,
 709 That we do make our entrance seuerall wayes:
 710 That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
 711 The other yet may rise against their force.
 712 *Bed.* Agreed; Ile to yond corner.
 713 *Bur.* And I to this.
 714 *Tal.* And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his graue.
 715 Now *Salisbury*, for thee and for the right
 716 Of English *Henry*, shall this night appeare
 717 How much in duty, I am bound to both.
 718 *Sent.* Arme, arme, the enemy doth make assault.
 719 *Cry, S[aint]. George, A Talbot.*
 720 *The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter*
 721 *seuerall wayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier,*
 722 *halfe ready, and halfe vnready.*
 723 *Alan.* How now my Lords? what all vnreadie so?
 724 *Bast.* Vnready? I and glad we scap'd so well.
 725 *Reig.* 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,
 726 Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.

727 *Alan.* Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
 728 Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize [k5v
 729 More venturous, or desperate then this.
 730 *Bast.* I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.
 731 *Reig.* If not of Hell, the Heauens sure fauour him.
 732 *Alans.* Here commeth *Charles*, I maruell how he sped?
 733 *Enter Charles and Ioane.*
 734 *Bast.* Tut, holy *Ioane* was his defensiu Guard.
 735 *Charl.* Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?
 736 Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,
 737 Make vs partakers of a little gayne,
 738 That now our losse might be ten times so much?
 739 *Ioane.* Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
 740 At all times will you haue my Power alike?
 741 Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,
 742 Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
 743 Improuident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,
 744 This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue falne.
 745 *Charl.* Duke of Alanson, this was your default,
 746 That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
 747 Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.
 748 *Alans.* Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,
 749 As that whereof I had the gouernment,
 750 We had not beene thus shamefully surpriz'd.
 751 *Bast.* Mine was secure.
 752 *Reig.* And so was mine, my Lord.
 753 *Charl.* And for my selfe, most part of all this Night
 754 Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,
 755 I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,
 756 About relieuing of the Centinels.
 757 Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?
 758 *Ioane.* Question (my Lords) no further of the case,
 759 How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,
 760 But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:
 761 And now there rests no other shift but this,
 762 To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and disperc't,
 763 And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.
 764 *Exeunt.*
 765 *Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot:*
 766 *they flye, leauing their Clothes behind.*
 767 *Sould.* Ile be so bold to take what they haue left:
 768 The Cry of *Talbot* serues me for a Sword,
 769 For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,
 770 Vsing no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*
 771 *Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.*
 772 *Bedf.* The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,

773 Whose pitchy Mantle ouer- vayl'd the Earth.
 774 Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*
 775 *Talb.* Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
 776 And here aduance it in the Market- Place,
 777 The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.
 778 Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:
 779 For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,
 780 There hath at least fiue Frenchmen dyed to night.
 781 And that hereafter Ages may behold
 782 What ruine happened in reuenge of him,
 783 Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect
 784 A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:
 785 Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,
 786 Shall be engrau'd the sacke of Orleance,
 787 The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,
 788 And what a terror he had beene to France.
 789 But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,
 790 I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
 791 His new- come Champion, vertuous *Ioane* of Acre,
 792 Nor any of his false Confederates.
 793 *Bedf.* 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
 794 Rows'd on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
 795 They did amongst the troupes of armed men,
 796 Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.
 797 *Burg.* My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,
 798 For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,
 799 Am sure I scar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
 800 When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
 801 Like to a payre of louing Turtle- Doues,
 802 That could not liue asunder day or night.
 803 After that things are set in order here,
 804 Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue.
 805 *Enter a Messenger.*
 806 *Mess.* All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne
 807 Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
 808 So much applauded through the Realme of France?
 809 *Talb.* Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?
 810 *Mess.* The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Ouergne,
 811 With modestie admiring thy Renowne,
 812 By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe
 813 To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,
 814 That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
 815 Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.
 816 *Burg.* Is it euen so? Nay, then I see our Warres
 817 Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,
 818 When Ladyes 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 thanks,
 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 fabulous 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?

865 Goe aske him, whither he goes?
 866 *Mess.* Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craues,
 867 To know the cause of your abrupt departure?
 868 *Talb.* Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,
 869 I goe to certifie her *Talbot*'s here.
 870 *Enter Porter with Keyes.*
 871 *Count.* If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.
 872 *Talb.* Prisoner? to whom?
 873 *Count.* To me, blood- thirstie Lord:
 874 And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.
 875 Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
 876 For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
 877 But now the substance shall endure the like,
 878 And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,
 879 That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres
 880 Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,
 881 And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuat.
 882 *Talb.* Ha, ha, ha.
 883 *Count.* Laughst thou Wretch?
 884 Thy mirth shall turne to moane.
 885 *Talb.* I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
 886 To thinke, that you haue ought but *Talbots* shadow,
 887 Whereon to practise your seueritie.
 888 *Count.* Why? art not thou the man?
 889 *Talb.* I am indeede.
 890 *Count.* Then haue I substance too.
 891 *Talb.* No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
 892 You are deceiu'd, my substance is not here;
 893 For what you see, is but the smallest part,
 894 And least proportion of Humanitie:
 895 I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
 896 It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,
 897 Your Roofe were not sufficient to contayn't.
 898 *Count.* This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
 899 He will be here, and yet he is not here:
 900 How can these contrarities agree?
 901 *Talb.* That will I shew you presently.
 902 *Winds his Horne, Drummes strike vp, a Peale*
 903 *of Ordenance: Enter Souldiors.*
 904 How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,
 905 That *Talbot* is but shadow of himselfe?
 906 These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
 907 With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
 908 Razeth your Cities, and subuerts your Townes,
 909 And in a moment makes them desolate.
 910 *Count.* Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse,

911 I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruided,
 912 And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
 913 Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath,
 914 For I am sorry, that with reuerence
 915 I did not entertaine thee as thou art.
 916 *Talb.* Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconster
 917 The minde of *Talbot*, as you did mistake
 918 The outward composition of his body.
 919 What you haue done, hath not offended me:
 920 Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,
 921 But onely with your patience, that we may
 922 Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,
 923 For Souldiers stomacks alwayes serue them well.
 924 *Count.* With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
 925 To feast so great a Warrior in my House. *Exeunt.*
 926 *Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset,*
 927 *Poole, and others.*
 928 *Yorke.* Great Lords and Gentlemen,
 929 What meanes this silence?
 930 Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?
 931 *Suff.* Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
 932 The Garden here is more conuenient.
 933 *Yorke.* Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
 934 Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th' error?
 935 *Suff.* Faith I haue beene a Truant in the Law,
 936 And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
 937 And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.
 938 *Som.* Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then be-tweene
 939 vs.
 940 *War.* Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
 941 Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
 942 Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
 943 Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,
 944 Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,
 945 I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement:
 946 But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,
 947 Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.
 948 *Yorke.* Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
 949 The truth appeares so naked on my side,
 950 That any purblind eye may find it out.
 951 *Som.* And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,
 952 So cleare, so shining, and so euident,
 953 That it will glimmer through a blind- mans eye.
 954 *Yorke.* Since you are tongue- ty'd, and so loth to speake,
 955 In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:
 956 Let him that is a true- borne Gentleman,

957 And stands vpon the honor of his birth,
 958 If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,
 959 From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.
 960 *Som.* Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
 961 But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
 962 Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.
 963 *War.* I loue no Colours: and without all colour
 964 Of base insinuating flatterie,
 965 I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*.
 966 *Suff.* I pluck this red Rose, with young *Somerset*,
 967 And say withall, I thinke he held the right.
 968 *Vernon.* Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
 969 Till you conclude, that he vpon whose side
 970 The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,
 971 Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.
 972 *Som.* Good Master *Vernon*, it is well obiected:
 973 If I haue fewest, I subscribe in silence.
 974 *York.* And I.
 975 *Vernon.* Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,
 976 I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,
 977 Giuing my Verdict on the white Rose side.
 978 *Som.* Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
 979 Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,
 980 And fall on my side so against your will.
 981 *Vernon.* If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
 982 Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
 983 And keepe me on the side where still I am.
 984 *Som.* Well, well, come on, who else? [k6v
 985 *Lawyer.* Vnlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
 986 The argument you held, was wrong in you;
 987 In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.
 988 *Yorke.* Now *Somerset*, where is your argument?
 989 *Som.* Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
 990 Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.
 991 *York.* Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:
 992 For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
 993 The truth on our side.
 994 *Som.* No *Plantagenet*:
 995 Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
 996 Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
 997 And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.
 998 *Yorke.* Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerset*?
 999 *Som.* Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet*?
 1000 *Yorke.* I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
 1001 Whiles thy consuming Canker eats his falsehood.
 1002 *Som.* Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,

1003 That shall maintaine what I haue said is true,
 1004 Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be seene.
 1005 *Yorke*. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
 1006 I scorne thee and thy fashion, peeuish Boy.
 1007 *Suff*. Turne not thy scornes this way, *Plantagenet*.
 1008 *Yorke*. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and scorne both him and
 1009 thee.
 1010 *Suff*. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.
 1011 *Som*. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
 1012 We grace the Yeoman, by conuersing with him.
 1013 *Warw*. Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, *Somerset*:
 1014 His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
 1015 Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:
 1016 Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root?
 1017 *Yorke*. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,
 1018 Or durst not for his crauen heart say thus.
 1019 *Som*. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
 1020 On any Plot of Ground in Christendome.
 1021 Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
 1022 For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?
 1023 And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
 1024 Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
 1025 His Trespas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
 1026 And till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
 1027 *Yorke*. My Father was attached, not attainted,
 1028 Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Traytor;
 1029 And that Ile proue on better men then *Somerset*,
 1030 Were growing time once ripened to my will.
 1031 For your partaker *Poole*, and you your selfe,
 1032 Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
 1033 To scourge you for this apprehension:
 1034 Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
 1035 *Som*. Ah, thou shalt finde vs ready for thee still:
 1036 And know vs by these Colours for thy Foes,
 1037 For these, my friends in spight of thee shall weare.
 1038 *Yorke*. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
 1039 As Cognizance of my blood- drinking hate,
 1040 Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,
 1041 Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,
 1042 Or flourish to the height of my Degree.
 1043 *Suff*. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
 1044 And so farwell, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit*.
 1045 *Som*. Haue with thee *Poole*: Farwell ambitious *Ri-chard*.
 1046 *Exit*.
 1047 *Yorke*. How I am brau'd, and must perforce endure
 1048 it?

