

KING JOHN;

A HISTORICAL PLAY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WILLIAM JENNER,

BY MRS. INCHEALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LOUISIANA, HURST, GREEN, AND CO.,
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

REVAGE AND EASTINGWOOD,
THIRTEEN, DORSET.

REMARKS.

This tragedy is one amongst Shakespeare's dramas, which requires, in representation, such eminent powers of acting, that it is scarcely ever brought upon the stage; but when a theatre has to boast of performers highly gifted in their art.

The part of King John is held most difficult to perform. John is no hero, and yet he is a murderer—his best actions are debased by meanness, deceit, or cowardice, and yet he is a king. Here is then to be pourtrayed, thirst of blood, without thirst of fame; and dignity of person, with a grovelling mind.

Garrick was so little satisfied with his own performance of this character, that after playing it with cold approbation from the audience, he changed it for the illegitimate Faulconbridge; where nature forced him to oppose the author's meaning by a diminutive person, though art did all its wonders in his favour.

The genius of Kemble gleams terrific through the gloomy John. No actor can hear him call for his

"Kingdom's rivers to take their course

"Through his burn'd bosom,"

and not feel for that moment parched with a scorching fever.

Yet, in a previous scene with Hubert, by informing his auditors to get before him, as it were, the mask of protection to the part. An attentive audience is ever full of comprehension; and, however worthy an actor may be, will follow close; but if permitted to gain ground of him, and penetrate the secret he should disclose, he gives up his prerogative by dallying with the impatient, who dive into impending events, with fatal consequence to all scenic deception.

Though Hubert sinks in importance by not being of the blood royal in the play, his character is illustrious from his virtue. Cooke, in the habit of performing characters far superior, elevates Hubert so much above the level where performers in general place him, that he displays, in this single instance, abilities every other, abilities of the very first class.

Constance is the favourite part both of the poet and the audience; and she has been highly fortunate under the protection of the actress. It was the part in which that idol of the public, Mrs. Cibber, was most of all adored; and the following lines, uttered by Mrs. Siddons in Constance,

" ——— Here I stand sorrow sit:

" This is my throne, bid kings come low to it,"

seem like a triumphant reference to her own potent skill in the delineation of woe, as well as to the agonizing sufferings of the mother of young Arthur.

Fauconbridge, one of the brightest testimonies of Shakespeare's comic power, is excellent relief to that part of the tragedy which may be styled more dull

then pathetic. Mr. C. Kemble personates this child of love, as Shakspeare himself could wish.—If those who remember Garrick in the part complain of C. Kemble's inferior gaiety and spirit, the inferiority is granted. Still, he would be something nearer an equality with this great archetype of actors, could but those critics recall *their* gaiety and spirit, which, in their juvenile days, inspired them with the ardour to admire.

Prince Arthur is of more importance than either manager or actors generally conceive. They seldom care whether a princely or plebeian child is to perform the part; whether from feature, or from voice, Arthur shall belie his royal birth, and take away all sympathy in his own and his mother's sufferings.

Though Shakspeare's King John is inferior to many of his plays, yet it contains some poetic passages, and some whole scenes, written with his hand, beyond all power of forgery.

Theobald says, in his commentaries on this drama,
"The action of the play begins at the thirty-fourth year of the King's life, and takes in only some transactions of his reign to the time of his demise, being an interval of about seventeen years."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

JOHN, KING OF ENGLAND	Mr. Kemble.
PRINCE HENRY	Mr. Brinsford.
EARL OF PEMBROKE	Mr. C. Hall.
EARL OF ESSEX	Mr. C. Hall.
EARL OF SALISBURY	Mr. H. Siddons.
SUBERT	Mr. Cooke.
MALCOOMBRIDGE	Mr. C. Kendal.
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE	Mr. Abbott.
ENGLISH KNIGHT	Mr. Kean.
JAMES HARVEY	Mr. Cawell.
FIRST EXECUTIONER	Mr. Davies.
SECOND EXECUTIONER	Mr. T. Keegan.
ENGLISH KNIGHTS—Messrs. L. Bullock, and , ^{and} Lee, King, and Lee.	

PRIEST, KING OF FRANCE	Mr. Murray.
LEWIS, THE DAUPHIN	Mr. Brunton.
PRINCE ARTHUR	Mrs. Cresswell.
ARCHDUCHE OF AUSTRIA	Mr. Cawell.
KING ALFRED PANDOLPH	Mr. Rudd.
CHAPLAIN	Miss Claremont.
FRENCH HERALD	Mr. Field.
CITIZENS OF ANGERS—Messrs. Durcourt, Lewis, and Plant.	
FRENCH KNIGHTS—Messrs. Dick, Pincers, Henry and Sargent.	

QUEEN ELIZABETH	Mrs. St. Leger.
LADY CONSTANCE	Mrs. Siddons.
BLINCH OF CASTILLE	Mrs. Woodward.
LADY FAUCONBRIDGE	Mrs. Huntly.

MEN—General men in English, mounted on horses.

KING JOHN.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

England.—The Palace.

Procession of Drums and Trumpets.

KING JOHN upon the Throne, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DAISY, MARGARET, PEMBROKE, HUNTER, CECIL, CHALMERS.—English and French Gentlemen, and English Guards advanced.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chr. Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France,

In my behaviour to the majesty,

The borrowed majesty of England here—

Th. A strange beginning;—borrow'd majesty!

K. John. Silence, good mother;—let the en-

emy know,

Chr. 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, Toulouse, Maine,
Desiring these to lay aside the sword,
Which you're respecting these several cities,
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,
The nephew, and most royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if at creation of this?

Chr. 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.

Contracting by compact; so answer France.

Chr. Then take my King's defiance from my
mouth,

The lastest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear witness to him, and so depart in
peace.

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For, on their const report I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard
Sooner than the trumpet of our wealth,
And sudden messenger of your own decay.

The honourable contract let him have;
Hubert, bid me farewell. Farewell, France.

*Exeunt GONZILLION, HUBERT, and the
French Gentlemen.*

Ed. What now, my son? is not I not ever said,
How that amorous Constance would not cease,
Till she had kenneth France, and all the world
Upon the right and party of her son?
This might have been prevented and made whole,
With very easie arguments of law;
Which now, at change of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD, who salutes EDWARD.

K. Edward. Our strong possession, and our right,
For us.

Lt. Your strong possession, much more than your right;

Or else it must go wrong with you, and me.

Eis. My liege, here is the strangest controversy
Comes from the country to be judg'd by you,
That ever I heard : shall I produce the man?

K. John. Let them approach.—

[Exit ENGLISH HERALD.]

Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
This expedition's charge.—

*Enter ENGLISH HERALD, with PHILIP and ROBERT
FAULCONBRIDGE.*

What men are you? [Exit ENGLISH HERALD.]

