The life and death of King John.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Etimes, and Salisbury, with the Chastity of France.

King John.

Oswald Chastillon, what should France with vs ?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) speakes the King of France.

Thy behawour to the Maiesty, The borrowed Maiesty of England beare.

Chat. A France no beginning ; borrowed Maiesty.

K. John. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

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

Of thy deeased brother, Geoffrey Sone,

Arthur Plantagenet, lyes most lawfull claim.

To this faire land, and the Territories:

To Ireland, Pothier, Aunorce, Terwayne, Maine,

Defining stee to lay aside the word

Which swanes surprizing thee feerall titles,

And put the fame into yong, Arthur hand,

Thy nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.

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

Chat. The proud controle of pierce and bloodly warre,

To enforce these rightes, so forcibly with-held.

K. Jo. Herein have we war for war, & blood for blood,

Controlled for controlement, for your France.

Chat. Then take my Kings defense from my mouth,

The faithest limit of my Embassie.

K. John. Bearme mine to him, and so depart in peace,

Be thou as lightning in the eye of France;

For ere thou canst report, I will be there:

The thunders of my Cannons shall be heard,

So hence be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And fullen proufge of your owne decay;

An honourable couldst thou be base,

Pembroke looke to's: farewell Chastillon.

Exit Chat. and Etimes.

Ele. What now my sone, have I not euer said

How that ambitious Constancie would not ceafe

Till she had kindred France and all the world,

Upon the right and party of her wife,

This might have beene premur'd and made whole,

With very easie arguments of love,

Which now the maninge of two kingdoms must

With fearfull bloody issue arbitrate.

K. John. Our strong possessie, and our right for vs.

Eli. Your strong possessie much more then your tigers,

Or elit it must go wrong with you and me,

So much my confidence whispers in your ears.

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

Enter a Sheriff.

Effex. My Liege, here is the strangest controuerstie

Come from the Country to being'd by you.

That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach:

Our Abbyes and our Priories shall pay.

This expeditions charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Foulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subject, I a gentleman,

Borne in Northamptonshire, and eldred sone

As I suppose, to Robert Foulconbridge,

A soul'dier by the Honor-giving-hand

Of Cordelion, Knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. TheIon and heire to that fame Foulconbridge.

K. John. In that the elder, and art thou the heire?

You came not of one mother then it seems.

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 heaven, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Out on thee rude man, if oft frame thy mother,

And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madame? No, I have no reason for it,

That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,

The which if he can prove, a pops me out,

As least from faire fute hundred pound a year:

Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. John. A good blisse fellow: why being youer born

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:

But once he flandered me with bastardy:

But where I be as true begot or no,

That till I lay upon my mothers head,

But that I am as well begot my Liege.

(Faire fall the bones that cooke the paines for me),

Compare our faces, and be judge your selle.

If old Sir Robert did beg vs both,

And were our father, and this sonne like him:

O old Sir Robert Father, on my knee,

I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heaven lent vs here?

Elen. He hath a tricke of Cordelion face.

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not read some token of my sone

In the large composition of this man?

K. Joh
The life and death of King John.

Elmow. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Bauf. Our Country manners give our better's way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Bauf. Philip thy Lige, is my name begun,
Philip good old Sir Robert's wits albeit gone.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name.
Whole farme thou bearest.
Kneele thou downe Philip, but rise more great,
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.
Bauf. Brother by th' mothers side, give me your hand,
My father gave me honor, yours gave land:
Now blest be the hour by night or day
When I was gos, Sir Robert was away.
Ela. The very spirit of Plantagenet:
I am thy grandame Richard, call me so.
Bauf. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho?
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch.
Who dares not stirre by day, must walk by night,
And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch.
Neere or faire off well woman is still well floue,
And in the enare ere I was begot.
K. John. Ges, Faulconbridge, how haft thou thy desire,
A landlasse Knight, maketh three a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come Richard, we must speed.
For France, for France, for it is more then need.
Bauf. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou walt go therewith of honesty.
Ela. Euenon all but Baffard.

