

The life and death of King Iohn.

by

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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Shakespeare: First Folio

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The life and death of King John

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Actus Primus, Scaena Prima.

2 *Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Sa-lisbury,*
3 *with the Chattyllion of France.*

4 *King Iohn.*

5 Now say *Chatillion*, what would *France* with vs?

6 *Chat.* Thus (after greeting) speakes the King
7 of France,

8 In my behaiour to the Maiesty,

9 The borrowed Maiesty of *England* heere.

10 *Elea.* A strange beginning: borrowed Maiesty?

11 *K.Iohn.* Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

12 *Chat.* *Philip* of *France*, in right and true behalfe

13 Of thy deceased brother, *Geffreyes* sonne,

14 *Arthur Plantaginet*, laies most lawfull claime

15 To this faire Iland, and the Territories:

16 To *Ireland*, *Poyctiers*, *Aniowe*, *Torayne*, *Maine*,

17 Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

18 Which swaies vsurpingly these seuerall titles,

19 And put the same into yong *Arthurs* hand,

20 Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.

21 *K.Iohn.* What followes if we disallow of this?

22 *Chat.* The proud controle of fierce and bloody warre,

23 To inforce these rights, so forcibly with- held,

24 *K.Io.* Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,

25 Controlement for controlement: so answer *France*.

26 *Chat.* Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,

27 The farthest limit of my Embassie.

28 *K.Iohn.* Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,

29 Be thou as lightning in the eies of *France*;

30 For ere thou canst report, I will be there:

31 The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.

32 So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

33 And sullen presage of your owne decay:

34 An honourable conduct let him haue,

35 *Pembroke* looke too't: farewell *Chatillion*.

36 *Exit Chat. and Pem.*

37 *Ele.* What now my sonne, haue I not euer said

38 How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease

39 Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,

40 Vpon the right and party of her sonne.
 41 This might haue beene preuented, and made whole
 42 With very easie arguments of loue,
 43 Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must
 44 With fearefull bloody issue arbitrate.
 45 *K.Iohn.* Our strong possession, and our right for vs.
 46 *Eli.* Your strong possessio[n] much more then your right,
 47 Or else it must go wrong with you and me,
 48 So much my conscience whispers in your eare,
 49 Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare.
 50 *Enter a Sheriffe.*
 51 *Essex.* My Liege, here is the strangest controuersie
 52 Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you
 53 That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?
 54 *K.Iohn.* Let them approach:
 55 Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay
 56 This expeditions charge: what men are you?
 57 *Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.*
 58 *Philip.* Your faithfull subiect, I a gentleman,
 59 Borne in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest sonne
 60 As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
 61 A Souldier by the Honor- giuing- hand
 62 Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the field.
 63 *K.Iohn.* What art thou?
 64 *Robert.* The son and heire to that same *Faulconbridge*.
 65 *K.Iohn.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?
 66 You came not of one mother then it seemes.
 67 *Philip.* Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
 68 That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:
 69 But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,
 70 I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;
 71 Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.
 72 *Eli.* Out on thee rude man, y dost shame thy mother,
 73 And wound her honor with this diffidence.
 74 *Phil.* I Madame? No, I haue no reason for it,
 75 That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
 76 The which if he can proue, a pops me out,
 77 At least from faire fiue hundred pound a yeere:
 78 Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.
 79 *K.Iohn.* A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born
 80 Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?
 81 *Phil.* I know not why, except to get the land:
 82 But once he slanderd me with bastardy:
 83 But where I be as true begot or no,
 84 That still I lay vpon my mothers head,
 85 But that I am as well begot my Liege

86 (Faile fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
 87 Compare our faces, and be Iudge your selfe
 88 If old Sir *Robert* did beget vs both,
 89 And were our father, and this sonne like him:
 90 O old sir *Robert* Father, on my knee
 91 I giue heauen thanks I was not like to thee.
 92 *K.Iohn.* Why what a mad- cap hath heauen lent vs here?
 93 *Elen.* He hath a tricke of *Cordelions* face,
 94 The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
 95 Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne
 96 In the large composition of this man? [a1v
 97 *K.Iohn.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
 98 And findes them perfect *Richard*: sirra speake,
 99 What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.
 100 *Philip.* Because he hath a half- face like my father?
 101 With halfe that face would he haue all my land,
 102 A halfe- fac'd groat, fiue hundred pound a yeere?
 103 *Rob.* My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
 104 Your brother did imploy my father much.
 105 *Phil.* Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
 106 Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.
 107 *Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
 108 To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
 109 To treat of high affaires touching that time:
 110 Th' aduantage of his absence tooke the King,
 111 And in the meane time soiourn'd at my fathers;
 112 Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:
 113 But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores
 114 Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
 115 As I haue heard my father speake himselfe
 116 When this same lusty gentleman was got:
 117 Vpon his death- bed he by will bequeath'd
 118 His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
 119 That this my mothers sonne was none of his;
 120 And if he were, he came into the world
 121 Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:
 122 Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,
 123 My fathers land, as was my fathers will.
 124 *K.Iohn.* Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
 125 Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:
 126 And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
 127 Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
 128 That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother
 129 Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,
 130 Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,
 131 Insooth, good friend, your father might haue kept

132 This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
 133 Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
 134 My brother might not claime him, nor your father
 135 Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
 136 My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,
 137 Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land.
 138 *Rob.* Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
 139 To dispossesse that childe which is not his.
 140 *Phil.* Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,
 141 Then was his will to get me, as I think.
 142 *Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
 143 And like thy brother to enioy thy land:
 144 Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,
 145 Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.
 146 *Bast.* Madam, and if my brother had my shape
 147 And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him,
 148 And if my legs were two such riding rods,
 149 My armes, such eele skins stuft, my face so thin,
 150 That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,
 151 Lest men should say, looke where three farthings goes,
 152 And to his shape were heyre to all this land,
 153 Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,
 154 I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:
 155 It would not be sir nobbe in any case.
 156 *Elinor.* I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
 157 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
 158 I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.
 159 *Bast.* Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
 160 Your face hath got fiue hundred pound a yeere,
 161 Yet sell your face for fiue pence and 'tis deere:
 162 Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.
 163 *Elinor.* Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.
 164 *Bast.* Our Country manners giue our betters way.
 165 *K.Iohn.* What is thy name?
 166 *Bast.* *Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun,
 167 *Philip*, good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldest sonne.
 168 *K.Iohn.* From henceforth beare his name
 169 Whose forme thou bearest:
 170 Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,
 171 Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.
 172 *Bast.* Brother by th' mothers side, giue me your hand,
 173 My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:
 174 Now blessed be the houre by night or day
 175 When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.
 176 *Ele.* The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:
 177 I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

178 *Bast.* Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
 179 Something about a little from the right,
 180 In at the window, or else ore the hatch:
 181 Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,
 182 And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:
 183 Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,
 184 And I am I, how ere I was begot.
 185 *K.Iohn.* Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
 186 A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
 187 Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed
 188 For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.
 189 *Bast.* Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
 190 For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.
 191 *Exeunt all but bastard.*
 192 *Bast.* A foot of Honor better then I was,
 193 But many a many foot of Land the worse.
 194 Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,
 195 Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
 196 And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
 197 For new made honor doth forget mens names:
 198 'Tis two respectiue, and too sociable
 199 For your conuersion, now your traueller,
 200 Hee and his tooth- picke at my worships messe,
 201 And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,
 202 Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize
 203 My picked man of Countries: my deare sir,
 204 Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
 205 I shall beseech you; that is question now,
 206 And then comes answer like an Absey booke:
 207 O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,
 208 At your employment, at your seruice sir:
 209 No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,
 210 And so ere answer knowes what question would,
 211 Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
 212 And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
 213 The Perennean and the riuer *Poe*,
 214 It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.
 215 But this is worshipfull society,
 216 And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;
 217 For he is but a bastard to the time
 218 That doth not smoake of obseruation,
 219 And so am I whether I smacke or no:
 220 And not alone in habit and deuce,
 221 Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;
 222 But from the inward motion to deliuer
 223 Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,

224 Which though I will not practice to deceiue,
 225 Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;
 226 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:
 227 But who comes in such haste in riding robes? [a2
 228 What woman post is this? hath she no husband
 229 That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
 230 O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
 231 What brings you heere to Court so hastily?
 232 *Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney.*
 233 *Lady.* Where is that slaue thy brother? where is he?
 234 That holds in chase mine honour vp and downe.
 235 *Bast.* My brother *Robert*, old *Sir Roberts* sonne:
 236 *Colbrand* the Gyant, that same mighty man,
 237 Is it *Sir Roberts* sonne that you seeke so?
 238 *Lady.* *Sir Roberts* sonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,
 239 *Sir Roberts* sonne? why scorn'st thou at *sir Robert*?
 240 He is *Sir Roberts* sonne, and so art thou.
 241 *Bast.* *Iames Gournie*, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?
 242 *Gour.* Good leaue good *Philip*.
 243 *Bast.* *Philip*, sparrow, *Iames*,
 244 There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.
 245 *Exit Iames.*
 246 Madam, I was not old *Sir Roberts* sonne,
 247 *Sir Robert* might haue eat his part in me
 248 Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his fast:
 249 *Sir Robert* could doe well, marrie to confesse
 250 Could get me *sir Robert* could not doe it;
 251 We know his handy- worke, therefore good mother
 252 To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
 253 *Sir Robert* neuer holpe to make this legge.
 254 *Lady.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
 255 That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?
 256 What means this scorne, thou most vntoward knaue?
 257 *Bast.* Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco- like:
 258 What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder:
 259 But mother, I am not *Sir Roberts* sonne,
 260 I haue disclaim'd *Sir Robert* and my land,
 261 Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
 262 Then good my mother, let me know my father,
 263 Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?
 264 *Lady.* Hast thou denied thy selfe a *Faulconbridge*?
 265 *Bast.* As faithfully as I denie the deuill.
 266 *Lady.* *King Richard Cordelion* was thy father,
 267 By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
 268 To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
 269 Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,

270 That art the issue of my deere offence
 271 Which was so strongly vrg'd past my defence.
 272 *Bast.* Now by this light were I to get againe,
 273 Madam I would not wish a better father:
 274 Some sinnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth,
 275 And so doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,
 276 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
 277 Subiected tribute to commanding loue,
 278 Against whose furie and vnmached force,
 279 The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,
 280 Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand:
 281 He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
 282 May easily winne a womans: aye my mother,
 283 With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
 284 Who liues and dares but say, thou didst not well
 285 When I was got, Ile send his soule to hell.
 286 Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
 287 And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
 288 If thou hadst sayd him nay, it had beene sinne;
 289 Who sayes it was, he lyes, I say twas not.
 290 *Exeunt.*

Scaena Secunda.

292 *Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daul-phin,*
 293 *Austria, Constance, Arthur.*
 294 *Lewis.* Before *Angiers* well met braue *Austria,*
 295 *Arthur* that great fore- runner of thy bloud,
 296 *Richard* that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
 297 And fought the holy Warres in *Palestine,*
 298 By this braue Duke came early to his graue:
 299 And for amends to his posteritie,
 300 At our importance hether is he come,
 301 To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
 302 And to rebuke the vsurpation
 303 Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, English *John,*
 304 Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.
 305 *Arth.* God shall forgiue you *Cordelions* death
 306 The rather, that you giue his off- spring life,
 307 Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre:
 308 I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
 309 But with a heart full of vnstained loue,
 310 Welcome before the gates *Angiers* Duke.
 311 *Lewis.* A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

312 *Aust.* Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kisse,
 313 As seale to this indenture of my loue:
 314 That to my home I will no more returne
 315 Till *Angiers*, and the right thou hast in *France*,
 316 Together with that pale, that white- fac'd shore,
 317 Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
 318 And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
 319 Euen till that *England* hedg'd in with the maine,
 320 That Water- walled Bulwarke, still secure
 321 And confident from forreine purposes,
 322 Euen till that vtmost corner of the West
 323 Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
 324 Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.
 325 *Const.* O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
 326 Till your strong hand shall helpe to giue him strength,
 327 To make a more requitall to your loue.
 328 *Aust.* The peace of heauen is theirs y lift their swords
 329 In such a iust and charitable warre.
 330 *King.* Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
 331 Against the browes of this resisting towne,
 332 Call for our cheefest men of discipline,
 333 To cull the plots of best aduantages:
 334 Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
 335 Wade to the market- place in *French-* mens bloud,
 336 But we will make it subiect to this boy.
 337 *Con.* Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
 338 Lest vnaduis'd you staine your swords with bloud,
 339 My Lord *Chattilion* may from *England* bring
 340 That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre,
 341 And then we shall repent each drop of bloud,
 342 That hot rash haste so indirectly shedde.
 343 *Enter Chattilion.*
 344 *King.* A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wish
 345 Our Messenger *Chattilion* is arriu'd,
 346 What *England* saies, say breiefely gentle Lord,
 347 We coldly pause for thee, *Chatilion* speake,
 348 *Chat.* Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,
 349 And stirre them vp against a mightier taske:
 350 *England* impatient of your iust demands,
 351 Hath put himselfe in Armes, the aduerse windes [a2v
 352 Whose leisure I haue staid, haue giuen him time
 353 To land his Legions all as soone as I:
 354 His marches are expedient to this towne,
 355 His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
 356 With him along is come the Mother Queene,
 357 An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,