Ferd. 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 Faulcon-
bridge.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother then, it seems.

Ferd. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known ; and, as I think, one father.
But for the certain knowledge of that truth,
I put you e'er to Heaven, and to my mother :
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

Lt. Out on thee, rude man ! thou dost shame thy
mother,

And wound her honour with this defiance.

Ferd. I, madam ? no, I have no reason for it :
That is my brother's place, and none of mine :—
The which if he can prove, 'a pops me out
At least from fair five hundred pound a year :
Heavy's guard my mother's honour and my land !

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Fal. I know not why, except to get the land
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But whether I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mother's head:

But that I am as well begot, my liege,

(Fair fell the bones that took the pains for me !)

Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.

If old Sir Robert did beget us both,

And were our father, and this son like him;—

O, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give Heaven thanks, I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath Heaven lent
us here!

Fal. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face;

The accent of his tongue affreighteth him:—

Do you not read some tokens of my son

In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Rob. My gracious liege, when that my father
liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much;—

Fal. Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land;
Your tale must be how he employ'd my brother.

Rob. And once despatch'd him in an embassy
To Germany, there, with the Emperor,
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
The advantage of his absence took the King,
And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;
When how he did prevail I shame to speak:
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lie,
(As I have heard my father speak himself.)

When this same lusty gentleman was got,
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me ; and took it on his death,
Tisat this, my mother's son, was none of his ;
And, if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the course of time :—
Then, good my barge, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sarah, your brother is legitimate :
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him :
And, if she did play false, the fault was hers ;
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives.—

Your father's heir must have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child, which is not his ?

Faul. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather, be a Faulcon-
bridge,

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land :
Or the reputed son of Gonoruelion,
Lord of the province, and no land besides ?

Faul. Madam, and if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him ;
And if my legs were two such riding-ruds ;
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd ; my face so thin ;
And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face ;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

Eli. I like thee well :—Wilt thou forsake thy for-
tune,

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me ?
I am a soldier, and now bound to France.

Faul. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my
chance :—

Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
Yet sell your face for five pence, and 'tis dear.—
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

E. E. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Fau. Our country manners give o'er betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Fau. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;

Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name, whose
form thou bear'st;

Kneel thou down, Philip, but arise more great;
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Fau. Brother, by my mother's side, give me your
hand;

My father gave me honour, yours gave land.—
How blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!—
Brother, amen:—good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'the way of honesty.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge! now hast thou thy
desire,

A handless knight makes thee a landed squire.—

[Enter ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE.]

Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.

[Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Exeunt all
but FAULCONBRIDGE.]

Fau. A foot of honour better than I was;
But many a many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady!—
“Good den, Sir Richard”—“God-a-mercy, fellow!”
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new made honour doth forget men's names.—
But who comes in such haste?
What woman post is this? hath she no husband
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?
O me, it is my mother.

Fair FAUL, PARSONBRIDGE and GURNEY.

How now, good lady?

What brings you hither to court so basely?

L. FAUL. Where is that slave, thy brother? Where
is he?

That bold intruder, who hounours up and down?

Faul. My brother Robert! old Sir Robert's son?

Cold and the giant, that same mighty man?

Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek?

L. FAUL. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unmerciful
boy,

Sir Robert's son! Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

Faul. James Gurney, will thou give us leave a
while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Faul. Philip!—sister!—James,

There's toys abroad; when I'll tell thee more.

[Exit GURNEY.]

Mother, I was not old Sir Robert's son;

Sir Robert might have cut his part in me

Upon Great Friday, and never break his fast:

Sir Robert could do well;—marry, (to comes,)—

Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;

Why have his handy-work?—Therefore, good mother,

To whom am I reharden for these limbs?

Sir Robert never help to make this leg.

L. FAUL. Hast thou conspired with thy sister too,
That for thine own gain shouldst detest me and no-
body?

What means this scorn, thou most unmerciful knave?

Faul. Knight, knight, good mother;—I'll discon-
fess!

What I am witness'd! I have it on my shoulder.—

But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;

I have witness'd Sir Robert, and my land;

Engulfation, name, and let it gone :

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;

Some proper man, I hope.—Who was it, mother?

I. *Fau.* Hast thou denied thyself a father
bridge?

Fau. As faithfully as I deny the devil.

I. *Fau.* King Richard cœur-de-nou was thy fa-
ther:

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed ;

Thou art the issue of my dear offence—

Heaven may not my transgression to my charge !

I. *Fau.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.

Some suns do bear their privilege on earth,

And so doth yours ; your fault was not your folly !

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,

Against whose fury and unmatched force

The aweless lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He, that perforce robs lions of their hearts,

May easily win a woman's. Ah, my mother,

With all my heart I thank thee for my father !

Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well

When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.—

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin ;

And they shall say, when Richard me besot,

If thou had'st said him nay, it had been sin.

Who says, it was, he lies : I say, 'twas Bot.

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*France.**The Walls of Angiers.**Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*

Enter PHILIP, King of France, LEWIS, the Dauphin, ARTHUR, CONSTANCE, the ARCHDUKE of AUSTRIA, FRENCH HERALD, GENTLEMEN, a TRUMPET, and GUARDS.

K. Phil. Before Angiers will met, brave Austria.—
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine
By this brave Duke came early to his grave ;
And, for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf ;
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John :
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. Heaven shall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather, that you give his offspring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of war :
I give you welcome with a powerless hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love :
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

Ces. A noble boy! Who would not do the same
right?

King. Upon thy cheek by I this valiant boy,
To send to the ridetour of my love:
That to my house I will no where return,
Till Amiens and the right thegns in France,
Together with that pale, that white-faced thorn,
Whose baleful spurts back the ocean's roaring tides,
Evn till that England, hedge'd in with the main,
That water-walled bailey, still secure
And boundless from foreign uproar.

Saints cheer for her King! Evn then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, and safety arms.

Ces. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's share,
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

King. The peace of Heaven is theirs, that left their
strengths.

To such a just and charitable war,

K. Phil. With this, to arms, our country shall be
free
Against the bows of this resisting town.—
We'll try before this hour our royal bones,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Ces. Stay for an answer to your embassy,
I have bid you stain your swords with blood,
Let Lord Chatillon say from England back
That we're to peace which were a curse to war;
And that we shall repeat each drop of blood
That hot each bore so indifferently shield.

K. Phil. A wonder, lady!—to, upon thy wish,
Our master Chatillon is arriv'd.—

Enter CHATILLON and FAISON GENTLEMEN.
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;

Chatillon speaks;

Cho. This must come farre from his party side.

And stir them up against a mightier task,
 England, impatient of your just demands.
 Hath put himself in arms; the adverse winds,
 Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time
 To land his legions all as soon as i:
 With him along is come the mother Queen,
 An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;
 With her her mece, the Lady Blanch of Spain ;
 With them a bastard of the King's decess'd ;
 And all the vexed humours of the land :
 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,
 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,
 Did never float upon the swelling tide,
 To do offence and scath in Christendom.—

A March at a Distance.

