

```

<?xml version="1.0" encoding="UTF-8"?>
<TEI xmlns="http://www.tei-c.org/ns/1.0">
  <teiHeader>
    <fileDesc>
      <titleStmt>
        <title type="statement">The life and death of King Iohn from Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.
          Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
        <title type="variant">Mr. VWilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
& tragedies</title>
        <title type="distinctive">Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7</title>
        <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.</author>
        <editor>Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630</editor>
        <editor>Condell, Henry, -1627</editor>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Droeshout, Martin, 1601-</persName>
          <resp>engraver</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Jaggard, Isaac, -1627</persName>
          <resp>printer</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632</persName>
          <resp>printer</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Jaggard, William, 1569-1623</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Smethwicke, John, -1641</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt>
          <persName>Aspley, William, -1640</persName>
          <resp>publisher</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="BDLSS">
          <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/bdls">Bodleian Digital
Library Systems and Services</orgName>
          <resp>creation of electronic edition</resp>
        </respStmt>
        <respStmt xml:id="INVIDA">
          <orgName ref="http://www.invidasolutions.com/">Invida Trans It
Solutions PVT. LTD.</orgName>
          <resp>preliminary keying and encoding by</resp>
        </respStmt>

```

<respStmt xml:id="PW">
 <persName>Pip Willcox</persName>
 <resp>project management</resp>
 <resp>proofing</resp>
 <resp>encoding</resp>
 </respStmt>
 <respStmt xml:id="LMC">
 <persName>Lucienne Cummings</persName>
 <resp>proofing</resp>
 <resp>encoding</resp>
 </respStmt>
 <respStmt xml:id="JS">
 <persName>Judith Siefring</persName>
 <resp>proofing</resp>
 <resp>encoding</resp>
 </respStmt>
 <respStmt xml:id="ES">
 <persName>Emma Stanford</persName>
 <resp>proofing</resp>
 <resp>encoding</resp>
 </respStmt>
 <respStmt xml:id="JC">
 <persName>James Cummings</persName>
 <resp>encoding consultation</resp>
 </respStmt>
 <funder>
 <ref target="http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Sprint for
 Shakespeare</ref>
 Crowdfunding</funder>
 <funder>The second phase of the Bodleian First Folio project was made
 possible by a lead gift from Dr Geoffrey Eibl-Kaye and generous support from the
 Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
 support, which brings new features to the digitized First Folio, enabling more efficient
 and intuitive use for all with an interest in Shakespeare, early modern drama, theatre
 and book history.</funder>
 </titleStmt>
 <editionStmt>
 <edition n="first"> First publication edition. <date when="2014-04-23">23
 April
 2014</date>
 </edition>
 </editionStmt>
 <publicationStmt>
 <publisher>
 <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/">Bodleian
 Libraries</orgName>,
 <orgName ref="http://www.ox.ac.uk">University of Oxford</orgName>
 </publisher>
 <date when="2014-09-11">11 September 2014</date>

```

<authority>
  <orgName ref="http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/bdlss"
xml:id="bdlss">Bodleian Digital
    Library Systems and Services</orgName>
</authority>
<address>
  <addrLine>Osney One Building</addrLine>
  <addrLine>Osney Mead</addrLine>
  <addrLine>Oxford</addrLine>
  <postCode>OX2 0EW</postCode>
</address>
<availability>
  <p> Available for reuse, according to the terms of the <ref
target="http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/3.0/">Creative Commons Attribution
3.0 Unported</ref>.</p>
</availability>
  <idno type="url">http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/</idno>
  <idno type="url">http://solo-
aleph.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/?func=direct&doc_number=011814163&format=9
99&local_base=HOL60</idno>
</publicationStmt>
<sourceDesc>
  <bibl>
    <author key="LCCNn78095332">Shakespeare, William, 1564-
1616.</author>
    <title type="statement"> Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&
    tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies.</title>
    <title type="variant">Mr. VWilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories,
&
    tragedies</title>
    <title type="distinctive">First Folio</title>
    <pubPlace>
      <settlement>London</settlement>, <country>England</country>
    </pubPlace>:
    <publisher>
      <persName>William Jaggard</persName>, <persName>Edward
      Blount</persName>, <persName>John Smethwicke</persName>
    </publisher>
    <date type="canonical" when="1623">1623</date>
    <date type="entry" when="1623-11-08">8 November 1623
(entered)</date>
    <idno type="shelfmark">Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7</idno>
    <idno type="estcCitationNo">S111228</idno>
    <idno type="alephSysNo">015592789</idno>
    <note type="citation">ESTC, S111228</note>
    <note type="citation">Greg, III, p. 1109-12</note>
    <note type="citation">Pforzheimer, 905</note>
    <note type="citation">STC (2nd ed.), 22273</note>
    <note type="citation">Rasmussen, E. & West, A.J. "The

```

Shakespeare First Folios a
descriptive catalogue", Palgrave Macmillan, 2012.</note>
<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the
First Folio of
Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>
<note type="citation">West, A.J. A Model for Describing Shakespeare
First Folios,
With Descriptions of Selected Copies, in The Library, v. s6-21, Issue 1
(March
1999), p.1-19</note>
</bibl>
<msDesc>
<msIdentifier>
<country>United Kingdom</country>
<settlement>Oxford</settlement>
<institution>University of Oxford</institution>
<repository>Bodleian Library</repository>
<idno type="shelfmark">Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7</idno>
<altIdentifier type="previous">
<idno type="shelfmark">S 2.17 Art. [first Bodleian shelfmark,
1624-1664?]</idno>
</altIdentifier>
<altIdentifier type="previous">
<idno type="shelfmark">Arch. F c.13 [superscript z?] [second
Bodleian
shelfmark, 1906-?]</idno>
</altIdentifier>
</msIdentifier>
<msContents>
<titlePage>
<docTitle>
<titlePart>M<hi rend="superscript">r</hi> VVILLIAM <lb/>
<hi rend="large">SHAKESPEARES</hi>
<lb/>COMEDIES, <lb/>HISTORIES, & &
<lb/>TRAGEDIES. </titlePart>
<titlePart>Published according to the True Originall
Copies.</titlePart>
</docTitle>
<docImprint>London : Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount [at
the charges
of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,
<docDate>1623</docDate>.</docImprint>
</titlePage>
</msContents>
<physDesc>
<objectDesc form="codex">
<supportDesc>
<support>

<dimensions>
 <height unit="mm">349</height>
 <width unit="mm">323</width>
 </dimensions>
 </support>
 <foliation>
 <p>[18], 303, [1], 46, 49-100, [2], 69-232, [2], 79-80, [26], 76,
 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;
 fol.</p>
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
 p.59
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
 151; p.161
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
 misnumbered 163; p.
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
 misnumbered 252; p.
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
 some copies;
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
 p.165-166
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --
 5th count:
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308
 misnumbered 38;
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
 </foliation>
 <collation>
 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most
 commonly
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$
 [πB^2], $^2A-2B^6$
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ aa-ff⁶
 gg² Gg⁶
 hh⁶ kk-bbb⁶; 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$
 g⁶ $^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$
 'gg3.4' ($\pm'gg3'$) [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶
 2k-2v⁶
 x⁶ 2y-3b⁶.</p>
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed
 Gg; nn1-nn2
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination
 on leaf a1
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on
 leaf aa1
 recto.</p>
 </collation>
 <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the
 reader".

mount
some the
and the
Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact
Books.</condition>

</supportDesc>

<layoutDesc>

<layout>

<p>Predominantly printed in double columns.</p>

<p>Text within simple lined frame.</p>

<p>Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Blount, I.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."</p>

<p>Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Condell.</p>

</layout>

</layoutDesc>

</objectDesc>

<decoDesc>

<decoNote>Head- and tail- pieces; initials.</decoNote>

<decoNote>With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

signed: "Martin-

earlier

shading,

with the

have the plate

the earlier

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The

state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier

especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly

jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies

in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that

state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

</decoNote>

</decoDesc>

<additions>

<p>Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

was seen".

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on

t.p.

(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

annotations on

leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably added after leaving the Library.</p></additions><bindingDesc><p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf. Bound for the Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two cloth ties, red sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at the head of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the spine. Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S. Gibson in Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items sent out on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing printed waste from a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard Pafraet, between 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this work see: Bod. Inc. Cat., C-322.</p></bindingDesc></physDesc><history><origin><p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman, Charleton. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare: Oxford, 1963.</p></origin><acquisition><p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke Humfrey at shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>, replaced by the newer <bibl><title>Third Folio</title> (<date when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of "superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard

Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p><p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (theTurbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p><p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and

Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>

</acquisition>

</history>

<additional>

<surrogates>

<listBibl>

<bibl type="digitalFacsimile">Digital facsimile images available

at: <ref

target="http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/"><http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/></ref>.</bibl>

</listBibl>

</surrogates>

</additional>

</msDesc>

</sourceDesc>

</fileDesc>

<profileDesc>

<particDesc>

<listPerson>

<person xml:id="F-jn-art">

<persName type="standard">Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the

king</persName>

<persName type="form">Ar.</persName>

<persName type="form">Art.</persName>

<persName type="form">Arth.</persName>

<persName type="form">Arthur.</persName>

</person>

<person xml:id="F-jn-lym">

<persName type="standard">Lymoges, Duke of Austria</persName>


```

        <persName type="form">Aus.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Aust.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-phi">
        <persName type="standard">Philip the Bastard, illegitimate son of Sir
Robert Faulconbridge</persName>
        <persName type="form">Ba.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Bast.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Basst.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Best.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-big">
        <persName type="standard">Lord Bigot</persName>
        <persName type="form">Big.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-bla">
        <persName type="standard">Blanch, of Spain, niece to King
John</persName>
        <persName type="form">Bla.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Blan.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Blanch.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-cha">
        <persName type="standard">Chatillon, ambassador from France to
King John</persName>
        <persName type="form">Chat.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-cit">
        <persName type="standard">Citizen</persName>
        <persName type="form">Cit.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-con">
        <persName type="standard">Constance</persName>
        <persName type="form">Con.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Cons.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Const.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-lew">
        <persName type="standard">Lewis, the Dauphin</persName>
        <persName type="form">Daul.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Dol.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Dolph.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lew.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Lewis.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-eng">
        <persName type="standard">English Herald</persName>
        <persName type="form">E.Har.</persName>
        <persName type="form">Eng.</persName>
    </person>

```

```

    <person xml:id="F-jn-eli">
      <persName type="standard">Queen Elinor, mother to King
John</persName>
      <persName type="form">Ele.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Elea.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Elen.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Eli.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Elinor.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Old Qu.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Qu.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Que.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Queen.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-fra">
      <persName type="standard">King Phillip, king of
France</persName>
      <persName type="form">Fra.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Fran.</persName>
      <persName type="form">France.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Phi.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Phil.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Philip.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-ess">
      <persName type="standard">Earl of Essex</persName>
      <persName type="form">Essex.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-exe">
      <persName type="standard">First Executioner</persName>
      <persName type="form">Exec.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-fre">
      <persName type="standard">French Herald</persName>
      <persName type="form">F. Her.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-gou">
      <persName type="standard">James Gurney, servant to Lady
Faulconbridge</persName>
      <persName type="form">Gour.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-hen">
      <persName type="standard">Prince Henry, son to King
John</persName>
      <persName type="form">Hen.</persName>
    </person>
    <person xml:id="F-jn-hub">
      <persName type="standard">Hubert de Burgh</persName>
      <persName type="form">Hu.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Hub.</persName>
      <persName type="form">Hubert.</persName>

```

```

</person>
<person xml:id="F-jn-joh">
  <persName type="standard">King John, king of England</persName>
  <persName type="form">Io.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Ioh.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Iohn.</persName>
  <persName type="form">John.</persName>
  <persName type="form">K. Io.</persName>
  <persName type="form">K. Iohn.</persName>
  <persName type="form">K.Iohn.</persName>
  <persName type="form">K.John.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Kin.</persName>
  <persName type="form">King.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jn-lad">
  <persName type="standard">Lady</persName>
  <persName type="form">Lady.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jn-mel">
  <persName type="standard">Melun, a French Lord</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mel.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jn-mes">
  <persName type="standard">Messenger</persName>
  <persName type="form">Mes.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jn-pem">
  <persName type="standard">Earl of Pembroke</persName>
  <persName type="form">P.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Pem.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jn-pan">
  <persName type="standard">Cardinal Pandulph, the Pope's
legate</persName>
  <persName type="form">Pan.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Pand.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Pond.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jn-pet">
  <persName type="standard">Peter of Pomfret, a prophet</persName>
  <persName type="form">Pet.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jn-fau">
  <persName type="standard">Faulconbridge, son of Sir Robert
Faulconbridge</persName>
  <persName type="form">Rob.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Robert.</persName>
</person>
<person xml:id="F-jn-sal">
  <persName type="standard">Earl of Salisbury</persName>

```

```

        <persName type="form">Sal.</persName>
    </person>
</listPerson>
</particDesc>
</profileDesc>
</teiHeader>
<text type="play" xml:id="F-jn">
    <body>
        <div type="play" n="15">
            <pb facs="Ffimg:axc0325.jpg" n="1"/>
            <head rend="center">The life and death of King Iohn.</head>
            <div type="act" n="1">
                <div type="scene" n="1">
                    <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus, Sc&#x00E6;na
Prima.</head>
                    <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
                    <cb n="1"/>
                    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King Iohn,
Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Sa&#x00AD;
                    <lb/>lisbury, with the Chattyllion of France.</stage>
                    <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
                        <speaker rend="italic">King Iohn.</speaker>
                        <l><c rend="decoratedCapital">N</c>Ow say <hi
rend="italic">Chatillion</hi>, what would <hi rend="italic">France</hi> with
vs?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-jn-Cha">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Chat.</speaker>
                        <l>Thus (after greeting) speakes the King
                        <lb/>of France,</l>
                        <l>In my behauior to the Maiesty,</l>
                        <l>The borrowed Maiesty of <hi rend="italic">England</hi>
heere.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-jn-eli">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Elea.</speaker>
                        <l>A strange beginning: borrowed Maiesty?</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
                        <speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>
                        <l>Silenced (good mother) heere the Embassie.</l>
                    </sp>
                    <sp who="#F-jn-Cha">
                        <speaker rend="italic">Chat.</speaker>
                        <l><hi rend="italic">Philip</hi> of <hi
rend="italic">France</hi>, in right and true behalfe</l>
                        <l>Of thy deceased brother, <hi rend="italic">Geffreyes</hi>
sonne,</l>
                        <l><hi rend="italic">Arthur Plantaginet</hi>, laies most lawfull
claime</l>

```

<l>To this faire Iland, and the Territories:</l>
 <l>To <hi rend="italic">Ireland, Poyctiers, Aniowe, Torayne,
 Maine</hi>,</l>
 <l>Desiring thee to lay aside the sword</l>
 <l>Which swaies vsurpingly these seuerall titles,</l>
 <l>And put the same into young <hi rend="italic">Arthurs</hi>
 hand,</l>
 <l>Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>What followes if we disallow of this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-Cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Chat.</speaker>
 <l>The proud controle of fierce and bloody warre,</l>
 <l>To inforce these rights, so forcibly with‑held,</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Io.</speaker>
 <l>Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,</l>
 <l>Controlement for controlement: so answer <hi
 rend="italic">France</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-Cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Chat.</speaker>
 <l>Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,</l>
 <l>The farthest limit of my Embassie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,</l>
 <l>Be thou as lightning in the eies of <hi
 rend="italic">France</hi>,</l>
 <l>For ere thou canst report, I will be there:</l>
 <l>The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard,</l>
 <l>So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,</l>
 <l>And sullen presage of your owne decay:</l>
 <l>An honourable conduct let him haue,</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Pembroke</hi> looke too't: farewell <hi
 rend="italic">Chattillion</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Chat. and
 Pem.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ele.</speaker>
 <l>What now my sonne, haue I not euer said</l>
 <l>How that ambitious <hi rend="italic">Constance</hi> would
 not cease</l>
 <l>Till she had kindled <hi rend="italic">France</hi> and all the

world,</l>

<l>Vpon the right and party of her sonne.</l>
<l>This might haue beene preuented, and made whole</l>
<l>With very easie arguments of loue,</l>
<l>Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must</l>
<l>With fearefull bloody issue arbitrate.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>

<l>Our strong possession, and our right for vs.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-eli">

<speaker rend="italic">Eli.</speaker>

<l>Your strong

<choice><abbr>possessiō</abbr><expan>possession</expan></choice>
much more then your right,</l>

<l>Or else it must go wrong with you and me,</l>

<l>So much my conscience whispers in your eare,</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>Which none but heauen, and you, and I, shall heare.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Sheriffe.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jn-ess">

<speaker rend="italic">Essex.</speaker>

<l>My Liege, here is the strangest controuersie</l>

<l>Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you</l>

<l>That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>

<l>Let them approach:</l>

<l>Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay</l>

<l>The expeditious charge<gap extent="1" unit="chars"
reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES"/> what men are you?</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Robert
Faulconbridge, and Philip.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jn-fra">

<speaker rend="italic">Philip.</speaker>

<l>Your faithfull subiect, I a gentleman,</l>

<l>Borne in <hi rend="italic">Northamptonshire</hi>, and eldest
sonne</l>

<l>As I suppose, to <hi rend="italic">Robert

Faulconbridge</hi>,</l>

<l>A Souldier by the Honor‑giuing‑hand</l>

<l>Of <hi rend="italic">Cordelion</hi>, Knighted in the
field.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

K. Iohn.
<|>What art thou?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fau">
Robert.
<|>The son and heire to that same <hi
Faulconbridge</hi>.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
K. Iohn.
<|>Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?</|>
<|>You came not of one mother then it seemes.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
Philip.
<|>Most certain of one mother, mighty King,</|>
<|>That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:</|>
<|>But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,</|>
<|>I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;</|>
<|>Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-eli">
Eli.
<|>Out on thee rude man, y^u dost
shame thy mother,</|>
<|>And wound her honor with this diffidence.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
Phil.
<|>I Madame? No, I haue no reason for it,</|>
<|>That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,</|>
<|>The which if he can proue, a pops me out,</|>
<|>At least from faire fiue hundred pound a yeere:</|>
<|>Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
K. Iohn.
<|>A good blunt fellow: why being younger born</|>
<|>Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
Phi.
<|>I know not why, except to get the land:</|>
<|>But once he slanderd me with bastardy:</|>
<|>But where I be as true begot or no,</|>
<|>That still I lay vpon my mothers head,</|>
<|>But that I am as well begot my Liege</|>
<|>(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)</|>
<|>Compare our faces, and be Iudge your selfe</|>
<|>If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,</|>

