

XVI.

K I N G J O H N.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King JOHN:

PRINCE HENRY, *his Son; afterwards King Henry III.*  
ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, Son of Geoffrey, late Duke of Bretagne, the elder Brother of King John.*

WILLIAM MARESHALL, *Earl of Pembroke.*

GEFFREY FITZ-PETER, *Earl of Essex, Chief Justice of England.*

WILLIAM LONGSWORD, *Earl of Salisbury.* <sup>1)</sup>

ROBERT BIGOT, *Earl of Norfolk.*

HUBERT DE BURGH, *Chamberlain to the King.*

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *Son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, *his Half-brother, Bastard Son to King Richard the First.*

JAMES GURNEY, *Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER of Pomfret, *a Prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

ARCHDUKE of Austria.

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's Legate.*

MELUN, *a French Lord.*

CHATILLON, *Ambassador from France to King John.*

ELINOR, *the Widow of King Henry II. and Mother of King John.*

CONSTANCE, *Mother to Arthur.*

BLANCH, *Daughter to Alphonso, King of Castile, and Niece to King John.*

Lady FAULCONBRIDGE, *Mother to the Bastard and Robert Faulconbridge.*

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE — *sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. Northampton. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter King JOHN, Queen ELINOR, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, and others, with CHATILLON.*

*King John.*

Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,

In my behaviour, <sup>2)</sup> to the majesty,

The borrow'd majesty of England here.

*Eli.* A strange beginning; — borrow'd majesty!

*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,

Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island, and the territories;

To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine:

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword,

Which sways usurpingly these several titles;

And put the same into young Arthur's hand,

Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows, if we disallow of this?

*Chat.* The proud control of fierce and bloody war,

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my mouth, The furthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report I will be there,

The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen presage of your own decay, —

An honourable conduct let him have: —

Pembroke, look to't: Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.*]

*Eli.* What now, my son? have I not ever said,

How that ambitious Constance would not cease,

Till she had kindled France, and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented, and made whole,

With very easy arguments of love;

Which now the manage <sup>3)</sup> of two kingdoms must

With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession, and our right, for us.

*Eli.* Your strong possession, much more than your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you and me:

So much my conscience whispers in your ear;

Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall hear.

*Enter the Sheriff of Northamptonshire, who whispers ESSEX.*

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest controversy,

Come from the country to be judged by you,

That e'er I heard: Shall I produce the men?

*K. John.* Let them approach. — [Exit Sheriff.]

Our abbies, and our priories, shall pay

*Re-enter Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE,*

*and PHILIP, his bastard Brother.*

This expedition's charge. — What men are you?

*Bast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,

Born in Northamptonshire; and eldest son,

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge;

A soldier, by the honour-giving hand

Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.





Who, by the hand of France, this day hath made  
Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lye scatter'd on the bleeding ground.  
Many a widow's husband groveling lies,  
Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play  
Upon the dancing banners of the French;  
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim  
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

*Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;  
King John, your king and England's, doth approach,  
Commander of this hot malicious day!  
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;  
There stuck no plume in any English crest,  
That is removed by a staff of France;  
Our colours do return in those same hands  
That did display them when we first march'd forth;  
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
Died in the dying slaughter of their foes:  
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

*Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,  
From first to last, the onset and retire  
Of both your armies; whose equality  
By our best eyes cannot be censur'd;<sup>16)</sup>  
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd  
blows;  
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted  
power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.  
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,  
We hold our town for neither: yet for both.

*Enter, at one side, King JOHN, with his Power;  
ELINOR, BLANCH, and the Bastard; at the other,  
King PHILIP, LEWIS, AUSTRIA, and Forces.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast  
away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?<sup>17)</sup>  
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erswell  
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores;  
Unless thou let his silver water keep  
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

*K. Phi.* England, thou hast not sav'd one drop of  
blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;  
Rather, lost more: And by this hand I swear,  
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,—  
Before we will lay down our just-born arms,  
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,  
Or add a royal number to the dead;  
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,  
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

*Bast.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,  
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
O, now doth death line his dead chaps with steel;  
The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,<sup>18)</sup>  
In undetermin'd differences of kings.—  
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
Cry, havoc, kings! back to the stained field,  
You equal potents,<sup>19)</sup> fiery-kindled spirits!  
Then let confusion of one part confirm  
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?  
*K. Phi.* Speak, citizens, for England; who's your  
king?

*1 Cit.* The king of England, when we know the king.

*K. Phi.* Know him in us, that here hold up his right.

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here:  
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

*1 Cit.* A greater power than we, denies all this;  
And, till it be undoubted, we do lack  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates:  
King'd of our fears;<sup>20)</sup> until our fears, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd.

*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers<sup>21)</sup> flout  
you, kings;

And stand securely on their battlements,  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
Your royal presences be rul'd by me;  
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,<sup>22)</sup>  
Be friends a while, and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town:  
By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon, charged to the mouths;  
Till their soul-fearing clamours<sup>23)</sup> have brawl'd down  
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:  
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation  
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.

That done, dissever your united strengths,  
And part your mingled colours once again;  
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point:  
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion;  
To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
Smacks it not something of the policy?

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above our  
heads,

I like it well;— France, shall we knit our powers,  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;  
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?

*Bast.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,—  
Being wrong'd, as we are, by this peevish town,—  
Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,

As we will ours, against these saucy walls:  
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
Why, then, defy each other: and, pell-mell,  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven, or hell.

*K. Phi.* Let it be so:— Say, where will you assault?

*K. John.* We from the west will send destruction  
Into this city's bosom.

*Aust.* I from the north.

*K. Phi.* Our thunder from the south,  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

*Bast.* O prudent discipline! From north to south;  
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:

[*Aside.*  
I'll stir them to it:— Come, away, away!

*1 Cit.* Hear us, great kings; vouchsafe a while to  
stay,

And I shall show you peace, and fair-faced league;  
Win you this city without stroke or wound;  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field:  
Perséver not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*K. John.* Speak on, with favour; we are bent to hear.

*1 Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the lady  
Blanch,<sup>24)</sup>

Is near to England; Look upon the years  
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid:  
If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth,

Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:

If not complete, O say, he is not she;

And she again wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be not, that she is not he;

He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such a she;

And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:

And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,

To these two princes, if you marry them.

This union shall do more than battery can,  
To our fast-closed gates; for, at this match,

With swifter spleen<sup>25)</sup> than powder can enforce,  
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,

And give you entrance; but, without this match,  
The sea enraged is not half so deaf,

Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
More free from motion; no, not Death himself

In mortal fury half so peremptory,  
As we to keep this city.

*Bast.* Here's a stay,<sup>26)</sup>

That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death  
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,

That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and  
seas;

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs?

What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon, fire, and smoke, and bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;  
Our ears are cudgel'd: not a word of his,

But buffets better than a fist of France:  
Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words,

Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

*Eli.* Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;  
Give with our niece a dowry large enough:

For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,

That you green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.

I see a yielding in the looks of France;  
Mark, how they whisper: urge them, while their souls

Are capable of this ambition:  
Lest zeal, now melted, by the windy breath

Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*1 Cit.* Why answer not the double majesties  
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?