1049 *Warw.* This blot that they obiect against your House,
 1050 Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,
 1051 Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester*:
 1052 And if thou be not then created *Yorke*,
 1053 I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke*.
 1054 Meane time, in signall of my loue to thee,
 1055 Against prowde *Somerset*, and *William Poole*,
 1056 Will I vpon thy partie weare this Rose.
 1057 And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
 1058 Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
 1059 Shall send betweene the Red- Rose and the White,
 1060 A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
 1061 *Yorke.* Good Master *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
 1062 That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.
 1063 *Ver.* In your behalfe still will I weare the same.
 1064 *Lawyer.* And so will I.
 1065 *Yorke.* Thankes gentle.
 1066 Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare say,
 1067 This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.
 1068 *Exeunt.*
 1069 *Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre,*
 1070 *and Iaylors.*
 1071 *Mort.* Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
 1072 Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himselfe.
 1073 Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
 1074 So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:
 1075 And these gray Locks, the Pursuiuants of death,
 1076 *Nestor*- like aged, in an Age of Care,
 1077 Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer*.
 1078 These Eyes like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,
 1079 Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
 1080 Weake Shoulders, ouer- borne with burthening Griefe,
 1081 And pyth- lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
 1082 That droupes his sappe- lesse Branches to the ground.
 1083 Yet are these Feet, whose strength- lesse stay is numme,
 1084 (Vnable to support this Lumpe of Clay)
 1085 Swift- winged with desire to get a Graue,
 1086 As witting I no other comfort haue.
 1087 But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?
 1088 *Keeper.* *Richard Plantagenet*, my Lord, will come:
 1089 We sent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,
 1090 And answer was return'd, that he will come.
 1091 *Mort.* Enough: my Soule shall then be satisfied.
 1092 Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
 1093 Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reigne,
 1094 Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,

1095 This loathsome sequestration haue I had;
 1096 And euen since then, hath *Richard* beene obscur'd,
 1097 Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.
 1098 But now, the Arbitrator of Despaires,
 1099 Iust Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miseries,
 1100 With sweet enlargement doth dismissee me hence:
 1101 I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
 1102 That so he might recouer what was lost.
 1103 *Enter Richard.*
 1104 *Keeper.* My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.
 1105 *Mor.* *Richard Plantagenet*, my friend, is he come?
 1106 *Rich.* I, Noble Vnckle, thus ignobly vs'd,
 1107 Your Nephew, late despised *Richard*, comes.
 1108 *Mort.* Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
 1109 And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe.
 1110 Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
 1111 That I may kindly giue one fainting Kisse.
 1112 And now declare sweet Stem from *Yorkes* great Stock,
 1113 Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd? [11
 1114 *Rich.* First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
 1115 And in that ease, Ile tell thee my Disease.
 1116 This day in argument vpon a Case,
 1117 Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerset* and me:
 1118 Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauish tongue,
 1119 And did vpbraid me with my Fathers death;
 1120 Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
 1121 Else with the like I had requited him.
 1122 Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers sake,
 1123 In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
 1124 And for Alliance sake, declare the cause
 1125 My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.
 1126 *Mort.* That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,
 1127 And hath detain'd me all my flowring Youth,
 1128 Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,
 1129 Was cursed Instrument of his decease.
 1130 *Rich.* Discouer more at large what cause that was,
 1131 For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse.
 1132 *Mort.* I will, if that my fading breath permit,
 1133 And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
 1134 *Henry* the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
 1135 Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
 1136 The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
 1137 Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Descent.
 1138 During whose Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
 1139 Finding his Vsurpation most vniust,
 1140 Endeuour'd my aduancement to the Throne.

1141 The reason mou'd these Warlike Lords to this,
 1142 Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remou'd,
 1143 Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)
 1144 I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
 1145 For by my Mother, I deriued am
 1146 From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
 1147 To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,
 1148 From *Iohn* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
 1149 Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
 1150 But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,
 1151 They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,
 1152 I lost my Libertie, and they their Liues.
 1153 Long after this, when *Henry* the Fift
 1154 (Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;
 1155 Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd
 1156 From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
 1157 Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was;
 1158 Againe, in pittie of my hard distresse,
 1159 Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,
 1160 And haue install'd me in the Diademe:
 1161 But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
 1162 And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
 1163 In whom the Title rested, were suppress.
 1164 *Rich.* Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.
 1165 *Mort.* True; and thou seest, that I no Issue haue,
 1166 And that my fainting words doe warrant death:
 1167 Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:
 1168 But yet be wary in thy studious care.
 1169 *Rich.* Thy graue admonishments preuayle with me:
 1170 But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
 1171 Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny.
 1172 *Mort.* With silence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,
 1173 Strong fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
 1174 And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.
 1175 But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,
 1176 As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
 1177 With long continuance in a settled place.
 1178 *Rich.* O Vnckle, would some part of my young yeeres
 1179 Might but redeeme the passage of your Age.
 1180 *Mort.* Thou do'st then wrong me, as y slaughterer doth,
 1181 Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.
 1182 Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,
 1183 Onely giue order for my Funerall.
 1184 And so farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
 1185 And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*
 1186 *Rich.* And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.

1187 In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
 1188 And like a Hermite ouer- past thy dayes.
 1189 Well, I will locke his Councell in my Brest,
 1190 And what I doe imagine, let that rest.
 1191 Keepers conuey him hence, and I my selfe
 1192 Will see his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit.*
 1193 Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
 1194 Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.
 1195 And for those Wrongs, those bitter Iniuries,
 1196 Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my House,
 1197 I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.
 1198 And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
 1199 Eyther to be restored to my Blood,
 1200 Or make my will th' aduantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

1202 *Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster, Winchester, Warwick.*
 1203 *Somerset, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Gloster offers*
 1204 *to put vp a Bill: Winchester snatches it, teares it.*
 1205 *Winch.* Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
 1206 With written Pamphlets, studiously deuise'd?
 1207 *Humfrey* of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
 1208 Or ought intend'st to lay vnto my charge,
 1209 Doe it without inuention, suddenly,
 1210 As I with sudden, and extemporall speech,
 1211 Purpose to answer what thou canst obiect.
 1212 *Glo.* Presumptuous Priest, this place co[m]mands my patie[n]ce,
 1213 Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis- honor'd me.
 1214 Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
 1215 The manner of thy vile outragious Crymes,
 1216 That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able
 1217 *Verbatim* to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.
 1218 No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,
 1219 Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious prancks,
 1220 As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
 1221 Thou art a most pernicious Vsurer,
 1222 Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,
 1223 Lasciuious, wanton, more then well beseemes
 1224 A man of thy Profession, and Degree.
 1225 And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifest?
 1226 In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,
 1227 As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
 1228 Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,

1229 The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt
 1230 From enuious mallice of thy swelling heart.
 1231 *Winch. Gloster*, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe
 1232 To giue me hearing what I shall reply.
 1233 If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerse,
 1234 As he will haue me: how am I so poore?
 1235 Or how haps it, I seeke not to aduance
 1236 Or rayse my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
 1237 And for Dissention, who preferreth Peace
 1238 More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.
 1239 No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
 1240 It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
 1241 It is because no one should sway but hee,
 1242 No one, but hee, should be about the King;
 1243 And that engenders Thunder in his breast, [11v
 1244 And makes him rore these Accusations forth.
 1245 But he shall know I am as good.
 1246 *Glost.* As good?
 1247 Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.
 1248 *Winch.* I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
 1249 But one imperious in anothers Throne?
 1250 *Glost.* Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?
 1251 *Winch.* And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
 1252 *Glost.* Yes, as an Out- law in a Castle keepes,
 1253 And vseth it, to patronage his Theft.
 1254 *Winch.* Vnreuerent *Glocester*.
 1255 *Glost.* Thou art reuerent,
 1256 Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.
 1257 *Winch.* Rome shall remedie this.
 1258 *Warw.* Roame thither then.
 1259 My Lord, it were your dutie to forbear.
 1260 *Som.* I, see the Bishop be not ouer- borne:
 1261 Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,
 1262 And know the Office that belongs to such.
 1263 *Warw.* Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
 1264 It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.
 1265 *Som.* Yes, when his holy State is toucht so neere.
 1266 *Warw.* State holy, or vnhallo' d, what of that?
 1267 Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
 1268 *Rich. Plantagenet* I see must hold his tongue,
 1269 Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:
 1270 Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
 1271 Else would I haue a fling at *Winchester*.
 1272 *King.* Vnckles of *Gloster*, and of *Winchester*,
 1273 The speciall Watch- men of our English Weale,
 1274 I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,