<l>And were our father, and this sonne like him:</l>
 <l>O old sir <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi> Father, on my
 knee</l>
 <l>I giue heauen thanks I was not like to thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Why what a mad‑cap hath heauen lent vs here?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Elen.</speaker>
 <l>He hath a tricke of <hi rend="italic">Cordilions</hi>
 face,</l>
 <l>The accent of his tongue affecteth him:</l>
 <l>Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne</l>
 <l>In the large composition of this man?</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">a</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic"> K.
 Ioh</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0326.jpg" n="2"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Mine eye hath well examined his parts,</l>
 <l>And findes them perfect <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>: sirra
 speake,</l>
 <l>What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Philip.</speaker>
 <l>Because he hath a half‑face like my father?</l>
 <l>With halfe that face would he haue all my land,</l>
 <l>A halfe‑fac'd goat, fiue hundred pound a yeere?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
 <l>My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,</l>
 <l>Your brother did employ my father much.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>
 <l>Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,</l>
 <l>Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fau">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>
 <l>And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie</l>
 <l>To <hi rend="italic">Germany</hi>, there with the

Emperor</l>

<l>To treat of high affaires touching that time:</l>
<l>Th'advantage of his absence tooke the King,</l>
<l>And in the meane time soiourn'd at my fathers;</l>
<l>Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake:</l>
<l>But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores</l>
<l>Betweene my father, and my mother lay,</l>
<l>As I haue heard my father speake himselfe</l>
<l>When this same lusty gentleman was got:</l>
<l>Vpon his death‑bed he by will bequeath'd</l>
<l>His lands to me, and tooke it on his death</l>
<l>That this my mothers sonne was none of his;</l>
<l>And if he were, he came into the world</l>
<l>Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:</l>
<l>Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,</l>
<l>My fathers land, as was my fathers will.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>

<l>Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,</l>

<l>Your fathers wife did after wedlock beare him:</l>

<l>And if she did play false, the fault was hers,</l>

<l>Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands</l>

<l>That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother</l>

<l>Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,</l>

<l>Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,</l>

<l>Insooth, good friend, your father might haue kept</l>

<l>This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:</l>

<l>Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers,</l>

<l>My brother might not claime him, nor your father</l>

<l>Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,</l>

<l>My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,</l>

<l>Your father heyre must haue your fathers land.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-fau">

<speaker rend="italic">Rob.</speaker>

<l>Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,</l>

<l>To dispossesse that childe which is not his.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-fra">

<speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>

<l>Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,</l>

<l>Then was his will to get me, as I think.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-eli">

<speaker rend="italic">Eli.</speaker>

<l>Whether hadst thou rather be a <hi

rend="italic">Faulconbridge</hi>,</l>

<l>And like thy brother to enioy the land:</l>

<l>Or the reputed sonne of <hi rend="italic">Cordelion</hi>,</l>

<l>Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Madam and if my brother had my shape</l>
 <l>And I had his, sir <hi rend="italic">Roberts</hi> his like
 him,</l>
 <l>And if my legs were two such riding rods,</l>
 <l>My armes, such eele‑skins stuf, my face so thin,</l>
 <l>That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,</l>
 <l>Lest men should say, looke where three farthings goes,</l>
 <l>And to his shape were heyre to all this land,</l>
 <l>Would I might neuer stirre from off this place,</l>
 <l>I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:</l>
 <l>It would not be sir nobbe in any case.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Elinor.</speaker>
 <l>I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,</l>
 <l>Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?</l>
 <l>I am a Souldier, and now bound to <hi
 rend="italic">France</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Brother, take you my land, Ie take my chance;</l>
 <l>Your face hath got fiue hundred pound a yeere,</l>
 <l>Yet sell your face for fiue pence and 'tis deere:</l>
 <l>Madam, Ie follow you vnto the death.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Elinor.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Our Country manners giue our betters way.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>What is thy name?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Philip</hi> my Liege, so is my name
 begun,</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Philip</hi>, good old Sir <hi
 rend="italic">Roberts</hi> wiues eldest sonne.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>From henceforth beare his name</l>
 <l>Whose forme thou bearest:</l>
 <l>Kneele thou downe <hi rend="italic">Philip</hi>, but rise
 more great,</l>
 <l>Arise Sir <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, and <hi
 rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Brother by th'mothers side, giue me your hand,</l>
 <l>My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:</l>
 <l>Now blessed be the houre by night or day</l>
 <l>When I was got, Sir <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi> was
 away.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ele.</speaker>
 <l>The very spirit of <hi rend="italic">Plantagenet</hi>:</l>
 <l>I am thy granddame <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, call me
 so.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;</l>
 <l>Something about a little from the right,</l>
 <l>In at the window, or else ore the hatch:</l>
 <l>Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,</l>
 <l>And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:</l>
 <l>Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,</l>
 <l>And I am I, how ere I was begot.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Goe, <hi rend="italic">Faulconbridge</hi>, now hast thou thy
 desire,</l>
 <l>A landlesse Knight, make thee a landed Squire:</l>
 <l>Come Madam, and come <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, we
 must speed.</l>
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">France</hi>, for <hi
 rend="italic">France</hi>, for it is more then need.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,</l>
 <l>For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt all but
 bastard.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>A foot of Honor better then I was,</l>
 <l>But many a many foot of Land the worse.</l>
 <l>Well, now can I make any <hi rend="italic">Ioane</hi> a
 Lady,</l>
 <l>Good den Sir <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, Godamercy
 fellow,</l>
 <l>And if his name be <hi rend="italic">George</hi>, Ile call
 him <hi rend="italic">Peter</hi>;</l>
 <l>For new made honor doth forget mens names:</l>
 <l>'Tis two respectiue, and too sociable</l>
 <l>For your conuersion, now your traueller,</l>
 <l>Hee and his tooth‑picke at my worships messe,</l>
 <l>And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,</l>
 <l>Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize</l>
 <l>Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,</l>
 <l>I shall beseech you; that isd question now,</l>
 <l>And then comes answer like an Absey booke:</l>
 <l>O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,</l>
 <l>No sir, sayes question, I sweet sir at yours,</l>
 <l>And so ere answer knowes what question would,</l>
 <l>Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,</l>
 <l>And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,</l>
 <l>The Perennean and the riuier <hi rend="italic">Poe</hi>,</l>
 <l>It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.</l>
 <l>But this is worshipfull society,</l>
 <l>And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;</l>
 <l>For he is but a bastard to the time</l>
 <l>That doth not smoake of obseruation,</l>
 <l>And so am I whether I smacke or no:</l>
 <l>And not alone in habit and deuce,</l>
 <l>Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;</l>
 <l>But from the inward motion to deliuer</l>
 <l>Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,</l>
 <l>Which though I will not practice to deceiue,</l>
 <l>Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;</l>
 <l>For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:</l>
 <l>But who comes in such haste in riding robes<c
 rend="italic">?</c></l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">What</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0327.jpg" n="3"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>What woman post is this? hath she no husband</l>
 <l>That will take paines to blow a horne before<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>her<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
 <l>O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,</l>
 <l>What brings you heere to Court so hastily?</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Lady
 Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lad">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
 <l>Where is that slaue thy brother? where is he?</l>
 <l>That holds in chase mine honour vp and downe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>My brother <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi>, old Sir <hi
 rend="italic">Roberts</hi> sonne:</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Colbrand</hi> the Gyant, that same mighty
 man,</l>
 <l>Is it Sir <hi rend="italic">Roberts</hi> sonne that you seeke
 so?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lad">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>
 <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Roberts</hi> sonne, I thou vnreuerend
 boy,</l>
 <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Roberts</hi> sonne? why scorn'st thou
 at sir <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi>?</l>
 <l>He is Sir <hi rend="italic">Roberts</hi> sonne, and so art
 thou.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Iames Gournie</hi>, wilt thou giue vs leaue
 a while?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-gou">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gour.</speaker>
 <l>Good leaue good <hi rend="italic">Philip</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Philip</hi>, sparrow, <hi
 rend="italic">Iames</hi>,</l>
 <l>There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
 Iames.</stage>
 <l>Madam, I was not old Sir <hi rend="italic">Roberts</hi>
 sonne,</l>
 <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi> might haue eat his part in
 me</l>
 <l>Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his fast:</l>
 <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi> could doe well, marrie to
 confesse</l>
 <l>Could get me sir <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi> could not doe

it;</l>

mother</l>

legge.</l>

<l>We know his handy‑worke, therefore good

<l>To whom am I beholding for these limmes?</l>

<l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi> neuer holpe to make this

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-lad">

<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>

<l>Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,</l>

<l>That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?</l>

<l>What meanes this scorne, thou most vntoward knaue?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco‑like:</l>

<l>What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder:</l>

<l>But mother, I am not Sir <hi rend="italic">Roberts</hi>

sonne,</l>

land,</l>

<l>I haue disclaim'd Sir <hi rend="italic">Robert</hi> and my

<l>Legitimation, name, and all is gone;</l>

<l>Then good my mother, let me know my father,</l>

<l>Some proper man I hope, who was it mother<c

rend="italic">?</c></l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-lad">

<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>

<l>Hast thou denied thy selfe a <hi

rend="italic">Faulconbridge</hi>?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>As faithfully as I denie the deuil.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-lad">

<speaker rend="italic">Lady.</speaker>

<l><hi rend="italic">King Richard Cordelion</hi> was thy

father,</l>

<l>By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd</l>

<l>To make roome for him in my husbands bed:</l>

<l>Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge,</l>

<l>That art the issue of my deere offence</l>

<l>Which was so strongly vrg'd past my defence.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>Now by this light were I to get againe,</l>

<l>Madam I would not wish a better father:</l>

<l>Some sinnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth</l>

<l>And so doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,</l>
 <l>Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,</l>
 <l>Subiected tribute to commanding loue,</l>
 <l>Against whose furie and vnmatched force,</l>
 <l>The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,</l>
 <l>Nor keepe his Princely heart from <hi
 rend="italic">Richards</hi> hand:</l>
 <l>He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,</l>
 <l>May easily winne a womans: aye my mother,</l>
 <l>With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:</l>
 <l>Who liues and dares but say, thou didst not well</l>
 <l>When I was got, Ile send his soule to hell.</l>
 <l>Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,</l>
 <l>And they shall say, when <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> me
 begot,</l>
 <l>If thou hadst sayd him nay, it had beene sinne;</l>
 <l>Who says it was, he lyes, I say twas not.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <cb n="2"/>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="2">
 <div type="scene" n="2">
 <head rend="italic center">Scæna Secunda.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Angiers, Philip
 King of France, Lewis, Daul­
 <lb/>phin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>
 <l>Before <hi rend="italic">Angiers</hi> well met braue <hi
 rend="italic">Austria</hi>,</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> that great fore‑runner
 of thy bloud,</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Richard</hi> that rob'd the Lion of his
 heart,</l>
 <l>And fought the holy Warres in <hi
 rend="italic">Palestine</hi></l>
 <l>By this braue Duke came early to his graue:</l>
 <l>And for amends to his posteritie,</l>
 <l>At our importance hether is he come,</l>
 <l>To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,</l>
 <l>And to rebuke the vsurpation</l>
 <l>Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, English <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>,</l>
 <l>Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-art">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arth.</speaker>

death</l>

<l>God shall forgiue you <hi rend="italic">Cordelions</hi>

<l>The rather that you giue his off‑spring life,</l>

<l>Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre:</l>

<l>I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand,</l>

<l>But with a heart full of vnstained loue,</l>

<l>Welcome before the gates of <hi rend="italic">Angiers</hi>

Duke.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-lew">

<speaker rend="italic">Lewis.</speaker>

<l>A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-lym">

<speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>

<l>Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kisse,</l>

<l>As seale to this indenture of my loue:</l>

<l>That to my home I willno more returne</l>

<l>Till <hi rend="italic">Angiers</hi>, and the right thou hast in

<hi rend="italic">France</hi>,</l>

<l>Together with that pale, that white‑fac'd shore,</l>

<l>Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,</l>

<l>And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,</l>

<l>Euen till that <hi rend="italic">England</hi> hedg'd in with

the maine,</l>

<l>That Water‑walled Bulwarke, still secure</l>

<l>And confident from forreine purposes,</l>

<l>Euen till that vtmost corner of the West</l>

<l>Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy</l>

<l>Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-con">

<speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>

<l>O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,</l>

<l>Till your strong hand shall helpe to giue him strength,</l>

<l>To make a more requitall to your loue.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-lym">

<speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>

<l>The peace of heauen is theirs y<c rend="superscript">t</c>

lift their swords</l>

<l>In such a iust and charitable warre.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent</l>

<l>Against the browes of this resisting towne,</l>

<l>Call for our cheefest men of discipline,</l>

<l>To cull the plots of best aduantages:</l>

<l>Wee'll befor<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible"

agent="stain" resp="#ES"/> this towne our Royal bones,</l>
 <l>Wade to the market‑place in <hi
 rend="italic">French</hi>‑mens bloud,</l>
 <l>But we will make it subiect to this boy.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>Stay for an answer to your Embassie,</l>
 <l>Lest vnaduis'd you staine your swords with bloud,</l>
 <l>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Chattilion</hi> may from <hi
 rend="italic">England</hi> bring</l>
 <l>That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre,</l>
 <l>And then we shall repent each drop of bloud,</l>
 <l>That hot rash haste so indirectly shedde.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Chattilion.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wish</l>
 <l>Our Messenger <hi rend="italic">Chattilion</hi> is
 arriu'd,</l>
 <l>What <hi rend="italic">England</hi> saies, say briefely
 gentle Lord,</l>
 <l>We coldly pause for thee, <hi rend="italic">Chatilion</hi>
 speake,</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-Cha">
 <speaker rend="italic">Chat.</speaker>
 <l>Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,</l>
 <l>And stirre them vp against a mightier taske:</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">England</hi> impatient of your iust
 demands,</l>
 <l>Hath put himself in Armes, the aduerse windes</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">a2</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Whose</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0328.jpg" n="4"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Whose leisure I haue staid, haue giuen him time</l>
 <l>To land his Legio<c rend="inverted">n</c>s all as soone as
 I:</l>
 <l>His marches are expedient to this towne,</l>
 <l>His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:</l>
 <l>With him along is come the Mother Queene,</l>
 <l>An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,</l>
 <l>With her her Neece, the Lady <hi rend="italic">Blanch of
 Spaine</hi>,</l>
 <l>With them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,</l>
 <l>And all th'vnsetled humors of the Land,</l>

<l>Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,</l>
 <l>With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragone spleenes,</l>
 <l>Haue sold their fortunes at their natiue homes,</l>
 <l>Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,</l>
 <l>To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:</l>
 <l>In briefe, a brauer choyse of dauntlesse spirits</l>
 <l>Then now the <hi rend="italic">English</hi> bottomes haue
 waft o're,</l>
 <l>Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide,</l>
 <l>To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:</l>
 <l>The interruption of their churlish drums</l>
 <l>Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Drum
 beats.</stage>
 <l>To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lym">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>
 <l>By how much vnexpected, by so much</l>
 <l>We must awake indeuor for defence,</l>
 <l>For courage mounteth with occasion,</l>
 <l>Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic" type="entrance">Enter K. of England, Bastard,
 Queene, Blanch, Pembroke,
 <lb/>and others.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Peace be to <hi rend="italic">France</hi>: If France in peace
 permit</l>
 <l>Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne;</l>
 <l>If not, bleede <hi rend="italic">France</hi>, and peace
 ascend to heauen.</l>
 <l>Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct</l>
 <l>Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <l>Peace be to <hi rend="italic">England</hi>, if that warre
 returne</l>
 <l>From <hi rend="italic">France</hi> to <hi
 rend="italic">England</hi>, there to liue in peace:</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">England</hi> we loue, and for that <hi
 rend="italic">Englands</hi> sake,</l>
 <l>With burden of our armor heere we sweat:</l>
 <l>This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;</l>

farre,</l>
 <l>But thou from louing <hi rend="italic">England</hi> art so

<l>That thou hast vnder‑ wrought his lawfull King,</l>
 <l>Cut off the sequence of posterity,</l>
 <l>Out‑faced Infant State, and done a rape</l>
 <l>Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:</l>
 <l>Looke heere vpon thy brother <hi
 rend="italic">Geffreyes</hi> face,</l>
 <l>These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;</l>
 <l>This little abstract doth containe that large,</l>
 <l>Which died in <hi rend="italic">Geffrey</hi>: and the hand
 of time,</l>
 <l>Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Geffrey</hi> was thy elder brother
 borne,</l>
 <l>And this his sonne, <hi rend="italic">England</hi> was <hi
 rend="italic">Geffreys</hi> right,</l>
 <l>And this is <hi rend="italic">Geffreyes</hi> in the name of
 God:</l>
 <l>How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,</l>
 <l>When liuing blood doth in these temples beat</l>
 <l>Which owe the crowne, that thou ore‑masterest?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>From whom hast thou this great commission
 <b rend="turnunder"/><pc rend="turnunder">(</pc><hi
 rend="italic">France</hi>,</l>
 <l>To draw my answer from thy Articles?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>