The interruption of their churlish droms
 Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,
 To parley, or to fight; therefore, prepare.

K. Phil. How much unlook'd for is this expedi-
 tion!

A March.

*Enter KING JOHN, FAULCONBRIDGE, ELINOR, SA-
 LISBURY, BLANCH, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, HUBERT,
 ENGLISH HERALD, GENTLEMEN, a TRUMPLER,
 and GUARDS.*

K. John. Peace be to France; if France in peace
 permit

Our just and lineal entrance to our own!

If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven!

K. Phil. Peace be to England; if that war return
 From France to England, there to live in peace!—

Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:
 That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,

And this his son; England was Geffrey's right,

And this is Geffrey's: In the name of Heaven,
 How comes it then, that thou art call'd a king?

When living-faced death is thine empire best,
Which owe the crown that thou didst master'd?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great comis-
sion, France?

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal Judge, that stirr'd good
thoughts

In any breast of strong authority,

To look into the blots and stains of right:

That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong.

K. John. Attack, thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse: it is to beat usurping down.

Ed. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Com. Let me make answer: thy usurping son.

Art. Good my mother, peace!

I would, that I were low laid in my grave;

I am not worth this coil, that's made for me.

Ed. His mother shares him so, poor boy, he
weeps.

Com. His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's
shames,

Draw those Heaven-moving tears from his poor eyes,

Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee;

Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Lil. Thou monstrous slanderer of Heaven and
earth!

Aust. Peace!

Fau. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Fau. One that will play the devil, sir, with you.
An' a may catch your hide and you alone.

You are the bare of whom the proverb goes,

Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;

I'll smoke your skin-coat, an' I catch you right.

Sirrah, look to't; Heath, I will, Heath.

K. Phi. King John, this is the very sum of all,

England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon:—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And, out of my dear love, I'll give thee more
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.

K. Phil. Some trumpet summon hither to the
walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak.
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

[The French Trumpet sounds a Parley.]

Enter CITIZENS upon the Walls.

Cit. Who is it, that hath warn'd us to the walls?

K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

K. John. England, for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's sub-
jects,

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For your advantage;—therefore, hear us
first.—

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamage:—
All preparation for a bloody siege,

And merciless proceeding by these French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking gates;
But, on the sight of us, your lawful King,
Beheld, the French, amaz'd, vouchsafe a parle:
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls,
They shout but calm words, fold'd up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Whil'st trust accordingly, kind citizens;

And let us in, your King, whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phil. When I have said, make answer to me both.

Lo, in this right hand,
Stands Young Plantagenet :
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys :
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march these greens before your town ;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes.
Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it ?
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession ?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's subjects ;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not : but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal ; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doubt not the crown of England prove
the King ?

And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed, —

Faul. Bastards, and else.

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well-born bloods as
those,

Faul. Some bastards too.

K. Phil. Stand in his face, to contradict his claim.

C. Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We, for the worthiest, hold the right from both.

K. John. Then Heaven forgive the sin of all those
souls,

That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!

K. Phil. Amen, amen!—Mount, chevaliers! to
arms!

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*—*Exeunt all
but AUSTRIA and FAULCONBRIDGE.*

Faut. Saint George, that swing'd the dragon, and
ever since

Siris on his horseback, at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some Bruce!—Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,
I'd set an ox-head to your hon's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace; no more.

Faut. O, trouble; for you hear the lion roar.

[*Exeunt AUSTRIA and FAULCONBRIDGE.*

Alarums.

*Enter FRENCH HERALD with a TRUMPET, who sounds
a Parley.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in;
Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an English mother,
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;
While victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquestors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's King and yours.

Enter ENGLISH HERALD with a TRUMPET, who sounds a Parley.

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!

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,
Dy'd 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 censured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd
blows:

One must prove greatest; while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

A Charge.

Enter the Two Kings, with their Powers, as before.

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

Say, shall the current of our right run on?

K. Phil. England, thou hast not say'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 overlooke,
Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead.

*Fair. Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?*

Cry, hoive, Kings ! back to the stained field,
You equal potent, 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. Phil. Speak, Citizens, for England ; who's your King ?

Cit. The King of England, when we know the King.

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

K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy ;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

Cit. A greater power than we, denies all this ;
And, till it be undoubted, we do lock

Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates.

Fool. By Heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout
you, Kings ;

Your royle presences be rul'd by me :
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-tearing clamours have bawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city :
That done, disover your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again ;
Turn back to face and bloody point to point :
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cult 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 ?

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

Fau. O prudent discipline! From north to south
Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.—
I'll stir them to it:—Come, away, away!

Cit. Hear us, great Kings: Vouchsafe a while to stay,
And I shall show you peace, and fair-fac'd League;
Win you this city without stroke, or wound.
Persever not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

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

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,

Is near to England: Look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
O, two such silver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in:
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:

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.

Fau. Here's a stay,

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 many of thirteen do of puppy-dogs !
 What can never begot this lusty blood ?
 Zounds ! I was never so bethump'd with words
 Since I first call'd my brother's father, dad.

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

K. Phil. 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,
 Drawn in the flattery table of her eye.

[*KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, and
 BEANUCH, talk apart.*]

Fair. 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.

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

Blan. That she is bound in honour still to do
 What you in wisdom still 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. Philip of France, if thou be pleaseid
 withal,

Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well ;—Young Princes, close
 your hands.

Now, Citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
 Let in that amity which you have made.—

[*Ereunt CITIZENS.*
 Is not the Lady Constance in this troop ?

Lew. She is sad and passionate, at your highness' tent.
 K. Phil. Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady?

[*The Citizens open the Gates, and enter, to present the Keys of the Town.*

K. John. We will hear up all:
 For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne,
 And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town
 We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance,
 Some speedy messenger; bid her repair
 To our solemnity. [Exit SALISBURY.
 Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
 To this unlook'd-for, unprepared, pomp.

[*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*—Enter
 but FAULCONBRIDGE.

Faul. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!
 John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
 Hath willingly departed with a part:
 And France, (whose armour conscience buckled on)
 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
 As Heaven's own soldier,) rounded in the ear
 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,
 That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling 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 wo'd me yet:
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
 When his fair angels would salute my palm;
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
 Like a poor beggar, raleth on the rich.
 Well, whilst 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 THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

*France.**The French King's Tent.**Enter Arthur, Constance, and SALISBURY.*

Con. 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 pro-
 vinces ?

It is not so ; thou hast mis-spoke, mis-heard ;
 I have a King's oath to the contrary.—
 Why dost thou look so sadly on my son ?
 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 ?