358 With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
 359 With them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,
 360 And all th' vnsetled humors of the Land,
 361 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 362 With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
 363 Haue sold their fortunes at their natiue homes,
 364 Bearing their birth- rights proudly on their backs,
 365 To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
 366 In brieffe, a brauer choyse of dauntlesse spirits
 367 Then now the *English* bottomes haue waft o're,
 368 Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide,
 369 To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:
 370 The interruption of their churlish drums
 371 Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,
 372 *Drum beats.*
 373 To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.
 374 *Kin.* How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.
 375 *Aust.* By how much vnexpected, by so much
 376 We must awake indeuor for defence,
 377 For courage mounteth with occasion,
 378 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.
 379 *Enter K[ing]. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke,*
 380 *and others.*
 381 *K.Iohn.* Peace be to *France*: If France in peace permit
 382 Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne;
 383 If not, bleede *France*, and peace ascend to heauen.
 384 Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
 385 Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.
 386 *Fran.* Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne
 387 From *France* to *England*, there to liue in peace:
 388 *England* we loue, and for that *Englands* sake,
 389 With burden of our armor heere we sweat:
 390 This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
 391 But thou from louing *England* art so farre,
 392 That thou hast vnder- wrought his lawfull King,
 393 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 394 Out- faced Infant State, and done a rape
 395 Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
 396 Looke heere vpon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
 397 These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
 398 This little abstract doth containe that large,
 399 Which died in *Geffrey*: and the hand of time,
 400 Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
 401 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
 402 And this his sonne, *England* was *Geffreyes* right,
 403 And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God:

404 How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
 405 When liuing blood doth in these temples beat
 406 Which owe the crowne, that thou ore- masterest?
 407 *K.Iohn.* From whom hast thou this great commission |(France,
 408 To draw my answer from thy Articles?
 409 *Fra.* Fro[m] that supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts
 410 In any breast of strong authoritie,
 411 To looke into the blots and staines of right,
 412 That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
 413 Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
 414 And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.
 415 *K.Iohn.* Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie.
 416 *Fran.* Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe.
 417 *Queen.* Who is it thou dost call vsurper France?
 418 *Const.* Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne.
 419 *Queen.* Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,
 420 That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.
 421 *Con.* My bed was euer to thy sonne as true
 422 As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
 423 Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
 424 Then thou and *Iohn*, in manners being as like,
 425 As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;
 426 My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke
 427 His father neuer was so true begot,
 428 It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.
 429 *Queen.* Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy fa-|(ther
 430 *Const.* There's a good grandame boy
 431 That would blot thee.
 432 *Aust.* Peace.
 433 *Bast.* Heare the Cryer.
 434 *Aust.* What the deuill art thou?
 435 *Bast.* One that wil play the deuill sir with you,
 436 And a may catch your hide and you alone:
 437 You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes
 438 Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
 439 Ile smoake your skin- coat and I catch you right,
 440 Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.
 441 *Blan.* O well did he become that Lyons robe,
 442 That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.
 443 *Bast.* It lies as sightly on the backe of him
 444 As great *Alcides* shooes vpon an Asse:
 445 But Asse, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
 446 Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.
 447 *Aust.* What cracker is this same that deafes our eares
 448 With this abundance of superfluous breath?
 449 King *Lewis*, determine what we shall doe strait.

450 *Lew.* Women & fooles, breake off your conference.
 451 King *Iohn*, this is the very summe of all:
 452 *England* and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
 453 In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee:
 454 Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?
 455 *Iohn.* My life as soone: I doe defie thee *France*,
 456 *Arthur* of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,
 457 And out of my deere loue Ile giue thee more,
 458 Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win;
 459 Submit thee boy.
 460 *Queen.* Come to thy grandame child.
 461 *Cons.* Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
 462 Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
 463 Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
 464 There's a good grandame.
 465 *Arthur.* Good my mother peace,
 466 I would that I were low laid in my graue,
 467 I am not worth this coyle that's made for me.
 468 *Qu.Mo.* His mother shames him so, poore boy hee |(weepes.
 469 *Con.* Now shame vpon you where she does or no,
 470 His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
 471 Drawes those heauen- mouing pearles fro[m] his poor eies,
 472 Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:
 473 I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd
 474 To doe him Iustice, and reuenge on you.
 475 *Qu.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth.
 476 *Con.* Thou monstrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,
 477 Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurpe
 478 The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
 479 Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,
 480 Infortunate in nothing but in thee: [a3
 481 Thy sinnes are visited in this poore childe,
 482 The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
 483 Being but the second generation
 484 Remoued from thy sinne- conceiuing wombe.
 485 *Iohn.* Bedlam haue done.
 486 *Con.* I haue but this to say,
 487 That he is not onely plagued for her sin,
 488 But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
 489 On this remoued issue, plagued for her,
 490 And with her plague her sinne: his iniury
 491 Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne,
 492 All punish'd in the person of this childe,
 493 And all for her, a plague vpon her.
 494 *Que.* Thou vnaduised scold, I can produce
 495 A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne.

496 *Con.* I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
 497 A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.
 498 *Fra.* Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
 499 It ill beseemes this presence to cry ayme
 500 To these ill- tuned repetitions:
 501 Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles
 502 These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,
 503 Whose title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Iohns*.
 504 *Trumpet sounds.*
 505 *Enter a Citizen vpon the walles.*
 506 *Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?
 507 *Fra.* 'Tis France, for England.
 508 *Iohn.* England for it selfe:
 509 You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects.
 510 *Fra.* You louing men of Angiers, *Arthurs* subiects,
 511 Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
 512 *Iohn.* For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first:
 513 These flagges of France that are aduanced heere
 514 Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
 515 Haue hither march'd to your endamagement.
 516 The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,
 517 And ready mounted are they to spit forth
 518 Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles:
 519 All preparation for a bloody siedege
 520 And merciles proceeding, by these French.
 521 Comfort your Citties eies, your winking gates:
 522 And but for our approch, those sleeping stones,
 523 That as a waste doth girdle you about
 524 By the compulsion of their Ordinance,
 525 By this time from their fixed beds of lime
 526 Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocke made
 527 For bloody power to rush vppon your peace.
 528 But on the sight of vs your lawfull King,
 529 Who painefully with much expedient march
 530 Haue brought a counter- checke before your gates,
 531 To saue vnscratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes:
 532 Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,
 533 And now instead of bullets wrapt in fire
 534 To make a shaking feuer in your walles,
 535 They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoake,
 536 To make a faithlesse errour in your eares,
 537 Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizens,
 538 And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
 539 Fore- wearied in this action of swift speede,
 540 Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.
 541 *France.* When I haue saide, make answer to vs both.

542 Loe in this right hand, whose protection
 543 Is most diuinely vow'd vpon the right
 544 Of him it holds, stands yong *Plantagenet*,
 545 Sonne to the elder brother of this man,
 546 And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:
 547 For this downe- troden equity, we tread
 548 In warlike march, these greens before your Towne,
 549 Being no further enemy to you
 550 Then the constraint of hospitable zeale,
 551 In the releefe of this oppressed childe,
 552 Religiously prouokes. Be pleased then
 553 To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
 554 To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
 555 And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
 556 Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp:
 557 Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent
 558 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heauen,
 559 And with a blessed and vn- vext retyre,
 560 With vnhack'd swords, and Helmets all vnbruis'd,
 561 We will beare home that lustie blood againe,
 562 Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,
 563 And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace.
 564 But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
 565 'Tis not the rounder of your old- fac'd walles,
 566 Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,
 567 Though all these English, and their discipline
 568 Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
 569 Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,
 570 In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?
 571 Or shall we giue the signall to our rage,
 572 And stalke in blood to our possession?
 573 *Cit.* In breefe, we are the King of Englands subiects
 574 For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.
 575 *Iohn.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
 576 *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proues the King
 577 To him will we proue loyall, till that time
 578 Haue we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.
 579 *Iohn.* Doth not the Crowne of England, prooue the
 580 King?
 581 And if not that, I bring you Witnesses
 582 Twice fifteene thousand hearts of Englands breed.
 583 *Bast.* Bastards and else.
 584 *Iohn.* To verifie our title with their liues.
 585 *Fran.* As many and as well- borne bloods as those.
 586 *Bast.* Some Bastards too.
 587 *Fran.* Stand in his face to contradict his claime.

588 *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
 589 We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
 590 *Iohn.* Then God forgiue the sinne of all those soules,
 591 That to their euerlasting residence,
 592 Before the dew of euening fall, shall fleete
 593 In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.
 594 *Fran.* Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.
 595 *Bast.* Saint *George* that swindg'd the Dragon,
 596 And ere since sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore
 597 Teach vs some sence. Sirrah, were I at home
 598 At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,
 599 I would set an Oxe- head to your Lyons hide:
 600 And make a monster of you.
 601 *Aust.* Peace, no more.
 602 *Bast.* O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.
 603 *Iohn.* Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l set forth
 604 In best appointment all our Regiments.
 605 *Bast.* Speed then to take aduantage of the field.
 606 *Fra.* It shall be so, and at the other hill
 607 Command the rest to stand, God and our right. *Exeunt*
 608 *Heere after excursions, Enter the Herald of France*
 609 *with Trumpets to the gates.*
 610 *F.Her.* You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
 611 And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in, [a3v
 612 Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
 613 Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
 614 Whose sonnes lye scattered on the bleeding ground:
 615 Many a widdowes husband groueling lies,
 616 Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
 617 And victorie with little losse doth play
 618 Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
 619 Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
 620 To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
 621 *Arthur* of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.
 622 *Enter English Herald with Trumpet.*
 623 *E.Har.* Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
 624 King *Iohn*, your king and Englands, doth approach,
 625 Commander of this hot malicious day,
 626 Their Armours that march'd hence so siluer bright,
 627 Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
 628 There stucke no plume in any English Crest,
 629 That is remoued by a staffe of France.
 630 Our colours do returne in those same hands
 631 That did display them when we first marcht forth:
 632 And like a iolly troope of Huntsmen come
 633 Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,

634 Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
 635 Open your gates, and giue the Victors way.
 636 *Hubert.* Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
 637 From first to last, the on- set and retyre:
 638 Of both your Armies, whose equality
 639 By our best eyes cannot be censured:
 640 Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue answerd |(blowes:
 641 Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
 642 power,
 643 Both are alike, and both alike we like:
 644 One must proue greatest. While they weigh so euen,
 645 We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.
 646 *Enter the two Kings with their powers,*
 647 *at seuerall doores.*
 648 *Iohn.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
 649 Say, shall the currant of our right rome on,
 650 Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
 651 Shall leaue his natiue channell, and ore- swell
 652 With course disturb'd euen thy confining shores,
 653 Vnlesse thou let his siluer Water, keepe
 654 A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.
 655 *Fra.* England thou hast not sau'd one drop of blood
 656 In this hot triall more then we of France,
 657 Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
 658 That swayes the earth this Climate ouer- lookes,
 659 Before we will lay downe our iust- borne Armes,
 660 Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainst whom these Armes wee |(beare,
 661 Or adde a royall number to the dead:
 662 Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,
 663 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
 664 *Bast.* Ha Maiesty: how high thy glory towres,
 665 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
 666 Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with steele,
 667 The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
 668 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men
 669 In vndetermin'd differences of kings.
 670 Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus:
 671 Cry hauocke kings, backe to the stained field
 672 You equall Potents, fierie kindled spirits,
 673 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 674 The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.
 675 *Iohn.* Whose party do the Townesmen yet admit?
 676 *Fra.* Speake Citizens for England, whose your king.
 677 *Hub.* The king of England, when we know the king.
 678 *Fra.* Know him in vs, that heere hold vp his right.
 679 *Iohn.* In Vs, that are our owne great Deputie,

680 And beare possession of our Person heere,
681 Lord of our presence Angiers, and of you.
682 *Fra.* A greater powre then We denies all this,
683 And till it be vndoubted, we do locke
684 Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates:
685 Kings of our feare, vntill our feares resolu'd
686 Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.
687 *Bast.* By heauen, these scroyles of Angiers flout you |(kings,
688 And stand securely on their battelments,
689 As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
690 At your industrious Scenes and acts of death.
691 Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee,
692 Do like the Mutines of Ierusalem,
693 Be friends a- while, and both conioyntly bend
694 Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
695 By East and West let France and England mount.
696 Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
697 Till their soule- fearing clamours haue braul'd downe
698 The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
699 I'de play incessantly vpon these Iades,
700 Euen till vnfenced desolation
701 Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre:
702 That done, disseuer your vnited strengths,
703 And part your mingled colours once againe,
704 Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
705 Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
706 Out of one side her happy Minion,
707 To whom in fauour she shall giue the day,
708 And kisse him with a glorious victory:
709 How like you this wilde counsell mighty States,
710 Smackes it not something of the policie.
711 *Iohn.* Now by the sky that hangs aboue our heads,
712 I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres,
713 And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,
714 Then after fight who shall be king of it?
715 *Bast.* And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
716 Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuish Towne:
717 Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
718 As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,
719 And when that we haue dash'd them to the ground,
720 Why then defie each other, and pell- mell,
721 Make worke vpon our selues, for heauen or hell.
722 *Fra.* Let it be so: say, where will you assault?
723 *Iohn.* We from the West will send destruction
724 Into this Cities bosome.
725 *Aust.* I from the North.