<l><choice><abbr>Frō</abbr><expan>From</expan></choice> that
 supernal Iudge that stirs good thoughts</l>
 <l>In any beast of strong authoritie,</l>
 <l>To looke into the blots and staines of right,</l>
 <l>That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,</l>
 <l>Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,</l>
 <l>And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <l>Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
 <l>Who is it thou dost call vsurper <hi
 rend="italic">France</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <l>Let me make answer: thy vsurping sonne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
 <l>Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,</l>
 <l>That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>My bed was euer to thy sonne as true</l>
 <l>As thine was to thy husband, and this boy</l>
 <l>Liker in feature to this father <hi
 rend="italic">Geffrey</hi></l>
 <l>Then thou and <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, in manners being
 as like,</l>
 <l>As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;</l>
 <l>My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke</l>
 <l>His father neuer was so true begot,</l>
 <l>It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
 <l>Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy fa­
 <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>ther</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <l>There's a good granddame boy</l>
 <l>That would blot thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lym">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>
 <l>Peace.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Heare the Cryer.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lym">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>
 <l>What the deuill art thou?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>One that wil play the deuill sir with you,</l>
 <l>And a may catch your hide and you alone:</l>
 <l>You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes</l>
 <l>Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard:</l>
 <l>Ile smoake your skin‑coat and I catch you right,</l>
 <l>Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-bla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Blan.</speaker>
 <l>O well did he become that Lyons robe,</l>
 <l>That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>It lies as sightly on the backe of him</l>
 <l>As great <hi rend="italic">Alcides</hi> shooes vpon an
 Asse:</l>
 <l>But Asse, Ile take that burthen from your backe,</l>
 <l>Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lym">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>
 <l>What cracker is this same that deafes our eares</l>
 <l>With this abundance of superfluous breath?</l>
 <l>King <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi>, determine what we shall
 doe strait.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lew.</speaker>
 <l>Women ‑fooles, breake off your conference.</l>
 <l>King <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, this is the very summe of
 all:</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">England</hi> and <hi rend="italic">Ireland,
 Angiers, Toraine, Maine</hi>,</l>
 <l>In right of <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> doe I claime of
 thee:</l>
 <l>Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>My life as soone: I doe defie thee <hi
 rend="italic">France</hi>,</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> of <hi
 rend="italic">Britaine</hi>, yeeld thee to my hand,</l>
 <l>And out of my deere loue Ile giue thee more,</l>
 <l>Then ere the coward hand of <hi rend="italic">France</hi>
 can win;</l>
 <l>Submit thee boy.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
 <l>Come to thy grandame child.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cons.</speaker>
 <l>Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,</l>
 <l>Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will</l>
 <l>Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,</l>
 <l>There's a good grandame.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-art">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arthur.</speaker>
 <l>Good my mother peace,</l>
 <l>I would that I were low laid in my graue,</l>
 <l>I am not worth this coyle that's made for me.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu. Mo.</speaker>
 <l>His mother shames him so, poore boy hee
 <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover"></pc>weepes.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>Now shame vpon you where she does or no.</l>
 <l>His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames</l>
 <l>Drawes those heauen‑mouring pearles
 <choice><abbr>frō</abbr><expan>from</expan></choice> his poor
 eies,</l>
 <l>Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:</l>
 <l>I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd</l>
 <l>To doe him Iustice, and reuenge on you.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>Thou monstrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,</l>
 <l>Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurpe</l>
 <l>The Dominations, Royalties, and rights</l>
 <l>Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,</l>
 <l>Infortunate in nothing but in thee:</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Thy</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0329.jpg" n="5"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Thy sinnes are visited in this poore childe,</l>
 <l>The Canon of the Law is laide on him,</l>

<l>Being but the second generation</l>
 <l>Remoued from thy sinne‑conceiuing wombe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Bedlam haue done.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>I haue but this to say,</l>
 <l>That he is not onely plagued for her sin,</l>
 <l>But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague</l>
 <l>On this remoued issue, plagued for her,</l>
 <l>And with her plague her sinne: his iniury</l>
 <l>Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne,</l>
 <l>All punish'd the person of this childe,</l>
 <l>And all for her, a plague vpon her.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Que.</speaker>
 <l>Thou vnaduised scold, I can produce</l>
 <l>A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,</l>
 <l>A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,</l>
 <l>It ill beseemes this presence to cry ay me</l>
 <l>To these ill tuned repetitions:</l>
 <l>Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles</l>
 <l>These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,</l>
 <l>Whose tittle they admit, <hi rend="italic">Arthurs</hi> or <hi
 rend="italic">Iohns</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Trumpet
 sounds.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a Citizen vpon
 the walles.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-cit">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cit.</speaker>
 <l>Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis France, for England.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>England for it selfe:</l>
<l>You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
<l>You louing men of Angiers, <hi rend="italic">Arthurs</hi>

subiects</l>

<l>Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first:</l>
<l>These flagges of France that are aduanced heere</l>
<l>Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,</l>
<l>Haue hither march'd to your endamagement.</l>
<l>The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,</l>
<l>And ready mounted are they to spit forth</l>
<l>Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles:</l>
<l>All preparation for a bloody siede</l>
<l>And merciles proceeding, by these French.</l>
<l>Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates:</l>
<l>And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,</l>
<l>That as a waste doth girdle you about</l>
<l>By the compulsion of their Ordinance,</l>
<l>By this time from their fixed beds of lime</l>
<l>Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocke made</l>
<l>For bloody power to rush vpon your peace.</l>
<l>But on the sight of vs your lawfull King,</l>
<l>Who painefully with much expedient march</l>
<l>Haue brought a counter‑checke before your

gates,</l>

<l>To saue vnscratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes:</l>
<l>Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,</l>
<l>And now instead of bulletts wrapt in fire</l>
<l>To make a shaking feuer in your walles,</l>
<l>They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoake,</l>
<l>To make a faithlesse error in your eares,</l>
<l>Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizens,</l>
<l>And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits</l>
<l>Fore‑wearied in this action of swift speede,</l>
<l>Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">France.</speaker>
<l>When I haue saide, make answer to vs both.</l>
<l>Loe in this right hand, whose protection</l>
<l>Is most diuinely vow'd vpon the right</l>
<l>Of him it holds, stands yong <hi

Plantagenet,

<|> Sonne to the elder brother of this man,</|>
<cb n="2"/>
<|> And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:</|>
<|> For this downe‑treden equity, we tread</|>
<|> In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,</|>
<|> Being no further enemy to you</|>
<|> Then the constraint of hospitable zeale,</|>
<|> In the releefe of this oppressed childe,</|>
<|> Religiously prouokes. Be pleased then</|>
<|> To pay that dutie which you truly owe,</|>
<|> To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,</|>
<|> And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,</|>
<|> Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp:</|>
<|> Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent</|>
<|> Against th'involuerable clouds of heauen,</|>
<|> And with a blessed and vn‑vext retyre,</|>
<|> With vnhack'd swords, and Helmets all vnbruis'd,</|>
<|> We will beare home that lustie blood againe,</|>
<|> Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,</|>
<|> And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace.</|>
<|> But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,</|>
<|> 'Tis not the rounder of your old‑fac'd walles,</|>
<|> Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,</|>
<|> Though all these English, and their discipline</|>
<|> Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:</|>
<|> Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,</|>
<|> In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?</|>
<|> Or shall we giue the signall to our rage,</|>
<|> And stalke in blood to our possession?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-cit">

<speaker rend="italic">Cit.</speaker>

<|> In breefe, we are the King of Englands subiects</|>

<|> For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<|> Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.</|>

<|> To him will we proue loyall, till that time</|>

<|> Haue we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<|> Doth not the Crowne of England, prooue the

<lb/>King<c rend="italic">?</c></|>

<|> And if not that, I bring you Witnesses</|>

<|> Twice fifteene thousand hearts of Englands breed.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Bastards and else.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>To verifie our title with their liues.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <l>As many and as well‑borne bloods as those.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Some Bastards too.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <l>Stand in his face to contradict his claime.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-cit">
 <speaker rend="italic">Cit.</speaker>
 <l>Till you compound whose right is worthiest,</l>
 <l>We for the worthiest hold the right from both.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Then God forgiue the sinne of all those soules,</l>
 <l>That to their euerlasting residence,</l>
 <l>Before the dew of euening fall, shall fleete</l>
 <l>In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <l>Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Saint <hi rend="italic">George</hi> that swindg'd the
 Dragon,</l>
 <l>And ere since sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore</l>
 <l>At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,</l>
 <l>I would set an Oxe‑head to your Lyons hide:</l>
 <l>And make a monster of you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lym">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>
 <l>Peace, no more.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l set forth</l>
 <l>In best appointment all our Regiments.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Speed then to take aduantage of the field.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>It shall be so, and at the other hill</l>
 <l>Command the rest to stand, God and our right,</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Heere after excursions,
 Enter the Herald of France
 <lb/>with Trumpets to the gates.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fre">
 <speaker rend="italic">F. Her.</speaker>
 <l>You men of Angiers open wide your gates,</l>
 <l>And let yong <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> Duke of Britaine
 in,</l>

 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Aa3</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Who</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0330.jpg" n="6"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Who by the hand of France, this day hath made</l>
 <l>Much worke for teares in many an English mother,</l>
 <l>Whose sonnes lye scattered on the bleeding ground:</l>
 <l>Many a widdowes husband groueling lies,</l>
 <l>Coldly embracing the discoloured
 <choice><orig>earrh</orig><corr>earth</corr></choice>,</l>
 <l>And victorie with little losse doth play</l>
 <l>Vpon the dancing banners of the French,</l>
 <l>Who are at hand triumphantly displayed</l>
 <l>To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> of Britaine, Englands King, and
 yours.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter English Herald
 with Trumpet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eng">
 <speaker rend="italic">E. Har.</speaker>
 <l>Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,</l>
 <l>King <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, your king and Englands,
 doth approach,</l>

<l>Commander of this hot malicious day,</l>
 <l>Their Armourers that march'd hence so siluer bright,</l>
 <l>Hither returne all guilt with Frenchmens blood:</l>
 <l>There stuck no plume in any English Crest,</l>
 <l>That is remoued by a staffe of France.</l>
 <l>Our colours do returne in those same hands</l>
 <l>That did display them when we first marcht forth:</l>
 <l>And like a iolly troope of Huntsmen come</l>
 <l>Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,</l>
 <l>Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,</l>
 <l>Open your gates, and giue the Victors way.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hubert.</speaker>
 <l>Heralds, from off our towres we might behold</l>
 <l>From first to last, the on‑set and retyre</l><note
 type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.l</note>
 <l>Of both yo<c rend="inverted">n</c>r Armies, whose
 equality</l>
 <l>By our best eyes cannot be censured:</l>
 <l>Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue answerd
 <lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>blowes:</l>
 <l>Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
 <lb/>power,</l>
 <l>Both are alike, and both alike we like:</l>
 <l>One must proue greatest. While they weigh so euen,</l>
 <l>We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter the two Kings
 with their powers,
 <lb/>at seuerall doores.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?</l>
 <l>Say, shall the currant of our right rome on,</l>
 <l>Whose passage vext with thy impediment,</l>
 <l>Shall leaue his natiue channell, and ore‑swell</l>
 <l>with course disturb'd euen thy confining shores,</l>
 <l>Vnlesse thou let his siluer Water, keepe</l>
 <l>A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>England thou hast not sau'd one drop of blood</l>
 <l>In this hot triall more then we of France,</l>
 <l>Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare</l>
 <l>That swayes the earth this Climate ouer‑lookes,</l>
 <l>Before we will lay downe our iust‑borne Armes,</l>
 <l>Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainst whom these Armes<gap
 extent="1" unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemaker"

resp="#ES"/> wee

<lb rend="turnunder"/><pc rend="turnunder">beare,</pc></l>
<l>Or adde a royall number to the dead:</l>
<l>Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,</l>
<l>With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
<l>Ha Maiesty: how high thy glory towres,</l>
<l>When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:</l>
<l>Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with steele,</l>
<l>The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,</l>
<l>And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men</l>
<l>In vndetermin'd differences of kings.</l>
<l>Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus:</l>
<l>Cry hauocke kings, backe to the stained field</l>
<l>You equall Potents, fierie kindled spirits,</l>
<l>Then let confusion of one part confirm</l>
<l>The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>Whose party do the Townesmen yet admit?</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
<l>Speake Citizens for England, whose your king.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
<l>The king of England, when we know the king.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
<l>Know him in vs, that heere hold vp his right.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>In Vs, that are our owne great Deputie,</l>
<l>And beare possession of our Person heere,</l>
<l>Lord of our presence Angiers, and of you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
<l>A greater powre then We denies all this,</l>
<l>And till it be vndoubted, we do locke</l>
<l>Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates:</l>
<l>Kings of our feare, vntill our feares resoul'd</l>
<l>Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>By heauen, these scroyles of Angiers flout you
 <b rend="turnunder"/><pc>kings,</l>
 rend="turnunder"></pc>
 <l>And stand securely on their battelments,</l>
 <l>As in a Theater, whence they gape and point</l>
 <l>At your industrious Scenes and acts of death.</l>
 <l>Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee,</l>
 <l>Do like the Mutines of Ierusalem,</l>
 <l>Be friends a‑while, and both conioyntly bend</l>
 <l>Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.</l>
 <l>By East and West let France and England mount.</l>
 <l>Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,</l>
 <l>Till their soule‑fearing clamours haue braul'd
 downe</l>
 <l>The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,</l>
 <l>I'de play incessantly vpon these Iades,</l>
 <l>Euen till vnfenced desolation</l>
 <l>Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre:</l>
 <l>That done, disseuer your vnited strengths,</l>
 <l>And part your mingled colours once againe,</l>
 <l>Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:</l>
 <l>Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth</l>
 <l>Out of one side her happy Minion,</l>
 <l>And kisse him with a glorious victory:</l>
 <l>How like you this wilde counsell mighty States,</l>
 <l>Smackes it not something of the policie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Now by the sky that hangs aboue our heads,</l>
 <l>I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres,</l>
 <l>And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,</l>
 <l>Then after fight who shall be king of it?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>And if thou hast the mettle of a king,</l>
 <l>Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuish Towne:</l>
 <l>Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,</l>
 <l>As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,</l>
 <l>And when that we haue dash'd them to the ground,</l>
 <l>Why then defie each other, and pell‑mell,</l>
 <l>Make worke vpon our selues, for heauen or hell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>Let it be so: say, where will you assault?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>We from the West will send destruction</l>
 <l>Into this Cities bosome.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lym">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>
 <l>I from the North.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <l>Our Thunder from the South,</l>
 <l>Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>O prudent discipline! From North to South:</l>
 <l>Austria and France shoot in each others mouth.</l>
 <l>Ile stirre them to it: Come, away,<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemaker" resp="#ES"/>away.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Heare vs great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay</l>
 <l>And I shall shew you peace, and faire‑fac'd
 league:</l>
 <l>Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,</l>
 <l>Rescue those breathing liues to dye in beds,</l>
 <l>That heere come sacrifices for the field.</l>
 <l>Perseuer not, but heare me mighty kings.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady <hi
 rend="italic">Blanch</hi></l>
 <l>Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres</l>
 <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Lewes</hi> the Dolphin, and that louely
 maid.</l>
 <l>If lustie loue should go in quest of beautie,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Where</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0331.jpg" n="7"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Where should he finde it fairer, then in <hi
 rend="italic">Blanch</hi>:</l>

<|>If zealous loue should go in search of vertue,</|>
 <|>Where should he finde it purer then in <hi
 rend="italic">Blanch?</hi></|>
 <|>If loue ambitious, sought a match of birth,</|>
 <|>Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady <hi
 rend="italic">Blanch</hi>?</|>
 <|>Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,</|>
 <|>Is the yong Dolphin euery way compleat,</|>
 <|>If not compleat of, say he is not shee,</|>
 <|>And she againe wants nothing, to name want,</|>
 <|>If want it be not, that she is not hee:</|>
 <|>He is the halfe part of a blessed man,</|>
 <|>Left to be finished by such a shee,</|>
 <|>And she a faire diuided excellence,</|>
 <|>Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.</|>
 <|>O two such siluer currents when they ioyne</|>
 unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="abrasion" resp="#ES"/>m in:</|>
 <|>And two such shores, two such streames made one,</|>
 <|>Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,</|>
 <|>To these two Princes, if you marrie them:</|>
 <|>This Vnion shall do more then batterie can</|>
 <|>To our fast closed gates: for at this match,</|>
 <|>With swifter spleene then powder can enforce</|>
 <|>The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,</|>
 <|>And giue you entrance: but without this match,</|>
 <|>The sea enraged is not halfe so deafe,</|>
 <|>Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes</|>
 <|>More free from mo<c rend="inverted">t</c>ion, no not death
 himselfe</|>
 <|>In mortall furie halfe so peremptorie,</|>
 <|>As we to keepe this Citie.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <|>Heeres a stay,</|>
 <|>That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death</|>
 <|>Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,</|>
 <|>That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,</|>
 <|>Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,</|>
 <|>As maids of thirteene do of puppi‑dogges.</|>
 <|>What Cannoneere begot this lustie blood,</|>
 <|>He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,</|>
 <|>He giues the bastinado with his tongue:</|>
 <|>Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his</|>
 <|>But buffets better then a fist of France:</|>
 <|>Zounds, I was neuer so bethumpt with words,</|>
 <|>Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">

<speaker rend="italic">Old Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Son, list to this coniunction, make this match</l>
 <l>Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough,</l>
 <l>For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye</l>
 <l>Thy now vnstur d assurance to the Crowne,</l>
 <l>That yon greene boy shall haue no Sunne to ripe</l>
 <l>The bloome that promiseth a mightie fruite.</l>
 <l>I see a yeelding in the lookes of France:</l>
 <l>Marke how they whisper, vrge them while their soules</l>
 <l>Are capeable of this ambition,</l>
 <l>Least zeale now melted by the windie breath</l>
 <l>Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,</l>
 <l>Coole and congeale againe to what it was.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Why answer not the double Maiesties,</l>
 <l>This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>Speake England first, that hath bin forward first</l>
 <l>To speake vnto this Cittie: what say you?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>If that the Dolphin there thy Princely sonne,</l>
 <l>Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue:</l>
 <l>Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene:</l>
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Angiers</hi>, and faire <hi
 rend="italic">Torraine Maine, Poyctiers</hi>,</l>
 <l>And all that we vpon this side the Sea,</l>
 <l>(Except this Cittie now by vs besiedg'd)</l>
 <l>Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,</l>
 <l>Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>In titles, honors, and promotions,</l>
 <l>As she in beautie, education, blood,</l>
 <l>Holdes hand with any Princesse of the world.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>What sai'st thou boy<c rend="italic">?</c> Looke in the
 Ladies face.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>I do my Lord, and in her eie I find</l>
 <l>A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,</l>
 <l>The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,</l>