1275 To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.
 1276 Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
 1277 That two such Noble Peeres as ye should iarre?
 1278 Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
 1279 Ciuill dissention is a viperous Worme,
 1280 That gnawes the Bowels of the Common- wealth.
 1281 *A noyse within, Downe with the*
 1282 *Tawny- Coats.*
 1283 *King.* What tumult's this?
 1284 *Warw.* An Vprore, I dare warrant,
 1285 Begun through malice of the Bishops men.
 1286 *A noyse againe, Stones, Stones.*
 1287 *Enter Maior.*
 1288 *Maior.* Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,
 1289 Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:
 1290 The Bishop, and the Duke of Glostres men,
 1291 Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
 1292 Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;
 1293 And banding themselues in contrary parts,
 1294 Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
 1295 That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:
 1296 Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,
 1297 And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.
 1298 *Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.*
 1299 *King.* We charge you, on allegeance to our selfe,
 1300 To hold your slaughtering hands, and keepe the Peace:
 1301 Pray' Vnckle *Gloster* mittigate this strife.
 1302 1.*Seruing.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall
 1303 to it with our Teeth.
 1304 2.*Seruing.* Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.
 1305 *Skirmish againe.*
 1306 *Glost.* You of my household, leaue this peeuish broyle,
 1307 And set this vnaccustom'd fight aside.
 1308 3.*Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
 1309 Iust, and vpriht; and for your Royall Birth,
 1310 Inferior to none, but to his Maiestie:
 1311 And ere that we will suffer such a Prince,
 1312 So kinde a Father of the Common- weale,
 1313 To be disgraced by an Inke- horne Mate,
 1314 Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,
 1315 And haue our bodyes slaughtred by thy foes.
 1316 1.*Seru.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
 1317 Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.
 1318 *Begin againe.*
 1319 *Glost.* Stay, stay, I say:
 1320 And if you loue me, as you say you doe,

1321 Let me perswade you to forbear a while.
 1322 *King.* Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.
 1323 Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
 1324 My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?
 1325 Who should be pittifull, if you be not?
 1326 Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
 1327 If holy Church- men take delight in broyles?
 1328 *Warw.* Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester*,
 1329 Except you meane with obstinate repulse
 1330 To slay your Soueraigne, and destroy the Realme.
 1331 You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,
 1332 Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
 1333 Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
 1334 *Winch.* He shall submit, or I will neuer yeeld.
 1335 *Glost.* Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,
 1336 Or I would see his heart out, ere the Priest
 1337 Should euer get that priuiledge of me.
 1338 *Warw.* Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
 1339 Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
 1340 As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:
 1341 Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?
 1342 *Glost.* Here *Winchester*, I offer thee my Hand.
 1343 *King.* Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,
 1344 That Mallice was a great and grieuous sinne:
 1345 And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
 1346 But proue a chiefe offendor in the same.
 1347 *Warw.* Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
 1348 For shame my Lord of Winchester relent;
 1349 What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?
 1350 *Winch.* Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee
 1351 Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.
 1352 *Glost.* I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
 1353 See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,
 1354 This token serueth for a Flagge of Truce,
 1355 Betwixt our selues, and all our followers:
 1356 So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.
 1357 *Winch.* So helpe me God, as I intend it not.
 1358 *King.* Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloster,
 1359 How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.
 1360 Away my Masters, trouble vs no more,
 1361 But ioyne in friendship, as your Lords haue done.
 1362 1.*Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.
 1363 2.*Seru.* And so will I.
 1364 3.*Seru.* And I will see what Physick the Tauerne af-fords.
 1365 *Exeunt.*
 1366 *Warw.* Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soueraigne,

1367 Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
 1368 We doe exhibite to your Maiestie.
 1369 *Glo.* Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for sweet Prince,
 1370 And if your Grace marke euery circumstance,
 1371 You haue great reason to doe *Richard* right,
 1372 Especially for those occasions
 1373 At Eltam Place I told your Maiestie. [12
 1374 *King.* And those occasions, Vnckle, were of force:
 1375 Therefore my louing Lords, our pleasure is,
 1376 That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.
 1377 *Warw.* Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
 1378 So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.
 1379 *Winch.* As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester*.
 1380 *King.* If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,
 1381 But all the whole Inheritance I giue,
 1382 That doth belong vnto the House of *Yorke*,
 1383 From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.
 1384 *Rich.* Thy humble seruant vowes obedience,
 1385 And humble seruice, till the point of death.
 1386 *King.* Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
 1387 And in reguerdon of that dutie done,
 1388 I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke*:
 1389 Rise *Richard*, like a true *Plantagenet*,
 1390 And rise created Princely Duke of *Yorke*.
 1391 *Rich.* And so thriue *Richard*, as thy foes may fall,
 1392 And as my dutie springs, so perish they,
 1393 That grudge one thought against your Maiesty.
 1394 *All.* Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke*.
 1395 *Som.* Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke*.
 1396 *Glost.* Now will it best auaille your Maiestie,
 1397 To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
 1398 The presence of a King engenders loue
 1399 Amongst his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,
 1400 As it dis- animates his Enemies.
 1401 *King.* When *Gloster* sayes the word, King *Henry* goes,
 1402 For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.
 1403 *Glost.* Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.
 1404 *Senet.* Flourish. Exeunt.
 1405 *Manet Exeter*.
 1406 *Exet.* I, we may march in England, or in France,
 1407 Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
 1408 This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,
 1409 Burnes vnder fained ashes of forg'd loue,
 1410 And will at last breake out into a flame,
 1411 As festred members rot but by degree,
 1412 Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,

1413 So will this base and enuious discord breed.
 1414 And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
 1415 Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fift,
 1416 Was in the mouth of euery sucking Babe,
 1417 That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,
 1418 And *Henry* borne at Windsor, loose all:
 1419 Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,
 1420 His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time. *Exit.*

Scoena Secunda.

1422 *Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiors with*
 1423 *Sacks vpon their backs.*
 1424 *Pucell.* These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
 1425 Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.
 1426 Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
 1427 Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,
 1428 That come to gather Money for their Corne.
 1429 If we haue entrance, as I hope we shall,
 1430 And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,
 1431 Ile by a signe giue notice to our friends,
 1432 That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.
 1433 *Souldier.* Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,
 1434 And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,
 1435 Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*
 1436 *Watch.* *Che la.*
 1437 *Pucell.* *Peasauns la pouure gens de Fraunce,*
 1438 Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.
 1439 *Watch.* Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.
 1440 *Pucell.* Now Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the
 1441 ground. *Exeunt.*
 1442 *Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson.*
 1443 *Charles.* Saint *Dennis* blesse this happy Stratageme,
 1444 And once againe wee'le sleepe secure in Roan.
 1445 *Bastard.* Here entred *Pucell*, and her Practisants:
 1446 Now she is there, how will she specifie?
 1447 Here is the best and safest passage in.
 1448 *Reig.* By thrusting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
 1449 Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,
 1450 No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.
 1451 *Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a*
 1452 *Torch burning.*
 1453 *Pucell.* Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
 1454 That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countrey men,

1455 But burning fatal to the *Talbonites*.
 1456 *Bastard*. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
 1457 The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.
 1458 *Charles*. Now shine it like a Commet of Reuenge,
 1459 A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
 1460 *Reig*. Deferre no time, delays haue dangerous ends,
 1461 Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently,
 1462 And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarum*.
 1463 *An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion*.
 1464 *Talb*. France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
 1465 If *Talbot* but suruiue thy Trecherie.
 1466 *Pucell* that Witch, that damned Sorceresse,
 1467 Hath wrought this Hellish Mischiefe vnawares,
 1468 That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. *Exit*.
 1469 *An Alarum: Excursions. Bedford brought*
 1470 *in sicke in a Chayre*.
 1471 *Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell,*
 1472 *Charles, Bastard, and Reigneir on the Walls*.
 1473 *Pucell*. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
 1474 I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
 1475 Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.
 1476 'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?
 1477 *Burg*. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,
 1478 I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
 1479 And make thee curse the Haruest of that Corne.
 1480 *Charles*. Your Grace may starue (perhaps) before that
 1481 time.
 1482 *Bedf*. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Trea-son.
 1484 *Pucell*. What will you doe, good gray- beard?
 1485 Breake a Launce, and runne a- Tilt at Death,
 1486 Within a Chayre.
 1487 *Talb*. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,
 1488 Incompass'd with thy lustfull Paramours,
 1489 Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
 1490 And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?
 1491 Damsell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,
 1492 Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.
 1493 *Pucell*. Are ye so hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
 1494 If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.
 1495 *They whisper together in counsell*.
 1496 God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker? [12v
 1497 *Talb*. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?
 1498 *Pucell*. Belike your Lordship takes vs then for fooles,
 1499 To try if that our owne be ours, or no.
 1500 *Talb*. I speake not to that rayling *Hecate*,
 1501 But vnto thee *Alanson*, and the rest.

1502 Will ye, like Souldiors, 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* meanes 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 reuiue 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.