Bauf. A foot of Honor better then was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a Lady.
Good den Sir Richard, Godlamarcy fellow,
And if his name be George, Ile call him Peter,
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
Th' two refective, and too fociable
For your courtesies, now your travellers,
Hee and his tooch piice at my worships mesa,
And when my knyghtly stomacks is fill'd, why
Then I sucke my teeth, and catechronise
My picked man of Countries: my desier fit,
This leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall bee the, you is question now,
And then comest answer like an Able booker:
Of ris, fayes answer, at your bbe command,
At your employment, at your senicer fit,
No ris, fayes question, I sweet ris at yours,
And soe er theer knows what question would,
Saying in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alps and Appennines,
The Perimene and the river For,
It drawes toward supper in conclusion.
But this is wrothfull for some,
And fits the mounting spirit like my fels,
For he is but a bailed to the time
That doth not smake of observation.
And so am I whether I smace or no:
And not alone in habit and deuice,
Exterior forme, outward accoutermont,
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet, payson for the age tooth,
Which though I will not practice to receave,
Yet to avoid deceit I meant to leave.
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?
Enter Lady Cononbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that Dame thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chafe mine honour vp and downe,
Baff. My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts fonne.
Colbran the Gystant, that fame mighty man,
Is it Sir Roberts fonne that you seeke to?
Lady. Sir Roberts fonne, I trust unrenuered boy,
Sir Roberts fonne? why search'lt thou at Sir Roberts?
He is Sir Roberts fonne, and so are thou.
Baff. James Gurney, wilt then goe vs leave a while.

Guer. Good leave goe vs Philip.
Baff. Philip, sparrow James,
There's toyes abroad, anon I'll tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts fonne,
Sir Robert might haue eat his part,

Wong Dricke Fride, and nere broke his fast
Sir Robert could doe well, marrie to confesse
Could get me Sir Robert could doe it not;
We know his handy-work, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
Sir Robert neuer holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Haft thou conferred with thy brother too,
That for thine ownd hand, should defend mine honor?
What means this fonna, thou movest vatoward knave?
Baff. Knight, knight good mother, Basflico-like:
What, I am dub'd, I have it on my shouler.
But mother, I am not Sir Roberts fonne,
I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some other man I hope, who was it mother?

Lady. Haft thou denied thy selfe a Faulconbridge?
Baff. As faffially as I denie the deull.

Lady. King Richard Cordelson was thy father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduced
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my deseased offence
Which was so strongly urged my defence.

Baff. Now by this light were I to get againe
Madam I would not with a better father:
Some finnes doe beare their prouilege on earth,
And so doth yours, your fault, was not your follie,
Needs mutt you lay your heart at his dispifte,
Subsidet a tribute to commanding loue,
A gainst whole Furies and wretched force,
The sweifte Lion could not wage the fight,
Not keepe his Princely heart from Richardson hand
He that performes robions of their hearts,
May easely winne a woman; aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who lues and dies but fay, thou dieth not well
When I was go, he fend his soule to hell.
Come, I am Sir Robert, too neere to my kinne,
And they shal fall, when Richard me beget,
If thou hadst sayd him nay, it had beene finne;
Who fayes it was, he lies, I say was not.

Exeunt.
The life and death of King John.

Enter K. of England, Basset, Queen, Blanche, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France: If France be in peace permit Our suit and legal entrance to our owne; If not, bleed, France, and peace attend to heaven. While we God's wrathfull agent doe correct Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven. 

Fran. Peace be to England: if that warre return From France to England, there to live in peace: England we loose, and for that England take, With burden of our armes here we weate: This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine; But thou from losing England art to turne, That thou hast under-wrought his lawfull King, Cuts oft the sequence of posterity, Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape Upon the maiden virtue of the Crowne: 

Look, howe, upon thy brother Geoffrey face, These eyes, these browses, were moulded out of his; This little abstrach thot containeth that large, Which died in Geoffrey and the band of time, Shall draw this breke into as huge a volume: That Geoffrey was thy elder brother borne, And this his young, England was Geoffrey right, And this is Geoffrey in the name of God: How comes it then that thou art call'd a King? When living blood doth in these simples beat Which owe the crowne, that thou onere-matterest? 