<l>Which being but the shadow of your sonne,</l>
 <l>Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow:</l>
 <l>I do protest I neuer lou'd my selfe</l>
 <l>Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,</l>
 <l>Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Whispers with
 Blanch.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,</l>
 <l>Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,</l>
 <l>And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie</l>
 <l>Himselfe loues traytor, this is pittie now;</l>
 <l>That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be</l>
 <l>In such a loue, so vile a Lout as he.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-bla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Blan.</speaker>
 <l>My vnckles will in this respect is mine,</l>
 <l>If he see ought in you that makes him like,</l>
 <l>That any thing he see's which moues his liking,</l>
 <l>I can with ease translate it to my will:</l>
 <l>Or if you will, to speake more properly,</l>
 <l>I will enforce it easlie to my loue.</l>
 <l>Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,</l>
 <l>That all I see in you is worthie loue,</l>
 <l>Then this, that nothing do I see in you,</l>
 <l>Though churlish thoughts themselues should bee your
 <lb/>Iudge,</l>
 <l>That I can finde, should merit any hate.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>What saie these yong‑ones? What say you my
 <lb/>Neece?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-bla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Blan.</speaker>
 <l>That she is bound in honor still to do</l>
 <l>What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this
 <lb/>Ladie?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>Nay aske me if I can refraine from loue,</l>

<l>For I doe loue her most vnfainedly.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Then do I giue <hi rend="italic">Volquessen, Toraine,
 Maine</hi>,</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Poyctiers</hi>, and <hi
 rend="italic">Aniow</hi>, these fiue Prouinces</l>
 <l>With her to thee, and this addition more,</l>
 <l>Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne:</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Phillip</hi> of France, if thou be pleas'd
 withall,</l>
 <l>Command thy sonne and
 <choice><orig>daughtet</orig><corr>daughter</corr></choice> to ioyne hands.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>It likes vs well young Princes: close your hands</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lym">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>
 <l>And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd,</l>
 <l>That I did so when I was first assur'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>Now Cittizens of Angires ope your gates,</l>
 <l>Let in that amitie which you haue made,</l>
 <l>For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,</l>
 <l>The rights of marriage shallbe solemniz'd.</l>
 <l>Is not the Ladie <hi rend="italic">Constance</hi> in this
 troope?</l>
 <l>I know she is not for this match made vp,</l>
 <l>Her presence would haue interrupted much.</l>
 <l>Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>She is sad and passionate at your highnes Tent.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>And by my faith, this league that we haue made</l>
 <l>Will giue her sadnesse very little cure:</l>
 <l>Brother of England, how may we content</l>
 <l>This widdow Lady? In her right we came,</l>
 <l>Which we God knowes, haue turn d another way,</l>
 <l>To our owne vantage.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>We will heale vp all,</l>
 <l>For wee'l create yong <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> Duke of
 Britaine</l>
 <l>And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">We</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0332.jpg" n="8"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>We make him Lord of. Call the Lady <hi
 rend="italic">Constance</hi>,</l>
 <l>Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire</l>
 <l>To our solemnity: I trust we shall,</l>
 <l>(If not fill vp the measure of her will)</l>
 <l>Yet in some measure satisfie her so,</l>
 <l>That we shall stop her exclamation,</l>
 <l>Go we as well as hast will suffer vs,</l>
 <l>To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> to stop <hi
 rend="italic">Arthurs</hi> Title in the whole,</l>
 <l>Hath willingly departed with a part,</l>
 <l>And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,</l>
 <l>Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,</l><note
 type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 <l>As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the eare,</l>
 <l>With that same purpose‑changer, that slye diuel,</l>
 <l>That Broker, that still breakes the pate of faith,</l>
 <l>That dayly breake‑vow, he that winnes of all,</l>
 <l>Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,</l>
 <l>Who hauing no externall thing to loose,</l>
 <l>But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.</l>
 <l>That smooth‑fac'd Gentleman, tickling
 commoditie,</l>
 <l>Commoditie, the byas of the world,</l>
 <l>The world, who of it selfe is peysed well,</l>
 <l>Made to run euen, vpon euen ground:</l>
 <l>Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,</l>
 <l>This sway of motion, this commoditie,</l>
 <l>Makes it take head from all indifferency,</l>
 <l>From all direction, purpose, course, intent.</l>
 <l>And this same byas, this Commoditie,</l>
 <l>This Bawd, this Broker, this
 all‑changing‑word,</l>
 <l>Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,</l>
 <l>Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,</l>

<|>From a resolu'd and honourable warre,</|>
 <|>To a most base and vile‑concluded peace.</|>
 <|>And why rayle I on this Commoditye<c
 rend="italic">?</c></|>
 <|>But for because he hath not wooed me yet:</|>
 <|>Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,</|>
 <|>When his faire Angels would salute my palme,</|>
 <|>But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,</|>
 <|>Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.</|>
 <|>Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,</|>
 <|>And say there is no sin but to be rich:</|>
 <|>And being rich, my vertue then shall be,</|>
 <|>To say there is no vice, but beggerie:</|>
 <|>Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditye,</|>
 <|>Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Constance,
 Arthur, and Salisbury.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <|>Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?</|>
 <|>False blood to false blood ioyn'd. Gone to be freinds?</|>
 <|>Shall <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> haue <hi
 rend="italic">Blaunch</hi>, and <hi rend="italic">Blaunch</hi> those
 Prouinces?</|>
 <|>It is not so; thou hast mispoke, misheard,</|>
 <|>Be well aduis'd, tell ore thy tale againe.</|>
 <|>It cannot be, thou do'st but say 'tis so.</|>
 <|>I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word</|>
 <|>Is but the vaine breath of a common man:</|>
 <|>Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,</|>
 <|>I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.</|>
 <|>Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,</|>
 <|>For I am sicke, and capeable of feares,</|>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <|>Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,</|>
 <|>A widdow, husbandles, subiect to feares,</|>
 <|>A woman naturally borne to feares;</|>
 <|>And though thou now confesse thou didst but iest</|>
 <|>With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce,</|>
 <|>But they will quake and tremble all this day.</|>
 <|>What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head<c
 rend="italic">?</c></|>

<l>Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?</l>
 <l>What means that hand vpon that breast of thine?</l>
 <l>Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhewme,</l>
 <l>Like a proud riuer peering ore his bounds?</l>
 <l>Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words?</l>
 <l>Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,</l>
 <l>But this one word, whether thy tale be true.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>As true as I beleeeue you thinke them false,</l>
 <l>That giue you cause to proue my saying true.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>Oh if thou teach me to beleeeue this sorrow,</l>
 <l>Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,</l>
 <l>And let beleefe, and life encounter so,</l>
 <l>As doth the furie of two desperate men,</l>
 <l>Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Lewes</hi> marry <hi
 rend="italic">Blaunch</hi>? O boy, then where art thou?</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">France</hi> friend with <hi
 rend="italic">England</hi>, what becomes of me<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
 <l>Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,</l>
 <l>This newes hath made thee a most vgly man.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>What other harme haue I good Lady done,</l>
 <l>But spoke the harme, that is by others done?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,</l>
 <l>As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-art">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>
 <l>I do beseech you Madam be content.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim</l>
 <l>Vgly, and slandrous to thy Mothers wombe,</l>
 <l>Full of vnpleasing blots, and sightlesse staines,</l>
 <l>Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,</l>
 <l>Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye‑offending
 markes,</l>
 <l>I would not care, I then would be content,</l>

<|>For then I should not loue thee: no, nor thou</|>
 <|>Become thy great birth, nor deserue a Crowne.</|>
 <|>But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)</|>
 <|>Nature and Fortune ioynd to make thee great.</|>
 <|>Of Natures guifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,</|>
 <|>And with the halfe‑blowne Rose. But Fortune,
 oh,</|>
 <|>She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,</|>
 <|>Sh'adulterates hourelly with thine Vnckle <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>,</|>
 <|>And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France</|>
 <|>To tread downe faire respect of Soueraigntie,</|>
 <|>And made his Maiestie the bawd to theirs.</|>
 <|>France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>,</|>
 <|>That strumpet Fortune, that vsurping <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>:</|>
 <|>Tell me thou fellow, is no France forsworne?</|>
 <|>E<c rend="inverted">n</c>venom him with words, or get
 thee gone,</|>
 <|>And leaue those woes alone, which I alone</|>
 <|>Am bound to vnder‑beare.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <|>Pardon me Madam,</|>
 <|>I may not goe without you to the kings.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <|>Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,</|>
 <|>I will instruct my sorrowes to bee proud,</|>
 <|>For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoope,</|>
 <|>To me and to the state of my great greefe,</|>
 <|>Let kings assemble: for my greefe's so great,</|>
 <|>That no supporter but the huge firme earth</|>
 <|>Can hold it vp: here I and sorrowes sit,</|>
 <|>Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.</|>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Actus</fw>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="149">
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0333.jpg" n="9"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Tertius, Scæna
 prima.</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King Iohn,
 France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip,
 <lb/>Austria, Constance.</stage>

festiuall:</l>

<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<l>'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,</l>
<l>Euer in <hi rend="italic">France</hi> shall be kept

<l>To solemnize this day the glorious sunne</l>
<l>Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,</l>
<l>Turning with splendor of his precious eye</l>
<l>The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:</l>
<l>The yearely course that brings this day about,</l>
<l>Shall neuer see it, but a holy day.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-con">
<speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
<l>A wicked day, and not a holy day.</l>
<l>What hath this day deseru'd? what hath it done,</l>
<l>That it in golden letters should be set</l>
<l>Among the high tides in the Kalender?</l>
<l>Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,</l>
<l>This day of shame, oppression, periury.</l>
<l>Or if it must stand still, let wiues with childe</l>
<l>Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,</l>
<l>Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:</l>
<l>But (on this day) let Sea‑men feare no wracke,</l>
<l>No bargaines breake that are not this day made;</l>
<l>This day all things begun, come to ill end,</l>
<l>Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falshood change.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
<l>By heauen Lady, you shall haue no cause</l>
<l>To curse the faire proceedings of this day:</l>
<l>Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-con">
<speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
<l>You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit</l>
<l>Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride,</l>
<l>Proues valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne,</l>
<l>You came in Armes to spill mine enemies bloud,</l>
<l>But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.</l>
<l>The grappling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre</l>
<l>Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,</l>
<l>And our oppression hath made vp this league:</l>
<l>Arme, arme, you heauens, against these periur'd Kings,</l>
<l>A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauens)</l>
<l>Let not the howres of this vngodly day</l>
<l>Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun‑set,</l>
<l>Set armed discord 'twixt these periur'd Kings,</l>
<l>Heare me, Oh, heare me.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lym">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>
 <l>Lady <hi rend="italic">Constance</hi>, peace.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <l>War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:</l>
 <l>O <hi rend="italic">Lymoges</hi>, O <hi
 rend="italic">Austria</hi>, thou dost shame</l>
 <l>That bloody spoyle: thou slaue, thou wretch, y<c
 rend="superscript">u</c> coward,</l>
 <l>Thou little valiant, great in villanie,</l>
 <l>Thou euer strong vpon the stronger side;</l>
 <l>Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st neuer fight</l>
 <l>But when her humourous Ladiship is by</l>
 <l>To teach thee safety: thou art periur'd too,</l>
 <l>And sooth'st vp greatnesse. What a foole art thou,</l>
 <l>A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,</l>
 <l>Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded slaue,</l>
 <l>Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?</l>
 <l>Beene sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend</l>
 <l>Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,</l>
 <l>And dost thou now fall ouer to my foes?</l>
 <l>Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for shame,</l>
 <l>And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lym">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aus.</speaker>
 <l>O that a man should speake those words to me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>
 <l>And hang a Calues‑skin on those recreant limbs</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lym">
 <speaker rend="italic">Aus.</speaker>
 <l>Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Phil.</speaker>
 <l>And hang a Calues‑skin on those recreant limbs.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Pandulph.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
 <l>Haile you annointed deputies of heauen;</l>
 <l>To thee King <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> my holy errand
 is:</l>
 <l>I <hi rend="italic">Pandulph</hi>, of faire <hi
 rend="italic">Millane</hi> Cardinall,</l>
 <l>And from Pope <hi rend="italic">Innocent</hi> the Legate
 heere,</l>
 <l>Doe in his name religiously demand</l>
 <l>Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,</l>
 <l>So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce</l>
 <l>Keepe <hi rend="italic">Stephen Langton</hi> chosen
 Archbishop</l>
 <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Canterbury</hi> from that holy Sea:</l>
 <l>This in our foresaid holy Fathers name</l>
 <l>Pope <hi rend="italic">Innocent</hi>, I doe demand of
 thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>What earthie name to Interrogatories</l>
 <l>Can tast the free breath of a sacred King?</l>
 <l>Thou canst not (Cardinall) devise a name</l>
 <l>So slight, vnworthy, and ridiculous</l>
 <l>To charge me to an answer, as the Pope:</l>
 <l>Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of <hi
 rend="italic">England</hi>,</l>
 <l>Adde thus much more, that no <hi rend="italic">Italian</hi>
 Priest</l>
 <l>Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:</l>
 <l>But as we, vnder heauen, are supream head,</l>
 <l>So vnder him that great supremacy</l>
 <l>Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold</l>
 <l>Without th'assistance of a mortall hand:</l>
 <l>So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart</l>
 <l>To him and his vsurp'd athoritie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>Brother of <hi rend="italic">England</hi>, you blaspheme in
 this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom</l>

<l>Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,</l>
<l>Dreading the curse that money may buy out,</l>
<l>And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,</l>
<l>Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,</l>
<l>Who in that sale sels pardon from himselfe:</l>
<l>Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,</l>
<l>This iugling witchcraft with reuennue cherish,</l>
<l>Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose</l>
<l>Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-pan">

<speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>

<l>Then by the lawfull power that I haue,</l>
<l>Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,</l>
<l>And blessed shall he be that doth reuolt</l>
<l>From his Allegeance to an heretique,</l>
<l>And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,</l>
<l>Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,</l>
<l>That takes away by any secret course</l>
<l>Thy hatefull life.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-con">

<speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>

<l>O lawfull let it be</l>
<l>That I haue roome with Rome to curse a while,</l>
<l>Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen</l>
<l>To my keene curses; for without my wrong</l>
<l>There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-pan">

<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>

<l>There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-con">

<speaker rend="italic">Cons.</speaker>

<l>And for mine too, when Law can do no right.</l>
<l>Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:</l>
<l>Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;</l>
<l>For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law:</l>
<l>Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,</l>
<l>How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-pan">

<speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>

<l><hi rend="italid">Philip</hi> of <hi rend="italic">France</hi>, on perill of a curse,</l>

<l>Let goe the hand of that Arch‑heretique,</l>

<l>And raise the power of <hi rend="italic">France</hi> vpon

his head,</l>

<l>Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to <hi

Rome.
 Elea.
 Look'st thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.
 Con.
 Looke to that Deuill, lest that *France* repent,
 And
 The life and death of King Iohn.
 And by disioyning hands hell lose a soule.
 Aust.
 King *Philip*, listen to the
 Cardinall.
 Bast.
 And hang a Calues‑skin on his recreant limbs.
 Aust.
 Well ruffian, I must pocket vp these wrongs,
 Because,
 Bast.
 Your breeches best may carry them.
 Iohn.
Philip, what saist thou to the
 Cardinall?
 Con.
 What should he say, but as the Cardinall?
 Dolph.
 Bethinke you father, for the difference
 Is purchase of a heauy curse from *Rome*,
 Or the light losse of *England*, for a

friend:</l>

<l>Forgoe the easier.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-bla">

<speaker rend="italic">Bla.</speaker>

<l>That s the curse of <hi rend="italic">Rome</hi>.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-con">

<speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>

<l>O <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi>, stand fast, the deuill tempts

thee heere</l>

<l>In likenesse of a new vntrimmed Bride.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-bla">

<speaker rend="italic">Bla.</speaker>

<l>The Lady <hi rend="italic">Constance</hi> speakes not from

her faith,</l>

<l>But from her need.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-con">

<speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>

<l>Oh, if thou grant my need,</l>

<l>Which onely liues but by the death of faith,</l>

<l>That need, must needs inferre this principle,</l>

<l>That faith would liue againe by death of need:</l>

<l>O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,</l>

<l>Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<l>The king is mou'd, and answers not to this.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-con">

<speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>

<l>O be remou'd from him, and answere well.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-lym">

<speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>

<l>Doe so king <hi rend="italic">Philip</hi>, hang no more in

doubt.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet lout.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-fra">

<speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>

<l>I am perplext, and know not what to say.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-pan">

<speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
 <|>What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?</|>
 <|>If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <|>Good reuerend father, make my person yours,</|>
 <|>And tell me how you would bestow your selfe<c
 rend="italic">?</c></|>
 <|>This royall hand and mine are newly knit,</|>
 <|>And the coniunction of our inward soules</|>
 <|>Married in league, coupled, and link'd together</|>
 <|>With all religious strength of sacred vowes,</|>
 <|>The latest breath that gaue the sound of words</|>
 <|>Was deepe‑sworne faith, peace, amity, true loue</|>
 <|>Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selues,</|>
 <|>And euen before this truce, but new before,</|>
 <|>No longer then we well could wash our hands,</|>
 <|>To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace,</|>
 <|>Heauen knowes they were besmear'd and
 ouer‑staind</|>
 <|>With slaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint</|>
 <|>The fearefull difference of incensed kings:</|>
 <|>And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud?</|>
 <|>So newly ioyn'd in loue? so strong in both,</|>
 <|>Vnyoke this seysure, and this kinde regreete?</|>
 <|>Play fast and loose with faith? so iest with heauen,</|>
 <|>Make such vnconstant children of o<c
 rend="inverted">u</c>r selues</|>
 <|>As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:</|>
 <|>Vn‑sweare faith sworne, and on the marriage bed</|>
 <|>Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,</|>
 <|>And make a ryot on the gentle brow</|>
 <|>Of true sincerity? O holy Sir</|>
 <|>My reuerend father, let it not be so;</|>
 <|>Out of your grace, deuise, ordaine, impose</|>
 <|>Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest</|>
 <|>To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
 <|>All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,</|>
 <|>Saue what is opposite to <hi rend="italic">Englands</hi>
 loue.</|>
 <|>Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,</|>
 <|>Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,</|>
 <|>A mothers curse, on her reuolting sonne:</|>
 <|><hi rend="italic">France</hi>, thou maist hold a serpent by
 the tongue,</|>
 <|>A cased Lion by the mortall paw,</|>