1548 *Exit.*
 1549 *Capt.* Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.
 1550 *Exit.*
 1551 *Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanson, and*
 1552 *Charles flye.*
 1553 *Bedf.* Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen please,
 1554 For I haue seene our Enemies ouerthrow.
 1555 What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
 1556 They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
 1557 Are glad and faine by flight to saue themselues.
 1558 *Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.*
 1559 *An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and*
 1560 *the rest.*
 1561 *Talb.* Lost, and recouered in a day againe,
 1562 This is a double Honor, *Burgonie:*
 1563 Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie.
 1564 *Burg.* Warlike and Martiall *Talbot, Burgonie*
 1565 Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
 1566 Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.
 1567 *Talb.* Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucel* now?
 1568 I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.
 1569 Now where's the Bastards braues, and *Charles* his glikes?
 1570 What all amort? Roan hangs her head for grieffe,
 1571 That such a valiant Company are fled.
 1572 Now will we take some order in the Towne,
 1573 Placing therein some expert Officers,
 1574 And then depart to Paris, to the King,
 1575 For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
 1576 *Burg.* What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaseth *Burgonie.*
 1577 *Talb.* But yet before we goe, let's not forget
 1578 The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
 1579 But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
 1580 A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,
 1581 A gentler Heart did neuer sway in Court.
 1582 But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
 1583 For that's the end of humane miserie. *Exeunt.*

Scaena Tertia.

1585 *Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucell.*
 1586 *Pucell.* Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
 1587 Nor grieue that Roan is so recouered:
 1588 Care is no cure, but rather corrosiue,
 1589 For things that are not to be remedy'd.

1590 Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
 1591 And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,
 1592 Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
 1593 If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
 1594 *Charles*. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
 1595 And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
 1596 One sudden Foyle shall neuer breed distrust.
 1597 *Bastard*. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
 1598 And we will make thee famous through the World.
 1599 *Alans*. Wee'le set thy Statue in some holy place,
 1600 And haue thee reuerenc't like a blessed Saint.
 1601 Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.
 1602 *Pucell*. Then thus it must be, this doth *Ioane* deuise:
 1603 By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
 1604 We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
 1605 To leaue the *Talbot*, and to follow vs.
 1606 *Charles*. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
 1607 France were no place for *Henryes* Warriors,
 1608 Nor should that Nation boast it so with vs,
 1609 But be extirped from our Prouinces.
 1610 *Alans*. For euer should they be expuls'd from France,
 1611 And not haue Title of an Earledome here.
 1612 *Pucell*. Your Honors shall perceiue how I will worke,
 1613 To bring this matter to the wished end.
 1614 *Drumme sounds a farre off*.
 1615 Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceiue
 1616 Their Powers are marching vnto Paris- ward.
 1617 *Here sound an English March*.
 1618 There goes the *Talbot* with his Colours spred,
 1619 And all the Troupes of English after him. [13
 1620 *French March*.
 1621 Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
 1622 Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde.
 1623 Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.
 1624 *Trumpets sound a Parley*.
 1625 *Charles*. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.
 1626 *Burg*. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?
 1627 *Pucell*. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countrey-man.
 1629 *Burg*. What say'st thou *Charles*? for I am marching
 1630 hence.
 1631 *Charles*. Speake *Pucell*, and enchaunt him with thy
 1632 words.
 1633 *Pucell*. Braue *Burgonie*, vndoubted hope of France,
 1634 Stay, let thy humble Hand- maid speake to thee.
 1635 *Burg*. Speake on, but be not ouer- tedious.
 1636 *Pucell*. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,

1637 And see the Cities and the Townes defac't,
 1638 By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
 1639 As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
 1640 When Death doth close his tender- dying Eyes.
 1641 See, see the pining Maladie of France:
 1642 Behold the Wounds, the most vnnaturall Wounds,
 1643 Which thou thy selfe hast giuen her wofull Brest.
 1644 Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
 1645 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe:
 1646 One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
 1647 Should grieue thee more then streames of forraine gore.
 1648 Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,
 1649 And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.
 1650 *Burg.* Either she hath bewicht me with her words,
 1651 Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.
 1652 *Pucell.* Besides, all French and France exclames on thee,
 1653 Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.
 1654 Who ioy'n'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
 1655 That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?
 1656 When *Talbot* hath set footing once in France,
 1657 And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,
 1658 Who then, but English *Henry*, will be Lord,
 1659 And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitiue?
 1660 Call we to minde, and marke but this for prooffe:
 1661 Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
 1662 And was he not in England Prisoner?
 1663 But when they heard he was thine Enemie,
 1664 They set him free, without his Ransome pay'd,
 1665 In spight of *Burgonie* and all his friends.
 1666 See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,
 1667 And ioy'n'st with them will be thy slaughter- men.
 1668 Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
 1669 *Charles* and the rest will take thee in their armes.
 1670 *Burg.* I am vanquished:
 1671 These haughtie wordes of hers
 1672 Haue batt' red me like roaring Cannon- shot,
 1673 And made me almost yeeld vpon my knees.
 1674 Forgiue me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
 1675 And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
 1676 My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
 1677 So farwell *Talbot*, Ile no longer trust thee.
 1678 *Pucell.* Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-gaine.
 1680 *Charles.* Welcome braue Duke, thy friendship makes
 1681 vs fresh.
 1682 *Bastard.* And doth beget new Courage in our
 1683 Breasts.

1684 *Alans.* *Pucell* hath brauely play'd her part in this,
 1685 And doth deserue a Coronet of Gold.
 1686 *Charles.* Now let vs on, my Lords,
 1687 And ioyne our Powers,
 1688 And seeke how we may preiudice the Foe. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Quarta.

1690 *Enter the King, Gloucester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke,*
 1691 *Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with*
 1692 *his Souldiors, Talbot.*
 1693 *Talb.* My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
 1694 Hearing of your arriuall in this Realme,
 1695 I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,
 1696 To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
 1697 In signe whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
 1698 To your obedience, fiftie Fortresses,
 1699 Twelue Cities, and seuen walled Townes of strength,
 1700 Beside fiue hundred Prisoners of esteeme;
 1701 Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
 1702 And with submissiue loyaltie of heart
 1703 Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
 1704 First to my God, and next vnto your Grace.
 1705 *King.* Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Vnckle *Gloucester*,
 1706 That hath so long beene resident in France?
 1707 *Glost.* Yes, if it please your Maiestie, my Liege.
 1708 *King.* Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord.
 1709 When I was young (as yet I am not old)
 1710 I doe remember how my Father said,
 1711 A stouter Champion neuer handled Sword.
 1712 Long since we were resolved of your truth,
 1713 Your faithfull seruice, and your toyle in Warre:
 1714 Yet neuer haue you tasted our Reward,
 1715 Or beene reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
 1716 Because till now, we neuer saw your face.
 1717 Therefore stand vp, and for these good deserts,
 1718 We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
 1719 And in our Coronation take your place.
 1720 *Senet.* *Flourish.* *Exeunt.*
 1721 *Manet Vernon and Basset.*
 1722 *Vern.* Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
 1723 Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
 1724 In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke
 1725 Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?

1726 *Bass.* Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
 1727 The enuious 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 witesse 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.* [13v

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

1744 *Enter King, Glocester, Winchester, Yorke, Suffolke, Somer-set,*
 1745 *Warwicke, Talbot, and Gouvernor 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 Gouvernour 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,

1768 Before we met, or that a stroke was giuen,
 1769 Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.
 1770 In which assault, we lost twelue hundred men.
 1771 My selfe, and diuers Gentlemen beside,
 1772 Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
 1773 Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amisse:
 1774 Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare
 1775 This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?
 1776 *Glo.* To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
 1777 And ill beseeming any common man;
 1778 Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.
 1779 *Tal.* When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
 1780 Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
 1781 Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
 1782 Such as were growne to credit by the warres:
 1783 Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,
 1784 But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.
 1785 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 1786 Doth but vsurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
 1787 Prophaning this most Honourable Order,
 1788 And should (if I were worthy to be Iudge)
 1789 Be quite degraded, like a Hedge- borne Swaine,
 1790 That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.
 1791 *K.* Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:
 1792 Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:
 1793 Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.
 1794 And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
 1795 Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.
 1796 *Glo.* What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd
 1797 his Stile?
 1798 No more but plaine and bluntly? (*To the King.*)
 1799 Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?
 1800 Or doth this churlish Superscription
 1801 Pretend some alteration in good will?
 1802 What's heere? *I haue vpon especiall cause,*
 1803 *Mou'd with compassion of my Countries wracke,*
 1804 *Together with the pittifull complaints*
 1805 *Of such as your oppression feedes vpon,*
 1806 *Forsaken your pernitious Faction,*
 1807 *And ioyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.*
 1808 O monstrous Treachery: Can this be so?
 1809 That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
 1810 There should be found such false dissembling guile?
 1811 *King.* What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?
 1812 *Glo.* He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.
 1813 *King.* Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?