*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath been for-  
ward first

To speak unto this city: What say you?

*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,  
Can in this book of beauty read, I love,

Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:  
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,

And all that we upon this side the sea  
(Except this city now by us besieg'd.)

Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich

In titles, honours, and promotions,  
As she in beauty, education, blood,

Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. Phi.* What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's  
face!

*Lew.* I do, my lord, and in her eye I find  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,

The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
Which being but the shadow of your son,

Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:

I do protest, I never lov'd myself,

Till now infixed I beheld myself,

Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.<sup>27)</sup>

[*Whispers with BLANCH.*

*Bast.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!—  
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!—  
And quarter'd in her heart!— he doth espy  
Himself love's traitor: This is pity now,  
That hang'd, and drawn, and quarter'd, there  
should be,

In such a love, so vile a lout as he.

*Blanch.* My uncle's will, in this respect is mine.  
If he see aught in you, that makes him like,  
That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
I can with ease translate it to my will;  
Or, if you will, (to speak more properly,)  
I will enforce it easily to my love.

Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
That all I see in you is worthy love,  
Than this,— that nothing do I see in you,  
(Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your  
judge.)

That I can find should merit any hate.

*K. John.* What say these young ones? What say  
you, my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still to do  
What you in wisdom shall vouchsafe to say.

*K. John.* Speak then, prince Dauphin; can you love  
this lady?

*Lew.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen,<sup>28)</sup> Touraine,  
Maine,

Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces,  
With her to thee; and this addition more,  
Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.—  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,  
Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

*K. Phi.* It likes us well;— Young princes, close  
your hands,

*Aust.* And your lips too; for, I am well assur'd,  
That I did so, when I was first assur'd.<sup>29)</sup>

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at Saint Mary's chapel, presently,  
The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.—  
Is not the lady Constance in this troop?—  
I know, she is not; for this match, made up,  
Her presence would have interrupted much:  
Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.

*Lew.* She is sad and passionate<sup>30)</sup> at your high-  
ness' tent.

*K. Phi.* And, by my faith, this league, that we  
have made,

Will give her sadness very little cure.—  
Brother of England, how may we content  
This widow lady? in her right we came;  
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
To our own vantage.

*K. John.* We will heal up all,  
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,  
And Earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town  
We'll make him lord of.— Call the lady Constance;  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
To our solemnity:— I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will,  
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,  
That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but the Bastard.— The Citizens  
retire from the walls.*

*Bast.* Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part: <sup>31)</sup>  
And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on;  
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,  
As God's own soldier,) rounded in the ear <sup>32)</sup>  
With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil;  
That broker that still breaks the pate of faith;  
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids; —  
Who having no external thing to lose  
But the word maid, — cheats the poor maid of that;  
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity, —  
Commodity, the bias of the world; <sup>33)</sup>  
The world, who of itself is peised well,  
Made to run even, upon even ground;  
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,  
This sway of motion, this commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:  
And this same bias, this commodity,  
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
From a resolv'd and honourable war,  
To a most base and vile-concluded peace. —  
And why rail I on this commodity?  
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:  
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
When his fair angels would salute my palm:  
But for <sup>34)</sup> my hand, as unattempted yet,  
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,  
And say, — there is no sin, but to be rich;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be,  
To say, there is no vice but beggary:  
Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
Gain be my lord! for I will worship thee! [*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *The same. The French King's Tent.*

*Enter* CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

*Const.* Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!  
False blood to false blood join'd! Gone to be friends!  
Shall Lewis have Blanch? and Blanch those provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard;  
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:  
It cannot be; thou dost but say, 'tis so:  
I trust, I may not trust thee; for thy word  
Is but the vain breath of a common man:  
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man!  
I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
For I am sick, and capable of fears; <sup>1)</sup>  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears;  
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,  
With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?  
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?  
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

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*Sal.* As true, as, I believe, you think them false,  
That give you cause to prove my saying true.  
*Const.* O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;  
And let belief and life encounter so,  
As doth the fury of two desperate men,  
Which, in the very meeting, fall, and die. —  
Lewis marry Blanch! O, boy, then where art thou?  
France friend with England! what becomes of me? —  
Fellow, begone; I cannot brook thy sight;  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.  
*Sal.* What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
But spoke the harm that is by others done?  
*Const.* Which harm within itself so heinous is,  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it.  
*Arth.* I do beseech you, madam, be content.  
*Const.* If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,  
Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,  
Full of displeasing blots, and sightless <sup>2)</sup> stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, <sup>3)</sup> prodigious, <sup>4)</sup>  
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,  
I would not care, I then would be content;  
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.  
But thou art fair; and, at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:  
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose: but fortune, O!  
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee;  
She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;  
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;  
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John: —  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
Evenom him with words; or get thee gone,  
And leave these woes alone, which I alone,  
Am bound to under-bear.

*Sal.* Pardon me, madam,  
I may not go without you to the kings.  
*Const.* Thou may'st, thou shalt, I will not go with thee:

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout. <sup>5)</sup>  
To me, and to the state of my great grief,  
Let kings assemble; <sup>6)</sup> for my grief's so great,  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit; <sup>7)</sup>  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

*Enter* King JOHN, King PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,  
ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, and Attendants.

*K. Phi.* 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,  
Ever in France shall be kept festival:  
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun  
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist;  
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,  
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:  
The yearly course, that brings this day about,  
Shall never see it but a holyday.

*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holyday! —

[*Rising.*]

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done;  
That it in golden letters should be set,  
Among the high tides, <sup>8)</sup> in the kalendar?  
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;  
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:  
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,  
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd: <sup>9)</sup>  
But on this day, <sup>10)</sup> let seamen fear no wreck;

No bargains break, that are not this day made:  
This day, all things begun come to ill end;  
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!  
*K. Phi.* By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
To curse the fair proceedings of this day:  
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?  
*Const.* You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,  
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and tried,  
Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn;  
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours;  
The grappling vigour and rough frown of war,  
Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
And our oppression hath made up this league: —  
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjurd kings!  
A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,  
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjurd kings!  
Hear me, O, hear me!

*Aust.* Lady Constance, peace.  
*Const.* War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.  
O Lymoges! O Austria! <sup>11)</sup> thou dost shame  
That bloody spoil: Thou slave, thou wretch, thou  
coward,

Thou little valiant, great in villainy!  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
Thou fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
But when her humorous ladyship is by  
To teach thee safety! thou art perjurd too,  
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,  
A ramping fool; to brag and stamp, and swear,  
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?  
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.  
*Aust.* O, that a man should speak those words to me!  
*Bast.* And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.  
*Aust.* Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.  
*Bast.* And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.  
*K. John.* We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.

*Enter* PANDULPH.

*K. Phi.* Here comes the holy legate of the pope.  
*Pand.* Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven! —  
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.  
I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
And from pope Innocent the legate here,  
Do, in his name, religiously demand,  
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,  
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?  
This, in our foresaid holy father's name,  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

*K. John.* What earthly name to interrogatories,  
Can task the free breath <sup>12)</sup> of a sacred king?  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England,  
Add thus much more, — That no Italian priest  
Shall tithes or toll in our dominions;  
But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
So, under him, that great supremacy,  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart,  
To him, and his usurp'd authority.  
*K. Phi.* Brother of Engand, you blaspheme in this.

xvi.