<cb n="2"/>
<|>A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,</|>
<|>Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
<|>I may dis‑ioyne my hand, but not my faith.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
<|>So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,</|>
<|>And like a ciuill warre setst oath to oath,</|>
<|>Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow</|>
<|>First made to heauen, first be to heauen perform'd,</|>
<|>That is, to be the Champion of our Church,</|>
<|>What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,</|>
<|>And may not be performed by thy selfe,</|>
<|>For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,</|>
<|>Is not amisse when it is truly done:</|>
<|>And being not done, where doing tends to ill,</|>
<|>The truth is then most done not doing it:</|>
<|>The better Act of purposes mistooke,</|>
<|>Is to mistake again, though indirect,</|>
<|>Yet indirection thereby growes direct,</|>
<|>And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire</|>
<|>Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd:</|>
<|>It is religion that doth make vowes kept,</|>
<|>But thou hast sworne against religion:</|>
<|>By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,</|>
<|>And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,</|>
<|>Against an oath the truth, thou art vn Timer</|>
<|>To sweare, swears onely not to be forsworne,</|>
<|>Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?</|>
<|>But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,</|>
<|>And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,</|>
<|>Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,</|>
<|>Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:</|>
<|>And better conquest neuer canst thou make,</|>
<|>Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts</|>
<|>Against these giddy loose suggestions:</|>
<|>Vpon which better part, our prayrs come in,</|>
<|>If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know</|>
<|>The perill of our curses light on thee</|>
<|>So heauy, as thou shalt not shake them off</|>
<|>But in despaire, dye vnder their blacke weight.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-lym">
<speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>
<|>Rebellion, flat rebellion.</|>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Will't not be?</l>
 <l>Will not a Calues‑skin stop that mouth of thine?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Daul.</speaker>
 <l>Father, to Armes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-bla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Blanch.</speaker>
 <l>Vpon thy wedding day<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
 <l>Against the blood that thou hast married?</l>
 <l>What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?</l>
 <l>Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums</l>
 <l>Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?</l>
 <l>O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new</l>
 <l>Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name</l>
 <l>Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;</l>
 <l>Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes</l>
 <l>Against mine Vncle.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <l>O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,</l>
 <l>I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous <hi
 rend="italic">Daulphin</hi>,</l>
 <l>Alter not the doome fore‑thought by heauen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-bla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Blan.</speaker>
 <l>Now shall I see thy loue, what motiue may</l>
 <l>Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,</l>
 <l>His Honor, Oh thine Honor, <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi>
 thine Honor.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
 <l>I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,</l>
 <l>When such profound respects doe pull you on?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
 <l>I will denounce a curse vpon his head.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">

<speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>Thou shalt not need. <hi rend="italic">England</hi>, I will
 fall <choice><abbr>frō</abbr><expan>from</expan></choice> thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
 <l>O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Elen.</speaker>
 <l>O foule reuolt of French inconstancy.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eng">
 <speaker rend="italic">Eng.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">France</hi>, y<c rend="superscript">u</c>
 shalt rue this houre within this houre.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Bast.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0335.jpg" n="11"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Old Time the clocke setter, y<c rend="superscript">t</c> bald
 sexton Time:</l>
 <l>Is it as he will? well then, <hi rend="italic">France</hi> shall
 rue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-bla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bla.</speaker>
 <l>The Sun's oreicast with bloud: faire day adieu,</l>
 <l>Which is the side that I must goe withall?</l>
 <l>I am with both, each Army hath a hand,</l>
 <l>And in their rage, I hauing hold of both,</l>
 <l>They whurle ‑sunder, and dismember mee.</l>
 <l>Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne:</l>
 <l>Vncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose:</l>
 <l>Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:</l>
 <l>Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thriue:</l>
 <l>Who‑euer wins, on that side shall I lose:</l>
 <l>Assured losse, before the match be plaid.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
 <l>Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-bla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bla.</speaker>
 <l>There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.</l>
 </sp>

together, </l>
 wrath, </l>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Cosen</hi>, goe draw our puisance
 <l><hi rend="italic">France</hi>, I am burn'd vp with inflaming
 <l>A rage, whose heat hath this condition;</l>
 <l>That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,</l>
 <l>The blood and deerest valued blood of <hi
 rend="italic">France</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>Thy rage shall burne thee, vp, & thou shalt turne</l>
 <l>To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:</l>
 <l>Looke to thy selfe, thou art in ieopardie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>No more then he that threats. To Arms
 <choice><orig>le'ts</orig><corr>let's</corr></choice> hie.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2">
 <head rend="italic center">Scœna Secunda.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Allarums, Excursions:
 Enter Bastard with Austria's
 <lb/>head.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,</l>
 <l>Some ayery Deuill houers in the skie,</l>
 <l>And pour's downe mischiefe. <hi rend="italic">Austrias</hi>
 head lye there,</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iohn, Arthur,
 Hubert.</stage>
 <l>While <hi rend="italic">Philip</hi> breathes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, keepe this boy: <hi
 rend="italic">Philip</hi> make vp,</l>
 <l>My Mother is assayled in our Tent,</l>
 <l>And tane I feare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord I rescued her,</l>

<l>Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not:</l>
 <l>But on my Liege, for very little paines</l>
 <l>Will bring this labor to an happy end.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Alarums, excursions,
 Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur
 <lb/>Bastard, Hubert, Lords.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behinde</l>
 <l>So strongly guarded: Cosen, looke not sad,</l>
 <l>Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will</l>
 <l>As deere be to thee, as thy father was.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-art">
 <speaker rend="italic">Arth.</speaker>
 <l>O this will make my mother die with grieffe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Cosen away for <hi rend="italic">England</hi>, haste
 before,</l>
 <l>And ere our comming see thou shake the bags</l>
 <l>Of hoording Abbots, imprisoned angells</l>
 <l>Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace</l>
 <l>Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:</l>
 <l>Vse our Commission in his vtmost force.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not driue me back,</l>
 <l>When gold and siluer beckes me to come on.</l>
 <l>I leaue your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray</l>
 <l>(If euer I remember to be holy)</l>
 <l>For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ele.</speaker>
 <l>Farewell gentle Cosen.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Coz, farewell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">

<speaker rend="italic">Ele.</speaker>
 <l>Come hether little kinsman, harke, a worde.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Come hether <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>. O my gentle <hi
 rend="italic">Hubert</hi>,</l>
 <l>We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh</l>
 <l>There is a soule counts thee her Creditor,</l>
 <l>And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:</l>
 <l>And good friend, thy voluntary oath</l>
 <l>Liues in this bosome, deerely cherished.</l>
 <l>Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to say,</l>
 <l>But I will fit it with some better tune.</l>
 <l>By heauen <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, I am almost
 asham'd</l>
 <l>To say what good respect I haue of thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>I am much bounden to your Maiesty.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,</l>
 <l>But thou shalt haue: and creepe time nere so slow,</l>
 <l>Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.</l>
 <l>I had a thing to say, but let it goe:</l>
 <l>The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,</l>
 <l>Attended with the pleasures of the world,</l>
 <l>Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes</l>
 <l>To giue me audience: If the mid‑night bell</l>
 <l>Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth</l>
 <l>Sound on into the drowzie race of night:</l>
 <l>If this same were a Church‑yard where we stand,</l>
 <l>And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:</l>
 <l>Or if that surly spirit melancholy</l>
 <l>Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heauy, thicke,</l>
 <l>Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,</l>
 <l>Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,</l>
 <l>And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,</l>
 <l>A passion hatefull to my purposes:</l>
 <l>Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,</l>
 <l>Heare me without thine eares, and make reply</l>
 <l>Without a tongue, vsing conceit alone,</l>
 <l>Without eyes, eares, and harmefull sound of words:</l>
 <l>Then, in despite of brooded watchfull day,</l>
 <l>I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts:</l>
 <l>But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,</l>
 <l>And by my troth I thinke thou lou'st me well.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>So well, that what you bid me vndertake,</l>
 <l>Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,</l>
 <l>By heauen I would doe it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Doe not I know thou wouldst?</l>
 <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Hubert, Hubert, Hubert</hi> throw
 thine eye</l>
 <l>On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,</l>
 <l>He is a very serpent in my way,</l>
 <l>And wheresoere this foot of mine doth tread,</l>
 <l>He lies before me: dost thou vnderstand me?</l>
 <l>Thou art his keeper.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>And Ile keepe him so,</l>
 <l>That he shall not offend your Maiesty.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Death.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>A Graue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>He shall not liue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Enough.</l>
 <l>I could be merry now, <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, I loue
 thee.</l>
 <l>Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee:</l>
 <l>Remember: Madam, Fare you well,</l>
 <l>Ile send those powers o're to your Maiesty.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-eli">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ele.</speaker>

<l>My blessing goe with thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">England</hi> Cosen, goe.</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi> shall be your man, attend on
 you</l>
 <l>With al true duetie: On toward <hi rend="italic">Callice</hi>,
 hoa.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Scena</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0336.jpg" n="12"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>
 <head rend="italic center">Scæna Tertia.</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter France,
 Dolphine, Pandulpho, Attendants.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,</l>
 <l>A whole Armado of conuicted saile</l>
 <l>Is scattered and dis‑ioyn'd from fellowship.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
 <l>Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>What can goe well, when we haue runne so ill?</l>
 <l>Are we not beaten? Is not <hi rend="italic">Angiers</hi>
 lost?</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> tane prisoner? diuers deere
 friends slaine?</l>
 <l>And bloody <hi rend="italic">England</hi> into <hi
 rend="italic">England</hi> gone,</l>
 <l>Ore‑bearing interruption spight of <hi
 rend="italic">France</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>What he hath won, that hath he fortified:</l>
 <l>So hot a speed, with such aduice dispos'd,</l>
 <l>Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,</l>
 <l>Doth want exa<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="absent"
 agent="hole" resp="#ES"/>ple: who hath read, or heard</l>

<l>Of any kindred‑action like to this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>Well could I beare that <hi rend="italic">England</hi> had
 this praise,</l>
 <l>So we could finde some patterne of our shame:</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Constance.</stage>
 <l>Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a soule,</l>
 <l>Holding th'eternall spirit against her will,</l>
 <l>In the vilde prison of afflicted breath:</l>
 <l>I prethee Lady goe away with me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>Lo; now: now see the issue of your peace.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>Patience good Lady, comfort gentle <hi
 rend="italic">Constance</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse,</l>
 <l>But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:</l>
 <l>Death, death, O amiable, louely death,</l>
 <l>Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottennesse,</l>
 <l>Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,</l>
 <l>Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,</l>
 <l>And I will kisse thy detestable bones,</l>
 <l>And put my eye‑balls in thy vaultie browes,</l>
 <l>And ring these fingers with thy houshold wormes,</l>
 <l>And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,</l>
 <l>And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe;</l>
 <l>Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smil'st,</l>
 <l>And busse thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue,</l>
 <l>O come to me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>O faire affliction, peace.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <l>No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:</l>
 <l>O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,</l>
 <l>Then with a passion would I shake the world,</l>
 <l>And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy</l>

<|>Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,</|>
 <|>Which scornes a modern Inuocation.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
 <|>Lady, you vtter madnesse, and not sorrow.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <|>Thou art holy to belye me so,</|>
 <|>I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,</|>
 <|>My name is <hi rend="italic">Constance</hi>, I was <hi
 rend="italic">Geffreyes</hi> wife,</|>
 <|>Yong <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> is my sonne, and he is
 lost:</|>
 <|>I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,</|>
 <|>For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe:</|>
 <|>O, if I could, what grieffe should I forget?</|>
 <|>Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,</|>
 <|>And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.)</|>
 <|>For, being not mad, but sensible of greefe,</|>
 <|>My reasonable part produces reason</|>
 <|>How I may be deliuer'd of these woes,</|>
 <|>And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe:</|>
 <|>If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,</|>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <|>Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;</|>
 <|>I am not mad: too well, too well I feele</|>
 <|>The different plague of each calamitie.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <|>Binde vp those tresses: O what loue I note</|>
 <|>In the faire multitude of those her haire;</|>
 <|>Where but by chance a siluer drop hath falne,</|>
 <|>Euen to that drop ten thousand wery fiends</|>
 <|>Doe glew themselues in sociable grieffe,</|>
 <|>Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues,</|>
 <|>Sticking together in calamitie.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
 <|>To <hi rend="italic">England</hi>, if you will.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <|>Binde vp your haire.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-con">
 <speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>

<|>Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it<c
rend="italic">?</c></|>
<|>I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,</|>
<|>O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,</|>
<|>As they haue giuen these hayres their libertie:</|>
<|>But now I enuie at their libertie,</|>
<|>And will againe commit them to their bonds,</|>
<|>Because my poore childe is a prisoner.</|>
<|>And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say</|>
<|>That we shall see and know our friends in heauen:</|>
<|>If that be true, I shall see my boy againe;</|>
<|>For since the birth of <hi rend="italic">Caine</hi>, the first
male‑childe</|>
<|>To him that did but yesterday suspire,</|>
<|>There was not such a gracious creature borne:</|>
<|>But now will Canker‑sorrow eat my bud,</|>
<|>And chase the natiue beauty from his cheeke,</|>
<|>And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,</|>
<|>As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,</|>
<|>And so hee'll dye: and rising so againe,</|>
<|>When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen</|>
<|>I shall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer</|>
<|>Must I behold my pretty <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi>
more.</|>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-pan">
<speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
<|>You hold too heynous a respect of greefe.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-con">
<speaker rend="italic">Const.</speaker>
<|>He talkes to me, that neuer had a sonne.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
<|>You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-con">
<speaker rend="italic">Con.</speaker>
<|>Greefe fils the roome vp of my absent childe:</|>
<|>Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,</|>
<|>Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,</|>

<|><choice><orig>Remembets</orig><corr>Remembers</corr></choice> me of all
his gracious parts,</|>
<|>Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;</|>
<|>Then, haue I reason to be fond of grieffe<c
rend="italic">?</c></|>
<|>Fareyouwell: had you such a losse as I,</|>
<|>I could giue better comfort then you doe.</|>

<l>I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,</l>
 <l>When there is such disorder in my witte:</l>
 <l>O Lord, my boy, my <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi>, my faire
 sonne,</l>
 <l>My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:</l>
 <l>My widow‑comfort, and my sorrowes cure.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>I feare some out‑rage, and Ile follow her.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,</l>
 <l>Life is as tedious as a twice‑told tale,</l>
 <l>Vexing the dull care of a drowsie man;</l>
 <l>And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste,</l>
 <l>That it yeelds nought but shame and bitternesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
 <l>Before the curing of a strong disease,</l>
 <l>Euen in the instant of repaire and health,</l>
 <l>The fit is strongest: Euils that take leaue</l>
 <l>On their departure, most of all shew euill:</l>
 <l>What haue you lost by losing of this day?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>All daies of glory, ioy, and happinesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
 <l>If you had won it, certainly you had.</l>
 <l>No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,</l>
 <l>Shee lookes vpon them with a threatening eye:</l>
 <l>'Tis strange to thinke how much King <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi> hath lost</l>
 <l>In this which he accounts so clearely wonne:</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Are</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0337.jpg" n="13"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Are not you grieu'd that <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> is his
 prisoner?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>

<l>As heartily as he is glad he hath him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
 <l>Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.</l>
 <l>Now heare me speake with a propheticke spirit:</l>
 <l>For euen the breath of what I meane to speake,</l>
 <l>Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub</l>
 <l>Out of the path which shall directly lead</l>
 <l>Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> hath seiz'd <hi
 rend="italic">Arthur</hi>, and it cannot be,</l>
 <l>That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,</l>
 <l>The mis‑plac'd‑<hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>
 should entertaine an houre,</l>
 <l>One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.</l>
 <l>A Scepter snatch'd with an vnruely hand,</l>
 <l>Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.</l>
 <l>And he that stands vpon a slipp'ry place,</l>
 <l>Makes nice of no vilde hold to stay him vp:</l>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> may stand, then <hi
 rend="italic">Arthur</hi> needs must fall,</l>
 <l>So be it, for it cannot be but so.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>But what shall I gaine by yong <hi rend="italic">Arthurs</hi>
 fall<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
 <l>You, in the right of Lady <hi rend="italic">Blanch</hi> your
 wife,</l>
 <l>May then make all the claime that <hi
 rend="italic">Arthur</hi> did.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>And loose it, life and all, as <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi>
 did.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
 <l>How green you are, and fresh in this old world?</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> layes you plots: the times
 conspire with you,</l>
 <l>For he that steepes his safetie in true blood,</l>
 <l>Shall finde but bloodie safety, and vntrue.</l>
 <l>This Act so euilly borne shall coole the hearts</l>
 <l>Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,</l>