726 *Fran.* Our Thunder from the South,
 727 Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.
 728 *Bast.* O prudent discipline! From North to South:
 729 Austria and France shoot in each others mouth.
 730 Ile stirre them to it: Come, away, away.
 731 *Hub.* Heare vs great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
 732 And I shall shew you peace, and faire- fac'd league:
 733 Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,
 734 Rescue those breathing liues to dye in beds,
 735 That heere come sacrifices for the field.
 736 Perseuer not, but heare me mighty kings.
 737 *Iohn.* Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.
 738 *Hub.* That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady *Blanch*
 739 Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
 740 Of *Lewes* the Dolphin, and that louely maid.
 741 If lustie loue should go in quest of beautie, [a4
 742 Where should he finde it fairer, then in *Blanch*:
 743 If zealous loue should go in search of vertue,
 744 Where should he finde it purer then in *Blanch*?
 745 If loue ambitious, sought a match of birth,
 746 Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady *Blanch*?
 747 Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
 748 Is the yong Dolphin euery way compleat,
 749 If not compleat of, say he is not shee,
 750 And she againe wants nothing, to name want,
 751 If want it be not, that she is not hee.
 752 He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
 753 Left to be finished by such as shee,
 754 And she a faire diuided excellence,
 755 Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.
 756 O two such siluer currents when they ioyne
 757 Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in:
 758 And two such shores, to two such streames made one,
 759 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 760 To these two Princes, if you marrie them:
 761 This Vnion shall do more then batterie can
 762 To our fast closed gates: for at this match,
 763 With swifter spleene then powder can enforce
 764 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 765 And giue you entrance: but without this match,
 766 The sea enraged is not halfe so deafe,
 767 Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
 768 More free from motion, no not death himselfe
 769 In mortall furie halfe so peremptorie,
 770 As we to keepe this Citie.
 771 *Bast.* Heeres a stay,

772 That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
 773 Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
 774 That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,
 775 Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
 776 As maids of thirteene do of puppi- dogges.
 777 What Cannoneere begot this lustie blood,
 778 He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
 779 He giues the bastinado with his tongue:
 780 Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
 781 But buffets better then a fist of France:
 782 Zounds, I was neuer so bethumpt with words,
 783 Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.
 784 *Old Qu.* Son, list to this coniunction, make this match
 785 Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
 786 For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye
 787 Thy now vnsur'd assurance to the Crowne,
 788 That yon greene boy shall haue no Sunne to ripe
 789 The bloome that promiseth a mightie fruite.
 790 I see a yeelding in the lookes of France:
 791 Marke how they whisper, vrge them while their soules
 792 Are capeable of this ambition,
 793 Least zeale now melted by the windie breath
 794 Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
 795 Coole and congeale againe to what it was.
 796 *Hub.* Why answer not the double Maiesties,
 797 This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.
 798 *Fra.* Speake England first, that hath bin forward first
 799 To speake vnto this Cittie: what say you?
 800 *Iohn.* If that the Dolphin there thy Princely sonne,
 801 Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue:
 802 Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene:
 803 For *Angiers*, and faire *Toraine Maine*, *Poyctiers*,
 804 And all that we vpon this side the Sea,
 805 (Except this Cittie now by vs besiedg'd)
 806 Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
 807 Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
 808 In titles, honors, and promotions,
 809 As she in beautie, education, blood,
 810 Holdes hand with any Princesse of the world.
 811 *Fra.* What sai'st thou boy? looke in the Ladies face.
 812 *Dol.* I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
 813 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 814 The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
 815 Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
 816 Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow:
 817 I do protest I neuer lou'd my selfe

818 Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
 819 Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.
 820 *Whispers with Blanch.*
 821 *Bast.* Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
 822 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
 823 And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie
 824 Himselfe loues traytor, this is pittie now;
 825 That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
 826 In such a loue, so vile a Lout as he.
 827 *Blan.* My vnckles will in this respect is mine,
 828 If he see ought in you that makes him like,
 829 That any thing he see's which moues his liking,
 830 I can with ease translate it to my will:
 831 Or if you will, to speake more properly,
 832 I will enforce it easlie to my loue.
 833 Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
 834 That all I see in you is worthie loue,
 835 Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
 836 Though churlish thoughts themselues should bee your
 837 Iudge,
 838 That I can finde, should merit any hate.
 839 *Iohn.* What saie these yong- ones? What say you my
 840 Neece?
 841 *Blan.* That she is bound in honor still to do
 842 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.
 843 *Iohn.* Speake then Prince Dolphyn, can you loue this
 844 Ladie?
 845 *Dol.* Nay aske me if I can refraine from loue,
 846 For I doe loue her most vnfaignedly.
 847 *Iohn.* Then I doe giue *Volquessen, Toraine, Maine,*
 848 *Poyctiers* and *Aniow*, these fiue Prouinces
 849 With her to thee, and this addition more,
 850 Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne:
 851 *Phillip* of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
 852 Command thy sonne and daughter to ioyne hands.
 853 *Fra.* It likes vs well young Princes: close your hands
 854 *Aust.* And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd,
 855 That I did so when I was first assur'd.
 856 *Fra.* Now Cittizens of Angires ope your gates,
 857 Let in that amitie which you haue made,
 858 For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
 859 The rights of marriage shallbe solemniz'd.
 860 Is not the Ladie *Constance* in this troope?
 861 I know she is not for this match made vp,
 862 Her presence would haue interrupted much.
 863 Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes?

864 *Dol.* She is sad and passionate at your highnes Tent.
 865 *Fra.* And by my faith, this league that we haue made
 866 Will giue her sadnesse very little cure:
 867 Brother of England, how may we content
 868 This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
 869 Which we God knowes, haue turn'd another way,
 870 To our owne vantage.
 871 *Iohn.* We will heale vp all,
 872 For wee'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine
 873 And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne [a4v
 874 We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Constance*,
 875 Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
 876 To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
 877 (If not fill vp the measure of her will)
 878 Yet in some measure satisfie her so,
 879 That we shall stop her exclamation,
 880 Go we as well as hast will suffer vs,
 881 To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe. *Exeunt.*
 882 *Bast.* Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
 883 *Iohn* to stop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
 884 Hath willingly departed with a part,
 885 And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
 886 Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
 887 As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the eare,
 888 With that same purpose- changer, that slye diuel,
 889 That Broker, that still breakes the pate of faith,
 890 That dayly breake- vow, he that winnes of all,
 891 Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
 892 Who hauing no externall thing to loose,
 893 But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
 894 That smooth- fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
 895 Commoditie, the byas of the world,
 896 The world, who of it selfe is peysed well,
 897 Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
 898 Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
 899 This sway of motion, this commoditie,
 900 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
 901 From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
 902 And this same byas, this Commoditie,
 903 This Bawd, this Broker, this all- changing- word,
 904 Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 905 Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
 906 From a resolu'd and honourable warre,
 907 To a most base and vile- concluded peace.
 908 And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
 909 But for because he hath not wooed me yet:

910 Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
 911 When his faire Angels would salute my palme,
 912 But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
 913 Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
 914 Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
 915 And say there is no sin but to be rich:
 916 And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
 917 To say there is no vice, but beggerie:
 918 Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
 919 Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus

921 *Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*
 922 *Con.* Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
 923 False blood to false blood ioyn'd. Gone to be freinds?
 924 Shall *Lewis* haue *Blaunch*, and *Blaunch* those Prouinces?
 925 It is not so, thou hast mispoke, misheard,
 926 Be well aduis'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
 927 It cannot be, thou do'st but say 'tis so.
 928 I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
 929 Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
 930 Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,
 931 I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.
 932 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 933 For I am sicke, and capeable of feares,
 934 Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
 935 A widdow, husbandles, subiect to feares,
 936 A woman naturally borne to feares;
 937 And though thou now confesse thou didst but iest
 938 With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
 939 But they will quake and tremble all this day.
 940 What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
 941 Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?
 942 What meanes that hand vpon that breast of thine?
 943 Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhowme,
 944 Like a proud riuier peering ore his bounds?
 945 Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words?
 946 Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
 947 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
 948 *Sal.* As true as I beleeue you thinke them false,
 949 That giue you cause to proue my saying true.
 950 *Con.* Oh if thou teach me to beleeue this sorrow,
 951 Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,

952 And let beleefe, and life encounter so,
 953 As doth the furie of two desperate men,
 954 Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
 955 *Lewes* marry *Blaunch*? O boy, then where art thou?
 956 *France* friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
 957 Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
 958 This newes hath made thee a most vgly man.
 959 *Sal.* What other harme haue I good Lady done,
 960 But spoke the harme, that is by others done?
 961 *Con.* Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
 962 As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.
 963 *Ar.* I do beseech you Madam be content.
 964 *Con.* If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
 965 Vgly, and slandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
 966 Full of vnpleasing blots, and sightlesse staines,
 967 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
 968 Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye- offending markes,
 969 I would not care, I then would be content,
 970 For then I should not loue thee: no, nor thou
 971 Become thy great birth, nor deserue a Crowne.
 972 But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
 973 Nature and Fortune ioynd to make thee great.
 974 Of Natures guifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
 975 And with the halfe- blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
 976 She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
 977 Sh' adulterates hourelly with thine Vnckle *Iohn*,
 978 And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
 979 To tread downe faire respect of Soueraigntie,
 980 And made his Maiestie the bawd to theirs.
 981 France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *Iohn*,
 982 That strumpet Fortune, that vsurping *Iohn*:
 983 Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne?
 984 Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
 985 And leaue those woes alone, which I alone
 986 Am bound to vnder- beare.
 987 *Sal.* Pardon me Madam,
 988 I may not goe without you to the kings.
 989 *Con.* Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
 990 I will instruct my sorrowes to bee proud,
 991 For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoope,
 992 To me and to the state of my great greefe,
 993 Lets kings assemble: for my greefe's so great,
 994 That no supporter but the huge firme earth
 995 Can hold it vp: here I and sorrowes sit,
 996 Heere is my Throne bid kings come bow to it. [a5

Actus Tertius, Scaena prima.

998 *Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip,*

999 *Austria, Constance.*

1000 *Fran.* 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,

1001 Euer in *France* shall be kept festiuall:

1002 To solemnize this day the glorious sunne

1003 Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,

1004 Turning with splendor of his precious eye

1005 The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:

1006 The yearely course that brings this day about,

1007 Shall neuer see it, but a holy day.

1008 *Const.* A wicked day, and not a holy day.

1009 What hath this day deseru'd? what hath it done,

1010 That it in golden letters should be set

1011 Among the high tides in the Kalender?

1012 Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,

1013 This day of shame, oppression, periury.

1014 Or if it must stand still, let wiues with childe

1015 Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,

1016 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:

1017 But (on this day) let Sea- men feare no wracke,

1018 No bargaines breake that are not this day made;

1019 This day all things begun, come to ill end,

1020 Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falshood change.

1021 *Fra.* By heauen Lady, you shall haue no cause

1022 To curse the faire proceedings of this day:

1023 Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty?

1024 *Const.* You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit

1025 Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride,

1026 Proues valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne,

1027 You came in Armes to spill mine enemies bloud,

1028 But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.

1029 The grappling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre

1030 Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,

1031 And our oppression hath made vp this league:

1032 Arme, arme, you heauens, against these periur'd Kings,

1033 A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauens)

1034 Let not the howres of this vngodly day

1035 Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun- set,

1036 Set armed discord 'twixt these periur'd Kings,

1037 Heare me, Oh, heare me.

1038 *Aust.* Lady *Constance*, peace.