*K. John.* Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,  
Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;  
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;  
Yet, I alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the pope, and count his friends my foes.  
*Pand.* Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd, and excommunicate:  
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt  
From his allegiance to an heretic;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,  
Canonized, and worship'd as a saint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.

*Const.* O, lawful let it be,  
That I have room with Rome to curse a while!  
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,  
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

*Pand.* There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.  
*Const.* And for mine too; when law can do no right,  
Let it be lawful, that law bar no wrong:  
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;  
For he, that holds his kingdom, holds the law:  
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

*Pand.* Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;  
And raise the power of France upon his head,  
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.  
*Eli.* Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

*Const.* Look to that, devil! lest that France repent,  
And, by disjoining hands, he'll lose a soul.

*Aust.* King Philip, listen to the cardinal.  
*Bast.* And hang a calf-skin on his recreant limbs.  
*Aust.* Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,  
Because —

*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.  
*K. John.* Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?  
*Const.* What should he say, but as the cardinal?  
*Lew.* Bethink you, father; for the difference  
Is, purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
Or the light loss of England for a friend:  
Forego the easier.

*Blanch.* That's the curse of Rome.  
*Const.* O Lewis, stand fast; the devil tempts thee here,  
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride. <sup>13)</sup>  
*Blanch.* The lady Constance speaks not from her faith,  
But from her need.

*Const.* O, if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
That need must needs infer this principle, —  
That faith would live again by death of need;  
O, then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;  
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

*K. John.* The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.  
*Const.* O, be remov'd from him, and answer well.  
*Aust.* Do so, king Philip; hang no more in doubt.  
*Bast.* Hang nothing but a calf-skin, most sweet lout.  
*K. Phi.* I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.  
*Pand.* What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate and curs'd?  
*K. Phi.* Good reverend father, make my person yours,

And tell me, how you would bestow yourself.  
This royal hand and mine are newly knit:  
And the conjunction of our inward souls  
Married in league, coupled and link'd together  
With all religious strength of sacred vows;  
The latest breath that gave the sound of words,  
Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love,  
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;  
And even before this truce, but new before, —  
No longer than we well could wash our hands,  
To clap this royal bargain up of peace, —  
Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and overstain'd  
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint  
The fearful difference of incensed kings:  
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,  
So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,  
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?<sup>14)</sup>  
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,  
Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
As now again to snatch our palm from palm;  
Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed  
Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
And make a riot on the gentle brow  
Of true sincerity? O holy sir,  
My reverend father, let it not be so:  
Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
Some gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd  
To do your pleasure, and continue friends.  
*Pand.* All form is formless, order orderless,  
Save what is opposite to England's love.  
Therefore, to arms, be champion of our church!  
Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A cased lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.  
*K. Phi.* I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.  
*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;  
And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,  
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;  
That is, to be the champion of our church;  
What since thou swor'st, is sworn against thyself,  
And may not be performed by thyself:  
For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,  
Is not amiss when it is truly done;<sup>15)</sup>  
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
The truth is then most done not doing it:  
The better act of purposes mistook  
Is, to mistake again: though indirect,  
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire,  
Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.  
It is religion, that doth make vows kept;  
But thou hast sworn against religion;  
By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou  
swear'st;  
And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth  
Against an oath: The truth thou art unsure  
To swear, swear only not to be forsworn;  
Else, what a mockery should it be to swear?  
But thou dost swear only to be forsworn;  
And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
Therefore, thy latter vows against thy first,  
Is in thyself rebellion to thyself:  
And better conquest never canst thou make,  
Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
Against those giddy loose suggestions:  
Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
If thou vouchsafe them: but, if not, then know,  
The peril of our curses light on thee;  
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,

But, in despair, die under their black weight.  
*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion!  
*Bast.* Will't not be?  
Will not a calf-skin stop that mouth of thine?  
*Lew.* Father, to arms!  
*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding day?  
Against the blood that thou hast married?  
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?  
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums, —  
Clamours of hell, — be measures<sup>16)</sup> to our pomp?  
O husband, hear me! — ah, alack, how new  
Is husband in my mouth! — even for that name  
Which still this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
Against mine uncle.  
*Const.* O, upon my knee,  
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
Fore-thought by heaven.  
*Blanch.* Now shall I see thy love; What motive may  
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?  
*Const.* That which upholdeth him that thee uphold,  
His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!  
*Lew.* I muse,<sup>17)</sup> your majesty doth seem so cold,  
When such profound respects do pull you on.  
*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.  
*K. Phi.* Thou shalt not need: — England, I'll fall  
from thee.  
*Const.* O fair return of banish'd majesty!  
*Eli.* O foul revolt of French inconstancy!  
*K. John.* France, thou shalt rue this hour within  
this hour.  
*Bast.* Old time the clock-setter, that bald sexton  
time,  
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.  
*Blanch.* The sun's o'er-cast with blood: Fair day,  
adieu!  
Which is the side that I must go withal?  
I am with both: each army hath a hand;  
And, in their rage, I having hold of both,  
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.  
Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;  
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose:  
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;  
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:  
Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose;  
Assured loss, before the match be play'd.  
*Lew.* Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.  
*Blanch.* There where my fortune lives, there my  
life dies.  
*K. John.* Cousin, go draw our puissance together. —  
[Exit Bastard.]  
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,  
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
The blood, and dearest-valu'd blood, of France.  
*K. Phi.* Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou  
shalt turn  
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:  
Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.  
*K. John.* No more than he that threatens. — To arms  
let's hie! [Exit.]

SCENE II.

*The same.* Plains near Angiers.

*Alarums; Excursions.* Enter the Bastard with  
AUSTRIA'S Head.

*Bast.* Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot:  
Some airy devil hovers in the sky,  
And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there;  
While Philip breathes.

Enter King JOHN, ARTHUR, and HUBERT.

*K. John.* Hubert, keep this boy: — Philip, make up;  
My mother is assailed in our tent,  
And ta'en, I fear.  
*Bast.* My lord, I rescu'd her;  
Her highness is in safety, fear you not;  
But on, my liege; for very little pains  
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [Exit.]

## SCENE III.

*The same.*

*Alarums; Excursions; Retreat.* Enter King JOHN,  
ELINOR, ARTHUR, the Bastard, HUBERT, and  
Lords.

*K. John.* So shall it be; your grace shall stay  
behind, [To ELINOR.]  
So strongly guarded. — Cousin, look not sad:  
[To ARTHUR.]  
Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will  
As dear be to thee as thy father was.  
*Arth.* O, this will make my mother die with grief.  
*K. John.* Cousin, [to the Bastard] away for Eng-  
land; haste before:  
And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
Of hoarding abbots; imprison'd angels  
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace  
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:  
Use our commission in his utmost force.  
*Bast.* Bell, book, and candle<sup>18)</sup> shall not drive  
me back,

When gold and silver beck me to come on.  
I leave your highness: — Grandam, I will pray  
(If ever I remember to be holy.)  
For your fair safety; so I kiss your hand.  
*Eli.* Farewell, my gentle cousin.  
*K. John.* Coz, farewell. [Exit Bastard.]  
*Eli.* Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.  
[She takes ARTHUR aside.]