<l>That none so small aduantage shall step forth</l>
 <l>To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.</l>
 <l>No naturall exhalation in the skie,</l>
 <l>No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,</l>
 <l>No common winde, no customed euent,</l>
 <l>But they will plucke away his naturall cause,</l>
 <l>And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,</l>
 <l>Ababortiues, presages, and tongues of heauen,</l>
 <l>Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>May be he will not touch yong <hi rend="italic">Arthurs</hi>
 life,</l>
 <l>But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
 <l>O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,</l>
 <l>If that yong <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> be not gone
 alreadie,</l>
 <l>Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts</l>
 <l>Of all his people shall reuolt from him,</l>
 <l>And kisse the lippes of vnacquainted change,</l>
 <l>And picke strong matter of reuolt, and wrath</l>
 <l>Out of the bloody fingers ends of <hi
 rend="italic">Iohn</hi>.</l>
 <l>Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot;</l>
 <l>And O, what better matter breeds for you,</l>
 <l>Then I haue nam'd. The Bastard <hi
 rend="italic">Falconbridge</hi></l>
 <l>Is now in England ransacking the Church,</l>
 <l>Offending Charity: If but a dozen French</l>
 <l>Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call</l>
 <l>To traine ten thousand English to their side;</l>
 <l>Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,</l>
 <l>Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,</l>
 <l>Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,</l>
 <l>What may be wrought out of their discontent,</l>
 <l>Now that their soules are topfull of offence,</l>
 <l>For England go; I will whet on the King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go,</l>
 <l>If you say I, the King will not say no.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>

```

</div>
<div type="act" n="4">
<div type="scene" n="1">
  <cb n="2"/>
  <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus, Sc&#x00E6;na
prima.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hubert and
Executioners.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
    <l>Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand</l>
    <l>Within the Arras: when I strike my foot</l>
    <l>Vpon the bosome of the ground, rush forth</l>
    <l>And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me</l>
    <l>Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-jn-exe">
    <speaker rend="italic">Exec.</speaker>
    <l>I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
    <l>Vncleanly scruples feare not you: looke too't.</l>
    <l>Yong Lad come forth; I haue to say with you.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Arthur.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-jn-art">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>
    <l>Good morrow <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
    <l>Good morrow, little Prince.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-jn-art">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>
    <l>As little Prince, hauing so great a Title</l>
    <l>To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
    <l>Indeed I haue beene merrier.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-jn-art">
    <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>
    <l>'Mercie on me:</l>
    <l>Me thinkes no body should be sad but I:</l>
    <l>Yet I remember, when I was in France,</l>
    <l>Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night</l>

```

<|>Onely for wantonnesse: by my Christendome,</|>
<|>So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe</|>
<|>I should be as merry as the day is long:</|>
<|>And so I would be heere, but that I doubt</|>
<|>My Vnckle practises more harme to me:</|>
<|>He is affraid of me, and I of him:</|>
<|>Is it my fault, that I was <hi rend="italic">Geffreyes</hi>

sonne?</|>

<|>No in deede is't not: and I would to heauen</|>
<|>I were your sonne, so you would loue me, Hubert:</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">

<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>

<|>If I talke to him, with his innocent prate</|>

<|>He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:</|>

<|>Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-art">

<speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>

<|>Are you sicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,</|>

<|>Insooth I would you were a little sicke,</|>

<|>That I might sit all night, and watch with you.</|>

<|>I warrant I loue you more then you do me.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">

<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>

<|>His words do take possession of my bosome.</|>

<|>Reade heere yong <hi rend="italic">Arth<rend="inverted">u</c>r</hi>. How now foolish rheume?</|>

<|>Turning dispitious torture out of doore?</|>

<|>I must be breefe, least resolution drop</|>

<|>Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.</|>

<|>Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-art">

<speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>

<|>Too fairely <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, for so foule
effect,</|>

<|>Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">

<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>

<|>Yong Boy, I must.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-art">

<speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>

<|>And will you?</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">

<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>

</>And I will.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-art">
<speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>
<l>Haue you the heart? When your head did but
<lb/>ake,</l>
<l>I knit my hand‑kercher about your browes</l>
<l>(The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me)</l>
<l>And I did neuer aske it you againe:</l>
<l>And with my hand, at midnight held your head;</l>
<l>And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,</l>
<l>Still and anon cheer'd vp the heauy time;</l>
<l>Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?</l>
<l>Or what good loue may I performe for you<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
<l>Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still,</l>
<l>And nere haue spoke a louing word to you:</l>
<l>But you, at your sicke seruice had a Prince:</l>
<l>Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue,</l>
<l>And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,</l>
<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">b</fw>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">If</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0338.jpg" n="14"/>
<fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>If heauen be pleas'd that you must vse me ill,</l>
<l>Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?</l>
<l>These eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer shall</l>
<l>So much as frowne on you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
<l>I haue sworne to do it:</l>
<l>And with hot Irons must I burne them out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-art">
<speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>
<l>Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:</l>
<l>The Iron of it selfe though he ate red hot,</l>
<l>Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,</l>
<l>And quench this fierie indignation,</l>
<l>Euen in the matter of mine innocence:</l>
<l>Nay, after that, consume away in rust,</l>
<l>But for containing fire to harme mine eye:</l>
<l>Are you more stubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?</l>
<l>And if an Angell should haue come to me,</l>
<l>And told me <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi> should put out
mine eyes,</l>
<l>I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but <hi
rend="italic">Huberts</hi>.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Come forth: Do as I bid you do.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-art">
 <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>
 <l>O saue me <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, saue me: my eyes
 are out</l>
 <l>Euen with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Giue me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-art">
 <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>
 <l>Alas, what neede you be so boistrous rough?</l>
 <l>I will not struggle, I will stand stone still.</l>
 <l>For heauen sake <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi> let me not be
 bound:</l>
 <l>Nay heare me <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, driue these men
 away,</l>
 <l>And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.</l>
 <l>I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,</l>
 <l>Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:</l>
 <l>Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgiue you,</l>
 <l>What euer torment you do put me too.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Go stand within: let me alone with him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-exe">
 <speaker rend="italic">Exec.</speaker>
 <l>I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-art">
 <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>
 <l>Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,</l>
 <l>He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:</l>
 <l>Let him come backe, that his compassion may</l>
 <l>Giue life to yours.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-art">
 <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>

<l>Is there no remedie?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>None, but to lose your eyes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-art">
 <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>
 <l>O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,</l>
 <l>A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire,</l>
 <l>Any annoyance in that precious sense:</l>
 <l>Then feeling what small things are boysterous there,</l>
 <l>Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Is this your promise? Go too, hold your toong</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-art">
 <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, the vtterance of a brace of
 tongues,</l>
 <l>Must needes want pleading for a paire of eyes:</l>
 <l>Let me not hold my tongue: let me not <hi
 rend="italic">Hubert</hi>,</l>
 <l>Or <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, if you will cut out my
 tongue,</l>
 <l>So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,</l>
 <l>Though to no vse, but still to looke on you.</l>
 <l>Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,</l><note
 type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 <l>And would not harme me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>I can heate it, Boy.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-art">
 <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>
 <l>No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with grieffe,</l>
 <l>Being create for comfort, to be vs'd</l>
 <l>In vndererued extreames: See else your selfe,</l>
 <l>There is no malice in this burning cole,</l>
 <l>The breath of heauen, hath blowne his spirit out,</l>
 <l>And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.</l>
 </sp>

```

<sp who="#F-jn-art">
  <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>
  <l>And if you do, you will but make it blush,</l>
  <l>And glow with shame of your proceedings, <hi
rend="italic">Hubert:</hi></l>
  <l>Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:</l>
  <l>And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,</l>
  <l>Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.</l>
  <cb n="2"/>
  <l>All things that you should vse to do me wrong</l>
  <l>Deny their office: onely you do lacke</l>
  <l>That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,</l>
  <l>Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vses.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
  <l>Well, see to liue: I will not touch thine eye,</l>
  <l>For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes,</l>
  <l>Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,</l>
  <l>With this same very Iron, to burne them out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-art">
  <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>
  <l>O now you looke like <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>. All this
while</l>
  <l>You were disguis'd.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
  <l>Peace: no more. Adieu,</l>
  <l>Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.</l>
  <l>Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports:</l>
  <l>And, pretty childe, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,</l>
  <l>That <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi> for the wealth of all the
world,</l>
  <l>Will not offend thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-art">
  <speaker rend="italic">Art.</speaker>
  <l>O heauen! I thanke you <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
  <l>Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,</l>
  <l>Much danger do I vndergo for thee.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="2">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>

```

<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Iohn,
 Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Heere once againe we sit: once against crown'd</l>
 <l>And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
 <l>This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)</l>
 <l>Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,</l>
 <l>And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:</l>
 <l>The faiths of men, nere stained with reuolt:</l>
 <l>Fresh expectation troubled not the Land</l>
 <l>With any long'd‑for‑change, or better
 State.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Therefore, to be possess'd with double pompe,</l>
 <l>To guard a Title, that was rich before;</l>
 <l>To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;</l>
 <l>To throw a perfume on the Violet,</l>
 <l>To smooth the yce, or adde another hew</l>
 <l>Vnto the Raine‑bow, or with
 Taper‑light</l>
 <l>To seeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish,</l>
 <l>Is wastefull, and ridiculous excesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
 <l>But that your Royall pleasure must be done,</l>
 <l>This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,</l>
 <l>And, in the last repeating, troublesome,</l>
 <l>Being vrged at a time vnseasonable.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>In this the Anticke, and well noted face</l>
 <l>Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,</l>
 <l>And like a shifted winde vnto a saile,</l>
 <l>It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,</l>
 <l>Startles, and frights consideration:</l>
 <l>Makes sound opinion sicke, and truth suspected,</l>
 <l>For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
 <l>When Workemen striue to do better then wel,</l>

<l>They do confound their skill in couteousnesse,</l>
<l>And oftentimes excusing of a fault,</l>
<l>Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse:</l>
<l>As patches set vpon a little breach,</l>
<l>Discredite more in hiding of the fault,</l>
<l>Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-sal">

<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>

<l>To this effect, before you were new crown'd</l>
<l>We breath'd our Councill: but it pleas'd your Highnes</l>
<l>To ouer‑beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,</l>
<l>Since all, and euery part of what we would</l>
<l>Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.</l>

</sp>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Iohn.</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0339.jpg" n="15"/>

<fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Ioh.</speaker>

<l>Some reasons of this double Corronation</l>
<l>I haue possest you with, and thinke them strong.</l>
<l>And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare</l>
<l>I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske</l>
<l>What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,</l>
<l>And well shall you perceiue, how willingly</l>
<l>I will both heare, and grant you your requests.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-pem">

<speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>

<l>Then I, as one that am the tongue of these</l>
<l>To sound the purposes of all their hearts,</l>
<l>Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all</l>
<l>Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them</l>
<l>Bend their best studies, heartily request</l>
<l>Th'infranchisement of <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi>, whose

restraint</l><note type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>

<l>Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent</l>
<l>To breake into this dangerous argument.</l>
<l>If what in rest you haue, in right you hold,</l>
<l>Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend</l>
<l>The steppes of wrong, should moue you to mew vp</l>
<l>Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes</l>
<l>With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth</l>
<l>The rich aduantage of good exercise,</l>
<l>That the times enemies may not haue this</l>
<l>To grace occasions: let it be our suite,</l>
<l>That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,</l>

<l>Which for our goods, we do no further aske,</l>
 <l>Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,</l>
 <l>Counts it your weale: he haue his liberty.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hubert.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Let it be so: I do commit his youth</l>
 <l>To your direction: <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, what newes
 with you?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
 <l>This is the man should do the bloody deed:</l>
 <l>He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,</l>
 <l>The image of a wicked heynous fault</l>
 <l>Liues in his eye: that close aspect of his,</l>
 <l>Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,</l>
 <l>And I do fearefully beleue 'tis done,</l>
 <l>What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>The colour of the King doth come, and go</l>
 <l>Betweene his purpose and his conscience,</l>
 <l>Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes set:</l>
 <l>His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
 <l>And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence</l>
 <l>The foule corruption of a sweet childes death.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.</l>
 <l>Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,</l>
 <l>The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.</l>
 <l>He tels vs <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> is deceas'd to
 night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
 <l>Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,</l>
 <l>Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke:</l>
 <l>This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ioh.</speaker>
 <l>Why do you bend such solemne browes on me?</l>
 <l>Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny?</l>
 <l>Haue I commandement on the pulse of life?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>It is apparant foule‑play, and 'tis shame</l>
 <l>That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it;</l>
 <l>So thriue it in your game, and so farewell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
 <l>Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,</l>
 <l>And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe,</l>
 <l>His little kingdome of a forced graue.</l>
 <l>That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,</l>
 <l>Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:</l>
 <l>This must not be thus borne, this will breake out</l>
 <l>To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Io.</speaker>
 <l>They burn in indignation: I repent:</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter
 Mes.</stage>
 <l>There is no sure foundation set on blood:</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>No certaine life atchieu'd by others death:</l>
 <l>A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,</l>
 <l>That I haue seene inhabite in those cheekes?</l>
 <l>So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,</l>
 <l>Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>From France to England, neuer such a powre</l>
 <l>For any forraigne preparation,</l>
 <l>Was leuied in the body of a land.</l>
 <l>The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them:</l>
 <l>For when you should be told they do prepare,</l>
 <l>The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ioh.</speaker>
 <l>Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?</l>
 <l>Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?</l>

<l>That such an Army could be drawne in France,</l>
 <l>And she not heare of it?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>My Liege, her eare</l>
 <l>Is stopt with dust: the first of Aprill di'de</l>
 <l>Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,</l>
 <l>The Lady <hi rend="italic">Constance</hi> in a frenzie
 di'de</l>
 <l>Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue</l>
 <l>I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>With‑hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion:</l>
 <l>O make a league with me, 'till I haue pleas'd</l>
 <l>My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?</l>
 <l>How wildely then walkes my Estate in France?</l>
 <l>Vnder whose conduct came those powres of France,</l>
 <l>That thou for truth giu'st out are landed heere?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>Vnder the Dolphin.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bastard and Peter
 of Pomfret.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ioh.</speaker>
 <l>Thou hast made me giddy</l>
 <l>With these ill tydings: Now? What sayes the world</l>
 <l>To your proceedings<c rend="italic">?</c> Do not seeke to
 stufte</l>
 <l>My head with more ill newes: for it is full.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>But if you be a‑feard to heare the worst,</l>
 <l>Then let the worst vn‑heard, fall on your head.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd</l>
 <l>Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe</l>
 <l>Aloft the flood, and can giue audience</l>
 <l>To any tongue, speake it of what it will.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>How I haue sped among the Clergy men,</l>
<l>The summes I haue collected shall expresse:</l>
<l>But as I trauail'd hither through the land,</l>
<l>I finde the people strangely fantasied,</l>
<l>Possest with rumors, full of idle dreames,</l>
<l>Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.</l>
<l>And here's a Prophet that I brought with me</l>
<l>From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found</l>
<l>With many hundreds treading on his heeles:</l>
<l>To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,</l>
<l>That ere the next Ascension day at noone,</l>
<l>Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<l>Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-pet">

<speaker rend="italic">Pet.</speaker>

<l>Fore‑knowing that the truth will fall out so.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<l><hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, away with him: imprison

him,</l>

<l>And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes</l>

<l>I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.</l>

<l>Deliuer him to safety, and returne,</l>

<l>For I must vse thee. O my gentle Cosen,</l>

<l>Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>The <hi rend="italic">French</hi> (my Lord) mens mouths

are ful of it:</l>

<l>Besides I met Lord <hi rend="italic">Bigot</hi>, and Lord

<hi rend="italic">Salisburie</hi></l>

<l>With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,</l>

<l>And others more, going to seeke the graue</l>

<l>Of <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi>, whom they say is kill'd to

night, on your

<lb rend="turnunder"/><pc

rend="turnunder"></pc>suggestion.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<l>Gentle kinsman, go</l>

<l>And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,</l>

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">b2</fw>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">I</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0340.jpg" n="16"/>
<fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<l>I haue a way to winne their loues againe:</l>
<l>Bring them before me.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
<l>I will seeke them out.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>Nay, but make haste: the better foote before,</l>
<l>O, let me haue no subiect enemies,</l>
<l>When aduerse Forreyners affright my Townes</l>
<l>With dreadfull pompe of stout inuasion.</l>
<l>Be Mercurie, set feathers to thy heeles,</l>
<l>And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
<l>The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.</l>
<l>Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede</l>
<l>Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,</l>
<l>And be thou hee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
<l>With all my heart, my Liege.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>My mother dead?</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hubert.</stage>
<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
<l>My Lord, they say fiue Moones were seene to
<lb rend="turnunder"/><pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>night:</l>
<l>Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about</l>
<l>The other foure, in wondrous motion.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Ioh.</speaker>
<l>Fiue Moones?</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
<l>Old men, and Beldames, in the streets</l>
<l>Do prophesie vpon it dangerously:</l>
<l>Yong <hi rend="italic">Arthurs</hi> death is common in
their mouths,</l>
<l>And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,</l>
<l>And whisper one another in the eare.</l>
<l>And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist,</l>
<l>Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action</l>
<l>With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.</l>
<l>I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)</l>
<l>The whilst his Iron did on the Anuile coole,</l>
<l>With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,</l>
<l>Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,</l>
<l>Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste</l>
<l>Had falsely thrust vpon contrary feete,</l>
<l>Told of a many thousand warlike French,</l>
<l>That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.</l>
<l>Another leane, vnwash'd Artificer,</l>
<l>Cuts off his tale, and talkes of <hi rend="italic">Arthurs</hi>
death.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Io.</speaker>
<l>Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>
<l>Why vrgest thou so oft yong <hi rend="italic">Arthurs</hi>
death?</l>
<l>Thy hand hath murdred him: I had a mighty cause</l>
<l>To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<speaker rend="italic">H</speaker>
<l>No had (my Lord?) why did you not prouoke me?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>It is the curse of Kings, to be attended</l>
<l>By slaues, that take their humors for a warrant,</l>
<l>To breake within the bloody house of life,</l>
<l>And on the winking of Authoritie</l>
<l>To vnderstand a Law; to know the meaning</l>
<l>Of dangerous Maiesty, when perchance it frownes</l>
<l>More vpon humor, then aduis'd respect.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
<l>Herere is your hand and Seale for what I did.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ioh.</speaker>
 <l>Oh, when the last accompt twixt heauen & earth</l>
 <l>Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale</l>
 <l>Witnesse against vs to damnation.</l>
 <l>How oft the sight of meanes to do ill deeds,</l>
 <l>Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou beene by,</l>
 <l>A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,</l>
 <l>Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,</l>
 <l>This murther had not come into my minde.</l>
 <l>But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,</l>
 <l>Finding thee fit for bloody villanie:</l>
 <l>Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,</l>
 <l>I faintly broke with thee of <hi rend="italic">Arthurs</hi>

death:</l>

<l>And thou, to be endeered to a King,</l>
<l>Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.</l>