1814 *Glo.* It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.
 1815 *King.* Why then Lord *Talbot* there shal talk with him,
 1816 And giue him chasticement for this abuse.
 1817 How say you (my Lord) are you not content?
 1818 *Tal.* Content, my Liege? Yes: But y I am preuented,
 1819 I should haue begg'd I might haue bene employd.
 1820 *King.* Then gather strength, and march vnto him
 1821 straight:
 1822 Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treason,
 1823 And what offence it is to flout his Friends.
 1824 *Tal.* I go my Lord, in heart desiring still
 1825 You may behold confusion of your foes.
 1826 *Enter Vernon and Bassit.*
 1827 *Ver.* Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.
 1828 *Bas.* And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.
 1829 *Yorke.* This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.
 1830 *Som.* And this is mine (sweet *Henry*) fauour him.
 1831 *King.* Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to speak.
 1832 Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,
 1833 And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?
 1834 *Ver.* With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.
 1835 *Bas.* And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
 1836 *King.* What is that wrong, wherof you both complain
 1837 First let me know, and then Ile answer you.
 1838 *Bas.* Crossing the Sea, from England into France,
 1839 This Fellow heere with enuious carping tongue,
 1840 Vpbraided me about the Rose I weare,
 1841 Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaues
 1842 Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes:
 1843 When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,
 1844 About a certaine question in the Law,
 1845 Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:
 1846 With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
 1847 In confutation of which rude reproach,
 1848 And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,
 1849 I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.
 1850 *Ver.* And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
 1851 For though he seeme with forged queint conceite
 1852 To set a glosse vpon his bold intent,
 1853 Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,
 1854 And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,
 1855 Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,
 1856 Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.
 1857 *Yorke.* Will not this malice Somerset be left?
 1858 *Som.* Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, wil out,
 1859 Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.

1860 *King.* Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-sicke
 1861 men,
 1862 When for so slight and friuolous a cause,
 1863 Such factious aemulations shall arise?
 1864 Good Cosins both of Yorke and Somerset,
 1865 Quiet your selues (I pray) and be at peace.
 1866 *Yorke.* Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
 1867 And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.
 1868 *Som.* The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,
 1869 Betwixt our selues let vs decide it then.
 1870 *Yorke.* There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.
 1871 *Ver.* Nay, let it rest where it began at first. [14
 1872 *Bass.* Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord.
 1873 *Glo.* Confirme it so? Confounded be your strife,
 1874 And perish ye with your audacious prate,
 1875 Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
 1876 With this immodest clamorous outrage,
 1877 To trouble and disturbe the King, and Vs?
 1878 And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
 1879 To beare with their peruerse Obiections:
 1880 Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,
 1881 To raise a mutiny betwixt your selues.
 1882 Let me perswade you take a better course.
 1883 *Exet.* It greeues his Highnesse,
 1884 Good my Lords, be Friends.
 1885 *King.* Come hither you that would be Combatants:
 1886 Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our fauour,
 1887 Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
 1888 And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
 1889 In France, amongst a fickle wauering Nation:
 1890 If they perceyue dissention in our lookes,
 1891 And that within our selues we disagree;
 1892 How will their grudging stomackes be prouok'd
 1893 To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?
 1894 Beside, What infamy will there arise,
 1895 When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,
 1896 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
 1897 King *Henries* Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
 1898 Destroy'd themselues, and lost the Realme of France?
 1899 Oh thinke vpon the Conquest of my Father,
 1900 My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe
 1901 That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
 1902 Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull strife:
 1903 I see no reason if I weare this Rose,
 1904 That any one should therefore be suspitious
 1905 I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:

1906 Both are my kinsmen, and I loue them both.
 1907 As well they may vpbray'd me with my Crowne,
 1908 Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
 1909 But your discretions better can perswade,
 1910 Then I am able to instruct or teach:
 1911 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
 1912 So let vs still continue peace, and loue.
 1913 Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
 1914 To be our Regent in these parts of France:
 1915 And good my Lord of Somerset, vnite
 1916 Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
 1917 And like true Subiects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
 1918 Go cheerefully together, and digest
 1919 Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
 1920 Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
 1921 After some respite, will returne to Calice;
 1922 From thence to England, where I hope ere long
 1923 To be presented by your Victories,
 1924 With *Charles, Alanson*, and that Traiterous rout.
 1925 *Exeunt. Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.*
 1926 *War.* My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
 1927 Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.
 1928 *Yorke.* And so he did, but yet I like it not,
 1929 In that he weares the badge of Somerset.
 1930 *War.* Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
 1931 I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.
 1932 *York.* And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
 1933 Other affayres must now be managed. *Exeunt.*
 1934 *Flourish. Manet Exeter.*
 1935 *Exet.* Well didst thou *Richard* to suppress thy voice:
 1936 For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 1937 I feare we should haue seene decipher'd there
 1938 More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
 1939 Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
 1940 But howsoere, no simple man that sees
 1941 This iarring discord of Nobilitie,
 1942 This shouldering of each other in the Court,
 1943 This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
 1944 But that it doth presage some ill euent.
 1945 'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
 1946 But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuision,
 1947 There comes the ruine, there begins confusion. *Exit.*
 1948 *Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme,*
 1949 *before Burdeaux.*
 1950 *Talb.* Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
 1951 Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. *Sounds.*

1952 *Enter Generall aloft.*
 1953 English *John Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
 1954 Seruant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
 1955 And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
 1956 Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,
 1957 And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
 1958 And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
 1959 But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,
 1960 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 1961 Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
 1962 Who in a moment, eeuen with the earth,
 1963 Shall lay your stately, and ayre- brauing Towers,
 1964 If you forsake the offer of their loue.
 1965 *Cap.* Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
 1966 Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
 1967 The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
 1968 On vs thou canst not enter but by death:
 1969 For I protest we are well fortified,
 1970 And strong enough to issue out and fight.
 1971 If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
 1972 Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.
 1973 On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,
 1974 To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
 1975 And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,
 1976 But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
 1977 And pale destruction meets thee in the face:
 1978 Ten thousand French haue tane the Sacrament,
 1979 To ryue their dangerous Artillerie
 1980 Vpon no Christian soule but English *Talbot*:
 1981 Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man
 1982 Of an inuincible vnconquer'd spirit:
 1983 This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,
 1984 That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
 1985 For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
 1986 Finish the processe of his sandy houre,
 1987 These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
 1988 Shall see thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.
 1989 *Drum a farre off.*
 1990 Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
 1991 Sings heauy Musicke to thy timorous soule,
 1992 And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit*
 1993 *Tal.* He Fables not, I heare the enemye:
 1994 Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
 1995 O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
 1996 How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
 1997 A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,

1998 Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curre.
 1999 If we be English Deere, be then in blood,
 2000 Not Rascall- like to fall downe with a pinch,
 2001 But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges, [14v
 2002 Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
 2003 And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:
 2004 Sell euery man his life as deere as mine,
 2005 And they shall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.
 2006 God, and S[aint]. *George, Talbot* and Englands right,
 2007 Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.
 2008 *Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke*
 2009 *with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*
 2010 *Yorke.* Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
 2011 That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
 2012 *Mess.* They are return'd my Lord, and giue it out,
 2013 That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
 2014 To fight with *Talbot* as he march'd along.
 2015 By your espyals were discouered
 2016 Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
 2017 Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for |(Burdeaux
 2018 *Yorke.* A plague vpon that Villaine Somerset,
 2019 That thus delays my promised supply
 2020 Of horsemen, that were leuied for this siege.
 2021 Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
 2022 And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
 2023 And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier:
 2024 God comfort him in this necessity:
 2025 If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.
 2026 *Enter another Messenger.*
 2027 *2.Mes.* Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,
 2028 Neuer so needfull on the earth of France,
 2029 Spurre to the rescue of the Noble *Talbot*,
 2030 Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,
 2031 And hem'd about with grim destruction:
 2032 To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux *Yorke*,
 2033 Else farwell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honor.
 2034 *Yorke.* O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
 2035 Doth stop my Cornets, were in *Talbots* place,
 2036 So should wee saue a valiant Gentleman,
 2037 By forfeiting a Traitor, and a Coward:
 2038 Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
 2039 That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.
 2040 *Mes.* O send some succour to the distrest Lord.
 2041 *Yorke.* He dies, we loose: I breake my warlike word:
 2042 We mourne, France smiles: We loose, they dayly get,
 2043 All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.

2044 *Mes.* Then God take mercy on braue *Talbots* soule,
 2045 And on his Sonne yong *Iohn*, who two houres since,
 2046 I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father;
 2047 This seuen yeeres did not *Talbot* see his sonne,
 2048 And now they meete where both their liues are done.
 2049 *Yorke.* Alas, what ioy shall noble *Talbot* haue,
 2050 To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Graue:
 2051 Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,
 2052 That sundred friends greeete in the houre of death.
 2053 *Lucie* farewell, no more my fortune can,
 2054 But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.
 2055 *Maine, Bloys, Poytiers, and Toures,* are wonne away,
 2056 Long all of Somerset, and his delay. *Exit*
 2057 *Mes.* Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
 2058 Feedes in the bosome of such great Commanders,
 2059 Sleeping neglection doth betray to losse:
 2060 The Conquest of our scarse- cold Conqueror,
 2061 That euer- liuing man of Memorie,
 2062 *Henrie* the fift: Whiles they each other crosse,
 2063 Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.
 2064 *Enter Somerset with his Armie.*
 2065 *Som.* It is too late, I cannot send them now:
 2066 This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,
 2067 Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
 2068 Might with a sally of the very Towne
 2069 Be buckled with: the ouer- daring *Talbot*
 2070 Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor
 2071 By this vnheedfull, desperate, wilde aduenture:
 2072 *Yorke* set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
 2073 That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.
 2074 *Cap.* Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
 2075 Set from our ore- matcht forces forth for ayde.
 2076 *Som.* How now Sir *William*, whether were you sent?
 2077 *Lu.* Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L[ord]. *Talbot*,
 2078 Who ring'd about with bold aduersitie,
 2079 Cries out for noble *Yorke* and Somerset,
 2080 To beate assaying death from his weake Regions,
 2081 And whiles the honourable Captaine there
 2082 Drops bloody swet from his warre- wearied limbes,
 2083 And in aduantage lingring lookes for rescue,
 2084 You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,
 2085 Keepe off aloofe with worthlesse emulation:
 2086 Let not your priuate discord keepe away
 2087 The leuied succours that should lend him ayde,
 2088 While he renowned Noble Gentleman
 2089 Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.