1039 *Const.* War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:

1040 O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame

1041 That bloody spoyle: thou slaue, thou wretch, y coward,

1042 Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
 1043 Thou euer strong vpon the stronger side;
 1044 Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st neuer fight
 1045 But when her humourous Ladiship is by
 1046 To teach thee safety: thou art periur'd too,
 1047 And sooth'st vp greatnesse. What a foole art thou,
 1048 A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
 1049 Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded slaue,
 1050 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
 1051 Beene sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
 1052 Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
 1053 And dost thou now fall ouer to my foes?
 1054 Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for shame,
 1055 And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbes.
 1056 *Aus.* O that a man should speake those words to me.
 1057 *Phil.* And hang a Calues- skin on those recreant limbs
 1058 *Aus.* Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.
 1059 *Phil.* And hang a Calues- skin on those recreant limbs.
 1060 *Iohn.* We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.
 1061 *Enter Pandulph.*
 1062 *Fra.* Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.
 1063 *Pan.* Haile you annointed deputies of heauen;
 1064 To thee King *Iohn* my holy errand is:
 1065 I *Pandulph*, of faire *Millane* Cardinall,
 1066 And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere,
 1067 Doe in his name religiously demand
 1068 Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
 1069 So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce
 1070 Keepe *Stephen Langton* chosen Archbishop
 1071 Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea:
 1072 This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
 1073 Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee.
 1074 *Iohn.* What earthie name to Interrogatories
 1075 Can tast the free breath of a sacred King?
 1076 Thou canst not (Cardinall) devise a name
 1077 So slight, vnworthy, and ridiculous
 1078 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope:
 1079 Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
 1080 Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
 1081 Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:
 1082 But as we, vnder heauen, are supream head,
 1083 So vnder him that great supremacy
 1084 Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
 1085 Without th' assistance of a mortall hand:
 1086 So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart
 1087 To him and his vsurp'd authoritie.

1088 *Fra.* Brother of *England*, you blaspheme in this.
 1089 *Iohn.* Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
 1090 Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,
 1091 Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
 1092 And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,
 1093 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 1094 Who in that sale sels pardon from himselfe:
 1095 Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,
 1096 This iugling witchcraft with reuennue cherish,
 1097 Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
 1098 Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
 1099 *Pand.* Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
 1100 Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
 1101 And blessed shall he be that doth reuolt
 1102 From his Allegeance to an heretique,
 1103 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 1104 Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
 1105 That takes away by any secret course
 1106 Thy hatefull life.
 1107 *Con.* O lawfull let it be
 1108 That I haue roome with *Rome* to curse a while,
 1109 Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
 1110 To my keene curses; for without my wrong
 1111 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
 1112 *Pan.* There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.
 1113 *Cons.* And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
 1114 Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
 1115 Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
 1116 For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law:
 1117 Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
 1118 How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?
 1119 *Pand.* *Philip* of *France*, on perill of a curse,
 1120 Let goe the hand of that Arch- heretique,
 1121 And raise the power of *France* vpon his head,
 1122 Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to *Rome*.
 1123 *Elea.* Look'st thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.
 1124 *Con.* Looke to that Deuill, lest that *France* repent, [a5v
 1125 And by disioyning hands hell lose a soule.
 1126 *Aust.* King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinall.
 1127 *Bast.* And hang a Calues- skin on his recreant limbs.
 1128 *Aust.* Well ruffian, I must pocket vp these wrongs,
 1129 Because,
 1130 *Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.
 1131 *Iohn.* *Philip*, what saist thou to the Cardinall?
 1132 *Con.* What should he say, but as the Cardinall?
 1133 *Dolph.* Bethinke you father, for the difference

1134 Is purchase of a heauy curse from *Rome*,
 1135 Or the light losse of *England*, for a friend:
 1136 Forgoe the easier.
 1137 *Bla.* That's the curse of *Rome*.
 1138 *Con.* O *Lewis*, stand fast, the deuill tempts thee heere
 1139 In likenesse of a new vntrimmed Bride.
 1140 *Bla.* The Lady *Constance* speakes not from her faith,
 1141 But from her need.
 1142 *Con.* Oh, if thou grant my need,
 1143 Which onely liues but by the death of faith,
 1144 That need, must needs inferre this principle,
 1145 That faith would liue againe by death of need:
 1146 O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,
 1147 Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.
 1148 *Iohn.* The king is moud, and answers not to this.
 1149 *Con.* O be remou'd from him, and answere well.
 1150 *Aust.* Doe so king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.
 1151 *Bast.* Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet lout.
 1152 *Fra.* I am perplext, and know not what to say.
 1153 *Pan.* What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?
 1154 If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?
 1155 *Fra.* Good reuerend father, make my person yours,
 1156 And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?
 1157 This royall hand and mine are newly knit,
 1158 And the coniunction of our inward soules
 1159 Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
 1160 With all religous strength of sacred vowes,
 1161 The latest breath that gaue the sound of words
 1162 Was deepe- sworne faith, peace, amity, true loue
 1163 Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selues,
 1164 And euen before this truce, but new before,
 1165 No longer then we well could wash our hands,
 1166 To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace,
 1167 Heauen knowes they were besmear'd and ouer- staind
 1168 With slaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint
 1169 The fearefull difference of incensed kings:
 1170 And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud?
 1171 So newly ioyn'd in loue? so strong in both,
 1172 Vnyoke this seysure, and this kinde regreete?
 1173 Play fast and loose with faith? so iest with heauen,
 1174 Make such vnconstant children of our selues
 1175 As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:
 1176 Vn- sweare faith sworne, and on the marriage bed
 1177 Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,
 1178 And make a ryot on the gentle brow
 1179 Of true sincerity? O holy Sir

1180 My reuerend father, let it not be so;
1181 Out of your grace, deuse, ordaine, impose
1182 Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
1183 To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.
1184 *Pand.* All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,
1185 Saue what is opposite to *Englands* loue.
1186 Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
1187 Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
1188 A mothers curse, on her reuolting sonne:
1189 *France*, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,
1190 A cased Lion by the mortall paw,
1191 A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
1192 Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
1193 *Fra.* I may dis- ioyne my hand, but not my faith.
1194 *Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,
1195 And like a ciuill warre setst oath to oath,
1196 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
1197 First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,
1198 That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
1199 What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,
1200 And may not be performed by thy selfe,
1201 For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,
1202 Is not amisse when it is truely done:
1203 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
1204 The truth is then most done not doing it:
1205 The better Act of purposes mistooke,
1206 Is to mistake again, though indirect,
1207 Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
1208 And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire
1209 Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd:
1210 It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
1211 But thou hast sworne against religion:
1212 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
1213 And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,
1214 Against an oath the truth, thou art vnure
1215 To sweare, swears onely not to be forsworne,
1216 Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?
1217 But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,
1218 And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,
1219 Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,
1220 Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:
1221 And better conquest neuer canst thou make,
1222 Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts
1223 Against these giddy loose suggestions:
1224 Vpon which better part, our prayrs come in,
1225 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know

1226 The perill of our curses light on thee
 1227 So heauy, as thou shalt not shake them off
 1228 But in despaire, dye vnder their blacke weight.
 1229 *Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion.
 1230 *Bast.* Wil't not be?
 1231 Will not a Calues- skin stop that mouth of thine?
 1232 *Daul.* Father, to Armes.
 1233 *Blanch.* Vpon thy wedding day?
 1234 Against the blood that thou hast married?
 1235 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
 1236 Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums
 1237 Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?
 1238 O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
 1239 Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name
 1240 Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;
 1241 Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
 1242 Against mine Vncle.
 1243 *Const.* O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,
 1244 I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin*,
 1245 Alter not the doome fore- thought by heauen.
 1246 *Blan.* Now shall I see thy loue, what motiue may
 1247 Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?
 1248 *Con.* That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,
 1249 His Honor, Oh thine Honor, *Lewis* thine Honor.
 1250 *Dolph.* I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,
 1251 When such profound respects doe pull you on?
 1252 *Pand.* I will denounce a curse vpon his head.
 1253 *Fra.* Thou shalt not need. *England*, I will fall fro[m] thee.
 1254 *Const.* O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie.
 1255 *Elea.* O foule reuolt of French inconstancy.
 1256 *Eng. France*, y shalt rue this houre within this houre. [a6
 1257 *Bast.* Old Time the clocke setter, y bald sexton Time:
 1258 Is it as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.
 1259 *Bla.* The Sun's oreicast with bloud: faire day adieu,
 1260 Which is the side that I must goe withall?
 1261 I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
 1262 And in their rage, I hauing hold of both,
 1263 They whurle a- sunder, and dismember mee.
 1264 Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne:
 1265 Vncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose:
 1266 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:
 1267 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thriue:
 1268 Who- euer wins, on that side shall I lose:
 1269 Assured losse, before the match be plaid.
 1270 *Dolph.* Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
 1271 *Bla.* There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.

1272 *Iohn. Cosen*, goe draw our puisance together,
 1273 *France*, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,
 1274 A rage, whose heat hath this condition;
 1275 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
 1276 The blood and deerest valued bloud of *France*.
 1277 *Fra.* Thy rage shall burne thee vp, & thou shalt turne
 1278 To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
 1279 Looke to thy selfe, thou art in ieopardie.
 1280 *Iohn.* No more then he that threats. To Arms let's hie.
 1281 *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

1283 *Allarums, Excursions: Enter Bastard with Austria's*
 1284 *head.*
 1285 *Bast.* Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
 1286 Some ayery Deuill houers in the skie,
 1287 And pour's downe mischiefe. *Austrias* head lye there,
 1288 *Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert.*
 1289 While *Philip* breathes.
 1290 *Iohn. Hubert*, keepe this boy: *Philip* make vp,
 1291 My Mother is assayled in our Tent,
 1292 And tane I feare.
 1293 *Bast.* My Lord I rescued her,
 1294 Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not:
 1295 But on my Liege, for very little paines
 1296 Will bring this labor to an happy end. *Exit.*
 1297 *Alarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur*
 1298 *Bastard, Hubert, Lords.*
 1299 *Iohn.* So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behinde
 1300 So strongly guarded: *Cosen*, looke not sad,
 1301 Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will
 1302 As deere be to thee, as thy father was.
 1303 *Arth.* O this will make my mother die with grieffe.
 1304 *Iohn.* *Cosen* away for *England*, haste before,
 1305 And ere our comming see thou shake the bags
 1306 Of hoording Abbots, imprisoned angells
 1307 Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace
 1308 Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:
 1309 Vse our Commission in his vtmost force.
 1310 *Bast.* Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not driue me back,
 1311 When gold and siluer becks me to come on.
 1312 I leaue your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray
 1313 (If euer I remember to be holy)

1314 For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand.
 1315 *Ele.* Farewell gentle Cosen.
 1316 *Iohn.* Coz, farewell.
 1317 *Ele.* Come hether little kinsman, harke, a worde.
 1318 *Iohn.* Come hether *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
 1319 We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
 1320 There is a soule counts thee her Creditor,
 1321 And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:
 1322 And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 1323 Liues in this bosome, deerely cherished.
 1324 Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
 1325 But I will fit it with some better tune.
 1326 By heauen *Hubert*, I am almost asham'd
 1327 To say what good respect I haue of thee.
 1328 *Hub.* I am much bounden to your Maiesty.
 1329 *Iohn.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
 1330 But thou shalt haue: and creepe time nere so slow,
 1331 Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.
 1332 I had a thing to say, but let it goe:
 1333 The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
 1334 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 1335 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
 1336 To giue me audience: If the mid- night bell
 1337 Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
 1338 Sound on into the drowzie race of night:
 1339 If this same were a Church- yard where we stand,
 1340 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
 1341 Or if that surly spirit melancholy
 1342 Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heauy, thicke,
 1343 Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,
 1344 Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
 1345 And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,
 1346 A passion hatefull to my purposes:
 1347 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 1348 Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
 1349 Without a tongue, vsing conceit alone,
 1350 Without eyes, eares, and harmefull sound of words:
 1351 Then, in despight of brooded watchfull day,
 1352 I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts:
 1353 But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,
 1354 And by my troth I thinke thou lou'st me well.
 1355 *Hub.* So well, that what you bid me vndertake,
 1356 Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,
 1357 By heauen I would doe it.
 1358 *Iohn.* Doe not I know thou wouldst?
 1359 Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye

1360 On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
 1361 He is a very serpent in my way,
 1362 And wheresoere this foot of mine doth tread,
 1363 He lies before me: dost thou vnderstand me?
 1364 Thou art his keeper.
 1365 *Hub.* And Ile keepe him so,
 1366 That he shall not offend your Maiesty.
 1367 *Iohn.* Death.
 1368 *Hub.* My Lord.
 1369 *Iohn.* A Graue.
 1370 *Hub.* He shall not liue.
 1371 *Iohn.* Enough.
 1372 I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I loue thee.
 1373 Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee:
 1374 Remember: Madam, Fare you well,
 1375 Ile send those powers o're to your Maiesty.
 1376 *Ele.* My blessing goe with thee.
 1377 *Iohn.* For *England* Cosen, goe.
 1378 *Hubert* shall be your man, attend on you
 1379 With al true duetie: On toward *Callice*, hoa.
 1380 *Exeunt.* [a6v

Scaena Tertia.