*K. John.* Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,  
We owe thee much; within this wall of flesh  
There is a soul, counts thee her creditor,  
And with advantage means to pay thy love:  
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say, —  
But I will fit it with some better time.  
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost asham'd  
To say what good respect I have of thee.  
*Hub.* I am much bounden to your majesty.  
*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say  
so yet;

But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,  
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.  
I had a thing to say, — But let it go:  
The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,<sup>19)</sup>  
To give me audience: — If the midnight bell  
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
Sound one unto<sup>20)</sup> the drowsy race of night;  
If this same were a church-yard where we stand,  
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;  
Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick;  
(Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins,  
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,  
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
A passion hateful to my purposes;) —  
Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,  
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,<sup>21)</sup>

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;  
Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
But ah, I will not: — Yet I love thee well;  
And, by my troth, I think, thou lov'st me well.  
*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,  
By heaven, I'd do't.  
*K. John.* Do not I know, thou would'st?  
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
He is a very serpent in my way;  
And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
He lies before me: Dost thou understand me?  
Thou art his keeper.  
*Hub.* And I will keep him so,  
That he shall not offend your majesty.  
*K. John.* Death.  
*Hub.* My Lord?  
*K. John.* A grave.  
*Hub.* He shall not live.  
*K. John.* Enough.  
I could be merry now; Hubert, I love thee.  
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
Remember. —<sup>22)</sup> Madam, fare you well:  
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.  
*Eli.* My blessing go with thee!  
*K. John.* For England, cousin:<sup>23)</sup>  
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you  
With all true duty. — On toward Calais, ho! [Exit.]

## SCENE IV.

*The same.* The French King's Tent.

Enter King PHILIP, LEWIS, PANDULPH, and  
Attendants.

*K. Phi.* So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armada of convicted sail<sup>24)</sup>  
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.  
*Pand.* Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.  
*K. Phi.* What can go well, when we have run so ill?  
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
And bloody England into England gone,  
O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?  
*Lew.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified:  
So hot a speed with such advice dispos'd,  
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,  
Doth want example: Who hath read, or heard,  
Of any kindred action like to this?  
*K. Phi.* Well could I bear that England had this  
praise,  
So we could find some pattern of our shame.

## Enter CONSTANCE.

Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
Holding the eternal spirit, against her will,  
In the vile prison of afflicted breath: —  
I pry'thee, lady, go away with me.  
*Const.* Lo, now! now see the issue of your peace!  
*K. Phi.* Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Con-  
stance!  
*Const.* No, I defy<sup>25)</sup> all counsel, all redress,  
But that wick ends all counsel, true redress,  
Death, death: — O amiable lovely death!  
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;  
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;  
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;  
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,

And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,  
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love, <sup>26</sup>)  
O, come to me!

*K. Phi.* O fair affliction, peace.  
*Const.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:—  
O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!  
Then with a passion would I shake the world;  
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,  
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
Which scorns a modern invocation. <sup>27</sup>)

*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.  
*Const.* Thou art not holy to belie me so;  
I am not mad; this hair I tear, is mine;  
My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;  
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
I am not mad;— I would to heaven, I were!  
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:  
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—  
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;  
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,  
My reasonable part produces reason  
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:  
If I were mad, I should forget my son;  
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:  
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
The different plague of each calamity.

*K. Phi.* Bind up those tresses; <sup>28</sup>) O, what love  
I note

In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends  
Do glew themselves in sociable grief;  
Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
Sticking together in calamity.

*Const.* To England, if you will.

*K. Phi.* Bind up your hairs.  
*Const.* Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?  
I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,  
O that these hands could so redeem my son,  
As they have given these hairs their liberty!  
But now I envy at their liberty,  
And will again commit them to their bonds,  
Because my poor child is a prisoner.

And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,  
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:  
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;  
For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him that did but yesterday expire, <sup>29</sup>)  
There was not such a gracious creature born. <sup>30</sup>)  
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,  
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
And he will look as hollow as a ghost;  
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;  
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven  
I shall not know him: therefore never, never,  
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

*Pand.* You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

*Const.* He talks to me, that never had a son.

*K. Phi.* You are as fond of grief, as of your child.  
*Const.* Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;  
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.  
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
I could give better comfort <sup>31</sup>) than you do.—  
I will not keep this form upon my head,

[Tearing off her head-dress.]

When there is such disorder in my wit.  
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!  
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!  
My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure! [Exit.

*K. Phi.* I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [Exit.  
*Lew.* There's nothing in this world, can make me  
joy: <sup>32</sup>)

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,  
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsyman;  
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's  
taste, <sup>33</sup>)

That it yields naught, but shame, and bitterness.

*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,  
Even in the instant of repair and health,  
The fit is strongest; evils, that take leave,  
On their departure most of all show evil:  
What have you lost by losing of this day?

*Lew.* All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

*Pand.* If you had won it, certainly, you had.

No, no: when fortune means to men most good,  
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.  
'Tis strange to think how much king John hath lost  
In this which he accounts so clearly won:

Are not you griev'd, that Arthur is his prisoner?

*Lew.* As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

*Pand.* Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit;  
For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
Out of the path which shall directly lead  
Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.

John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,  
That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
The misplac'd John should entertain an hour,  
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest:  
A scepter, snatch'd with an unruly hand,  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd:  
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:  
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;  
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

*Lew.* But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

*Pand.* You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,  
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

*Lew.* And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

*Pand.* How green are you, and fresh in this old  
world!

John lays you plots; the times conspire with you:  
For he, that steeps his safety in true blood,  
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.  
This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts  
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;  
That none so small advantage shall step forth,  
To check his reign, but they will cherish it;  
No natural exhalation in the sky,  
No scape of nature, no distemper'd day,  
No common wind, no custom'd event,  
But they will pluck away his natural cause,  
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,  
Abortives, présages, and tongues of heaven,  
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.

*Lew.* May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,  
But hold himself safe in his prisonment.

*Pand.* O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
Even at that news he dies: and then the hearts  
Of all his people shall revolt from him,  
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;  
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,  
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot;  
And, O, what better matter breeds for you,

Than I have nam'd! — The bastard Faulconbridge  
Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
Offending charity: If but a dozen French  
Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
To train ten thousand English to their side;  
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,  
Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,  
Go with me to the king: 'Tis wonderful,  
What may be wrought out of their discontent:  
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,  
For England go: I will whet on the king.

*Lew.* Strong reasons make strong actions: <sup>34</sup>) Let  
us go:

If you say, ay, the king will not say, no. [Exit.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. Northampton. <sup>1</sup>) A Room in the  
Castle.

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

*Hub.* Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand  
Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth:  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

*1 Attend.* I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—  
[Exit Attendants.]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

*Arth.* Good morrow, Hubert.

*Hub.* Good morrow, little prince.

*Arth.* As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more prince,) as may be.— You are sad.

*Hub.* Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me!  
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:  
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
I should be merry as the day is long;  
And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
My uncle practises more harm to me:  
He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

No, indeed, is't not; And I would to heaven,  
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:  
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [Aside.]