2090 Orleance the Bastard, *Charles, Burgundie,*
 2091 *Alanson, Reignard,* compasse him about,
 2092 And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.
 2093 *Som.* Yorke set him on, Yorke should haue sent him
 2094 ayde.
 2095 *Luc.* And Yorke as fast vpon your Grace exclaimes,
 2096 Swearing that you with- hold his leuied hoast,
 2097 Collected for this expedition.
 2098 *Som.* York lyes: He might haue sent, & had the Horse:
 2099 I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Loue,
 2100 And take foule scorne to fawne on him by sending.
 2101 *Lu.* The fraud of England, not the force of France,
 2102 Hath now intrapt the Noble- minded *Talbot*:
 2103 Neuer to England shall he beare his life,
 2104 But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.
 2105 *Som.* Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait:
 2106 Within sixe houres, they will be at his ayde.
 2107 *Lu.* Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,
 2108 For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:
 2109 And flye would *Talbot* neuer though he might.
 2110 *Som.* If he be dead, braue *Talbot* then adieu.
 2111 *Lu.* His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.
 2112 *Exeunt.*
 2113 *Enter Talbot and his Sonne.*
 2114 *Tal.* O yong *Iohn Talbot,* I did send for thee
 2115 To tutor thee in stratagemes of Warre,
 2116 That *Talbots* name might be in thee reuiu'd,
 2117 When sapesse Age, and weake vnable limbes
 2118 Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
 2119 But O malignant and ill- boading Starres,
 2120 Now thou art come vnto a Feast of death,
 2121 A terrible and vnauoyded danger:
 2122 Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
 2123 And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
 2124 By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
 2125 *Iohn.* Is my name *Talbot?* and am I your Sonne? [15
 2126 And shall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
 2127 Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
 2128 To make a Bastard, and a Slaue of me:
 2129 The World will say, he is not *Talbots* blood,
 2130 That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.
 2131 *Talb.* Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be slaine.
 2132 *Iohn.* He that flyes so, will ne're returne againe.
 2133 *Talb.* If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.
 2134 *Iohn.* Then let me stay, and Father doe you flye:
 2135 Your losse is great, so your regard should be;

2136 My worth vnknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
 2137 Vpon my death, the French can little boast;
 2138 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 2139 Flight cannot stayne the Honor you haue wonne,
 2140 But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done.
 2141 You fled for Vantage, euery one will sweare:
 2142 But if I bow, they'le say it was for feare.
 2143 There is no hope that euer I will stay,
 2144 If the first howre I shrinke and run away:
 2145 Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
 2146 Rather then Life, preseru'd with Infamie.
 2147 *Talb.* Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?
 2148 *Iohn.* I, rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.
 2149 *Talb.* Vpon my Blessing I command thee goe.
 2150 *Iohn.* To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.
 2151 *Talb.* Part of thy Father may be sau'd in thee.
 2152 *Iohn.* No part of him, but will be shame in mee.
 2153 *Talb.* Thou neuer hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.
 2154 *Iohn.* Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?
 2155 *Talb.* Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from y staine.
 2156 *Iohn.* You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.
 2157 If Death be so apparant, then both flye.
 2158 *Talb.* And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?
 2159 My Age was neuer tainted with such shame.
 2160 *Iohn.* And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
 2161 No more can I be seuered from your side,
 2162 Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine diuide:
 2163 Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
 2164 For liue I will not, if my Father dye.
 2165 *Talb.* Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,
 2166 Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
 2167 Come, side by side, together liue and dye,
 2168 And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*
 2169 *Alarum: Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne*
 2170 *is hemm'd about, and Talbot*
 2171 *rescues him.*
 2172 *Talb.* Saint *George*, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
 2173 The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
 2174 And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
 2175 Where is *Iohn Talbot*? pawse, and take thy breath,
 2176 I gaue thee Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.
 2177 *Iohn.* O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
 2178 The Life thou gau'st me first, was lost and done,
 2179 Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
 2180 To my determin'd time thou gau'st new date.
 2181 *Talb.* When fro[m] the *Dolphins* Crest thy Sword struck fire,

2182 It warm'd thy Fathers heart with proud desire
 2183 Of bold- fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
 2184 Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
 2185 Beat downe *Alanson, Orleance, Burgundie,*
 2186 And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
 2187 The irefull Bastard *Orleance*, that drew blood
 2188 From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
 2189 Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,
 2190 And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed
 2191 Some of his Bastard blood, and in disgrace
 2192 Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
 2193 And mis- begotten blood, I spill of thine,
 2194 Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
 2195 Which thou didst force from *Talbot*, my braue Boy.
 2196 Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
 2197 Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
 2198 Art thou not wearie, *Iohn*? How do'st thou fare?
 2199 Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
 2200 Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chiualrie?
 2201 Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
 2202 The helpe of one stands me in little stead.
 2203 Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 2204 To hazard all our liues in one small Boat.
 2205 If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
 2206 To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
 2207 By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
 2208 'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
 2209 In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,
 2210 My Deaths Reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
 2211 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
 2212 All these are sau'd, if thou wilt flye away.
 2213 *Iohn*. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me smart,
 2214 These words of yours draw Life- blood from my Heart.
 2215 On that aduantage, bought with such a shame,
 2216 To saue a paltry Life, and slay bright Fame,
 2217 Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
 2218 The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:
 2219 And like me to the pesant Boyes of France,
 2220 To be Shames scorne, and subiect of Mischance.
 2221 Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,
 2222 And if I flye, I am not *Talbots* Sonne.
 2223 Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
 2224 If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbots* foot.
 2225 *Talb*. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet,
 2226 Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is sweet:
 2227 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,

2228 And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*
 2229 *Alarum. Excursions. Enter old*
 2230 *Talbot led.*
 2231 *Talb.* Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
 2232 O, where's young *Talbot*? where is valiant *Iohn*?
 2233 Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captiuitie,
 2234 Young *Talbots* Valour makes me smile at thee.
 2235 When he perceiu'd me shrinke, and on my Knee,
 2236 His bloodie Sword he brandisht ouer mee,
 2237 And like a hungry Lyon did commence
 2238 Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:
 2239 But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
 2240 Tendring my ruine, and assayl'd of none,
 2241 Dizzie- ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
 2242 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 2243 Into the clustring Battaile of the French:
 2244 And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
 2245 His ouer- mounting Spirit; and there di'de
 2246 My *Icarus*, my Blossome, in his pride.
 2247 *Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.*
 2248 *Seru.* O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne.
 2249 *Tal.* Thou antique Death, which laugh'st vs here to scorn,
 2250 Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
 2251 Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
 2252 Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
 2253 In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie. [15v
 2254 O thou whose wounds become hard faouered death,
 2255 Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
 2256 Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:
 2257 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
 2258 Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,
 2259 Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
 2260 Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
 2261 My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
 2262 Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
 2263 Now my old armes are yong *Iohn Talbots* graue. *Dyes*
 2264 *Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard,*
 2265 *and Pucell.*
 2266 *Char.* Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
 2267 We should haue found a bloody day of this.
 2268 *Bast.* How the yong whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,
 2269 Did flesh his punie- sword in Frenchmens blood.
 2270 *Puc.* Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
 2271 Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.
 2272 But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne
 2273 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 forbear: 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 *Wingfield*, Lord *Furniuall* of *Sheffield*,
 2301 The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
 2302 Knight of the Noble Order of *S[aint]. George*,
 2303 Worthy *S[aint]. 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 Emperour, 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 immanity 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.

2362 *Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.*
 2363 *Exet.* What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
 2364 And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
 2365 Then I perceiue, that will be verified
 2366 *Henry* the Fift did sometime prophesie.
 2367 If once he come to be a Cardinall,
 2368 Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.
 2369 *King.* My Lords Ambassadors, your seuerall suites
 2370 Haue bin consider'd and debated on,
 2371 Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
 2372 And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,
 2373 To draw conditions of a friendly peace, [16
 2374 Which by my Lord of *Winchester* we meane
 2375 Shall be transported presently to France.
 2376 *Glo.* And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
 2377 I haue inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
 2378 As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
 2379 Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
 2380 He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.
 2381 *King.* In argument and profe of which contract,
 2382 Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection.
 2383 And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
 2384 And safely brought to *Douer*, wherein ship'd
 2385 Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*
 2386 *Win.* Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
 2387 The summe of money which I promised
 2388 Should be deliuered to his Holinesse,
 2389 For cloathing me in these graue Ornaments.
 2390 *Legat.* I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.
 2391 *Win.* Now *Winchester* will not submit, I trow,
 2392 Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
 2393 *Humfrey* of *Gloster*, thou shalt well perceiue,
 2394 That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
 2395 The Bishop will be ouer- borne by thee:
 2396 Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
 2397 Or sacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt*

Scoena Tertia.