1382 *Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.*
 1383 *Fra.* So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
 1384 A whole Armado of conuicted saile
 1385 Is scattered and dis- ioyn'd from fellowship.
 1386 *Pand.* Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.
 1387 *Fra.* What can goe well, when we haue runne so ill?
 1388 Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?
 1389 *Arthur* tane prisoner? diuers deere friends slaine?
 1390 And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
 1391 Ore- bearing interruption spight of *France*?
 1392 *Dol.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
 1393 So hot a speed, with such aduice dispos'd,
 1394 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
 1395 Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
 1396 Of any kindred- action like to this?
 1397 *Fra.* Well could I beare that *England* had this praise,
 1398 So we could finde some patterne of our shame:
 1399 *Enter Constance.*
 1400 Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a soule,
 1401 Holding th' eternall spirit against her will,

1402 In the vilde prison of afflicted breath:
 1403 I prethee Lady goe away with me.
 1404 *Con.* Lo; now: now see the issue of your peace.
 1405 *Fra.* Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Constance*.
 1406 *Con.* No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse,
 1407 But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:
 1408 Death, death, O amiable, louely death,
 1409 Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottennesse,
 1410 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
 1411 Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,
 1412 And I will kisse thy detestable bones,
 1413 And put my eye- balls in thy vaultie browes,
 1414 And ring these fingers with thy houshold wormes,
 1415 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 1416 And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe;
 1417 Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smil'st,
 1418 And busse thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue,
 1419 O come to me.
 1420 *Fra.* O faire affliction, peace.
 1421 *Con.* No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:
 1422 O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
 1423 Then with a passion would I shake the world,
 1424 And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy
 1425 Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
 1426 Which scornes a moderne Inuocation.
 1427 *Pand.* Lady, you vtter madnesse, and not sorrow.
 1428 *Con.* Thou art holy to belye me so,
 1429 I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
 1430 My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife,
 1431 Yong *Arthur* is my sonne, and he is lost:
 1432 I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
 1433 For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe:
 1434 O, if I could, what grieffe should I forget?
 1435 Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
 1436 And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.)
 1437 For, being not mad, but sensible of greefe,
 1438 My reasonable part produces reason
 1439 How I may be deliuer'd of these woes.
 1440 And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe:
 1441 If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,
 1442 Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
 1443 I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
 1444 The different plague of each calamitie.
 1445 *Fra.* Binde vp those tresses: O what loue I note
 1446 In the faire multitude of those her haire;
 1447 Where but by chance a siluer drop hath falne,

1448 Euen to that drop ten thousand wiery fiends
 1449 Doe glew themselues in sociable grieffe,
 1450 Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues,
 1451 Sticking together in calamitie.
 1452 *Con.* To *England*, if you will.
 1453 *Fra.* Binde vp your haire.
 1454 *Con.* Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
 1455 I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
 1456 O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,
 1457 As they haue giuen these hayres their libertie:
 1458 But now I enuie at their libertie,
 1459 And will againe commit them to their bonds,
 1460 Because my poore childe is a prisoner.
 1461 And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say
 1462 That we shall see and know our friends in heauen:
 1463 If that be true, I shall see my boy againe;
 1464 For since the birth of *Caine*, the first male- childe
 1465 To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 1466 There was not such a gracious creature borne:
 1467 But now will Canker- sorrow eat my bud,
 1468 And chase the natiue beauty from his cheeke,
 1469 And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
 1470 As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
 1471 And so hee'll dye: and rising so againe,
 1472 When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen
 1473 I shall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
 1474 Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.
 1475 *Pand.* You hold too heynous a respect of greefe.
 1476 *Const.* He talkes to me, that neuer had a sonne.
 1477 *Fra.* You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe.
 1478 *Con.* Greefe fills the roome vp of my absent childe:
 1479 Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
 1480 Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
 1481 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 1482 Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;
 1483 Then, haue I reason to be fond of grieffe?
 1484 Fareyouwell: had you such a losse as I,
 1485 I could giue better comfort then you doe.
 1486 I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
 1487 When there is such disorder in my witte:
 1488 O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire sonne,
 1489 My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:
 1490 My widow- comfort, and my sorrowes cure. *Exit.*
 1491 *Fra.* I feare some out- rage, and Ile follow her. *Exit.*
 1492 *Dol.* There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,
 1493 Life is as tedious as a twice- told tale,

1494 Vexing the dull eare of a drowsie man;
 1495 And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste,
 1496 That it yeelds nought but shame and bitternesse.
 1497 *Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,
 1498 Euen in the instant of repaire and health,
 1499 The fit is strongest: Euils that take leaue
 1500 On their departure, most of all shew euill:
 1501 What haue you lost by losing of this day?
 1502 *Dol.* All daies of glory, ioy, and happinesse.
 1503 *Pan.* If you had won it, certainly you had.
 1504 No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,
 1505 Shee lookes vpon them with a threatning eye:
 1506 'Tis strange to thinke how much King *John* hath lost
 1507 In this which he accounts so clearely wonne: [b1
 1508 Are not you grieu'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner?
 1509 *Dol.* As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
 1510 *Pan.* Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.
 1511 Now heare me speake with a propheticke spirit:
 1512 For euen the breath of what I meane to speake,
 1513 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
 1514 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 1515 Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:
 1516 *John* hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
 1517 That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
 1518 The mis- plac'd-*John* should entertaine an houre,
 1519 One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
 1520 A Scepter snatch'd with an vnruely hand,
 1521 Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.
 1522 And he that stands vpon a slipp'ry place,
 1523 Makes nice of no vilde hold to stay him vp:
 1524 That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
 1525 So be it, for it cannot be but so.
 1526 *Dol.* But what shall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall?
 1527 *Pan.* You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
 1528 May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.
 1529 *Dol.* And loose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.
 1530 *Pan.* How green you are, and fresh in this old world?
 1531 *John* layes you plots: the times conspire with you,
 1532 For he that steepes his safetie in true blood,
 1533 Shall finde but bloodie safety, and vntrue.
 1534 This Act so euilly borne shall coole the hearts
 1535 Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,
 1536 That none so small aduantage shall step forth
 1537 To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.
 1538 No naturall exhalation in the skie,
 1539 No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,

1540 No common winde, no customed euent,
 1541 But they will plucke away his naturall cause,
 1542 And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,
 1543 Abbortiues, presages, and tongues of heauen,
 1544 Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon *Iohn*.
 1545 *Dol.* May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,
 1546 But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.
 1547 *Pan.* O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,
 1548 If that yong *Arthur* be not gone alreadie,
 1549 Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
 1550 Of all his people shall reuolt from him,
 1551 And kisse the lippes of vnacquainted change,
 1552 And picke strong matter of reuolt, and wrath
 1553 Out of the bloody fingers ends of *Iohn*.
 1554 Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot;
 1555 And O, what better matter breeds for you,
 1556 Then I haue nam'd. The Bastard *Falconbridge*
 1557 Is now in England ransacking the Church,
 1558 Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
 1559 Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
 1560 To traine ten thousand English to their side;
 1561 Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
 1562 Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
 1563 Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
 1564 What may be wrought out of their discontent,
 1565 Now that their soules are topfull of offence,
 1566 For England go; I will whet on the King.
 1567 *Dol.* Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go,
 1568 If you say I, the King will not say no. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus, Scaena prima.

1570 *Enter Hubert and Executioners.*
 1571 *Hub.* Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
 1572 Within the Arras: when I strike my foot
 1573 Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth
 1574 And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me
 1575 Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.
 1576 *Exec.* I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.
 1577 *Hub.* Vncleanly scruples feare not you: looke too't.
 1578 Yong Lad come forth; I haue to say with you.
 1579 *Enter Arthur.*
 1580 *Ar.* Good morrow *Hubert*.
 1581 *Hub.* Good morrow, little Prince.

1582 *Ar.* As little Prince, hauing so great a Title
 1583 To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.
 1584 *Hub.* Indeed I haue beene merrier.
 1585 *Art.* 'Mercie on me:
 1586 Me thinkes no body should be sad but I:
 1587 Yet I remember, when I was in France,
 1588 Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night
 1589 Onely for wantonnesse: by my Christendome,
 1590 So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe
 1591 I should be as merry as the day is long:
 1592 And so I would be heere, but that I doubt
 1593 My Vnckle practises more harme to me:
 1594 He is affraid of me, and I of him:
 1595 Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes* sonne?
 1596 No in deede is't not: and I would to heauen
 1597 I were your sonne, so you would loue me, Hubert:
 1598 *Hub.* If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
 1599 He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
 1600 Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.
 1601 *Ar.* Are you sicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,
 1602 Insooth I would you were a little sicke,
 1603 That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
 1604 I warrant I loue you more then you do me.
 1605 *Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosome.
 1606 Reade heere yong *Arthur*. How now foolish rheume?
 1607 Turning dispiteous torture out of doore?
 1608 I must be breefe, least resolution drop
 1609 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.
 1610 Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?
 1611 *Ar.* Too fairely *Hubert*, for so foule effect,
 1612 Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?
 1613 *Hub.* Yong Boy, I must.
 1614 *Art.* And will you?
 1615 *Hub.* And I will.
 1616 *Art.* Haue you the heart? When your head did but
 1617 ake,
 1618 I knit my hand- kercher about your browes
 1619 (The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me)
 1620 And I did neuer aske it you againe:
 1621 And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
 1622 And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
 1623 Still and anon cheer'd vp the heauy time;
 1624 Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?
 1625 Or what good loue may I performe for you?
 1626 Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still,
 1627 And nere haue spoke a louing word to you:

1628 But you, at your sicke seruice had a Prince:
 1629 Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue,
 1630 And call it cunning. Do, and if you will, [b1v
 1631 If heauen be pleas'd that you must vse me ill,
 1632 Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
 1633 These eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer shall
 1634 So much as frowne on you.
 1635 *Hub.* I haue sworne to do it:
 1636 And with hot Irons must I burne them out.
 1637 *Ar.* Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
 1638 The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot,
 1639 Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
 1640 And quench this fierie indignation,
 1641 Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
 1642 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 1643 But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
 1644 Are you more stubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
 1645 And if an Angell should haue come to me,
 1646 And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
 1647 I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but *Huberts*.
 1648 *Hub.* Come forth: Do as I bid you do.
 1649 *Art.* O saue me *Hubert*, saue me: my eyes are out
 1650 Euen with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.
 1651 *Hub.* Giue me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.
 1652 *Art.* Alas, what neede you be so boistrous rough?
 1653 I will not struggle, I will stand stone still:
 1654 For heauen sake *Hubert* let me not be bound:
 1655 Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue these men away,
 1656 And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.
 1657 I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,
 1658 Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:
 1659 Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgiue you,
 1660 What euer torment you do put me too.
 1661 *Hub.* Go stand within: let me alone with him.
 1662 *Exec.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.
 1663 *Art.* Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,
 1664 He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:
 1665 Let him come backe, that his compassion may
 1666 Giue life to yours.
 1667 *Hub.* Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.
 1668 *Art.* Is there no remedie?
 1669 *Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.
 1670 *Art.* O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
 1671 A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire,
 1672 Any annoyance in that precious sense:
 1673 Then feeling what small things are boysterous there,

1674 Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible.
1675 *Hub.* Is this your promise? Go too, hold your toong.
1676 *Art. Hubert,* the vtterance of a brace of tongues,
1677 Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes:
1678 Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert,*
1679 Or *Hubert,* if you will cut out my tongue,
1680 So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
1681 Though to no vse, but still to looke on you.
1682 Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,
1683 And would not harme me.
1684 *Hub.* I can heate it, Boy.
1685 *Art.* No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
1686 Being create for comfort, to be vs'd
1687 In vndererued extreames: See else your selfe,
1688 There is no malice in this burning cole,
1689 The breath of heauen, hath blowne his spirit out,
1690 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
1691 *Hub.* But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.
1692 *Art.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,
1693 And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert:*
1694 Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:
1695 And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
1696 Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.
1697 All things that you should vse to do me wrong
1698 Deny their office: onely you do lacke
1699 That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
1700 Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vses.
1701 *Hub.* Well, see to liue: I will not touch thine eye,
1702 For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes,
1703 Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,
1704 With this same very Iron, to burne them out.
1705 *Art.* O now you looke like *Hubert.* All this while
1706 You were disguis'd.
1707 *Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu,
1708 Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.
1709 Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports:
1710 And, pretty childe, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,
1711 That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
1712 Will not offend thee.
1713 *Art.* O heauen! I thanke you *Hubert.*
1714 *Hub.* Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,
1715 Much danger do I vndergo for thee. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