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:  
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;  
That I might sit all night, and watch with you:  
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—  
Read here, young Arthur. [Showing a paper.] How  
now, foolish rheum! [Aside.]

Turning dispiteous torture out of door!

I must be brief; lest resolution drop  
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—  
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you?

*Hub.* And I will.  
*Arth.* Have you the heart? When your head did  
but ake,

I knit my handkerchief about your brows,

(The best I had, a princess wrought it me.)  
And I did never ask it you again:  
And with my hand at midnight held your head;  
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;  
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?  
Or, What good love may I perform for you?  
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;  
But you at your sick service had a prince.  
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,  
And call it, cunning; Do, an if you will:  
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,  
Why, then you must.— Will you put out mine eyes?  
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!  
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,  
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
And quench his fiery indignation,

Even in the matter of mine innocence:  
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.

Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?  
An if an angel should have come to me,  
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
I would not have believ'd no tongue, but Hubert's. <sup>2</sup>)

*Hub.* Come forth. [Stamps.]

Re-enter Attendants, with cords, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,  
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?  
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For Heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
Nay! hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,  
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
Nor look upon the iron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*1 Attend.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.  
[Exit Attendants.]

*Arth.* Alas! I then have chid away my friend;  
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—  
Let him come back, that his compassion may  
Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven! — that there were but a mote  
in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense!

Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!

Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes;

Though to no use, but still to look on you!  
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself:

There is no malice in this burning coal:  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:

Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;  
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on. <sup>3)</sup>

All things, that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office: only you do lack

That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,  
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live: I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:

Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace: no more. Adieu;  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:

I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven! — I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence; no more: Go closely in with me. <sup>4)</sup>  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. *[Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter King JOHN, crowned; PEMBROKE, SALISBURY,  
and other Lords. The KING takes his seat.*

*K. John.* Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,  
And look'd upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

*Pem.* This once again, but that your highness pleas'd,  
Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,  
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off;

The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;  
Fresh expectation troubled not the land,  
With any longed-for change, or better state.

*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
To guard <sup>5)</sup> a title that was rich before,  
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

*Pem.* But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
This act is as an ancient tale new told;  
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,  
Being urged at a time unseasonable.

*Sal.* In this, the antique and well-noted face  
Of plain old form is much disfigured:  
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about;  
Startles and frights consideration;  
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,  
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

*Pem.* When workmen strive to do better than well,  
They do confound their skill in covetousness: <sup>6)</sup>  
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault,  
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;  
As patches, set upon a little breach,  
Discredit more in hiding of the fault,  
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd.

*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,  
We breath'd our counsel: but it pleas'd your highness  
To overbear it; and we are all well pleas'd;

Since all and every part of what we would,  
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

*K. John.* Some reasons of this double coronation  
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong:

And more, more strong, (when lesser is my fear,)  
I shall indue you with: Mean time, but ask  
What you would have reform'd, that is not well;  
And well shall you perceive, how willingly  
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

*Pem.* Then I, (as one that am the tongue of these,  
To sound the purposes <sup>7)</sup> of all their hearts,)  
Both for myself and them, (but, chief of all,  
Your safety, for the which myself and them  
Bend their best studies,) heartily request  
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint  
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
To break into this dangerous argument, —  
If, what in rest you have, in right you hold,  
Why then your fears, (which, as they say, attend  
The steps of wrong,) should move you to mew up  
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days  
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth  
The rich advantage of good exercise? <sup>8)</sup>  
That the time's enemies may not have this  
To grace occasions, let it be our suit,  
That you have bid us ask his liberty;  
Which for our goods we do no further ask,  
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,  
Counts it your weal, he have his liberty.

*K. John.* Let it be so; I do commit his youth

*Enter HUBERT.*

To your direction. — Hubert, what news with you?  
*Pem.* This is the man should do the bloody deed;  
He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:  
The image of a wicked heinous fault  
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast:  
And I do fearfully believe, 'tis done,  
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

*Sal.* The colour of the king doth come and go,  
Between his purpose and his conscience,  
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:  
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

*Pem.* And, when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence  
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

*K. John.* We cannot hold mortality's strong hand; —  
Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:  
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.

*Sal.* Indeed, we fear'd, his sickness was past cure.

*Pem.* Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,  
Before the child himself felt he was sick:  
This must be answer'd, either here, or hence.

*K. John.* Why do you bend such solemn brows  
on me?

Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

*Sal.* It is apparent foul-play; and 'tis shame,  
That greatness should so grossly offer it:  
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.

*Pem.* Stay yet, lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,  
And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
His little kingdom of a forced grave.  
That blood, which ow'd the breadth of all this isle,  
Three foot of it doth hold; Bad world the while!  
This must not be thus borne: this will break out  
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

*K. John.* They burn in indignation; I repent;  
There is no sure foundation set on blood;  
No certain life achiev'd by other's death. —

*Enter a Messenger.*

A fearful eye thou hast; Where is that blood,  
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:  
Pour down thy weather: — How goes all in France?

*Mess.* From France to England. — Never such a  
power

For any foreign preparation,  
Was levied in the body of a land!  
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;  
For when you should be told they do prepare,  
The tidings come, that they are all arriv'd.

*K. John.* O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?  
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care?  
That such an army could be drawn in France,  
And she not hear of it?

*Mess.* My liege, her ear  
Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April, died  
Your noble mother: And, as I hear, my lord,  
The lady Constance in a frenzy died  
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue  
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

*K. John.* Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!  
O, make a league with me, till I have pleas'd  
My discontented peers! — What! mother dead?  
How wildly then walks my estate in France! <sup>9)</sup>  
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,  
That thou for truth giv'st out, are landed here?

*Mess.* Under the Dauphin.

*Enter the Bastard and PETER of POMFRET.*

*K. John.* Thou hast made me giddy  
With these ill tidings. — Now, what says the world  
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

*Bast.* But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,  
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

*K. John.* Bear with me, cousin; for I was amaz'd <sup>10)</sup>  
Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
Aloft the flood; and can give audience  
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

*Bast.* How I have sped among the clergymen,  
The sums I have collected shall express.  
But, as I travelled hither through the land,  
I find the people strangely fantasied;  
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;  
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:  
And here's a prophet, <sup>11)</sup> that I brought with me  
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
To whom he sung, in rude harsh sounding rhymes,  
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

*K. John.* Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?  
*Peter.* Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

*K. John.* Hubert, away with him; imprison him;  
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,  
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd:  
Deliver him to safety, <sup>12)</sup> and return,  
For I must use thee. — O, my gentle cousin,  
*[Exit HUBERT, with PETER.]*

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?  
*Bast.* The French, my lord; men's mouths are full  
of it:

Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,  
(With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,)  
And others, more, going to seek the grave  
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night  
On your suggestion.

*K. John.* Gentle kinsman, go,  
And thrust thyself into their companies:  
I have a way to win their loves again;  
Bring them before me.

*Bast.* I will seek them out.  
*K. John.* Nay, but make haste; the better foot  
before. —

O, let me have no subject enemies,  
When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion! —  
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels;  
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

*Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.  
*[Exit.]*

*K. John.* Spoke like a spritful noble gentleman. —  
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need  
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;  
And be thou he.