K. John. From whom, in whose name, in this great commission To draw my answer from thy Articles? 

Fr. From that suprinal judge that flits good thoughts In any beat of strong authority, To looke into the blots and faults of right, That judge hath made me guardian to this boy, Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong, And by whose helpes I meane to chastise it. 


Fran. Exceite is in soe beat viurping downe. 

Queen. Who is it thou dost call viurper France? 

Confl. Let me make anwer: thy viruping forme. 

Queen. Out infolent, thy bastard shall be King, Thou shall be a King, and checke the world. 

Ces. My bed was due to thy forme as true As thine was to thy husband, and this boy Liked in feature to his father Geoffrey. Then thou and John, in manner being as like A raing to water, or detuill to his damme; My boy a bastard by my soile I thinke His father neuer was to true begot, It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother. 

Queen. Theresa good mother boy, that blots thy face, 

Ces. There's a good grandame boy That would blot thee. 

Aupf. Peace. 

Baff. Heare the Cryer. 

Aupf. What the deuill art thou? 

Baff. One that wil play the deuill with you, And make you think your hide and you alone. You are the Hare of whom the Prouest goes Whole yarble plucks dead Lyons by the beard; Ile smoke your skin-coat and I catch you right, Sirra looke too, ye which I will, ye which. 

Blau. O well did he become that Lyons robe, That did destroie the Lion of that robe. 

Baff. It lies as fighite on the backe of him As great Alcides flowers upon an Affe. 

But Affe, Ile take that butheen from your backe, Or lay on that shall make your shoulardes cracke. 

Aupf. What crackets is this same that deoffs our ears With this abundance of frowellous breath? 

King Lewis, determine what we shall doe flrat. 

Let. Women and foole, break off your conference. 

K. John. This is the very summe of all: England and Ireland, Anglese, Foranse, Maine, In right of Arthur doe I chaine of thee: 

Wilt thou regigne them, and lay downe thy Armes? 

In. My life as foon: I doe defeethe, France. 

Arthur of Britannie, yeeld thee to my hand, And out of my desire doe I give thee more, Then ere the coward hand of France can win: 

Submit thee boy. 

Queen. Come to thy grandamse child. 

Confl. Doe child, goe to ye grandame childe, Give grandame kingdone, and it grandame will Give ye: a plum, a cherry, and afighe, There's a good grandame. 

Arthur. Good my mother peace, I would that I were so low laid in my grave, I am not worth this coyle that's made for me, (weepes.) 

Qu. M. His mother fholmes him to, poor boy bee. 

Cou. Now shame vpon thee where finer does or no. 

His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers fholmes 

Drawes those heauen-mowing peares to his poor ries, Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee: 

I, with these Chrissall beads heauen shall be behid To doe him justice, and revenge on you. 

Qu. Thou mendous slanderer of heauen and earth. 

Cou. Thou mendous slanderer of heauen and earth, 

Call not me slanderer, thou and thy chyny slurn. 

The Dominations, Royalties, and rights 

Of this oppreffed boy; this thy eldeff fonnes foonne, 

Infortune in nothing but in thee: 

Thy
The life and death of King John.

Thy tunes are visited in this poore childe, The Cano of the Law is laide on him, Being but the second generation Removed from thy tune-conceiving wondrous, John. Bledain hase done.

Can. I hate but this to say, That he be not only plagued for her sin, But God hath made her sinne and her plague, On this removed iiffe, plagued for her, And with her plague her sinne: his injury Her inuirs the Beadle to her sinne, All punisht in the person of this childe, And all for her, a plague upon her.

Qne. Then wand'ring cold, I can produce A Will, that bares the title of thy sonne.

Can. I who doubts that, a Will a wicked will, A woman wills. a cankered Grandams will.