2399 *Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard,*
 2400 *Reignier, and Ione.*
 2401 *Char.* These newes (my Lords) may cheere our droo-ping
 2402 spirits:
 2403 'Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,

2404 And turne againe vnto the warlike French.
 2405 *Alan.* Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
 2406 And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.
 2407 *Pucel.* Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
 2408 Else ruine combate with their Pallaces.
 2409 *Enter Scout.*
 2410 *Scout.* Successe vnto our valiant Generall,
 2411 And happinesse to his accomplices.
 2412 *Char.* What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.
 2413 *Scout.* The English Army that diuided was
 2414 Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
 2415 And meanes to giue you battell presently.
 2416 *Char.* Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
 2417 But we will presently prouide for them.
 2418 *Bur.* I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
 2419 Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.
 2420 *Pucel.* Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
 2421 Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:
 2422 Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
 2423 *Char.* Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
 2424 *Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.*
 2425 *Enter Ione de Pucell.*
 2426 *Puc.* The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
 2427 Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
 2428 And ye choise spirits that admonish me,
 2429 And giue me signes of future accidents. *Thunder.*
 2430 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
 2431 Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
 2432 Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.
 2433 *Enter Fiends.*
 2434 This speedy and quicke appearance argues proofe
 2435 Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
 2436 Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
 2437 Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
 2438 Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.
 2439 *They walke, and speake not.*
 2440 Oh hold me not with silence ouer- long:
 2441 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
 2442 Ile lop a member off, and giue it you,
 2443 In earnest of a further benefit:
 2444 So you do condescend to helpe me now.
 2445 *They hang their heads.*
 2446 No hope to haue redresse? My body shall
 2447 Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.
 2448 *They shake their heads.*
 2449 Cannot my body, nor blood- sacrifice,

2450 Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
 2451 Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
 2452 Before that England giue the French the foyle.
 2453 *They depart.*
 2454 See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
 2455 That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,
 2456 And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
 2457 My ancient Incantations are too weake,
 2458 And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
 2459 Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*
 2460 *Excursions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to*
 2461 *hand. French flye.*
 2462 *Yorke.* Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,
 2463 Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
 2464 And try if they can gaine your liberty.
 2465 A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
 2466 See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
 2467 As if with *Circe*, she would change my shape.
 2468 *Puc.* Chang'd to a worsere shape thou canst not be:
 2469 *Yor.* Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
 2470 No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
 2471 *Puc.* A plaguing mischeefe light on *Charles*, and thee,
 2472 And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
 2473 By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.
 2474 *Yorke.* Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy
 2475 tongue.
 2476 *Puc.* I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.
 2477 *Yorke.* Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
 2478 *Exeunt.*
 2479 *Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret*
 2480 *in his hand.*
 2481 *Suff.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
 2482 *Gazes on her.*
 2483 Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
 2484 For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
 2485 I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
 2486 And lay them gently on thy tender side.
 2487 Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.
 2488 *Mar.* *Margaret* my name, and daughter to a King,
 2489 The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.
 2490 *Suff.* An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.
 2491 Be not offended Natures myracle,
 2492 Thou art allotted to be tane by me:
 2493 So doth the Swan her downie Signets saue, [16v
 2494 Keeping them prisoner vnderneath his wings:
 2495 Yet if this seruile vsage once offend,

2496 Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
 2497 Oh stay: I haue no power to let her passe,
 2498 My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
 2499 As playes the Sunne vpon the glassie streames,
 2500 Twinkling another counterfetted beame,
 2501 So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
 2502 Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not speake:
 2503 Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
 2504 Fye *De la Pole*, disable not thy selfe:
 2505 Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
 2506 Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
 2507 I: Beauties Princely Maiesty is such,
 2508 'Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
 2509 *Mar.* Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
 2510 What ransome must I pay before I passe?
 2511 For I perceiue I am thy prisoner.
 2512 *Suf.* How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
 2513 Before thou make a triall of her loue?
 2514 *M.* Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?
 2515 *Suf.* She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooded:
 2516 She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
 2517 *Mar.* Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?
 2518 *Suf.* Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
 2519 Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
 2520 *Mar.* I were best to leaue him, for he will not heare.
 2521 *Suf.* There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
 2522 *Mar.* He talkes at randon: sure the man is mad.
 2523 *Suf.* And yet a dispensation may bee had.
 2524 *Mar.* And yet I would that you would answer me.
 2525 *Suf.* Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
 2526 Why for my King: Tush, that's a wooden thing.
 2527 *Mar.* He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.
 2528 *Suf.* Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
 2529 And peace established betweene these Realmes.
 2530 But there remaines a scruple in that too:
 2531 For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
 2532 Duke of *Aniou* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
 2533 And our Nobility will scorne the match.
 2534 *Mar.* Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?
 2535 *Suf.* It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much:
 2536 *Henry* is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
 2537 Madam, I haue a secret to reueale.
 2538 *Mar.* What though I be inthral'd, he seems a knight
 2539 And will not any way dishonor me.
 2540 *Suf.* Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
 2541 *Mar.* Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,

2542 And then I need not craue his curtesie.
 2543 *Suf.* Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cause.
 2544 *Mar.* Tush, women haue bene captiuat ere now.
 2545 *Suf.* Lady, wherefore talke you so?
 2546 *Mar.* I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
 2547 *Suf.* Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose
 2548 Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
 2549 *Mar.* To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
 2550 Than is a slaue, in base seruility:
 2551 For Princes should be free.
 2552 *Suf.* And so shall you,
 2553 If happy Englands Royall King be free.
 2554 *Mar.* Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee?
 2555 *Suf.* Ile vndertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
 2556 To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
 2557 And set a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
 2558 If thou wilt condescend to be my—
 2559 *Mar.* What?
 2560 *Suf.* His loue.
 2561 *Mar.* I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
 2562 *Suf.* No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
 2563 To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
 2564 And haue no portion in the choice my selfe.
 2565 How say you Madam, are ye so content?
 2566 *Mar.* And if my Father please, I am content.
 2567 *Suf.* Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
 2568 And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
 2569 Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.
 2570 *Sound.* Enter *Reignier* on the Walles.
 2571 See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.
 2572 *Reig.* To whom?
 2573 *Suf.* To me.
 2574 *Reig.* Suffolke, what remedy?
 2575 I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
 2576 Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse.
 2577 *Suf.* Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
 2578 Consent, and for thy Honor giue consent,
 2579 Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
 2580 Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
 2581 And this her easie held imprisonment,
 2582 Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
 2583 *Reig.* Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?
 2584 *Suf.* Faire *Margaret* knowes,
 2585 That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
 2586 *Reig.* Vpon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
 2587 To giue thee answer of thy iust demand.

2588 *Suf.* And heere I will expect thy comming.
 2589 *Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.*
 2590 *Reig.* Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
 2591 Command in *Aniou* what your Honor pleases.
 2592 *Suf.* Thankes *Reignier*, happy for so sweet a Childe,
 2593 Fit to be made companion with a King:
 2594 What answer makes your Grace vnto my suite?
 2595 *Reig.* Since thou dost daigne to woe her little worth,
 2596 To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
 2597 Vpon condition I may quietly
 2598 Enioy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Aniou*,
 2599 Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
 2600 My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.
 2601 *Suf.* That is her ransome, I deliuer her,
 2602 And those two Counties I will vndertake
 2603 Your Grace shall well and quietly enioy.
 2604 *Reig.* And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
 2605 As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
 2606 Giue thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.
 2607 *Suf.* *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thankes,
 2608 Because this is in Trafficke of a King.
 2609 And yet me thinkes I could be well content
 2610 To be mine owne Attorney in this case.
 2611 Ile ouer then to England with this newes.
 2612 And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
 2613 So farewell *Reignier*, set this Diamond safe
 2614 In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
 2615 *Reig.* I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
 2616 The Christian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.
 2617 *Mar.* Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise, & praiers,
 2618 Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *Shee is going.*
 2619 *Suf.* Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you *Margaret*,
 2620 No Princely commendations to my King?
 2621 *Mar.* Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
 2622 A Virgin, and his Seruant, say to him.
 2623 *Suf.* Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed, [m1
 2624 But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
 2625 No louing Token to his Maiestie?
 2626 *Mar.* Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnspotted heart,
 2627 Neuer yet taint with loue, I send the King.
 2628 *Suf.* And this withall. *Kisse her.*
 2629 *Mar.* That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
 2630 To send such peeuish tokens to a King.
 2631 *Suf.* Oh wert thou for my selfe: but *Suffolke* stay,
 2632 Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
 2633 There Minotaurs and vgly Treasons lurke,