1717 *Enter Iohn, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.*
 1718 *Iohn.* Heere once againe we sit: once against crown'd
 1719 And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.
 1720 *Pem.* This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
 1721 Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,
 1722 And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
 1723 The faiths of men, nere stained with reuolt:
 1724 Fresh expectation troubled not the Land
 1725 With any long'd- for- change, or better State.
 1726 *Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pompe,
 1727 To guard a Title, that was rich before;
 1728 To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
 1729 To throw a perfume on the Violet,
 1730 To smooth the yce, or adde another hew
 1731 Vnto the Raine- bow; or with Taper- light
 1732 To seeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish,
 1733 Is wastefull, and ridiculous excesse.
 1734 *Pem.* But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
 1735 This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,
 1736 And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
 1737 Being vrged at a time vnseasonable.
 1738 *Sal.* In this the Anticke, and well noted face
 1739 Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
 1740 And like a shifted winde vnto a saile,
 1741 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
 1742 Startles, and frights consideration:
 1743 Makes sound opinion sicke, and truth suspected,
 1744 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
 1745 *Pem.* When Workemen striue to do better then wel,
 1746 They do confound their skill in couetousnesse,
 1747 And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
 1748 Doth make the fault the worse by th' excuse:
 1749 As patches set vpon a little breach,
 1750 Discredite more in hiding of the fault,
 1751 Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.
 1752 *Sal.* To this effect, before you were new crown'd
 1753 We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
 1754 To ouer- beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
 1755 Since all, and euery part of what we would
 1756 Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will. [b2
 1757 *Ioh.* Some reasons of this double Corronation
 1758 I haue possess you with, and thinke them strong.
 1759 And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare
 1760 I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske

1761 What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,
 1762 And well shall you perceiue, how willingly
 1763 I will both heare, and grant you your requests.
 1764 *Pem.* Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
 1765 To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
 1766 Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all
 1767 Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them
 1768 Bend their best studies, heartily request
 1769 Th' infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint
 1770 Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent
 1771 To breake into this dangerous argument.
 1772 If what in rest you haue, in right you hold,
 1773 Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
 1774 The stepes of wrong, should moue you to mew vp
 1775 Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes
 1776 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
 1777 The rich aduantage of good exercise,
 1778 That the times enemies may not haue this
 1779 To grace occasions: let it be our suite,
 1780 That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,
 1781 Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
 1782 Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
 1783 Counts it your weale: he haue his liberty.
 1784 *Enter Hubert.*
 1785 *Iohn.* Let it be so: I do commit his youth
 1786 To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?
 1787 *Pem.* This is the man should do the bloody deed:
 1788 He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
 1789 The image of a wicked heynous fault
 1790 Liues in his eye: that close aspect of his,
 1791 Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,
 1792 And I do fearefully beleeeue 'tis done,
 1793 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
 1794 *Sal.* The colour of the King doth come, and go
 1795 Betweene his purpose and his conscience,
 1796 Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes set:
 1797 His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.
 1798 *Pem.* And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
 1799 The foule corruption of a sweet childe death.
 1800 *Iohn.* We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
 1801 Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,
 1802 The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.
 1803 He tels vs *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.
 1804 *Sal.* Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.
 1805 *Pem.* Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
 1806 Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke:

1807 This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.
 1808 *Ioh.* Why do you bend such solemne browes on me?
 1809 Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny?
 1810 Haue I commandement on the pulse of life?
 1811 *Sal.* It is apparant foule- play, and 'tis shame
 1812 That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it;
 1813 So thriue it in your game, and so farewell.
 1814 *Pem.* Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
 1815 And finde th' inheritance of this poore childe,
 1816 His little kingdome of a forced graue.
 1817 That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,
 1818 Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
 1819 This must not be thus borne, this will breake out
 1820 To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt. *Exeunt*
 1821 *Io.* They burn in indignation: I repent: *Enter Mes.*
 1822 There is no sure foundation set on blood:
 1823 No certaine life atchieu'd by others death:
 1824 A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
 1825 That I haue seene inhabite in those cheekes?
 1826 So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
 1827 Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?
 1828 *Mes.* From France to England, neuer such a powre
 1829 For any forraigne preparation,
 1830 Was leuied in the body of a land.
 1831 The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them:
 1832 For when you should be told they do prepare,
 1833 The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.
 1834 *Ioh.* Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
 1835 Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
 1836 That such an Army could be drawne in France,
 1837 And she not heare of it?
 1838 *Mes.* My Liege, her eare
 1839 Is stopt with dust: the first of Aprill di'de
 1840 Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
 1841 The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie di'de
 1842 Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
 1843 I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.
 1844 *Iohn.* With- hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion:
 1845 O make a league with me, 'till I haue pleas'd
 1846 My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
 1847 How wildely then walkes my Estate in France?
 1848 Vnder whose conduct came those powres of France,
 1849 That thou for truth giu'st out are landed heere?
 1850 *Mes.* Vnder the Dolphin.
 1851 *Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.*
 1852 *Ioh.* Thou hast made me giddy

1853 With these ill tydings: Now? What sayes the world
 1854 To your proceedings? Do not seeke to stuffe
 1855 My head with more ill newes: for it is full.
 1856 *Bast.* But if you be a- feard to heare the worst,
 1857 Then let the worst vn- heard, fall on your head.
 1858 *Iohn.* Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd
 1859 Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe
 1860 Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
 1861 To any tongue, speake it of what it will.
 1862 *Bast.* How I haue sped among the Clergy men,
 1863 The summes I haue collected shall expresse:
 1864 But as I traueil'd hither through the land,
 1865 I finde the people strangely fantasied,
 1866 Possest with rumors, full of idle dreames,
 1867 Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
 1868 And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
 1869 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
 1870 With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
 1871 To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,
 1872 That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
 1873 Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne.
 1874 *Iohn.* Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
 1875 *Pet.* Fore- knowing that the truth will fall out so.
 1876 *Iohn.* *Hubert,* away with him: imprison him,
 1877 And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
 1878 I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd
 1879 Deliuer him to safety, and returne,
 1880 For I must vse thee. O my gentle Cosen,
 1881 Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?
 1882 *Bast.* The *French* (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it:
 1883 Besides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisburie*
 1884 With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
 1885 And others more, going to seeke the graue
 1886 Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your |(suggestion.
 1887 *Iohn.* Gentle kinsman, go
 1888 And thrust thy selfe into their Companies, [b2v
 1889 I haue a way to winne their loues againe:
 1890 Bring them before me.
 1891 *Bast.* I will seeke them out.
 1892 *Iohn.* Nay, but make haste: the better foote before.
 1893 O, let me haue no subiect enemies,
 1894 When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes
 1895 With dreadfull pompe of stout inuasion.
 1896 Be *Mercurie*, set feathers to thy heeles,
 1897 And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.
 1898 *Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *Exit*

1899 *John*. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.
 1900 Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede
 1901 Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
 1902 And be thou hee.
 1903 *Mes*. With all my heart, my Liege.
 1904 *John*. My mother dead?
 1905 *Enter Hubert*.
 1906 *Hub*. My Lord, they say fiue Moones were seene to |(night:
 1907 Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about
 1908 The other foure, in wondrous motion.
 1909 *Ioh*. Fiue Moones?
 1910 *Hub*. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
 1911 Do prophesie vpon it dangerously:
 1912 Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
 1913 And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
 1914 And whisper one another in the eare.
 1915 And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
 1916 Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
 1917 With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
 1918 I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
 1919 The whilst his Iron did on the Anuile coole,
 1920 With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
 1921 Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
 1922 Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
 1923 Had falsely thrust vpon contrary feete,
 1924 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 1925 That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
 1926 Another leane, vnwash'd Artificer,
 1927 Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.
 1928 *Io*. Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares?
 1929 Why vrgest thou so oft yong *Arthurs* death?
 1930 Thy hand hath murdred him: I had a mighty cause
 1931 To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
 1932 *H*. No had (my Lord?) why, did you not prouoke me?
 1933 *John*. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
 1934 By slaues, that take their humors for a warrant,
 1935 To breake within the bloody house of life,
 1936 And on the winking of Authoritie
 1937 To vnderstand a Law; to know the meaning
 1938 Of dangerous Maiesty, when perchance it frownes
 1939 More vpon humor, then aduis'd respect.
 1940 *Hub*. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.
 1941 *Ioh*. Oh, when the last accompt twixt heauen & earth
 1942 Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
 1943 Witnesse against vs to damnation.
 1944 How oft the sight of meanes to do ill deeds,

1945 Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou beene by,
 1946 A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
 1947 Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,
 1948 This murther had not come into my minde.
 1949 But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
 1950 Finding thee fit for bloody villanie:
 1951 Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
 1952 I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death:
 1953 And thou, to be endeered to a King,
 1954 Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.
 1955 *Hub.* My Lord.
 1956 *Ioh.* Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause
 1957 When I spake darkely, what I purposed:
 1958 Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face;
 1959 As bid me tell my tale in expresse words:
 1960 Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,
 1961 And those thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me.
 1962 But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes,
 1963 And didst in signes againe parley with sinne,
 1964 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 1965 And consequently, thy rude hand to acte
 1966 The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.
 1967 Out of my sight, and neuer see me more:
 1968 My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued,
 1969 Euen at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres;
 1970 Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,
 1971 This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe
 1972 Hostilitie, and ciuill tumult reignes
 1973 Betweene my conscience, and my Cosins death.
 1974 *Hub.* Arme you against your other enemies:
 1975 Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.
 1976 Yong *Arthur* is aliuie: This hand of mine
 1977 Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
 1978 Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood,
 1979 Within this bosome, neuer entred yet
 1980 The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
 1981 And you haue slander'd Nature in my forme,
 1982 Which howsoeuer rude exteriorly,
 1983 Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde,
 1984 Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.
 1985 *Iohn.* Doth *Arthur* liue? O hast thee to the Peeres,
 1986 Throw this report on their incensed rage,
 1987 And make them tame to their obedience.
 1988 Forgiue the Comment that my passion made
 1989 Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
 1990 And foule immaginarie eyes of blood

1991 Presented thee more hideous then thou art.
 1992 Oh, answer not; but to my Closset bring
 1993 The angry Lords, with all expedient hast,
 1994 I coniure thee but slowly: run more fast. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Tertia.

1996 *Enter Arthur on the walles.*
 1997 *Ar.* The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
 1998 Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
 1999 There's few or none do know me, if they did,
 2000 This Ship- boyes semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 2001 I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
 2002 If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
 2003 Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away;
 2004 As good to dye, and go; as dye, and stay.
 2005 Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,
 2006 Heauen take my soule, and England keep my bones. *Dies*
 2007 *Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.*
 2008 *Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at S[aint]. *Edmondsbury,*
 2009 It is our safetie, and we must embrace
 2010 This gentle offer of the perillous time.
 2011 *Pem.* Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?
 2012 *Sal.* The Count *Meloone*, a Noble Lord of France,
 2013 Whose priuate with me of the Dolphines loue,
 2014 Is much more generall, then these lines import. [b3
 2015 *Big.* To morrow morning let vs meete him then.
 2016 *Sal.* Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
 2017 Two long dayes iourney (Lords) or ere we meete.
 2018 *Enter Bastard.*
 2019 *Bast.* Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords,
 2020 The King by me requests your presence straight.
 2021 *Sal.* The king hath dispossesed himselfe of vs,
 2022 We will not lyne his thin- bestained cloake
 2023 With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
 2024 That leaues the print of blood where ere it walkes.
 2025 Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst.
 2026 *Bast.* What ere you thinke, good words I thinke
 2027 were best.
 2028 *Sal.* Our greefes, and not our manners reason now.
 2029 *Bast.* But there is little reason in your greefe.
 2030 Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
 2031 *Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his priuiledge.
 2032 *Bast.* 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans else.

2033 *Sal.* This is the prison: What is he lyes heere?
 2034 *P.* Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,
 2035 The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.
 2036 *Sal.* Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,
 2037 Doth lay it open to vrge on reuenge.
 2038 *Big.* Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue,
 2039 Found it too precious Princely, for a graue.
 2040 *Sal.* Sir *Richard*, what thinke you? you haue beheld,
 2041 Or haue you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
 2042 Or do you almost thinke, although you see,
 2043 That you do see? Could thought, without this obiect
 2044 Forme such another? This is the very top,
 2045 The heighth, the Crest: or Crest vnto the Crest
 2046 Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodiest shame,
 2047 The wildest Sauagery, the vildest stroke
 2048 That euer wall- ey'd wrath, or staring rage
 2049 Presented to the teares of soft remorse.
 2050 *Pem.* All murthers past, do stand excus'd in this:
 2051 And this so sole, and so vnmatcheable,
 2052 Shall giue a holinesse, a puritie,
 2053 To the yet vnbegotten sinne of times;
 2054 And proue a deadly blood-shed, but a iest,
 2055 Exempld by this heynous spectacle.
 2056 *Bast.* It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
 2057 The gracelesse action of a heauy hand,
 2058 If that it be the worke of any hand.
 2059 *Sal.* If that it be the worke of any hand?
 2060 We had a kinde of light, what would ensue:
 2061 It is the shamefull worke of *Huberts* hand,
 2062 The practice, and the purpose of the king:
 2063 From whose obedience I forbid my soule,
 2064 Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
 2065 And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
 2066 The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:
 2067 Neuer to taste the pleasures of the world,
 2068 Neuer to be infected with delight,
 2069 Nor conuersant with Ease, and Idlennesse,
 2070 Till I haue set a glory to this hand,
 2071 By giuing it the worship of Reuenge.
 2072 *Pem. Big.* Our soules religiously confirme thy words.
 2073 *Enter Hubert.*
 2074 *Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,
 2075 *Arthur* doth liue, the king hath sent for you.
 2076 *Sal.* Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death,
 2077 Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone.
 2078 *Hu.* I am no villaine. *Sal.* Must I rob |(the Law?