*Mess.* With all my heart, my liege. *[Exit.]*  
*K. John.* My mother dead!

*Re-enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* My lord, they say, five moons were seen  
to-night: <sup>13)</sup>

Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about  
The other four, in wond'rous motion.

*K. John.* Five moons?  
*Hub.* Old men, and beldams, in the streets,  
Do prophesy upon it dangerously:  
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:  
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,  
And whisper one another in the ear;  
And he, that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;  
Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,  
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste  
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet, <sup>14)</sup>  
Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:  
Another lean unwash'd artificer  
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*K. John.* Why seek'st thou to possess me with  
these fears?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had mighty cause  
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

*Hub.* Had none, my lord! why, did you not pro-  
voke me?

*K. John.* It is the curse of kings, <sup>15)</sup> to be attended  
By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant  
To break within the bloody house of life:  
And, on the winking of authority,  
To understand a law; to know the meaning  
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns  
More upon humour than advis'd respect. <sup>16)</sup>

*Hub.* Here is your hand and seal for what I did.  
*K. John.* O, when the last account 'twixt heaven  
and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
Witness against us to damnation!

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,  
Makes deeds ill done! Hadest not thou been by,  
A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
Quoted <sup>17)</sup> and sign'd, to do a deed of shame,  
This murder had not come into my mind:  
But, taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,  
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,  
Apt, liable, to be employ'd in danger,  
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;  
And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

*Hub.* My lord, —



*K. John.* Hadst thou but shook thy head, <sup>18)</sup> or made a pause,  
When I spake darkly what I purposed;  
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,  
As bid <sup>19)</sup> me tell my tale in express words;  
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:  
But thou didst understand me by my signs,  
And didst in signs again parley with sin;  
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act  
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name. —

Out of my sight, and never see me more!  
My nobles leave me; and my state is brav'd,  
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:  
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

*Hub.* Arm you against your other enemies,  
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine  
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
The dreadful motion of a murd'rous thought, <sup>20)</sup>  
And you have slander'd nature in my form;  
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

*K. John.* Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,  
Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
And make them tame to their obedience!  
Forgive the comment that my passion made  
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,  
And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
O, answer not; but to my closet bring  
The angry lords, with all expedient haste:  
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.

*The same. Before the Castle.*

*Enter ARTHUR, on the walls.*

*Arth.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down: —  
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not! —  
There's few, or none, do know me; if they did,  
This ship-boy's semblance hath disguis'd me quite.  
I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.]

O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones: —  
Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

[Dies.]

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.*

*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at saint Edmund's-Bury;  
It is our safety, and we must embrace  
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

*Pem.* Who brought that letter from the cardinal?  
*Sal.* The count Melun, a noble lord of France;  
Whose private with me, <sup>21)</sup> of the Dauphin's love,  
Is much more general than these lines import.

*Big.* To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

*Sal.* Or, rather, then set forward: for 'twill be  
Two long days' journey, lords, or e'er we meet.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* Once more to-day well met, distemper'd <sup>22)</sup>  
lords!

The king, by me, requests your presence straight.  
*Sal.* The king hath disposess'd himself of us;  
We will not line his thin bestain'd cloak  
With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks:  
Return, and tell him so; we know the worst.

*Bast.* Whate'er you think, good words, I think,  
were best.

*Sal.* Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now. <sup>23)</sup>

*Bast.* But there is little reason in your grief;  
Therefore, 'twere reason, you had manners now.

*Pem.* Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

*Bast.* 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else.

*Sal.* This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[Seeing ARTHUR.]

*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and princely  
beauty!

The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,  
Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?

Or do you almost think, although you see,  
That you do see? could thought, without this object,  
Form such another? This is the very top,  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms: this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*Pem.* All murders past do stand excus'd in this:  
And this, so sole, and so unmatched,  
Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
To the yet-unbegotten sin of times;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

*Bast.* It is a damned and a bloody work;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand? —  
We had a kind of light, what would ensue:  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
The practice, and the purpose, of the king: —  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow, a holy vow;  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world, <sup>24)</sup>  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
By giving it the worship of revenge.

*Pem.* *Big.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Enter HUBERT.*

*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:  
Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.

*Sal.* O, he is bold, and blushes not at death: —  
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

*Hub.* I am no villain.  
*Sal.* Must I rob the law? [Drawing his sword.]

*Bast.* Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.

*Sal.* Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

*Hub.* Stand back, lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;  
By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours:  
I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; <sup>25)</sup>

XVI.

Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.

*Big.* Out, dunghill! dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

*Hub.* Not for my life: but yet I dare defend  
My innocent life against an emperor.

*Sal.* Thou art a murderer.

*Hub.* Do not prove me so;  
Yet, I am none; <sup>26)</sup> Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,  
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.

*Pem.* Cut him to pieces.

*Bast.* Keep the peace, I say.  
*Sal.* Stand by or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.

*Bast.* Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:  
If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;  
Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

*Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?  
Second a villain, and a murderer?

*Hub.* Lord Bigot, I am none.

*Big.* Who kill'd this prince?  
*Hub.* 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:  
I honour'd him, I lov'd him; and will weep  
My date of life out, for his sweet life's loss.

*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
For villainy is not without such rheum;  
And he, long trad'd in it, makes it seem  
Like rivers of remorse <sup>27)</sup> and innocency.  
Away, with me, all you whose souls abhor  
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;  
For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

*Big.* Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!  
*Pem.* There, tell the king, he may inquire us out.

[Exeunt Lords.]

*Bast.* Here's a good world! — Knew you of this  
fair work?

Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.

*Hub.* Do but hear me, sir.  
*Bast.* Ha! I'll tell thee what;  
Thou art damn'd as black — nay, nothing is so black;  
Thou art more deep damn'd than prince Lucifer:  
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

*Hub.* Upon my soul, — — —  
*Bast.* If thou didst but consent  
To this most cruel act, do but despair,  
And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
That ever spider twisted from her womb  
Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be  
A beam to hang thee on; or would'st thou drown  
thyself,

Put but a little water in a spoon,  
And it shall be as all the ocean,  
Enough to stifle such a villain up. — — —  
I do suspect thee very grievously.

*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sin of thought  
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!  
I left him well.

*Bast.* Go, bear him in thine arms. —  
I am amaz'd, <sup>28)</sup> methinks, and lose my way  
Among the thorns and dangers of this world. —  
How easy dost thou take all England up!  
From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm  
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left  
To tug and scramble, <sup>29)</sup> and to part by the teeth  
The unow'd interest <sup>30)</sup> of proud-swelling state.  
Now, for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty,

Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,  
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:  
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,  
Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits  
(As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast.)  
The imminent decay of wrested pomp. <sup>31)</sup>  
Now happy he, whose cloke and cincture can  
Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,  
And follow me with speed; I'll to the king;  
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH with the Crown, and Attendants.*

*K. John.* Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
The circle of my glory.

*Pand.* Take again [Giving JOHN the crown.]  
From this my hand, as holding of the pope,  
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

*K. John.* Now keep your holy word: go meet the  
French;

And from his holiness use all your power  
To stop their marches, 'fore we are inflam'd.  
Our discontented counties do revolt;  
Our people quarrel with obedience;  
Swearing allegiance, and the love of soul,  
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
This inundation of mistemper'd humour  
Rests by you only to be qualified.