Sal. As true, as, I believe, you think them false,
 That gave you cause to prove my saying true.

Con. O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die.
 Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art thou ?
 France friend with England ! what becomes of me !—
 Fellow, be gone ; I cannot brook thy sight.

Art. I do beseech you, madam, be content.

Con. If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,
Ugly,
Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content:
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.
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsborn?
Enevnom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.

Sat. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.

Con. 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.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit:
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[*Throws herself on the Ground.*

Flourish of Trumpets and Drums.

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,
AUSTRIA, ELINOR, VAULCONBRIDGE, CHA-
TILLON, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, HUBERT, ENGLISH
HERALD, FRENCH HERALD, ENGLISH and
FRENCH GENTLEMEN, and GUARDS.

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival;

The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Con. [Rising.] A wicked day, and not a holy
day! —

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the kalendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phil. 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?

Con. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty; which, being touch'd, and
try'd,

Proves valueless: You are forsworn, forsworn:
You came in arms to spill nine 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 perjur'd 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 perjur'd Kings:
Hear me, O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Con. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O Lynoges! O Austria! 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 humourous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety !

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 these recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to
me !

Faul. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.

Faul. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant
limbs.

K. John. We like not this ; thou dost forget thyself.

A Trumpet sounds.

Enter CARDINAL PANDULPH, Attended.

K. Phil. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pan. 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 per force,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see ?

This, in our 'oresaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories

Can task the free breath 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 tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we, under Heaven, are supreme head,
Set, under him, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:
To tell the Pope; all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

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 saie, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
Thisuggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;
Yet I, alone, alone do me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Fan. 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 a heretic;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Con. O, lawful let it be,
That I have leave with Rome to curse awhile!
Good father Cardinal, cry thou, amcñ,
To my keen curses: for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Fan. 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.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

Fau. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant
thighs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these
wrongs,

Because—

Fau. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the Cardinal?

Cro. What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

K. Phil. Good reverend father, make my person
yours,

And tell me how you would beslow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly knit;

And shal these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,
Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?

My reverend father, let it not be so—

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose

Serie gentle order; and then we shall be bless'd
To do your pleasure, and containne friends.

Pan. All form is formless, order orderless,

Sav'st what is opposite to England's lose.

Therefore to se'ys't be champion of our church!

Or 'tis the church, our mother, breathe her curse,

A mother's curse, on her revolving son.

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,

Thou keep in peace that hand which thou dest hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pan. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;

O let thy vow

First made to Heaven, first be in Heaven perform'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church!

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.

Aud. Honour, bat rebellion!

Fau. Will't not be?

Will not a cat's skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Eliz. Upon my wedding-day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?
What! shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?
O husband, hear me;—Even for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Cos. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Then virtues Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by Heaven.

Blan. Now shall I see thy love; What motive may
Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?

Cos. That which upholdeth him, that thee up-
holds,

His honour. O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!

Lew. I trust your majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pan. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou shalt not need:—England, I'll fail
from thee.

Cos. O fair return of banish'd majesty!

K. John. France thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.

Cousin, go draw your puissance together.—

[Exit FAULCONBRIDGE.]

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. Phil. Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats,— To arms
let's hie! [A Charge.—Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*France.**A Field of Battle.**Alarums.**Enter FAULCONBRIDGE.*

Faul. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
 Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
 And pours down mischief. [A Charge.]

Enter AUSTRIA; FAULCONBRIDGE and AUSTRIA engage; FAULCONBRIDGE drives AUSTRIA off the Stage, and presently re-enters with the Lion's Skin in his Hand.

Faul. Austria's head lie there,
 While Philip breathes. [A Charge.]

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN,
and HUBERT.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy;

[Exeunt HUBERT and ARTHUR.]

Philip, make up:

My mother is assailed in our tent,
 And ta'en, I fear.

Faul. 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.

[A Charge.—Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*France.**Another Part of the Field.**A Retreat sounded.*

Enter KING JOHN, ARTHUR, ELINOR, FAULCONBRIDGE, PEMBROKE, ESSEX, SALISBURY, HUBERT, ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, ENGLISH HERALD, and GUARDS.

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, away for England; haste before:
[To FAULCONBRIDGE.

And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbots: imprisoned angels

Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace

Must by the hungry now be fed upon:

Use our commission in his utmost force.

Fau. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,

When gold and silver beckons me to come.
I leave your highness:—Grandam, I will pray,

If ever I remember to be holy;

For your faith safety; so I kiss your hand.

Els. Farewell, gentle cousin.

K. John. Coz, farewell.

[Exit FAULCONBRIDGE.

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Edu. Come hither, little kinsman ; hark, a word.

[*Taking Arthur aside.*

K. John. Come hither, Hubert.—O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh

There is a soul couers thes her credincys,

And with advantage means to pay thy love .

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boarom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had n thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.

By Heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashame'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hus. 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,

To give me audience : —If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and braze mouth,

Soud ore unto the drowsy race of night ;

If this saff were a churchyard were we stued,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;

Or if that suly spirit, Melancholy,

Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick :
Which, else, vens tickling up and down the veins,

Making the idot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And stral their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes : —

Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
Hear me without thre ears, and make reply

Withoutt tongue, usyn concer alone.

Without eyes, ears, and harmfull sound of words :
Then, in despite of blooded watchful day,

O, that my tongue were in the thquier's mouth!
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot bear a lady's noble voice,
Which scorns a modish invocatrix.

Pau. Lucy, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Con. Then art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad; this hair I bear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Goffrey'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!—

K. Phil. Bind up those tresses.

Con. To England, if you will.

K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.

Con. O, bainer 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 suspite,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now will canker sorrow eat my bed,
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; wherefore never, never
Must I behold my p^t Arthur more.

Pau. You hold too famous a respect of grief.

Con. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phil. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Con. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Putten his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembering me of all his gracious parts,
Stays all his vacant garments with his form;

Then, hast i reason to be wroth with me,
For you will bid me such a loss as i
I could give water comfort than you do,
I will not keep this term upon my head,
When there is such discourse in my son.
O! let me, my son, my Arthur, my last son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow's comfort, and my sorrow's cure!

LADY CONSTANCE.

Mrs PHIL. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.

LADY KATHARINE.

LADY. There's nothing in this world, can make me
cry.

LADY. It is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Wearing the dull ear of a drowsy man,
And bitter shame hath spoilt the sweet world's taste,
That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

POM. Before the coming of a stony disease,
There is the instant of health and health,
The strongest evils, that take leave,
Of their departure, most of all show well,
What have you lost by losing of this day?

LADY. All days of glory, joy, and happiness.

POM. If you had won it, certainly you had
John here beside Arthur; and it cannot be,
That, while warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misprised John should enter on Kent,
One minute, Nay, one quiet hour, of rest.