</sp>

<cb n="2"/>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ioh.</speaker>
 <l>Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause</l>
 <l>When I spake darkely, what I purposed:</l>
 <l>Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face;</l>
 <l>As bid me tell my tale in expresse words:</l>
 <l>Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,</l>
 <l>And those thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me.</l>
 <l>But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes,</l>
 <l>And didst in signes againe parley with sinne,</l>
 <l>Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,</l>
 <l>And consequently, thy rude hand to acte</l>
 <l>The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.</l>
 <l>Out of my sight, and neuer see me more:</l>
 <l>My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued,</l>
 <l>Euen at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres;</l>
 <l>Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,</l>
 <l>This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe</l>
 <l>Hostilitie, and ciuill tumult reignes</l>
 <l>Betweene my conscience, and my Cosins death.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Arme you against your other enemies:</l>
 <l>Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.</l>
 <l>Yong <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> is alieue: This hand of

mine</l>

<l>Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.</l>
<l>Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood,</l>
<l>Within this bosome, neuer entred yet</l>
<l>The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,</l>
<l>And you haue slander'd Nature in my forme,</l>
<l>Which howsoeuer rude exteriorly,</l>
<l>Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde,</l>
<l>Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>

<l>Doth <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> liue? O hast thee to the

Peeres,</l>

<l>Throw this report on their incens<c rend="inverted">e</c>d

rage,</l>

<l>And make them tame to their obedience.</l>
<l>Forgiue the Comment that my passion made</l>
<l>Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,</l>
<l>And foule immaginarie eyes of blood</l>
<l>Presented thee more hideous then thou art.</l>
<l>Oh, answer not; but to my Closset bring</l>
<l>The angry Lords, with all expedient hast,</l>
<l>I coniure thee but slowly: run more fast.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="3">

<head rend="italic center">Scœna Tertia.</head>

<head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Arthur on the

walles.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jn-art">

<speaker rend="italic">Ar.</speaker>

<l>The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.</l>
<l>Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:</l>
<l>There's few or none do know me, if they did,</l>
<l>This Ship‑boyes semblance hath disguis'd me

quite.</l>

<l>I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.</l>
<l>If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,</l>
<l>Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away;</l>
<l>As good to dye, and go; as dye, and stay.</l>
<l>Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,</l>
<l>Heauen take my soule, and England keep my bones.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Dies</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pembroke

Salisbury, & Bigot.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jn-sal">

<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Lords, I will meet him at
 <choice><abbr>S.</abbr><expan>Saint</expan></choice> <hi
 rend="italic">Edmondsbury</hi>, </l>
 <l>It is our safetie, and we must embrace</l>
 <l>This gentle offer of the perillous time.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
 <l>Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>The Count <hi rend="italic">Meloone</hi>, a Noble Lord of
 France,</l>
 <l>Whose priuate with me of the Dolphines loue,</l>
 <l>Is much more generall, then these lines import.</l>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Big.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0341.jpg" n="17"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-jn-big">
 <speaker rend="italic">Big.</speaker>
 <l>To morrow morning let vs meete him then.</l><note
 type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be</l>
 <l>Two long dayes journey (Lords) or ere we meete.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bastard.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords,</l>
 <l>The King by me requests your presence straight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>The king hath dispossesed himselfe of vs,</l>
 <l>We will not lyne his thin‑bestained cloake</l>
 <l>With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote</l>
 <l>That leaues the print of blood where ere it walkes.</l>
 <l>Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>What ere you thinke, good words I thinke
 <lb/>were best.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Our greefes, and not our manners reason now.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>But there is little reason in your greefe.</l>
 <l>Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
 <l>Sir, sir, impatience hath his priuiledge.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans else.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>This is the prison: What is he lyes heere?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
 <speaker rend="italic">P.</speaker>
 <l>Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,</l>
 <l>The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,</l>
 <l>Doth lay it open to vrge on reuenge.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-big">
 <speaker rend="italic">Big.</speaker>
 <l>Or when he doom'd this Beautie to graue,</l>
 <l>Found it too precious Princely, for a graue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Sir <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, what thinke you<c
 rend="italic">?</c> you haue beheld,</l>
 <l>Or haue you read, or heard, or could you thinke<c
 rend="italic">?</c></l>
 <l>Or do you almost thinke, although you see,</l>
 <l>That you do see? Could thought, without this obiect</l>
 <l>Forme such another? This is the very top,</l>
 <l>The heighth, the Crest: or Crest vnto the Crest</l>
 <l>Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodiest shame,</l>
 <l>The wildest Sauagery, the vildest stroke</l>
 <l>That euer wall‑ey'd wrath, or staring rage</l>

<l>Presented to the teares of soft remorse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
 <l>All murthers past, do stand excus'd in this:</l>
 <l>And this so sole, and so vnmatcheable,</l>
 <l>Shall giue a holinesse, a puritie,</l>
 <l>To the yet vnbegotten sinne of times;</l>
 <l>And proue a deadly blood‑shed, but a iest,</l>
 <l>Exampled by this heynous spectacle.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>It is a damned, and a bloody worke,</l>
 <l>The gracelesse action of a heauy hand,</l>
 <l>If that it be the worke of any hand.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>If that it be the worke of any hand?</l>
 <l>We had a kinde of light, what would ensue:</l>
 <l>It is the shamefull worke of <hi rend="italic">Huberts</hi>

hand,</l>

<l>The practice, and the purpose of the king:</l>
 <l>From whose obedience I forbid my soule,</l>
 <l>Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,</l>
 <l>And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence</l>
 <l>The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:</l>
 <l>Neuer to taste the pleasures of the world,</l>
 <l>Neuer to be infected with delight,</l>
 <l>Nor conuersant with Ease, and Idlenesse,</l>
 <l>Till I haue set a glory to this hand,</l>
 <l>By giuing it the worship of Reuenge.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pem #F-jn-big">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pem. Big.</speaker>
 <l>Our soules religiously confirme thy words.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hubert.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,</l>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> doth liue, the king hath sent for

you.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death,</l>
 <l>Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone.</l>
 </sp>

Law?</l>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<speaker rend="italic">Hu.</speaker>
<l>I am no villaine.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-sal">
<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
<l>Must I rob
<lb rend="turnover"/><pc rend="turnover">(</pc>the
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
<l>Your sword is bright sir, put it vp againe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-sal">
<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
<l>Not till I sheath it in a murtherers skin.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
<l>Stand backe Lord Salsbury, stand backe I say:</l>
<l>By heauen, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours.</l>
<l>I would not haue you (Lord) forget your selfe,</l>
<l>Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;</l>
<l>Least I, by marking of your rage, forget</l>
<l>your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-big">
<speaker rend="italic">Big.</speaker>
<l>Out dunghill: dar'st thou braue a Nobleman?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
<l>Not for my life: But yet I dare defend</l>
<l>My innocent life against an Emperor.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-sal">
<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
<l>Thou art a Murtherer.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
<l>Do not proue me so:</l>
<l>Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false,</l>
<l>Not truely speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-pem">
<speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
<l>Cut him to peeces.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Keepe the peace, I say.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Stand by, or I shall gaul you <hi
 rend="italic">Faulconbridge</hi>.</l>
 <l>If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,</l>
 <l>Or teach thy hastie spleene to dome shame,</l>
 <l>Ile strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime,</l>
 <l>Or Ile so maule you, and your toasting‑Iron,</l>
 <l>That you shall thinke the diuell is come from hell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-big">
 <speaker rend="italic">Big.</speaker>
 <l>What wilt thou do, renowned <hi
 rend="italic">Faulconbridge</hi>?</l>
 <l>Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Bigot</hi>, I am none.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-big">
 <speaker rend="italic">Big.</speaker>
 <l>Who kill'd this Prince?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis not an houre since I left him well:</l>
 <l>I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe</l>
 <l>My date of life out, for his sweete liues losse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,</l>
 <l>For villanie is not without such rheume,</l>
 <l>And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme</l>
 <l>Like Riuers of remorse and innocencie.</l>
 <l>Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre</l>
 <l>Th'vncleanly sauours of a Slaughter‑house,</l>
 <l>For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-big">
 <speaker rend="italic">Big.</speaker>
 <l>Away, toward <hi rend="italic">Burie</hi>, to the Dolphin
 there.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-pem">
 <speaker rend="italic">P.</speaker>
 <l>There tel the king, he may inquire vs out.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Ex. Lords.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ba.</speaker>
 <l>Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?</l>
 <l>Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,</l>
 <l>(If thou didst this deed of death) art y<c
 rend="superscript">u</c> damn'd <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Do but heare me sir.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Ha? Ile tell thee what.</l>
 <l>Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,</l>
 <l>Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:</l>
 <l>There is not yet so vgly a fiend of hell</l>
 <l>As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Vpon my soule.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>If thou didst but consent</l>
 <l>To this most cruell Act: do but dispaire,</l>
 <l>And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred</l>
 <l>That euer Spider twisted from her wombe</l>
 <l>Will serue to strangle thee: A rush will be a beame</l>
 <l>To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,</l>
 <l>Put but a little water in a spoone,</l>
 <l>And it shall be as all the Ocean,</l>
 <l>Enough to stifle such a villaine vp.</l>
 <l>I do suspect thee very greuously.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,</l>
 <l>Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath</l>
 <l>Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,</l>
 <l>Let hell want paines enough to torture me:</l>
 <l>I left him well.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Go, beare him in thine armes:</l>
 <l>I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way</l>
 <l>Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">b3</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">How</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0342.jpg" n="18"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>How easie dost thou take all <hi rend="italic">England</hi>
 vp,</l>
 <l>From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?</l>
 <l>The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme</l>
 <l>Is fled to heauen: and <hi rend="italic">England</hi> now is
 left</l>
 <l>To tug and scramble, and to part by th'teeth</l>
 <l>The vn‑owed interest of proud swelling State:</l>
 <l>Now for the bare‑pickt bone of Maiesty,</l>
 <l>Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,</l>
 <l>And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:</l>
 <l>Now Powers from home, and discontents at home</l>
 <l>Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites</l>
 <l>As doth a Rauen on a sicke‑falne beast,</l>
 <l>The imminent decay of wrested pompe.</l>
 <l>Now happy he, whose cloake and center can</l>
 <l>Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,</l>
 <l>And follow me with speed: Ile to the King:</l>
 <l>A thousand businesses are briefe in hand,</l>
 <l>And heauen it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="5" rend="notPresent">
 <div type="scene" n="1">
 <head rend="italic center">Actus Quartus, Scæna
 prima.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King Iohn and
 Pandolph, attendants.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">K. Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand</l>
 <l>The Circle of my glory.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
 <l>Take againe</l>
 <l>From this my hand, as holding of the Pope</l>
 <l>Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Now keep your holy word, go meet the <hi
 rend="italic">French</hi>,</l>
 <l>And from his holinesse vse all your power</l>
 <l>To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd:</l>
 <l>Our discontented Counties doe reuolt:</l>
 <l>Our people quarrell with obedience,</l>
 <l>Searing Allegiance, and the loue of soule</l>
 <l>To stranger‑bloud, to forren Royalty;</l>
 <l>This inundation of mistempred humor,</l>
 <l>Rests by you onely to be qualified.</l>
 <l>Then pause not: for the present time's so sicke,</l>
 <l>That present medicine must be ministred,</l>
 <l>Or ouerthrow incureable ensues.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
 <l>It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,</l>
 <l>Vpon your stubborne vsage of the Pope:</l>
 <l>But since you are a gentle conuertite,</l>
 <l>My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,</l>
 <l>And make faire weather in your blustering land:</l>
 <l>On this Ascention day, remember well,</l>
 <l>Vpon your oath of seruice to the Pope,</l>
 <l>Goe I to make the <hi rend="italic">French</hi> lay downe
 their Armes.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Is this Ascension day? did not the Prophet</l>
 <l>Say, that before Ascension day at noone,</l>
 <l>My Crowne I should giue off? euen so I haue:</l>
 <l>I did suppose it should be on constraint,</l>
 <l>But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bastard.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>All Kent hath yeilded: nothing there holds out</l>
 <l>But Douer Castle: London hath receiu'd</l>
 <l>Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.</l>
 <l>Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone</l>
 <l>To offer seruice to your enemy:</l>
 <l>And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe</l>
 <l>The little number of your doubtfull friends.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">

<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>Would not my Lords returne to me againe</l>
 <l>After they heard yong <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> was
 aliue<c rend="italic">?</c></l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>They found him dead, and cast into the streets,</l>
 <l>An empty Casket, where the Jewell of life</l>
 <l>By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>That villaine <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi> told me he did
 liue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:</l>
 <l>But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?</l>
 <l>Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought:</l>
 <l>Let not the world see feare and sad distrust</l>
 <l>Gouerne the motion of a kinglye eye:</l>
 <l>Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,</l>
 <l>Threaten the threatner, and out‑face the brow</l>
 <l>Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes</l>
 <l>That borrow their behauiours from the great,</l>
 <l>Grow great by your example, and put on</l>
 <l>The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.</l>
 <l>Away, and glister like the god of warre</l>
 <l>When he intendeth to become the field:</l>
 <l>Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence:</l>
 <l>What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,</l>
 <l>And fright him there? and make him tremble there<c
 rend="italic">?</c></l>
 <l>Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne</l>
 <l>To meet displeasure farther from the dores,</l>
 <l>And grapple with him ere he come so nye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,</l>
 <l>And I haue made a happy peace with him,</l>
 <l>And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers</l>
 <l>Led by the Dolphin.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Oh inglorious league:</l>

<|>Shall we vpon the footing of our land,</|>
 <|>Send fayre‑play‑orders, and make
 compramise,</|>
 <|>Insinuation, parley, and base truce</|>
 <|>To Armes Inuasiue<c rend="italic">?</c> Shall a beardlesse
 boy,</|>
 <|>A cockred‑silken wanton braue our fields,</|>
 <|>And flesh his spirit ihn a warre‑like soyle,</|>
 <|>Mocking the ayre with colours idleyly spred,</|>
 <|>And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes:</|>
 <|>Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;</|>
 <|>Or if he doe, let it at least be said</|>
 <|>They saw we had a purpose of defence.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <|>Haue thou the ordering of this present time.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <|>Away then with good courage: yet I know</|>
 <|>Our partie may well meet a powder foe.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2">
 <head rend="italic center">Scœna Secunda.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter (in Armes)
 Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pem­
 <|>broke, Bigot, Souldiers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <|>My Lord <hi rend="italic">Melloone</hi>, let this be coppied
 out,</|>
 <|>And keepe it safe for our remembrance:</|>
 <|>Returne the president to these Lords againe,</|>
 <|>That hauing our faire order written downe,</|>
 <|>Both they and we, perusing ore these notes</|>
 <|>May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,</|>
 <|>And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <|>Vpon our sides it neuer shall be broken.</|>
 <|>And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare</|>
 <|>A voluntary zeale, and an vn‑urg'd Faith</|>
 <|>To your proceedings: yet beleeeue me Prince,</|>
 <|>I am not glad that such a sore of Time</|>
 <|>Should seeke a plaster by contemn'd reuolt,</|>

<l>And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,</l>
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">By</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0343.jpg" n="19"/>
<fw type="rh">The life and death of King John.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>

<l>By making many: Oh it grieues my soule,</l>
<l>That I must draw this mettle from my side</l>
<l>To be a widow‑maker: oh, and there</l>
<l>Where honourable rescue, and defence</l>
<l>Cries out vpon the name of <hi

rend="italic">Salisbury</hi>.</l>

<l>But such is the infection of the time,</l>
<l>That for the health and Physicke of our right,</l>
<l>We cannot deale but with the very hand</l>
<l>Of sterne Iniustice, and confused wrong:</l>
<l>And is't not pittie, (oh my griued friends)</l>
<l>That we, the sonnes and children of this Isle,</l>
<l>Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,</l>
<l>Wherein we step after a stranger, march</l>
<l>Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp</l>
<l>Her Enemies rankes? I must withdraw, and weepe</l>
<l>Vpon the spot of this inforced cause,</l>
<l>To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,</l>
<l>And follow vnacquainted colours heere:</l>
<l>What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remoue,</l>
<l>That <hi rend="italic">Neptunes</hi> Armes who clippeth

thee about,</l>

<l>Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,</l>
<l>And cripple thee vnto a Pagan shore,</l>
<l>Where these two Christian Armies might combine</l>
<l>The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,</l>
<l>And not to spend it so vn‑neighbourly.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-lew">

<speaker rend="italic">Dolph.</speaker>
<l>A noble temper dost thou shew in this,</l>
<l>And great affections wrastling in thy bosome</l>
<l>Doth make an earth‑quake of Nobility:</l>
<l>Oh, what a noble combat hast fought</l>
<l>Between compulsion, and a braue respect:</l>
<l>Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,</l>
<l>That siluerly doth progresse on thy cheekes:</l>
<l>My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,</l>
<l>Being an ordinary Inundation:</l>
<l>But this effusion of such manly drops,</l>
<l>This showre, blowne vp by tempest of the soule,</l>
<l>Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd</l>
<l>Then had I seene the vaultie top of heauen</l>
<l>Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.</l>
<l>Lift vp thy brow (renowned <hi

Salisburie

<|>And with a great heart heave away this storme:</|>
<|>Commend these waters to those baby's eyes</|>
<|>That neuer saw the giant's world enrag'd,</|>
<|>Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts,</|>
<|>Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossipping:</|>
<|>Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe</|>
<|>Into the purse of rich prosperity</|>
<|>As *Lewis* himselfe: so (Nobles) shall

you all,</|>

<|>That knit your sinewes to the strength of mine.</|>
<stage *Enter*>

Pandulpho.</stage>

<|>And euen there, methinkes and Angell spake,</|>
<|>Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,</|>
<|>To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,</|>
<|>And on our actions set the name of right</|>
<|>With holy breath.</|>

</sp>

<sp *who="#F-jn-pan">*

<speaker *Pand.*>

<|>Haile noble Prince of *France*:</|>
<|>The next is this: King *Iohn* hath

reconcil'd</|>

<|>Himselfe to *Rome*, his spirit is come

in,</|>

<|>That so stood out against the holy Church,</|>
<|>The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:</|>
<|>Therefore thy threatning Colours now winde vp,</|>
<|>And tame the sauage spirit of wilde warre,</|>
<|>That like a Lion fostered vp at hand,</|>
<|>It may lie gently at the foot of peace,</|>
<|>And be no further harmefull then in shewe.</|>