Then pause not: for the present time's so sick,  
That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope:  
But, since you are a gentle convertite, <sup>1)</sup>  
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,  
And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [Exit.]

*K. John.* Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet  
Say, that, before Ascension-day at noon,  
My crown I should give off? Even so I have:  
I did suppose, it should be on constraint:  
But heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

*Enter the Bastard.*

*Bast.* All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out,  
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,  
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:  
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
To offer service to your enemy;  
And wild amazement hurries up and down  
The little number of your doubtful friends.

*K. John.* Would not my lords return to me again,  
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

*Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into the  
streets;

An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

*K. John.* That villain Hubert told me, he did live.

*Bast.* So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.  
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
Let not the world see fear, and sad distrust,  
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;

XVI.

Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow  
Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,  
That borrow their behaviours from the great,  
Grow great by your example, and put on  
The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
Away; and glister like the god of war,  
When he intendeth to become the field:  
Show boldness, and aspiring confidence.  
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?  
O, let it not be said! — Forage, and run  
To meet displeasure further from the doors;  
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.  
*K. John.* The legate of the pope hath been with me,  
And I have made a happy peace with him;  
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers  
Led by the Dauphin.

*Bast.* O inglorious league!  
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,  
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,  
To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
A cocker'd silken wanton brave our fields,  
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
Perchance, the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
Or if he do, let it at least be said,  
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

*K. John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.  
*Bast.* Away then, with good courage; yet, I know,  
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.

*A Plain, near St. Edmund's-Bury.*

*Enter, in arms, LEWIS, SALISBURY, MELUN, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and Soldiers.*

*Lew.* My lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
Return the precedent<sup>2)</sup> to these lords again;  
That, having our fair order written down,  
Both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,  
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
A voluntary zeal, and unurg'd faith,  
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,  
I am not glad that such a sore of time  
Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,  
By making many: O, it grieves my soul,  
That I must draw this metal from my side  
To be a widow-maker; O, and there,  
Where honourable rescue, and defence,  
Cries out upon the name of Salisbury:  
But such is the infection of the time,  
That, for the health and physic of our right,  
We cannot deal but with the very hand  
Of stern injustice and confused wrong. —  
And is't not pity, O my griev'd friends!  
That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
Were born to see so sad an hour as this;  
Wherein we step after a stranger march  
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
Her enemies' ranks, (I must withdraw and weep  
Upon the spot of this enforced cause.)<sup>3)</sup>  
To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
And follow unacquainted colours here?  
What, here? — O nation, that thou could'st remove!  
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,<sup>4)</sup>

Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;  
Where these two Christian armies might combine  
The blood of malice in a vein of league,  
And not to spend it so unneighbourly!

*Lew.* A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
And great affections, wrestling in thy bosom,  
Do make an earthquake of nobility.  
O, what a noble combat hast thou fought,  
Between compulsion, and a brave respect!<sup>5)</sup>  
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks;  
My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
Being an ordinary inundation;  
But this effusion of such manly drops,  
This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd  
Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors.  
Lift up thy brow, renown'd Salisbury,  
And with a great heart heave away this storm:  
Commend these waters to those baby eyes,  
That never saw the giant world enrag'd;  
Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
Into the purse of rich prosperity,  
As Lewis himself: — so, nobles, shall you all,  
That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.

*Enter PANDULPH, attended.*

And even there, methinks, an angel spake:  
Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven;  
And on our actions set the name of right,  
With holy breath.

*Pand.* Hail, noble prince of France!  
The next is this, — king John hath reconcil'd  
Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,  
That so stood out against the holy church,  
The great metropolis and see of Rome:  
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,  
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;  
That, like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
And be no further harmful than in show.

*Lew.* Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;  
I am too high born to be propertied,  
To be a secondary at control,  
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,  
To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
Between this chástis'd kingdom and myself,  
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;  
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
You taught me how to know the face of right,  
Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;  
And come you now to tell me, John hath made  
His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?  
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;  
And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,  
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?  
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,  
What men provided, what munition sent,  
To underprop this action? is't not I,  
That undergo this charge? who else but I,  
And such as to my claim are liable,  
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?  
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,  
*Vive le roy!* as I have bank'd their towns?<sup>6)</sup>

XVI.

Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
To win this easy match play'd for a crown?  
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?  
<sup>7)</sup> No, on my soul, it never shall be said.  
*Pand.* You look but on the outside of this work.  
*Lew.* Outside, or inside, I will not return  
Till my attempt so much be glorified  
As to my ample hope was promised  
Before I drew this gallant head of war,<sup>8)</sup>  
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
To outlook<sup>9)</sup> conquest, and to win renown  
Even in the jaws of danger and of death. —

*[Trumpet sounds.]*

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

*Enter the Bastard, attended.*

*Bast.* According to the fair play of the world,  
Let me have audience; I am sent to speak: —  
My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;  
And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

*Pand.* The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
And will not temporize with my entreaties;  
He flatly says, he'll not lay down his arms.

*Bast.* By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,  
The youth says well: — Now hear our English king;  
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
He is prepar'd; and reason too, he should:  
This apish and unmannerly approach,  
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,  
This unhair'd sauciness, and boyish troops,  
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd  
To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
From out the circle of his territories.  
That hand, which had the strength, even at your door,  
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;<sup>10)</sup>  
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;<sup>11)</sup>  
To crouch in litter of your stable planks;  
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in chests and trunks;  
To hug with swine; to seek sweet safety out  
In vaults and prisons; and to thrill, and shake,  
Even at the crying of your nation's crow,<sup>12)</sup>  
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman; —  
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,  
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
No: Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;  
And like an eagle o'er his airy towers,<sup>13)</sup>  
To souse annoyance that comes near his nest. —  
And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
Of your dear mother England, blush for shame:  
For your own ladies, and pale-visag'd maids,  
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;  
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
Their needs to lances,<sup>14)</sup> and their gentle hearts  
To fierce and bloody inclination.

*Lew.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face in  
peace;  
We grant, thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;  
We hold our time too precious to be spent  
With such a brabbler.

*Pand.* Give me leave to speak.  
*Bast.* No, I will speak.

*Lew.* We will attend to neither: —  
Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war  
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

*Bast.* Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will cry out;  
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start  
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,  
That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;  
Sound but another, and another shall,

As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,  
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand  
(Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport than need.)  
Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits  
A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.  
*Lew.* Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.  
*Bast.* And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.  
*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter King JOHN and HUBERT.*

*K. John.* How goes the day with us? O, tell me,  
Hubert.  
*Hub.* Badly, I fear: How fares your majesty?  
*K. John.* This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,  
Desires your majesty to leave the field;  
And send him word by me, which way you go.  
*K. John.* Tell him, toward Swinstead,<sup>15)</sup> to the  
abbey there.

*Mess.* Be of good comfort; for the great supply  
That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands.  
This news was brought to Richard<sup>16)</sup> but even now:  
The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.

*K. John.* Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
And will not let me welcome this good news. —  
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;  
Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint. *[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IV.