The world may stand, then, when needs must fall;

LADY. But what shall I gainsay, young Arthur's fall?

POM. You, in the right of Henry Blanche your son,
May then make all the stars that Arthur did.

LADY. May be, he will not touch young Arthur's
life,

But hold himself safe in his possession.

POM. 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 world

Of all his people shall revolt from him,
Go with me to the King: 'Tis wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent.

Ley. Strong reasons make strong actions: Let us
go!

If you say, Ay, the King will not say, No.

[Enter the CARDINAL and LEWIS.]

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

England.

A Room in a Castle.

*Enter HUBERT, with Irons in his Hand, and Two
EXECUTIONERS.*

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:—
Be heedful:—hence, and watch.

Facc. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you:—look
no further. [Exit EXECUTIONERS.

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

Enter ASTRICK.

Astrick. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little fellow.

Astrick. As little *prince* having so great a title
To be your *prince*, let me say -- You are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.

Astrick. There's no need.

Hub. Nobody should go sad but I.
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
No gentleman would be as sad as night.
Only for melancholy. -- In my *Chesterdom*,
So I were cast in prison, and kept sleep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My single practices mere harm to me;

Hub. He is afraid of me, and I of him.

Astrick. Is it so, that I was Greifice's son?

Hub. Not so, not so. -- And I would to Heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Astrick. If I talk to him, with his impudent pride
He will smite me up mortally, when he's dead.

Astrick. Therefore I will be silent, and despise him.

Astrick. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day.
In sooth, I could 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. The words do take possession of my bosom. --
Read here, young Astrick. -- Here's *him* a *Barrack*.
How now, foolish rheum! --

I used to hold fast resolution, drop

Out at mine eyes, in tender wormish tears. --

Can you not read it? it is not like you!

Astrick. Too quickly, Hubert, for me to find offence.
What you wear hot irons burn out both mine eyes!

Hub. Young boy, I must

Astrick. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Hub. Have you the heart? When your head is
off, we'll see.
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had,) a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask if 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 graft?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And never have spoke a living word to you;
But you of your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning: Do, and if you will,
It Heaven be please'd that you must use me ill,
Way, 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.
Arip. And if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him: no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth.—

[HUBERT stamps, and the EXECUTIONERS
enter with the Irons and Cords.

Do as I bid you,

Arip. O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are
out,

E'en with the nice looks of these bloody men.

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

Arip. Aye, when 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!
Stay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor weep, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron apparel.

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

Hub. Go, stand without; let me alone with him.
Arth. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[Burst of EXECUTIONERS.]

Arth. Alas! I then have said 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 mole in
yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wond'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your victim must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your
tongue.

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not,
Hubert!

Dr. Hubert. If you will, cut off 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;

The breath of Heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd reverent 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 grow with shame at your proceedings, Hubert.

Hub. I will not touch their eyes,

For all the treasures that your uncle owes,
Sir John! O, how you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Sir John. Pardon me more.
Your uncle must not know but you're dead.—
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports;
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
With Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not vex thee.

Sir John. O Hubert!—Thank you, Hubert.
But silence; no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

Faint.

SCENE II.

England.

The Palace.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

King JOHN upon his Throne, ESSEX, PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, disconcerted.

K. Joh. Here once again we sit, ere again
Crown'd.

John looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

John. This once again, but that your highness
Crown'd.

What other superfluities, you were crown'd before,
But that high royalty was never pluck'd off;

The fangs of men never stung with a volt;

Such expectation troubled you the land

No any long'd-for change, or better state,

Sir. Therefore, to be possess'd with double point,

To guard a title that was worth to have,
To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

K. John. Some reasons of this double corporation
I have pow'rd you with, and tenor incouenant
Memorize, but ask

What you would have received; that is not well;
And well shall you perceive, here willingly
I will both hear, and grant your just request.

Sar. Then I, as one that am the temple of these
Request

The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Did move the murmuring lips of discontent.
That the time's enemies may not have this
To gape occasions, let it be our sum,
That you have bid us ask his liberty.

K. John. Let it be so; I do commit his youth
To your direction.—

Enter HUBERT.

Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man, should do the bloody deed;
The image of a wicked heinous fiend
Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast.

Sar. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.

Enter HUBERT.

Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is dead and so-may.

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

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child wak'd; nay, he was sick.

This must be answer'd, either 'tis, or better.

K. John. Why do you bend upon a column back
on me?

... of victory?
I am on the side of life.
I am on the side of the slaves.
I am on the side of progress. Over it,
I go, and so, farewell.

EXCERPT KING JOHN and English Gentleman

卷之三十一

卷之三

卷之三十一

Enter King JOHN, meeting the ENGLISH Host.
K. John. A fearful eye thou hast! Where is the

How goes all in France? — Everard. — Never such a

E. H. From France to England.—Never like it.

卷之三十一

I stepped with bated breath,
To see my brother; and, as I went, with
My heart I made you know where dwelt my soul.

Three days before

K. John. What, mother! dead?
How wretched must my state in France be!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France
That used for truth giv'st out are landed here.

L. Her. Under the Dauphin.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings —

Enter PAUCONNEAU.

Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? Do not seek to stop
My head with more ill news; for it is full.

Pau. But, if you be afraid to hear the worst,
Then tell the worst, unfeared, till on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin; for I was never
Under the tide; but now I breake again.
Left the朝, and can give audience
To any tongue; speak it of what it will.

Pau. How I have sped among the citizens,
The sum I have alreade I shall express.
But, as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possessed with rumours, full of true dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.

K. John. O, my gentle cousin,
Here's the true news abroad, who are arriv'd
From the French, my lord; men's mouths are full
Of it:

Yesterday I met Lord Essex and Lord Salisbury,
With eyes as red as peer-entindred fire;
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd tonight
By your suggestion.

K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,

ing, thanst spred into their companies,
To waste & way to win their loves again,
Before these, before me,

First, I will seek them out.

K. John. Nay, had thaxe hast; the better foot be-
fore the other.

For me hate no straigtes enemies,
When adverse foregners alight my towne
With dreadfull camp of stoor invasion!
Be Mercury set feathers to thy feete,
And fly, like thought, from them to me again,
That the spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

[Exeunt F. & M. Enter R. & K. J. messenger betwixt me and the peare
And by them he. [Exit the Traveller. Enter R. Enter K. J.]

K. John. What heere dead! —

Enter MARGARET.

Marg. My lord, they say, five moone were seen

Upon these, and the fifth did whirle about
The other four, in wonderous motion.

K. John. Five moones?

Marg. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophery upon it dangerously:
Young Arthurs death is common in their mouthes,
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear,
And he that speaks, doth gripe the benter's wrist;
Whist one that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyen.

I saw a smotth stand with his hammer, this,
That smot his iron dog on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailors newes,
That with his shawls and measure to his hand,
Was of a come the beset warlike forth,
Well arm'd, helmed, and rank'd in Kent.