</sp>

<sp *who="#F-jn-lew">*

<speaker *Dol.*>

<|>Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:</|>

<cb n="2"/>

<|>I am too high; borne to be proportied</|>
<|>To be a secondary at controll,</|>
<|>Or vsefull seruing; man, and Instrument</|>
<|>To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.</|>
<|>Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres,</|>
<|>Betweene this chastiz'd kingdome and my selfe,</|>
<|>And brought in matter that should feed this fire;</|>
<|>And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out</|>
<|>With that same weake winde, which enkindled it:</|>
<|>You taught me how to know the face of right,</|>
<|>Acquainted me with interest to this Land,</|>
<|>Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,</|>

made</l> <l>And come ye now to tell me <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> hath

peace to me?</l> <l>His peace with <hi rend="italic">Rome</hi>? what is that

for mine,</l> <l>I (by the honour of my marriage bed)</l>

<l>After yong <hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi>, claime this Land

with <hi rend="italic">Rome</hi>?</l> <l>And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,</l>

<l>Because that <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> hath made his peace

<hi rend="italic">Rome</hi> borne?</l> <l>Am I <hi rend="italic">Romes</hi> slaue? What penny hath

<l>What men prouided? What munition sent</l>

<l>To vnder‑prop this Action? Is't not I</l>

<l>That vnder‑goe this charge? Who else but I,</l>

<l>And such as to my claime are liable,</l>

<l>Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre?</l>

<l>Haue I not heard these Islanders shout out</l>

Townes?</l> <l><hi rend="italic">Viue le Roy</hi>, as I haue bank'd their

<l>Haue I not heere the best Cards for the game</l>

<l>To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?</l>

<l>And shall I now giue ore the yeilded Set?</l>

<l>No, no, on my soule it neuer shall be said.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-pan">

<speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>

<l>You looke but on the out‑side of this worke.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-lew">

<speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>

<l>Out‑side or in‑side, I will not returne</l>

<l>Till my attempt so much be glorified,</l>

<l>As to my ample hope was promised,</l>

<l>Before I drew this gallant head of warre,</l>

<l>And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world</l>

<l>To out‑looke Conquest, and to winne renowne</l>

<l>Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death:</l>

<l>What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon vs<c

rend="italic">?</c></l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bastard.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>According to the faire‑play of the world,</l>

<l>Let me haue audience: I am sent to speake:</l>

<l>My holy Lord of Millane, from the King</l>

<l>I come to lear<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="inkBlot" resp="#ES"/>e how you haue dealt for him:</l>

<l>And, as you answer, I doe know the scope</l>

<l>And warrant limited vnto my tongue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pand.</speaker>
 <l>The <hi rend="italic">Dolphin</hi> is too wilfull
 opposite</l>
 <l>And will not temporize with my intreaties:</l>
 <l>He flatly saies, hee ll not lay downe his Armes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>By all the bloud that euer fury breath'd,</l>
 <l>The youth saies well. Now heare our <hi
 rend="italic">English</hi> King,</l>
 <l>For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me:</l>
 <l>He is prepar'd, and reason to he should,</l>
 <l>This apish and vnmannerly approach,</l>
 <l>This harness'd Maske, and vnaduis'd Reuell,</l>
 <l>This vn‑heard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,</l>
 <l>The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd</l>
 <l>To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes</l>
 <l>From out the circle of his Territories.</l>
 <l>That hand which had the strength, euen at your dore,</l>
 <l>To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,</l>
 <l>To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,</l>
 <l>To crowch in litter of your stable planks,</l>
 <l>To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chests and truncks,</l>
 <l>To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out</l>
 <l>In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight"><hi
 rend="italic">E</hi>uen</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0344.jpg" n="20"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King John.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,</l>
 <l>Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman.</l>
 <l>Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,</l>
 <l>That in your Chambers gaue you chastisement?</l>
 <l>No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,</l>
 <l>And like an Eagle, o're hi ayerie towres,</l>
 <l>To sowsse annoyance that comes neere his Nest;</l>
 <l>And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,</l>
 <l>you bloody Nero's, ripping vp the wombe</l>
 <l>Of your deere Mother‑England: blush for shame:</l>
 <l>For your owne Ladies, and pale‑visag'd Maides,</l>
 <l>Like <hi rend="italic">Amazons</hi>, come tripping after
 drummes:</l>
 <l>Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,</l>
 <l>Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts</l>
 <l>To fierce and bloody inclination.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,</l>
 <l>We grant thou canst out‑scold vs: Far thee well,</l>
 <l>We hold our time too precious to be spent</l>
 <l>With such a brabler.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-pan">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pan.</speaker>
 <l>Giue me, leaue to speake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>No, I will speake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>We will attend to neyther:</l>
 <l>Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre</l>
 <l>Pleade for our interest, and our being heere.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out;</l>
 <l>And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start</l>
 <l>An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,</l>
 <l>And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,</l>
 <l>That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.</l>
 <l>Sound but another, and another shall</l>
 <l>(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,</l>
 <l>And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand</l>
 <l>(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,</l>
 <l>Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede)</l>
 <l>Is warlike <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>: and in his
 fore‑head sits</l>
 <l>A bare‑rib'd death, whose office is this day</l>
 <l>To feast vpon whole thousands of the French.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3">

Scæna Tertia.

[Act 5, Scene 3]

Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert.

Iohn.
How goes the day with vs? oh tell me

Hubert.

Hub.
Badly I feare; how fares your Maiesty?

Iohn.
This Feauer that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heaue on me: oh, my heart is sicke.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes.
My Lord: your valiant kinsman *Falconbridge*,
Desires your Maiestie to leaue the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go.

Iohn.
Tell him toward *Swinsted*, to the Abbey there.

Mes.
Be of good comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but euen now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themselues.

Iohn.
Aye me, this tyrant Feuer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes,
Set on toward *Swinsted*: to my Litter straight,
Weaknesse possesseth me, and I am faint.

```

    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
    <cb n="2"/>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="4">
    <head rend="italic center">Scena Quarta.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 4]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Salisbury,
Pembroke, and Bigot.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
      <l>I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
      <l>Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,</l>
      <l>If they miscarry: we miscarry too.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
      <l>That misbegotten diuell <hi
rend="italic">Falconbridge</hi>,</l>
      <l>In spight of spight, alone vpholds the day.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
      <l>They say King <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> sore sick, hath left
the field.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Meloon
wounded.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-jn-mel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mel.</speaker>
      <l>Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
      <l>When we were happie, we had other names.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
      <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
      <l>It is the Count <hi rend="italic">Meloone</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
      <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
      <l>Wounded to death.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-jn-mel">
      <speaker rend="italic">Mel.</speaker>
      <l>Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,</l>
      <l>Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,</l>

```

his feete:</l>
<l>And welcome home againe discarded faith,</l>
<l>Seeke out King <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>, and fall before

<l>For if the French be Lords of this loud day,</l>
<l>He meanes to recompence the paines you take,</l>
<l>By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne,</l>
<l>And I with him, and many moe with mee,</l>
<l>Vpon the Altar at

<choice><abbr>S.</abbr><expn>Saint</expn></choice> <hi
rend="italic">Edmondsbury</hi>.</l>

<l>Euen on that Altar, where we swore to you</l>
<l>Deere Amity, and euerlasting loue.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-sal">
<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
<l>May this be possible? May this be true<c
rend="italic">?</c></l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-mel">
<speaker rend="italic">Mel.</speaker>
<l>Haue I not hideous death within my view,</l>
<l>Retaining but a quantity of life,</l>
<l>Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe</l>
<l>Resolueth from his figure 'gainst the fire?</l>
<l>What in the world should make me now deceiue,</l>
<l>Since I must loose the vse of all deceite?</l>
<l>Why should I then be false, since it is true</l>
<l>That I must dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?</l>
<l>I say againe, if <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi> do win the


day,</l>

<l>He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours</l>
<l>Behold another day breake in the East:</l>
<l>But euen this night, whose blacke contagious breath</l>
<l>Already smoakes about the burning Crest</l>
<l>Of the old, feeble, and day‑wearied Sunne,</l>
<l>Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,</l>
<l>Paying the fine of rated Treachery,</l>
<l>Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:</l>
<l>If <hi rend="italic">Lewis</hi>, by your assistance win the

day.</l>

your King;</l>
<l>Command me to one <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, with

<l>The loue of him, and this respect besides</l>
<l>(For that my Grandsire was an Englishman)</l>
<l>Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.</l>
<l>In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence</l>
<l>From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;</l>
<l>Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts</l>
<l>In peace: and part this bodie and my soule</l>
<l>But I do loue the faouour, and the forme</l>

Of this most faire occasion, by the which
 We will vntread the steps of damned flight,
 And like a bated and retired Flood,
 Leauing our ranknesse and irregular course,
 Stoope lowe within those bounds we haue
 look'd,
 And calmly run on in obedience
 Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.
 My arme shall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,
 For

 The life and death of King John.
 For I do see the cruell pangs of death
 Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
 And happie newnesse, that intends old right.
 Exeunt

Scena Quinta.
 [Act 5, Scene 3]
 Enter Dolphin, and
 his Traine.

Dol.
 The Sun of heauen (me thought) was loth to set;
 But staid, and made the Westerne Welkin blush,
 When English measure backward their owne ground
 In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off,
 When with a volley of our needlesse shot,
 After such bloody toile, we bid good night,
 And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly vp,
 Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a
 Messenger.

Mes.
 Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol.
 Heere: what newes?

Mes.
 The Count *Meloone* is slaine: The
 English Lords

<l>By his perswasion, are againe falne off,</l>
 <l>And your supply, which you haue wish'd so long,</l>
 <l>Are cast away, and sunke on <hi rend="italic">Goodwin</hi>
 sands.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>Ah fowle, shrew'd newes. Beshrew thy very
 <lb rend="turnunder"/><pc rend="turnunder">(</pc>hart:</l>
 <l>I did not thinke to be so sad to night</l>
 <l>As this hath made me. Who was he that said</l>
 <l>Kng <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi> did flie an houre or two
 before</l>

<l>The stumbling night did part our wearie powres<c
 rend="italic">?</c></l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-lew">
 <speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
 <l>Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,</l>
 <l>The day shall not be vp so soone as I,</l>
 <l>To try the faire aduerture of to morrow.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>

</div>
 <div type="scene" n="6">
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Sexta.</head>
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 6]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bastard and
 Hubert, seuerally.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Whose there? Speake hoa, speake quickly, or
 <lb/>I shoote.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>A Friend. What art thou?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Of the part of England.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Whether doest thou go?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>What's that to thee?</l>
 <l>Why may not I demand of thine affaires,</l>
 <l>As well as thou of mine?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l><hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, I thinke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Thou hast a perfect thought:</l>
 <l>I will vpon all hazards well beleeeue</l>
 <l>Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:</l>
 <l>Who are thou?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Who thou wilt: and if thou please</l>
 <l>Thou maist be‑friend me so much, as to thinke</l>
 <l>I come one way of the <hi
 rend="italic">Plantagenets</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,</l>
 <l>Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,</l>
 <l>That any accent breaking from thy tongue,</l>
 <l>Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Come, come: sans complement, What newes
 <lb/>abroad?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night</l>
 <l>To finde you out.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Breefe then: and what's the newes?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hub">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>
 <l>O my sweet sir, newes fitting to the night,</l>
 <l>Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,</l>

<l>I am no woman, Ile not swound at it.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">

<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>

<l>The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,</l>

<l>I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out</l>

<l>To acquaint you with this euill, that you might</l>

<l>The better arme you to the sodaine time,</l>

<l>Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>How did he take it? Who did taste to him?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">

<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>

<l>A Monke I tell you, a resolved villaine</l>

<l>Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King</l>

<l>Yet speakes, and peradventure may recouer.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>Who didst thou leaue to tend his Maiesty?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">

<speaker rend="italic">Hub.</speaker>

<l>Why know you not? The Lords are all come

<lb/>backe,</l>

<l>And brought Prince <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> in their

companie,</l>

<l>At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,</l>

<l>And they are all about his Maiestie.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">

<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

<l>With‑hold thine indignation, mighty heauen,</l>

<l>And tempt vs not to beare aboute our power.</l>

<l>Ile tell thee <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, halfe my power

this night</l>

<l>Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,</l>

<l>These Lincolne‑Washes haue deuoured them,</l>

<l>My selfe, well mounted, hardly haue escap'd.</l>

<l>Away before: Conduct me to the king,</l>

<l>I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>

```

</div>
<div type="scene" n="7">
  <head rend="italic center">Scena Septima.</head>
  <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 7]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Prince Henry,
Salisburie, and Bigot.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-jn-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
    <l>It is too late, the life of all his blood</l>
    <l>Is touch'd, corruptible: and his pure braine</l>
    <l>(Which some suppose the soules fraile dwelling house)</l>
    <l>Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,</l>
    <l>Foretell the ending of mortality.</l>
  </sp>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Pembroke.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
    <l>His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleefe,</l>
    <l>That being brought into the open ayre,</l>
    <l>It would allay the burning qualitie</l>
    <l>Of that fell poison which assayleth him.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-jn-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
    <l>Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:</l>
    <l>Doth he still rage?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-jn-pem">
    <speaker rend="italic">Pem.</speaker>
    <l>He is more patient</l>
    <l>Then when you left him; euen now he sung.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-jn-hen">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
    <l>Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames</l>
    <l>In their continuance, will not feele themselues.</l>
    <l>Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts</l>
    <l>Leaues them inuisible, and his siege is now</l>
    <l>Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds</l>
    <l>With many legions of strange fantasies,</l>
    <l>Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,</l>
    <l>Counfound themselues. 'Tis strange y<
rend="superscript">t</c> death shold sing:</l>
    <l>I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,</l>
    <l>Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,</l>
    <l>And from the organ&#x2011;pipe of frailety sings</l>
    <l>His soule and body to their lasting rest.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-jn-sal">

```

<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne</l>
 <l>To set a forme vpon that indigest</l>
 <l>Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Iohn brought
 in.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>I marrie, now my soule hath elbow roome,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">It</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0346.jpg" n="22"/>
 <fw type="rh">The life and death of King Iohn.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,</l>
 <l>There is so hot a summer in my bosome,</l>
 <l>That all my bowels crumble vp to dust:</l>
 <l>I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen</l>
 <l>Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire</l>
 <l>Do I shrinke vp.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hen">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>How fares your Maiesty?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ioh.</speaker>
 <l>Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,</l>
 <l>And none of you will bid the winter come</l>
 <l>To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw;</l>
 <l>Nor let my kingdomes Riuers take their course</l>
 <l>Through my burn'd bosome: nor intreat the North</l>
 <l>To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,</l>
 <l>And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,</l>
 <l>I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight</l>
 <l>And so ingratefull, you deny me that.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hen">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,</l>
 <l>That might releue you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 <speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
 <l>The salt in them is hot.</l>
 <l>Within me is a hell, and there the poyson</l>
 <l>Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,</l>
 <l>On vnrepreeuable condemned blood.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Bastard.</stage>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
<l>Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion</l>
<l>And spleene of speede, to see your Maiesty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<l>Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:</l>
<l>The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,</l>
<l>And all the shrowds wherewith my life should faile,</l>
<l>Are turned to one thred, one little haire:</l>
<l>My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,</l>
<l>Which hold but till thy newes be vttered,</l>
<l>And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,</l>
<l>And module of confounded royalty.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
<l>The Dolphin is preparing hither‑ward,</l>
<l>Where heauen he knowes how we shall answer him.</l>
<l>For in a night the best part of my powre,</l>
<l>As I vpon aduantage did remoue,</l>
<l>Were in the <hi rend="italic">Washes</hi> all vnwarily,</l>
<l>Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-sal">
<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
<l>You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare</l>
<l>My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-hen">
<speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
<l>Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop.</l>
<l>What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,</l>
<l>When this was now a King, and now is clay?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
<l>Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,</l>
<l>To do the office for thee, of reuenge,</l>
<l>And then my soule shall waite on thee to heauen,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>As it on earth hath bene thy seruant still.</l>
<l>Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres,</l>
<l>Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,</l>
<l>And instantly returne with me againe.</l>
<l>To push destruction, and perpetuall shame</l>
<l>Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:</l>
<l>Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be sought,</l>
<l>The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles.</l>

rest, </l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>It seems you know not then so much as we,</l>
 <l>The Cardinall <hi rend="italic">Pandulph</hi> is within at

<l>Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,</l>
 <l>And brings from him such offers of our peace,</l>
 <l>As we with honour and respect may take,</l>
 <l>With purpose presently to leaue this warre.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>He will the rather do it, when he sees</l>
 <l>Our selues well sinew'd to our defence.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,</l>
 <l>For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd</l>
 <l>To the sea side, and put this cause and quarrell</l>
 <l>To the disposing of the Cardinall,</l>
 <l>With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,</l>
 <l>If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast</l>
 <l>To consummate this businesse happily.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,</l><note
 type="physical" resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 <l>With other Princes that may best be spar'd,</l>
 <l>Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-hen">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
 <l>At Worster must his bodie be interr'd,</l>
 <l>For so he will'd it.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-phi">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
 <l>Thither shall it then,</l>
 <l>And happily may your sweet selfe put on</l>
 <l>The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,</l>
 <l>To whom with all submission on my knee,</l>
 <l>I do bequeath my faithfull seruices</l>
 <l>And true subiection euerlastingly.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-jn-sal">
 <speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>
 <l>And the like tender of our loue wee make</l>

```
<|>To rest without a spot for euermore.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-hen">
  <speaker rend="italic">Hen.</speaker>
  <|>I haue a kinde soule, that would giue thanks,</|>
  <|>And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.</|>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
  <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
  <|>Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,</|>
  <|>Since it hath beene before hand with our greefes.</|>
  <|>This England neuer did, nor shall</|>
  <|>Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,</|>
  <|>But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.</|>
  <|>Now, these her Princes are come home againe,</|>
  <|>Come the three corners of the world in Armes,</|>
  <|>And we shall shocke them: Naught shall make vs rue,</|>
  <|>If England to it selfe, do rest but true.</|>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
</div>
</div>
</body>
</text>
</TEI>
```