*The same. Another part of the same.*

*Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, BIGOT, and others.*

*Sal.* I did not think the king so stor'd with friends.  
*Pem.* Up once again; put spirit in the French;  
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.  
*Sal.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.  
*Pem.* They say, king John, sore sick, hath left  
the field.

*Enter MELUN wounded, and led by Soldiers.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.  
*Sal.* When we were happy, we had other names.  
*Pem.* It is the count Melun.

*Sal.* Wounded to death.  
*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;  
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,  
And welcome home again discarded faith.  
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;  
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,  
He means<sup>17)</sup> to recompense the pains you take,  
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,  
And I with him, and many more with me,  
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury;  
Even on that altar, where we swore to you  
Dear amity and everlasting love.

*Sal.* May this be possible? may this be true?  
*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,  
Retaining but a quantity of life;  
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?<sup>18)</sup>

XVII.

## SCENE VI.

An open Place in the Neighbourhood of Swinestead-Abbey.

Enter the Bastard and HUBERT, meeting.

Hub. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

Bast. A friend: — What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Bast. Whither dost thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?

Bast. Hubert, I think.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought: I will, upon all hazards, well believe Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well: Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: an if thou please, Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless night, Have done me shame: — Brave soldier, pardon me, That any accent, breaking from thy tongue, Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

Bast. Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?

Hub. Why, here walk I, in the black brow of night, To find you out.

Bast. Brief, then; and what's the news?

Hub. O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night, Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

Bast. Show me the very wound of this ill news; I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.

Hub. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk: <sup>23)</sup> I left him almost speechless, and broke out

To acquaint you with this evil; that you might The better arm you to the sudden time,

Than if you had at leisure known of this.

Bast. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

Hub. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain, Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king

Yet speaks, and peradventure, may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

Hub. Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,

And brought prince Henry in their company; At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,

And they are all about his majesty.

Bast. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven, And tempt us not to bear above our power! —

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night, Passing these flats, are taken by the tide,

These Lincoln washes have devoured them; Myself, well-mounted, hardly have escap'd.

Away, before! conduct me to the king; I doubt, he will be dead, or ere I come. [Exeunt.]

## SCENE VII.

The Orchard of Swinestead-Abbey.

Enter Prince HENRY, SALISBURY, and BIGOT.

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain (Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,) Doth, by the idle comments that it makes, Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter PEMBROKE.

Pem. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief, That, being brought into the open air, It would allay the burning quality Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

What in the world should make me now deceive, Since I must lose the use of all deceit? Why should I then be false: since it is true That I must die here, and live hence by truth? I say again, if Lewis do win the day, He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours Behold another day break in the east: But even this night, — whose black contagious breath

Already smokes about the burning crest Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun, — Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire; Paying the fine of rated treachery, <sup>19)</sup> Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives, If Lewis by your assistance win the day. Commend me to one Hubert, with your king; The love of him, — and this respect besides, For that my grandsire was an Englishman, — Awakes my conscience to confess all this. In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence From forth the noise and rumour of the field; Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts In peace, and part this body and my soul With contemplation and devout desires.

Sal. We do believe thee, — And beshrew my soul But I do love the favour and the form Of this most fair occasion, by the which We will untread the steps of damned flight; And, like a bated and retired flood, Leaving our rankness and irregular course, Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd, And calmly run on in obedience, Even to our ocean, to our great king John. — My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence; For I do see the cruel pangs of death Right in thine eye. — Away, my friends! New flight; And happy newness, <sup>20)</sup> that intends old right.

[Exeunt, leading off MELUN.]

## SCENE V.

The same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS, and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set; But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush, When the English measur'd backward their own ground,

In faint retire: O, bravely came we off, When with a volley of our needless shot, After such bloody toil, we bid good night; And wound our tatter'd <sup>21)</sup> colours clearly up, Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Where is my prince, the Dauphin?

Lew. Here: — What news?

Mess. The count Melun is slain; the English lords, By his persuasion, are again fall'n off: And your supply, which you have wish'd so long, Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

Lew. Ah, foul shrewd news! — Beshrew thy very heart!

I did not think to be so sad to-night, As this hath made me. — Who was he, that said, King John did fly, an hour or two before The stumbling night did part our weary powers?

Mess. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lew. Well; keep good quarter, <sup>22)</sup> and good care to-night;

The day shall not be up so soon as I, To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exeunt.]

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here. — Doth he still rage? [Exit BIGOT.]

Pem. He is more patient

Than when you left him; even now he sung.

P. Hen. O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes, In their continuance, will not feel themselves. Death having prey'd upon the outward parts, <sup>24)</sup> Leaves them insensible; and his siege is now Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds With many legions of strange fantasies; Which in their throng and press to that last hold, Confound themselves. 'Tis strange, that death should sing. —

I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan, Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death; And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings His soul and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born To set a form upon that indigest Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

Re-enter BIGOT and Attendants, who bring in King JOHN in a Chair.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room: It would not out at windows, nor at doors. There is so hot a summer in my bosom, That all my bowels crumble up to dust: I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen Upon a parchment; and against this fire Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. Poison'd, — ill fare; — dead, forsook, cast off:

And none of you will bid the winter come, To trust his icy fingers in my maw; Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips, And comfort me with cold: — I do not ask you much, I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait, <sup>25)</sup> And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears, That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot. — Within me is a hell; and there the poison Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize On unreprieveable condemned blood.

Bast. O, I am scalded with my violent motion, And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye: The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd; And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail, Are turned to one thread, one little hair: My heart hath one poor string to stay it by, Which holds but till thy news be uttered; And then all this thou see'st, is but a clod, And module of confounded royalty. <sup>26)</sup>

Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward; Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him: For, in a night, the best part of my power,

As I upon advantage did remove, Were in the washes, all unwarily, Devoured by the unexpected flood. <sup>27)</sup> [The KING dies.] Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear. —

My liege! my lord! — But now a king, — now thus. P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop. What surety of the world, what hope, what stay, When this was now a king, and now is clay!

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind, To do the office for thee of revenge; And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven, As it on earth hath been thy servant still. — Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres, Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths;

And instantly return with me again, To push destruction, and perpetual shame, Out of the weak door of our fainting land: Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought; The Dauphin rages at our very heels.

Sal. It seems, you know not then so much as we: The cardinal Pandolph is within at rest, Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin; And brings from him such offers of our peace As we with honour and respect may take, With purpose presently to leave this war.

Bast. He will the rather do it when he sees Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.

Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already; For many carriages he hath despatch'd

To the seaside, and put his cause and quarrel To the disposing of the cardinal:

With whom yourself, myself, and other lords, If you think meet, this afternoon will post To consummate this business happily.

Bast. Let it be so: — And you, my noble prince, With other princes that may best be spar'd, Shall wait upon your father's funeral.

P. Hen. At Worcester must his body be interr'd; <sup>28)</sup> For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then.

And happily may your sweet self put on The lineal state and glory of the land!

To whom, with all submission, on my knee, I do bequeath my faithful services

And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love we make, To rest without a spot for evermore.

P. Hen. I have a kind soul, that would give you thanks,

And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Bast. O, let us pay the time but needful woe, Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs. — This England never did, (nor never shall,) Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror, But when it first did help to wound itself.

Now these her princes are come home again, Come the three corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us rue, If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt.]