Another lean toward'd a present
Guts out his tale, and talkes of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these
tears?
Why arrest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy friend hath murder'd him. I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but then hadst none to kill him.
Rich. Had none, my lord? why, did you not pro-
mote me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
By doves, 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.

Hnk. Here is your hand and seal for what I end.
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,
Ghasted, and scarr'd, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,
And, you, to be endeared to a king,
Mind'st no consciousness to destroy a prince.

Rich. My lord,
K. John. Hedes thou but shock thy head, or make
a pause,
When I speake darkly what I purposed,
Or let an eye of doubt upon my face,
And bid me tell my tale in express words,
What shame had stung me dined, made me break off,

And whose dry tears might have wrought fears in me :
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And I could not make thy parky with sin ;
Yes, with all sin, 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 braved,
Born at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers
Now, in the body of this fleshy land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Fierceness and evil tumult reigns—
Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hab. Art you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you,
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,
And you have slander'd nature in my form ;
Which, howsoe'er made exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

Young Arthur is alive.
K. John. Doth Arthur live ? O, haste thee to the
peers,

Throw this dart 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 thou imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.—
O, answer now, but to my closet bring
The angry words with all expedient haste.

[Exit KING JOHN and HUBERT.]

SCENE 5.

England.

The Gates of a Castle.

Enter Arthur on the Walls of the Castle.

ARTH. The wall is high: and yet will I leap down:
Great Glaud, be pitiful, and hurt me not;
I am armed; and yet I'll venture it;
If I get down, and do not break my hals,
I'll find a thousand shifts to get away;
As void to air, and go, as die, and stay.

[Leaps down.]
O may my uncle's spirit is in these stones.—
I who take my soul, and Englund keep my bones!

[Dies.]

*Enter SALISBURY, with Letters, PEMBROKE, and
ESSEX.*

Sal. Lorde, I will meet him at St. Edmund's Bury,
It is our sainte, and we must embrase
This gentle bier of the perisous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?
Sal. Count Chatillon, a noble lord of France;
Whose private with me, of the Dauphin's love,
Is much more general than these lines import.

Es. To-morow morning let us meet him there.

Enter FALCONBRIDGE.

Fal. Once more to-day well met, disengaged
Lores!

The King by me, requires your presence straight.

Sai. The King hath dispossess'd himself of me,
Well and wisely the least.

That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks :
Return, and tell him so ; we know the worst.

Fau. Whatever you think, good words, I think,
were best.

Esa. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.

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

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

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

Sel. 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.

Sel. Murder, us hating what himself hath done,
Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

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

Sel. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld,
Or heard you read, or heard, — or could you think, —
Or do you almost think, although you see,
That you do see ? — This is the bloodiest shape,
The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

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

Sel. 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 forfeit my soul,
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
And breathing to this breathless excellence
The intense of a vow, a holy vow ;
Never to taste the pleasure of the world,

Never to be infected with delusion,
Nor ever break with me and thine; —
But I have set a glory to this land,
By giving it the worship of devotions.
Then, — Our souls nobly, worth thy words.

LAWRENCE STUBBARD.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with heat in seeking you;
Hubert doth live; the King hath sent for you.
Sat. Ayeame, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sat. Must I rob the law? — [*I drawes his sword*]
Fau. Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.
Sat. Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
Hub. [Draws] Stand back, Lord Salisbury; stand
back, I say.
By Heaven, I think my sword as sharp as yours;
I could not have you, lord, forget yourself,
To tempt the danger of my true defence;
lest I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.
Sat. Out, doggall! darst thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an emperor.
Sat. Thou art a murderer.
Hub. Do not prove me so;
Let I am none.— Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,
Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.
Pom. Cut him to pieces.

PEMBROKE AND ESSEX.

Engl. Keep the peace, I say.
Sat. Stand by; or I shall call you, Fenitordbridge.
Fau. Then wert better call the devil, Salisbury: —
If thou but frown on me, or stir the dust,
Or reach thy hairy spleen to do me harm,
I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword before
thee I'll so man' you and your knighting train,
That you shall think the devil is come from hell.

And when thou doest, renowned Pandion,
Remember me, and a remitter.

I am sorry, am sore
To think of this prince?

He is not as he was; I left him well;

I buried him, I laid him; and will weep

Myself all the day, for his son's loss.

But, Theseus, those galling waters of my eyes

Are all gone; yet without such rheum,

Come with me, all you whose souls abhor

The unnatural savour of a slaughter-house;

For I am filled with misery of sin.

[*E. d. SALSBURY.*

Fox. Away, toward Buty, to the Dauphin there!
[*Exit Essex.*

Fem. There, will the King, he may inquire us out.
[*E. d. PEMBROKE.*

Fam. There's a good world! — knew you of this

new work?

Boy. And the infinite and boundless reach

Of man's inconstancy after this deed of durb,

All this demand, Master.

Hob. Do not near me, sir;

Esopus my son,

Fam. If then dost but consent
To this most cruel act, do but despair,
And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thred
That ever spider wove from her womb
Will serve to strangle thee; a fish will be
A means to hang thee on; or, wouldest thou drown
Thysell,

Then but a little water in a spoon,

And it shall be as all the ocean,

Enough to stifle such a like a poe —

To drown, or rather very grecyse,

How fit in act, consent, or sin of thought,

No quality of the stinking that sweet breath,

Which was embouled in this beauteous clay,

Let however what pains enough to torture me!—
I will not yield.

Friend, bear him in thine arms.—
I am weary, methinks; and lose my way
Among the toils and dangers of this world.—
Now powers from home, and discontents at hence,
Are in suspense; and vast confusion waits,
As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent array of wrested power.
How happy he, whose cloak 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.

Lancelot, Falconbridge and Hubert bearing Arthur in his Arms.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

England.

The Palace.

Pompish of Drums and Trumpets.

KING LOUIS, PANDULPH, his ATTENDANTS, ENGLAND, CLEMENT, and HERALD, enter'd.

*King Louis. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The trumpet of my glory.*

King. Our worthy George King bears the Crown,
And like his birth, as beauteous as the Pope,
Our sovereign goes, and all the world.

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

And from his boldness use all your power
To make their enemies.

F. John. It was my breath that blew this tempest up;
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope;
True since you are a gentle convertite,
All in one shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your bickering world.

Exit PAXMENUS, with his ATTENDANTS.

Enter VALENTINEBRIDGE.

V. John. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there lefts
O. CHURCHILL.

How Dolor Clasps, London late received
Like a land hem, the Dauphin and his powers;
Your nobles will not hear you, let me gone
To the service to your country;

And with 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?

P. John. They found him dead, and cast into the
waters.

An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By your dastard hand was rob'd and triu'ed.