2079 *Bast.* Your sword is bright sir, put it vp againe.
 2080 *Sal.* Not till I sheath it in a murtherers skin.
 2081 *Hub.* Stand backe Lord Salsbury, stand backe I say
 2082 By heauen, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours.
 2083 I would not haue you (Lord) forget your selfe,
 2084 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
 2085 Least I, by marking of your rage, forget
 2086 Your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.
 2087 *Big.* Out dunghill: dar'st thou braue a Nobleman?
 2088 *Hub.* Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
 2089 My innocent life against an Emperour.
 2090 *Sal.* Thou art a Murtherer.
 2091 *Hub.* Do not proue me so:
 2092 Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false,
 2093 Not truely speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.
 2094 *Pem.* Cut him to peeces.
 2095 *Bast.* Keepe the peace, I say.
 2096 *Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.
 2097 *Bast.* Thou wer't better gaul the diuell Salsbury.
 2098 If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,
 2099 Or teach thy hastie spleene to do me shame,
 2100 Ile strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime,
 2101 Or Ile so maule you, and your toasting- Iron,
 2102 That you shall thinke the diuell is come from hell.
 2103 *Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
 2104 Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?
 2105 *Hub.* Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
 2106 *Big.* Who kill'd this Prince?
 2107 *Hub.* 'Tis not an houre since I left him well:
 2108 I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe
 2109 My date of life out, for his sweete liues losse.
 2110 *Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
 2111 For villanie is not without such rheume,
 2112 And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme
 2113 Like Riuers of remorse and innocencie.
 2114 Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre
 2115 Th' vncleanly sauours of a Slaughter- house,
 2116 For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.
 2117 *Big.* Away, toward *Burie*, to the Dolphin there.
 2118 *P.* There tel the king, he may inquire vs out. *Ex. Lords.*
 2119 *Ba.* Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?
 2120 Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,
 2121 (If thou didst this deed of death) art y damn'd *Hubert*.
 2122 *Hub.* Do but heare me sir.
 2123 *Bast.* Ha? Ile tell thee what.
 2124 Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,

2125 Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:
2126 There is not yet so vgly a fiend of hell
2127 As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.
2128 *Hub.* Vpon my soule.
2129 *Bast.* If thou didst but consent
2130 To this most cruell Act: do but dispaire,
2131 And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred
2132 That euer Spider twisted from her wombe
2133 Will serue to strangle thee: A rush will be a beame
2134 To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,
2135 Put but a little water in a spoone,
2136 And it shall be as all the Ocean,
2137 Enough to stifle such a villaine vp.
2138 I do suspect thee very greeuously.
2139 *Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,
2140 Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath
2141 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
2142 Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
2143 I left him well.
2144 *Bast.* Go, beare him in thine armes:
2145 I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way
2146 Among the thornes, and dangers of this world. [b3v
2147 How easie dost thou take all *England* vp,
2148 From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
2149 The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
2150 Is fled to heauen: and *England* now is left
2151 To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
2152 The vn- owed interest of proud swelling State:
2153 Now for the bare- pickt bone of Maiesty,
2154 Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,
2155 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
2156 Now Powers from home, and discontents at home
2157 Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites
2158 As doth a Rauon on a sicke- falne beast,
2159 The imminent decay of wrested pompe.
2160 Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
2161 Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,
2162 And follow me with speed: Ile to the King:
2163 A thousand businesses are briefe in hand,
2164 And heauen it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scaena prima.

2166 *Enter King Iohn and Pandolph, attendants.*
 2167 *K.Iohn.* Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
 2168 The Circle of my glory.
 2169 *Pan.* Take againe
 2170 From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
 2171 Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie.
 2172 *Iohn.* Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French,*
 2173 And from his holinesse vse all your power
 2174 To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd:
 2175 Our discontented Counties doe reuolt:
 2176 Our people quarrell with obedience,
 2177 Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of soule
 2178 To stranger- bloud, to forren Royalty;
 2179 This inundation of mistempred humor,
 2180 Rests by you onely to be qualified.
 2181 Then pause not: for the present time's so sicke,
 2182 That present medicine must be ministred,
 2183 Or ouerthrow incureable ensues.
 2184 *Pand.* It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,
 2185 Vpon your stubborne vsage of the Pope:
 2186 But since you are a gentle conuertite,
 2187 My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,
 2188 And make faire weather in your blustering land:
 2189 On this Ascention day, remember well,
 2190 Vpon your oath of seruice to the Pope,
 2191 Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*
 2192 *Iohn.* Is this Ascension day? did not the Prophet
 2193 Say, that before Ascension day at noone,
 2194 My Crowne I should giue off? euen so I haue:
 2195 I did suppose it should be on constraint,
 2196 But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.
 2197 *Enter Bastard.*
 2198 *Bast.* All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
 2199 But Douer Castle: London hath receiu'd
 2200 Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.
 2201 Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
 2202 To offer seruice to your enemy:
 2203 And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
 2204 The little number of your doubtfull friends.
 2205 *Iohn.* Would not my Lords returne to me againe
 2206 After they heard yong *Arthur* was aliue?
 2207 *Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
 2208 An empty Casket, where the Jewell of life
 2209 By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.

2210 *Iohn.* That villaine *Hubert* told me he did liue.
2211 *Bast.* So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:
2212 But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?
2213 Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought:
2214 Let not the world see feare and sad distrust
2215 Gouverne the motion of a kinglye eye:
2216 Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,
2217 Threaten the threatner, and out- face the brow
2218 Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes
2219 That borrow their behauiours from the great,
2220 Grow great by your example, and put on
2221 The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.
2222 Away, and glister like the god of warre
2223 When he intendeth to become the field:
2224 Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence:
2225 What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,
2226 And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
2227 Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne
2228 To meet displeasure farther from the dores,
2229 And grapple with him ere he come so nye.
2230 *Iohn.* The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
2231 And I haue made a happy peace with him,
2232 And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers
2233 Led by the Dolphin.
2234 *Bast.* Oh inglorious league:
2235 Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
2236 Send fayre- play- orders, and make comprimise,
2237 Insinuation, parley, and base truce
2238 To Armes Inuasiue? Shall a beardlesse boy,
2239 A cockred- silken wanton braue our fields,
2240 And flesh his spirit in a warre- like soyle,
2241 Mocking the ayre with colours idlye spred,
2242 And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:
2243 Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
2244 Or if he doe, let it at least be said
2245 They saw we had a purpose of defence.
2246 *Iohn.* Haue thou the ordering of this present time.
2247 *Bast.* Away then with good courage: yet I know
2248 Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Secunda.

2250 *Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pem-broke,*
 2251 *Bigot, Souldiers.*
 2252 *Dol.* My Lord *Melloone*, let this be coppied out,
 2253 And keepe it safe for our remembrance:
 2254 Returne the president to these Lords againe,
 2255 That hauing our faire order written downe,
 2256 Both they and we, perusing ore these notes
 2257 May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
 2258 And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable.
 2259 *Sal.* Vpon our sides it neuer shall be broken.
 2260 And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare
 2261 A voluntary zeale, and an vn- urg'd Faith
 2262 To your proceedings: yet beleue me Prince,
 2263 I am not glad that such a sore of Time
 2264 Should seeke a plaster by contemn'd reuolt,
 2265 And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound, [b4
 2266 By making many: Oh it grieues my soule,
 2267 That I must draw this mettle from my side
 2268 To be a widdow- maker: oh, and there
 2269 Where honourable rescue, and defence
 2270 Cries out vpon the name of *Salisbury*.
 2271 But such is the infection of the time,
 2272 That for the health and Physicke of our right,
 2273 We cannot deale but with the very hand
 2274 Of sterne Iniustice, and confused wrong:
 2275 And is't not pittie, (oh my griued friends)
 2276 That we, the sonnes and children of this Isle,
 2277 Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,
 2278 Wherein we step after a stranger, march
 2279 Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp
 2280 Her Enemies rankes? I must withdraw, and weepe
 2281 Vpon the spot of this inforced cause,
 2282 To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
 2283 And follow vnacquainted colours heere:
 2284 What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remoue,
 2285 That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
 2286 Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
 2287 And cripple thee vnto a Pagan shore,
 2288 Where these two Christian Armies might combine
 2289 The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
 2290 And not to spend it so vn- neighbourly.
 2291 *Dolph.* A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
 2292 And great affections wrastling in thy bosome
 2293 Doth make an earth- quake of Nobility:

2294 Oh, what a noble combat hast fought
 2295 Between compulsion, and a braue respect:
 2296 Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
 2297 That siluerly doth progresse on thy cheekes:
 2298 My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
 2299 Being an ordinary Inundation:
 2300 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 2301 This showre, blowne vp by tempest of the soule,
 2302 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 2303 Then had I seene the vaultie top of heauen
 2304 Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
 2305 Lift vp thy brow (renowned *Salisburie*)
 2306 And with a great heart heaue away this storme:
 2307 Commend these waters to those baby- eyes
 2308 That neuer saw the giant- world enrag'd,
 2309 Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts,
 2310 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossipping:
 2311 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe
 2312 Into the purse of rich prosperity
 2313 As *Lewis* himselfe: so (Nobles) shall you all,
 2314 That knit your sinewes to the strength of mine.
 2315 *Enter Pandulpho.*
 2316 And euen there, methinkes an Angell spake,
 2317 Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
 2318 To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
 2319 And on our actions set the name of right
 2320 With holy breath.
 2321 *Pand.* Haile noble Prince of *France*:
 2322 The next is this: King *Iohn* hath reconcil'd
 2323 Himselfe to *Rome*, his spirit is come in,
 2324 That so stood out against the holy Church,
 2325 The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
 2326 Therefore thy threatning Colours now winde vp,
 2327 And tame the sauage spirit of wilde warre,
 2328 That like a Lion fostered vp at hand,
 2329 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 2330 And be no further harmefull then in shewe.
 2331 *Dol.* Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:
 2332 I am too high- borne to be proportied
 2333 To be a secondary at controll,
 2334 Or vsefull seruing- man, and Instrument
 2335 To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
 2336 Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres,
 2337 Betweene this chastiz'd kingdome and my selfe,
 2338 And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
 2339 And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out

2340 With that same weake winde, which enkindled it:
 2341 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 2342 Acquainted me with interest to this Land,
 2343 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,
 2344 And come ye now to tell me *Iohn* hath made
 2345 His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
 2346 I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
 2347 After yong *Arthur*, claime this Land for mine,
 2348 And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,
 2349 Because that *Iohn* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
 2350 Am I *Romes* slaue? What penny hath *Rome* borne?
 2351 What men prouided? What munition sent
 2352 To vnder- prop this Action? Is't not I
 2353 That vnder- goe this charge? Who else but I,
 2354 And such as to my claime are liable,
 2355 Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre?
 2356 Haue I not heard these Islanders shout out
 2357 *Viue le Roy*, as I haue bank'd their Townes?
 2358 Haue I not heere the best Cards for the game
 2359 To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?
 2360 And shall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
 2361 No, no, on my soule it neuer shall be said.
 2362 *Pand.* You looke but on the out- side of this worke.
 2363 *Dol.* Out- side or in- side, I will not returne
 2364 Till my attempt so much be glorified,
 2365 As to my ample hope was promised,
 2366 Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
 2367 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
 2368 To out- looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
 2369 Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death:
 2370 What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon vs?
 2371 *Enter Bastard.*
 2372 *Bast.* According to the faire- play of the world,
 2373 Let me haue audience: I am sent to speake:
 2374 My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
 2375 I come to learne how you haue dealt for him:
 2376 And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
 2377 And warrant limited vnto my tongue.
 2378 *Pand.* The *Dolphin* is too wilfull opposite
 2379 And will not temporize with my intreaties:
 2380 He flatly saies, hee'll not lay downe his Armes.
 2381 *Bast.* By all the bloud that euer fury breath'd,
 2382 The youth saies well. Now heare our *English* King,
 2383 For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me:
 2384 He is prepar'd, and reason to he should,
 2385 This apish and vnmannerly approach,

2386 This harness'd Maske, and vnaduis'd Reuell,
 2387 This vn- heard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,
 2388 The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
 2389 To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
 2390 From out the circle of his Territories.
 2391 That hand which had the strength, euen at your dore,
 2392 To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
 2393 To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,
 2394 To crowch in litter of your stable planks,
 2395 To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chests and truncks,
 2396 To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out
 2397 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake, [b4v
 2398 Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
 2399 Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman.
 2400 Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,
 2401 That in your Chambers gaue you chastisement?
 2402 No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
 2403 And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,
 2404 To sowsse annoyance that comes neere his Nest;
 2405 And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
 2406 You bloody Nero's, ripping vp the wombe
 2407 Of your deere Mother- England: blush for shame:
 2408 For your owne Ladies, and pale- visag'd Maides,
 2409 Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
 2410 Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
 2411 Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
 2412 To fierce and bloody inclination.
 2413 *Dol.* There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,
 2414 We grant thou canst out- scold vs: Far thee well,
 2415 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 2416 with such a brabler.
 2417 *Pan.* Giue me leaue to speake.
 2418 *Bast.* No, I will speake.
 2419 *Dol.* We will attend to neyther:
 2420 Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
 2421 Pleade for our interest, and our being heere.
 2422 *Bast.* Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out;
 2423 And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
 2424 An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
 2425 And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
 2426 That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
 2427 Sound but another, and another shall
 2428 (As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
 2429 And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
 2430 (Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,
 2431 Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede)

2432 Is warlike *Iohn*: and in his fore- head sits
 2433 A bare- rib'd death, whose office is this day
 2434 To feast vpon whole thousands of the French.
 2435 *Dol.* Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.
 2436 *Bast.* And thou shalt finde it (*Dolphin*) do not doubt
 2437 *Exeunt.*

Scaena Tertia.