Fra. Peace, Lady, pause, or be more temperate, It will becometh this preference to cry sone: To these ill untied repetitions: Some Trumpet summon hither to the walls.

Thee men of Angiers, let us hear them speke, Whose title they admit, Arthur or John.

Trumpets sound.

Enter a Citizen upon the walls.

Cit. Who is it that hath wartime vs to the walls? Fra. This English, for England for is felt.

You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects.

Fra. You louing men of Angiers, Arthur subiects, Our Trumpet calleth to you this gentle piece.

John. For our advantage, therefore heare vs first:

These sagges of France that are advanced here, Before the eye and prospect of your Towne, Have hither march'd to your embastagement. The Canons have their bowls full of wrath, And ready mounted are they to spit forth, Their Iron indignation gaining your walls, All preparation for a bloody sedge: And mercy proceeding, by theire French. Comfront your Citie flies, your withking gates:

And but for our approach, these keepinge houses, That as a withering cloud you should see, By the compulsion of their Ordinance, By this time from their fixed beds of lime, Had bin dishalted, and wide hauocks made:

For bloody power to rush ypton your peace, But on the right of vs your lawfull King.

John. Who painfully with much expedition marsh'd Have brought a counter-check to your gates, To face valiantly your Citizen'strained claviers.

Behold the French amaz'd would shake a pike, And now instead of bullett wrapt in fire, But to make a shakling fire in your walls,

They shoot but slaine words, folded vp in smoke, To make a faultie crese in your ears, This Which truth accordingly kindle Citiens.

And let vs in. Your King, whose labouring pikes, Are weareied in this action of our forces, Cranes hauourage within your Citie-walles.

France. When I have made, make an answer vs both.

Lose in this right hand, whose protection

Is most distantly we are in the right.

Of him it holds, stands your ympugnants. To some to the other brother of this men.

And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:

For this downe-troden equity, we read In warlike march, their greenes before your Towne, Being no further enemy to you

Then the contraint of hospitable zeeke,

In the relese of this oppredd child, Religiously prookes. Be pleased then To pay that due which you truly owe, To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince, And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,

Saw in aspeche, hastall offence feuld vp.

Our Cannons malle vainefully shall be spent, Against th' invincible clouds of heaven,

And with a blest and vn-vext retrecy,

With vanhuck'd swords, and Helmets all unbruis'd, We will bare home that lustle blood again.

Which here we came to poute against your Towne.

And leave your children, wives, and you in peace again.

But if you fondly passe our preferr'd offer, Tis not the rounger of your old-fac'd wallers,

Can hide you from our messenger of Warre, Though all thele English, and their discipline shall be were harboured in their rude circumference yet.

Then tell vs, Shall your City call vs Lord?

In that behalf which we have challenged it?

Or shall we give the signall to our rage,

And Dale in blood to our possition?

By yrecle, we are the King of Englands subiects.

For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

John. Acknowledg then the King, and let us in.

Cit. That we can not: but he thatprefixes the King To him will we proue loyall, till that time.

Hauce we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.


And if not this, I bring you Witness Twice fiftene thousand hearts of Englands breed.

Baff. Baffardis and elle.

John. To verify our title with their lives.

Fra. As many and as well borns amesthose.

Baff. Some baffards too.

Fra. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

Cit. Till you compose whose right is belched, We for the world hold the right from both.

John. Then God forgive the fine of all those souls, That to their everlasting refinance,

Before the dew of morning fall, shall flect

In dreadful trall of our Kingdomes King.

Anon. Amen, Amen, mount Chevaliers to Armes.

Baff. Saint George that twain'd did the Dragon.

And are farc'd in your horsebacks at mine Hoolifie dote Teach vs some fence. Sirrah, were I at home.

At yonder shire, with your Lionnede.

I would set an Ox-head to your Lyons hide,

And make a scuter of you.

Aof. Peace, no more.

Baff. O rembrue: for you have the Lyon rose.

John. Vertig Scale to the plain where we'll set forth

In beft appertaince of all our Regiment.