F. John. That villain Herkett told me, he did live.
P. John. So, on my soul, he die, for nught he knew.

E. Ford. See, on my soul, he droop; why look you sad?
Be you not in act, as you have been in naught;

I am here the world over, and the best of us,
Can find the morrow of a long day.

K. John. Be you to the court, be you with me,
I will not leave you; the court-tree is too high,

And you are too low; we shall in time be byes.

First borrow their behaviours from the great,
Follow not us; your example, and put on
The general's spirit of resolution.

Away! and girder like the god of war,
When he purpos'd to become the field;
Sage mirthless, and aspiring confidence.
What shall they seek the lion in his den?
And trust him there, and make him tremble there?
O, we need be laid! — Forage, and run
To meet displeasure further from the doors;
And grapple with him, ere he come so nigh.

X. 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
Lod by me Flatphun.

Faust. A flagitious league!
Shall we turn the footing of our land,
Send away orders, and make compromise,
Lascivious party, and base truce?
To whom invader? shall a beardless boy,
A tooth'd wised wanton, brave our fields,
And dash his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mock us the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms;
Sweep off these base invaders from the land:
And above all extirpate those slaves,
These English slaves, whose prostituted souls,
Under French banners, move in vile rebellion,
Against their King, their country, and their God.

X. John. Have thou the ordering of the present
time.

Faust. Away then, with good courage; yet, I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*England.**The Dauphin's Camp at St. Edmund's Bury.*

*Enter LEWIS, CHATILLON, a Parchment in his Hand,
PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, ESSEX, FRENCH LI-
MITE, and GUARDS.*

Lez. Let this be copied out, Chatillon,
And keep it safe for our remembrance;
Return the precedent 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.

Sat. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.

Lez. 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.

Enter CARDINAL Pandulph, attended.

Pan. 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 seat of Rome.
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wild war;
Thou 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.
Lez. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back;
I am too high-born to be property'd:

and now I have had the same kind of men,
And now no man in England should be like me.
And now he set two men to be his men,
With whom were with which entered him.
Who taught me how to use the bow and arrow,
Accommodate me with interest to the bow.
With his left hand to pierce over my breast,
And when you hear me tell me, John, John,
What place with Rome? What is that place to
The right hand of my master and lord?
How young am I now, when this land I have
Conquered, it is half conquered, most I have
Conquered, that have been made by me with Rome,
And I have done this,
Now in few years, it never shall be said,

We have many braves, who doth command us.

THE FRENCH CONQUEST AND ENGLISH CONQUEST.

Now we come to the fair play of the world,
How we have behaved. I am going to speak
Of the French conquest, from the King
Charles the fifth, from the King
Henry the eighth, from the King
Edward the sixth, I do know the scope
And we have invaded unto the King
Charles the fifth, too wild a conqueror,
And we have conquered with no conquest,
He only sets, and set lay down his arms,
And they did the like, that inventory breaketh
The conquest, well say we, in our English King
Edward the fourth, doth stand in our

World conquest, and we say too we are shamed,
That we have English, that have more highly arm'd
And out of the King of his territories,
that justly righteous hand be held to have
First in our countries, give you clear witness,
Now when the first man, who is in arms,
And when we sing, out for his glory towers,

For worse a tyrant that comes near his rest
And you desperate, you impious, revolts,
You bloody peers, riving up the womb,
At your dear mother England, blush to shame !
Let us grant, their cause out-sold us : fare therewith !

We hold our time too precious to be spent
In such a trumpery.

Paul. Give me leave to speak.

Lev. No, I will speak.

Lew. We will attend to neither —

Strike up the drummers, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our interest, and our being here.

Paul. Indeed, your drums, being beaten, will speak
out.
And so shall you, being beaten : Do but stell
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That shall reverberate 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 as hand
Nor trusting to this halting Legate here,
When he left us, 'd rather for sport than need,
Is warlike John ; and in his forehead sits
A horribile death, whose office is, this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Lew. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Paul. And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not think

{*Florent of Drums and Trumpets.* — *Fremur*.

SCENE III.

England.

A Field of Battle.

Drums, Trumpets, Shouts, &c.

Hounds, Ringers, English Guards,
and Guards.

E. John. How goes the day with us? O tell me.
Hubert.

H. Bayle. I fesse: How fares your majesty?

E. John. This fever that hath troubled me so long,
Lies heavy on me—O, my heart is sick!

Enter English Herald.

E. Her. My lord, your valiant kinsman, Falconbridge,

Desires your majesty to leave the field:

And will him word by me, which way you go.

E. John. Tell him toward Swinstead, to the abbey
there.

E. Her. Be of good comfort; for the great sumpt^y,
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on Goodwin sands:
This news was brought to Richard but even now;
The French fight oddly, and rule themselves.

Enter English Herald.

E. John. Ah me! this violent fever troubl'd me long,
And will not let me welcome this good news.—
Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter I would;
Weakness possesseth me, and I can faint.

[Drums, Trumpets &c.—Fife.]

SCENE IV.

*England.**The French Camp.**Alarums.**Enter SALISBURY, PEMBROKE, and ESSEX.**Ess.* I did not think the king so stord with friends.*Pem.* Up once again ; put spirit in the French ;
If they miscarry, we miscarry too.*Sel.* That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.*Pem.* They say, King John, sore sick, hath left the
field.*Enter CHATILLON wounded, and led by Two FRENCH
GENTLEMEN.**Cha.* Lead me to the revolts of England here.*Sel.* When we were happy, we had other names.*Pem.* It is Chatillon.*Sel.* Wounded to death.*Cha.* 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 land day,
He means to recompence the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads.

Sel. May this be possible ? may this be true ?*Cha.* Have I not hideous death within my view
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit ?

I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is not worth it ever those eyes of yours.
Behold another day break in the east;
But even this night,
Even this all night, your breathing shall expire—
Command me to one Hubert, with your King,
The love of him, — and this respect besides,
For that my grand sire was an Englishman,
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In few whil'res, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and tumult 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 desire.

Saf. We do believe thee, — And beseech thy grace,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the whites
We will un tread the steps of damned fight ;
And, like a bated and retired hawk,
Stay low within those bounds we here overlock'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 paths of death
Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends !

{Drums and Trumpets, &c.—Ernest, leading off
CHATILLON.

SCENE V.

England.

*A different Part of the French Camp.**A Retreat sounded.*

Enter LEWIS, FRESCOBALDO, GENTLEMEN, and GUARDS.

Lewis. The sun of Heaven, methought, was loath
to set ;

But stay'd; and made the western welkin blisht,
When the English measur'd backward their own
ground,

In whom neither O, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needless shot,
After such bloody toil, we had good night ;
And wound our fatte & colours chearly up,
Last in the field, and almost lords of it ! —

Enter FRANCIS HERALD.