2634 Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praise.
 2635 Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
 2636 Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
 2637 Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
 2638 That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* feete,
 2639 Thou mayest bereaue him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*
 2640 *Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.*
 2641 *Yor.* Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.
 2642 *Shep.* Ah *Ione*, this kils thy Fathers heart out- right,
 2643 Haue I sought euery Country farre and neere,
 2644 And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
 2645 Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death:
 2646 Ah *Ione*, sweet daughter *Ione*, Ile die with thee.
 2647 *Pucel.* Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
 2648 I am am descended of a gentler blood.
 2649 Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
 2650 *Shep.* Out, out: My Lords, and please you, 'tis not so
 2651 I did beget her, all the Parish knowes:
 2652 Her Mother liueth yet, can testifie
 2653 She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler- ship.
 2654 *War.* Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
 2655 *Yorke.* This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
 2656 Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
 2657 *Shep.* Fye *Ione*, that thou wilt be so obstacle:
 2658 God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
 2659 And for thy sake haue I shed many a teare:
 2660 Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Ione*.
 2661 *Pucell.* Pezant auant. You haue suborn'd this man
 2662 Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.
 2663 *Shep.* 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Priest,
 2664 The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
 2665 Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrl.
 2666 Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time
 2667 Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke
 2668 Thy mother gaue thee when thou suck'st her brest,
 2669 Had bin a little Rats- bane for thy sake.
 2670 Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a- field,
 2671 I wish some rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
 2672 Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
 2673 O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
 2674 *Yorke.* Take her away, for she hath liu'd too long,
 2675 To fill the world with vicious qualities.
 2676 *Puc.* First let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
 2677 Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
 2678 But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
 2679 Vertuous and Holy, chosen from aboue,

2680 By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
 2681 To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
 2682 I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
 2683 But you that are polluted with your lustes,
 2684 Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
 2685 Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
 2686 Because you want the grace that others haue,
 2687 You iudge it straight a thing impossible
 2688 To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.
 2689 No misconceyued, *Ione of Aire* hath beene
 2690 A Virgin from her tender infancie,
 2691 Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
 2692 Whose Maiden- blood thus rigorously effus'd,
 2693 Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
 2694 *Yorke*. I, I: away with her to execution.
 2695 *War*. And hearke ye sirs: because she is a Maide,
 2696 Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
 2697 Place barrells of pitch vpon the fatall stake,
 2698 That so her torture may be shortned.
 2699 *Puc*. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?
 2700 Then *Ione* discouer thine infirmity,
 2701 That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
 2702 I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
 2703 Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
 2704 Although ye hale me to a violent death.
 2705 *Yor*. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?
 2706 *War*. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.
 2707 Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?
 2708 *Yorke*. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,
 2709 I did imagine what would be her refuge.
 2710 *War*. Well go too, we'll haue no Bastards liue,
 2711 Especially since *Charles* must Father it.
 2712 *Puc*. You are deceyu'd, my childe is none of his,
 2713 It was *Alanson* that inioy'd my loue.
 2714 *Yorke*. *Alanson* that notorious Macheuile?
 2715 It dyes, and if it had a thousand liues.
 2716 *Puc*. Oh giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
 2717 'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
 2718 But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that preuayl'd.
 2719 *War*. A married man, that's most intollerable.
 2720 *Yor*. Why here's a Gyrl: I think she knowes not wel
 2721 (There were so many) whom she may accuse.
 2722 *War*. It's signe she hath beene liberall and free.
 2723 *Yor*. And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.
 2724 Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
 2725 Vse no intreaty, for it is in vaine.

2726 *Pu.* Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curse.
 2727 May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
 2728 Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
 2729 But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
 2730 Inuiron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,
 2731 Drive you to break your necks, or hang your selues. *Exit*
 2732 *Enter Cardinall.*
 2733 *Yorke.* Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
 2734 Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.
 2735 *Car.* Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
 2736 With Letters of Commission from the King.
 2737 For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
 2738 Mou'd with remorse of these out- ragious broyles,
 2739 Haue earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
 2740 Betwixt our Nation, and the aspyring French;
 2741 And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
 2742 Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.
 2743 *Yorke.* Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
 2744 After the slaughter of so many Peeres,
 2745 So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
 2746 That in this quarrell haue beene ouerthrowne,
 2747 And sold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,
 2748 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
 2749 Haue we not lost most part of all the Townes,
 2750 By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,
 2751 Our great Progenitors had conquered:
 2752 Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe
 2753 The vtter losse of all the Realme of France.
 2754 *War.* Be patient Yorke, if we conlude a Peace [m1v
 2755 It shall be with such strict and seure Couenants,
 2756 As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.
 2757 *Enter Charles, Alanson, Bastard, Reignier.*
 2758 *Char.* Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
 2759 That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
 2760 We come to be informed by your selues,
 2761 What the conditions of that league must be.
 2762 *Yorke.* Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
 2763 The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
 2764 By sight of these our balefull enemies.
 2765 *Win. Charles,* and the rest, it is enacted thus:
 2766 That in regard King *Henry* giues consent,
 2767 Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
 2768 To ease your Countrey of distressefull Warre,
 2769 And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
 2770 You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
 2771 And *Charles,* vpon condition thou wilt sweare

2772 To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
 2773 Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,
 2774 And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.
 2775 *Alan.* Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
 2776 Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
 2777 And yet in substance and authority,
 2778 Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?
 2779 This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.
 2780 *Char.* 'Tis knowne already that I am possest
 2781 With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
 2782 And therein reuerenc'd for their lawfull King.
 2783 Shall I for lucre of the rest vn- vanquisht,
 2784 Detract so much from that prerogatiue,
 2785 As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
 2786 No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
 2787 That which I haue, than coueting for more
 2788 Be cast from possibility of all.
 2789 *Yorke.* Insulting *Charles*, hast thou by secret meanes
 2790 Vs'd intercession to obtaine a league,
 2791 And now the matter growes to compremize,
 2792 Stand'st thou aloofe vpon Comparison.
 2793 Either accept the Title thou vsurp'st,
 2794 Of benefit proceeding from our King,
 2795 And not of any challenge of Desert,
 2796 Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.
 2797 *Reig.* My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
 2798 To cauill in the course of this Contract:
 2799 If once it be neglected, ten to one
 2800 We shall not finde like opportunity.
 2801 *Alan.* To say the truth, it is your policie,
 2802 To saue your Subiects from such massacre
 2803 And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene
 2804 By our proceeding in Hostility,
 2805 And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
 2806 Although you breake it, when your pleasure serues.
 2807 *War.* How sayst thou *Charles*?
 2808 Shall our Condition stand?
 2809 *Char.* It Shall:
 2810 Onely reseru'd, you claime no interest
 2811 In any of our Townes of Garrison.
 2812 *Yor.* Then sweare Allegeance to his Maiesty,
 2813 As thou art Knight, neuer to disobey,
 2814 Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
 2815 Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
 2816 So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
 2817 Hang vp your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,

2818 For heere we entertaine 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 settled passions in my heart,
 2826 And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
 2827 Prouokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
 2828 So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,
 2829 Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arriue
 2830 Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.
 2831 *Suf.* Tush my good Lord, this superficiall 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 replete 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 *Gloucester.* Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more
 2858 then that?
 2859 Her Father is no better than an Earle,

2860 Although in glorious Titles he excell.
 2861 *Suf.* Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
 2862 The King of Naples, and Ierusalem,
 2863 And of such great Authoritie in France,
 2864 As his alliance will confirme our peace,
 2865 And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.
 2866 *Glo.* And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe,
 2867 Because he is neere Kinsman vnto *Charles*.
 2868 *Exet.* Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
 2869 Where *Reignier* sooner will receyue, than giue.
 2870 *Suf.* A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
 2871 That he should be so abiect, base, and poore,
 2872 To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
 2873 *Henry* is able to enrich his Queene,
 2874 And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
 2875 So worthlesse Pezants bargaine for their Wiues,
 2876 As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
 2877 Marriage is a matter of more worth,
 2878 Then to be dealt in by Attorney- ship:
 2879 Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects, [m2
 2880 Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
 2881 And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
 2882 Most of all these reasons bindeth vs,
 2883 In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
 2884 For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
 2885 An Age of discord and continuall strife,
 2886 Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
 2887 And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
 2888 Whom should we match with *Henry* being a King,
 2889 But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King:
 2890 Her peerelesse feature, ioyned with her birth,
 2891 Approues her fit for none, but for a King.
 2892 Her valiant courage, and vndaunted spirit,
 2893 (More then in women commonly is seene)
 2894 Will answer our hope in issue of a King.
 2895 For *Henry*, sonne vnto a Conqueror,
 2896 Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
 2897 If with a Lady of so high resolute,
 2898 (As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in loue.
 2899 Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
 2900 That *Margaret* shall be Queene, and none but shee.
 2901 *King.* Whether it be through force of your report,
 2902 My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
 2903 My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
 2904 With any passion of inflaming Loue,
 2905 I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,

2906 I feele such sharpe dissention in my breast,
 2907 Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
 2908 As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.
 2909 Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
 2910 Agree to any couenants, and procure
 2911 That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
 2912 To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
 2913 King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene.
 2914 For your expences and sufficient charge,
 2915 Among the people gather vp a tenth.
 2916 Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
 2917 I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
 2918 And you (good Vnckle) banish all offence:
 2919 If you do censure me, by what you were,
 2920 Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 2921 This sodaine execution of my will.
 2922 And so conduct me, where from company,
 2923 I may reuolue and ruminare my greefe. *Exit.*
 2924 *Glo.* I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.
 2925 *Exit Gloucester.*
 2926 *Suf.* Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
 2927 As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
 2928 With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
 2929 But prosper better than the Troian did:
 2930 *Margaret* shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
 2931 But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit*

FINIS.

The first Part of Henry the Sixt.