2439 *Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert.*
 2440 *Iohn.* How goes the day with vs? oh tell me *Hubert.*
 2441 *Hub.* Badly I feare; how fares your Maiesty?
 2442 *Iohn.* This Feauer that hath troubled me so long,
 2443 Lyes heaueie on me: oh, my heart is sicke.
 2444 *Enter a Messenger.*
 2445 *Mes.* My Lord: your valiant kinsman *Falconbridge*,
 2446 Desires your Maiestie to leaue the field,
 2447 And send him word by me, which way you go.
 2448 *Iohn.* Tell him toward *Swinsted*, to the Abbey there.
 2449 *Mes.* Be of good comfort: for the great supply
 2450 That was expected by the *Dolphin* heere,
 2451 Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
 2452 This newes was brought to *Richard* but euen now,
 2453 The French fight coldly, and retyre themselues.
 2454 *Iohn.* Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
 2455 And will not let me welcome this good newes.
 2456 Set on toward *Swinsted*: to my Litter straight,
 2457 Weaknesse possesseth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

2459 *Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.*
 2460 *Sal.* I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.
 2461 *Pem.* Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,
 2462 If they miscarry: we miscarry too.
 2463 *Sal.* That misbegotten diuell *Falconbridge*,
 2464 In spight of spight, alone vpholds the day.
 2465 *Pem.* They say King *Iohn* sore sick, hath left the field.
 2466 *Enter Meloone wounded.*
 2467 *Mel.* Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.
 2468 *Sal.* When we were happie, we had other names.
 2469 *Pem.* It is the Count *Meloone*.

2470 *Sal.* Wounded to death.
 2471 *Mel.* Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
 2472 Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
 2473 And welcome home againe discarded faith,
 2474 Seeke out King *Iohn*, and fall before his feete:
 2475 For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
 2476 He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
 2477 By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne,
 2478 And I with him, and many moe with mee,
 2479 Vpon the Altar at S[aint]. *Edmondsbury*,
 2480 Euen on that Altar, where we swore to you
 2481 Deere Amity, and euerlasting loue.
 2482 *Sal.* May this be possible? May this be true?
 2483 *Mel.* Haue I not hideous death within my view,
 2484 Retaining but a quantity of life,
 2485 Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe
 2486 Resolueth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
 2487 What in the world should make me now deceiue,
 2488 Since I must loose the vse of all deceite?
 2489 Why should I then be false, since it is true
 2490 That I must dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?
 2491 I say againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,
 2492 He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours
 2493 Behold another day breake in the East:
 2494 But euen this night, whose blacke contagious breath
 2495 Already smoakes about the burning Crest
 2496 Of the old, feeble, and day- wearied Sunne,
 2497 Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
 2498 Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
 2499 Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:
 2500 If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the day.
 2501 Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;
 2502 The loue of him, and this respect besides
 2503 (For that my Grandsire was an Englishman)
 2504 Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.
 2505 In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
 2506 From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;
 2507 Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
 2508 In peace: and part this bodie and my soule
 2509 With contemplation, and deuout desires.
 2510 *Sal.* We do beleue thee, and beshrew my soule,
 2511 But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
 2512 Of this most faire occasion, by the which
 2513 We will vntread the steps of damned flight,
 2514 And like a bated and retired Flood,
 2515 Leauing our ranknesse and irregular course,

2516 Stoope lowe within those bounds we haue ore- look'd,
 2517 And calmely run on in obedience
 2518 Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *Iohn*.
 2519 My arme shall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence, [b5
 2520 For I do see the cruell pangs of death
 2521 Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
 2522 And happie newnesse, that intends old right. *Exeunt*

Scena Quinta.

2524 *Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.*
 2525 *Dol.* The Sun of heauen (me thought) was loth to set;
 2526 But staid, and made the Westerne Welkin blush,
 2527 When English measure backward their owne ground
 2528 In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off,
 2529 When with a volley of our needlesse shot,
 2530 After such bloody toile, we bid good night,
 2531 And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly vp,
 2532 Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.
 2533 *Enter a Messenger.*
 2534 *Mes.* Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?
 2535 *Dol.* Heere: what newes?
 2536 *Mes.* The Count *Meloone* is slaine: The English Lords
 2537 By his perswasion, are againe falne off,
 2538 And your supply, which you haue wish'd so long,
 2539 Are cast away, and sunke on *Goodwin* sands.
 2540 *Dol.* Ah fowle, shrew'd newes. Beshrew thy very hart:
 2541 I did not thinke to be so sad to night
 2542 As this hath made me. Who was he that said
 2543 King *Iohn* did flie an houre or two before
 2544 The stumbling night did part our wearie powres?
 2545 *Mes.* Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord.
 2546 *Dol.* Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
 2547 The day shall not be vp so soone as I,
 2548 To try the faire aduenture of to morrow. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

2550 *Enter Bastard and Hubert, seuerally.*
 2551 *Hub.* Whose there? Speake hoa, speake quickely, or
 2552 I shoote.
 2553 *Bast.* A Friend. What art thou?

2554 *Hub.* Of the part of England.
 2555 *Bast.* Whether doest thou go?
 2556 *Hub.* What's that to thee?
 2557 Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
 2558 As well as thou of mine?
 2559 *Bast. Hubert,* I thinke.
 2560 *Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:
 2561 I will vpon all hazards well beleeeue
 2562 Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:
 2563 Who art thou?
 2564 *Bast.* Who thou wilt: and if thou please
 2565 Thou maist be- friend me so much, as to thinke
 2566 I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.
 2567 *Hub.* Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,
 2568 Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,
 2569 That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
 2570 Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.
 2571 *Bast.* Come, come: sans complement, What newes
 2572 abroad?
 2573 *Hub.* Why heere walke I in the black brow of night
 2574 To finde you out.
 2575 *Bast.* Breefe then: and what's the newes?
 2576 *Hub.* O my sweet sir, newes fitting to the night,
 2577 Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.
 2578 *Bast.* Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
 2579 I am no woman, Ile not swound at it.
 2580 *Hub.* The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,
 2581 I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
 2582 To acquaint you with this euill, that you might
 2583 The better arme you to the sodaine time,
 2584 Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.
 2585 *Bast.* How did he take it? Who did taste to him?
 2586 *Hub.* A Monke I tell you, a resolued villaine
 2587 Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King
 2588 Yet speakes, and peraduenture may recouer.
 2589 *Bast.* Who didst thou leaue to tend his Maiesty?
 2590 *Hub.* Why know you not? The Lords are all come
 2591 backe,
 2592 And brought Prince *Henry* in their companie,
 2593 At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
 2594 And they are all about his Maiestie.
 2595 *Bast.* With- hold thine indignation, mighty heauen,
 2596 And tempt vs not to beare aboue our power.
 2597 Ile tell thee *Hubert,* halfe my power this night
 2598 Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,
 2599 These Lincolne- Washes haue deuoured them,

2600 My selfe, well mounted, hardly haue escap'd.
 2601 Away before: Conduct me to the king,
 2602 I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

2604 *Enter Prince Henry, Salisburie, and Bigot.*
 2605 *Hen.* It is too late, the life of all his blood
 2606 Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
 2607 (Which some suppose the soules fraile dwelling house)
 2608 Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
 2609 Fore- tell the ending of mortality.
 2610 *Enter Pembroke.*
 2611 *Pem.* His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleefe,
 2612 That being brought into the open ayre,
 2613 It would allay the burning qualitie
 2614 Of that fell poison which assayleth him.
 2615 *Hen.* Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
 2616 Doth he still rage?
 2617 *Pem.* He is more patient
 2618 Then when you left him; euen now he sung.
 2619 *Hen.* Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames
 2620 In their continuance, will not feele themselues.
 2621 Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts
 2622 Leaues them inuisible, and his seige is now
 2623 Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds
 2624 With many legions of strange fantasies,
 2625 Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,
 2626 Counfound themselues. 'Tis strange y death shold sing:
 2627 I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
 2628 Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
 2629 And from the organ- pipe of frailety sings
 2630 His soule and body to their lasting rest.
 2631 *Sal.* Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
 2632 To set a forme vpon that indigest
 2633 Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.
 2634 *Iohn brought in.*
 2635 *Iohn.* I marrie, now my soule hath elbow roome, [b5v
 2636 It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
 2637 There is so hot a summer in my bosome,
 2638 That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:
 2639 I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen
 2640 Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire
 2641 Do I shrink vp.

2642 *Hen.* How fares your Maiesty?
 2643 *Ioh.* Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,
 2644 And none of you will bid the winter come
 2645 To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw;
 2646 Nor let my kingdomes Riuers take their course
 2647 Through my burn'd bosome: nor intreat the North
 2648 To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
 2649 And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
 2650 I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight
 2651 And so ingratefull, you deny me that.
 2652 *Hen.* Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
 2653 That might releue you.
 2654 *Iohn.* The salt in them is hot.
 2655 Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
 2656 Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
 2657 On vnrepreeuable condemned blood.
 2658 *Enter Bastard.*
 2659 *Bast.* Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
 2660 And spleene of speede, to see your Maiesty.
 2661 *Iohn.* Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:
 2662 The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
 2663 And all the shrowds wherewith my life should saile,
 2664 Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
 2665 My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
 2666 Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,
 2667 And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
 2668 And module of confounded royalty.
 2669 *Bast.* The Dolphin is preparing hither- ward,
 2670 Where heauen he knowes how we shall answer him.
 2671 For in a night the best part of my powre,
 2672 As I vpon aduantage did remoue,
 2673 Were in the *Washes* all vnwarily,
 2674 Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.
 2675 *Sal.* You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare
 2676 My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.
 2677 *Hen.* Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop.
 2678 What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
 2679 When this was now a King, and now is clay?
 2680 *Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,
 2681 To do the office for thee, of reuenge,
 2682 And then my soule shall waite on thee to heauen,
 2683 As it on earth hath bene thy seruant still.
 2684 Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres,
 2685 Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
 2686 And instantly returne with me againe.
 2687 To push destruction, and perpetuall shame

2688 Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:
2689 Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be sought,
2690 The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles.
2691 *Sal.* It seemes you know not then so much as we,
2692 The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest,
2693 Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
2694 And brings from him such offers of our peace,
2695 As we with honor and respect may take,
2696 With purpose presently to leaue this warre.
2697 *Bast.* He will the rather do it, when he sees
2698 Our selues well sinew'd to our defence.
2699 *Sal.* Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
2700 For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd
2701 To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
2702 To the disposing of the Cardinall,
2703 With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
2704 If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast
2705 To consummate this businesse happily.
2706 *Bast.* Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
2707 With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
2708 Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.
2709 *Hen.* At Worster must his bodie be interr'd,
2710 For so he will'd it.
2711 *Bast.* Thither shall it then,
2712 And happily may your sweet selfe put on
2713 The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,
2714 To whom with all submission on my knee,
2715 I do bequeath my faithfull seruices
2716 And true subiection euerlastingly.
2717 *Sal.* And the like tender of our loue wee make
2718 To rest without a spot for euermore.
2719 *Hen.* I haue a kinde soule, that would giue thanks,
2720 And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.
2721 *Bast.* Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
2722 Since it hath beene before hand with our greefes.
2723 This England neuer did, nor neuer shall
2724 Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
2725 But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
2726 Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
2727 Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
2728 And we shall shocke them: Naught shall make vs rue,
2729 If England to it selfe, do rest but true. *Exeunt.*

The life and death of King John.