F. Her. Where is the prince, the Dauphin ?

Lev. Here : — What news ?

F. Her. Chatillon is slain ; the English lords,
By his perswasion, are again fallen off ;
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long
Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sandis.

Lev. Ah, foul shrewd news ! — Believe the very
least !

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 ?

F. Her. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

Lev. Well, keep good quarter, and good care to-
night :

The day shall not be up so soon as I,

To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.

[*Drums, Trumpets, &c. — Event.*

SCENE 3.

England.

The entrance of Richard, King.

Enter FAUCONBERG, meeting HUBERT.

Hub. Who's there? speak, but speak quickly.

Fau. A friend — What are you?

Hub. The King of England.

Fau. Hurrah! friends — What news abroad?

Hub. O, the swearer, news alone, to the night,
Black, fearful, creatures — the horrible.

Fau. Shall we be very wond'rf'd 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;
I left him stricken with a sickness, and took out
To account for such this evil.

Fau. How shall we take it? who did teste to him?

Hub. A man, I tell you, a resolute villain,
Whose bosom suddenly burst out — The King
Yet speaks and laugheth, in yon room.

Fau. When didst thou leave so tend his majesty?

Hub. When didst thou not? The lords are all come
back,

And brought Prince Henry to their company,
At whose request the King hath pardoned them,
All they are ill about his majesty.

Fau. What! make them the execution, mighty Heaven,
And tempt us one to bear above our power! —
I tell thee, Fauc'nt, hast my power this night,
Passing this fact, are taken by the tide,
These Lancastrians have devoured them.
Myself, well mounted, had I here my stile,
Away, before I can do it more to the King,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come.

SCENE VII.

*England.**The Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.**Enter ENGLISH GUARDS, with Torches; PRINCE HENRY, and ESSEX.*

P. Hen. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is reach'd corruptibly; and his pure train
Doth, by the late comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter SALISBURY and ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, with a Couch.

Saf. His highness yet doth speak: and holds be-
lief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that foul poison which assaileth him.

P. Hen. Doth he still rage?

Saf. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he sing.

Enter KING JOHN, attended by PEMBROKE, and ENGLISH GENTLEMEN.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my soul hath clo-
ser-
ing;
I would look 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 scrawled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment; and against this fire
Died I shrivell'd up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?

K. John. *POISON*—I late, indeed, for such a curse,
And none of you will bid the winter come,

To thrust his icy fingers in my nose ;
Nor let my long hair's tresses take their course
Through the world's lesson ; nor direct the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And torment me with cold.

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

K. John. The sot in them is hot—
Wrath is a hell ; and there the poison
Is, as it were, confined to tyrannize
On unmerciful condemned blood.

Enter FAULCONBERGE and HESSETT.

End. G. I am scalded with my violent motion,
And spurn of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin, thou art come to set mine eyes
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 hunc-hur.
My breast hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but all the news we uttered,
And then all this thou seest, is hot a clew,
And model of confounded royalty.

Fest. The Dauphin is preparing himeward,
Where, Heaven he knows, how we shall answer him.
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did recover,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

[*The King dies.*

End. Then breathe these dead news to as dead an
ear.

My liege ! my lord ! — But now a king — now thus !

Fest. Art thou gone so ? I do but stay behind,
To see the office for thee of revenge.

And then my soul shall wait on thee in heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.

Edw. At Worcester must his body be interr'd:
For so he will'd it.

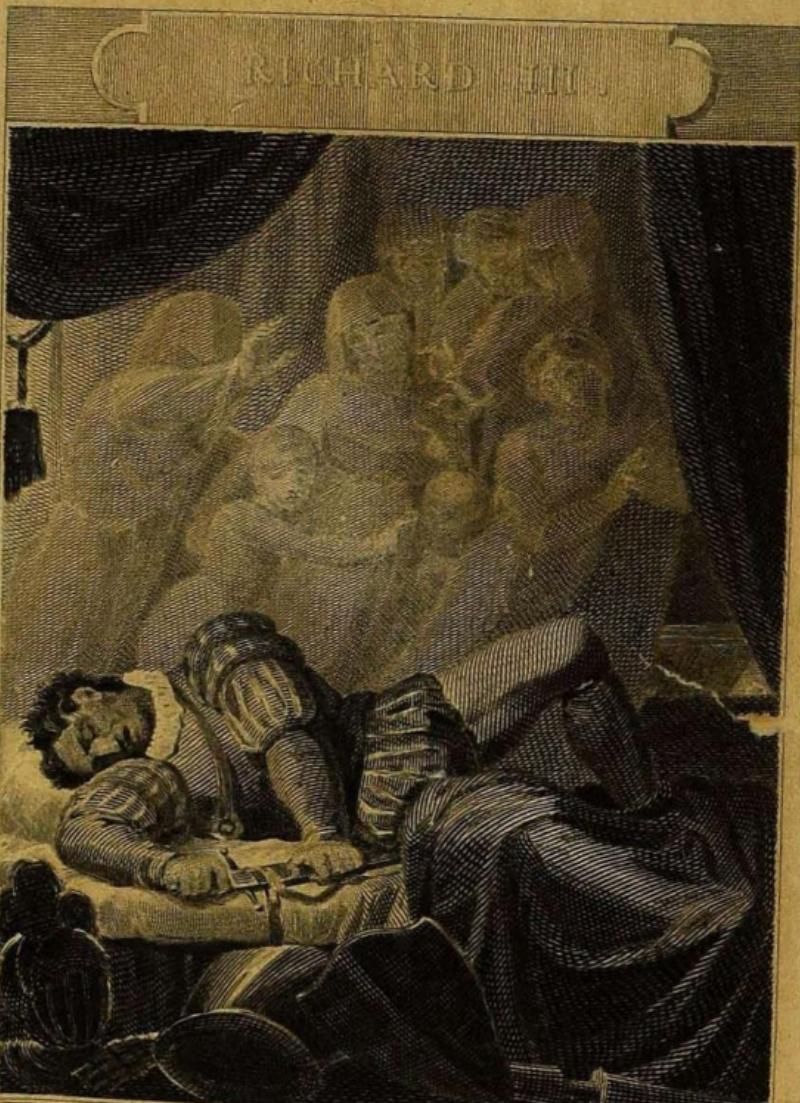
Faust. Father shall it then,
And haply may you, sweet prince, tell on
The herald state and glory of the land!
To whom, with all submission, on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful subjects
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sar. And the like tender of our love we make,
To rest without a spot for evermore. [All kneel.]

P. Here I have a kind soul, that would give you
thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faust. 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,
From the three corners of the world at arms,
And we shall shock them: Nought shall make us fear,
England to itself do rest but me.

[Exeunt omnes]



THE GHOST OF KING HENRY AWAKE, RICHARD AWAKE.
ACT V SCENE VI