Baff. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

Fra. It shall be so, and at the other hill:

Command the left to stand, God and our right.

Hereafter after our points, Enter the Herald of France with Trumpets to the gates.

E. Hor. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,

And let yong Arthur Duke of Britaine in.
Who by the hand of France, this day last made
Much works for tears in many an English mother,
Whose fowes yse fasetted on the bleeding ground:
Many a widowes husband goulding lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
And victorie with little lefe doth play
Upon the dancing bannets of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Har. Rejoyce you men of Angiers, ring your belts,
King John, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hotmalicious day,
Their Armoirs that march'd hence to sliter bright,
Hither return all girt with Frenchmens sword:
There flucke no plume in any English Creft,
That is removed by a flache of France.
Our colours do return in those same hands
That did display them when we first march'd forth:
And like a holy troope of humfmen come
Our lustie English, all with purples heads,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and gate the Victors way.

Elm. Her. Heralds, from off our towers we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retrecy;
Of both your Armies, whole equality
By our bell eyes cannot be conceal'd:
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes have answered
Strength marcht with strength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One mult proue greatest. While they weigh to euen,
Woe hold our Towne for neither: yet for both,

Enter the two Kings with their powers,
at severall dores.

John. France, haft thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the currant of our right come on,
Whose passagge vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his nature channel, and one-swell
With counte distru'd by t'other confining shotes,
Vnlefe thou let his flater Water, kere
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou haft not fau'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Ratter lost more. And by this hand I sware
That swarest the earth this Climate ouer-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our inft-borne Armes,
We'll put thee downe, against whom these Armes wee
Or add a royall number to the dead:
(bearce,
Gracing the scroule chasteles of this warest lefe,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Baff. Ha Maiely: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with steale,
The swords of fowlers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now hee feats, murthering the fleef of men,
In vndetermined differences of kings.
Why stand theye revoltall fountains amazed thus
Cry hauccking kings, back to the stained field
You equall Poteus, fierie kindled fpirits,
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death,
John. Whose party do the Townefmen yet admit?
Where should he finde it faire, then in Blanch:
It fealous love should go in search of vertue,
Where should he finde it purer then in Blanch?
If love ambitious, fought a march of birth,
Whose veins bound richer blood then Lady Blanch?
Such as thea, in beaute, vertue, birth,
Is the young Dolphin in every way compleat,
If not compleat of, lay he is not free,
And the against wants nothing, to name want,
Yet want it be not, that she is not hee:
He is the halfe part of a blefled man,
Left to be finnich by such as free,
And the faire finniched excellence,
Wrothe fulnesse of perfection lies in him.
O two such finnich currents when they syne,
Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in:
And two such flores, to two such florices made one,
Two such controlling boundlings shall you be, kings:
To these two Princes, if you marry them:
This Union shall do more then batterie can:
To our fast closed gates: for at this match,
With twentie sylence then powder can enforce
That mouth of gallows, till we fling wide open,
And you entrance: but without this match,
The sea enraged is not halfe so deaf,
Lyons more confident, Mountains and rookes
More free from motion, no more death himselfe
In mortall friere halfe so peremptorie,
As we to keep this Citie.

Bluff. Heeres a flye,
That skates the rotten carcasse of old death:
Out of his ragges, Here a large mouth indeede,
That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteenth do of puppi-dogges.
What Cannoneers begot this hulke blood,
He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
And he gives the balladido with his tongue:
Our ears are englidd, nor a word of his
But buffets better then a fist of France:
Zounds, I was never to be blampt with words,
Since I suff caled my brothers father Dad.

Old Qui. Son, list to this conjuncion, make this match,
Give out with Neece a doowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou shalt to freuly eye
That now enflr a allureance to the Crowne,
That you greene boy shall haue no Sunne to tipe
The bloome that prospichet a mightie fruita.
I see a yeilding in the lookes of France:
Mark how they whilper, yrge them while their foules
Are capable of this ambience,
Leafz scale now melted by the windz breath
Of soft petitions, pitie and remorsie,
Cooles and congeals againe to what it was.

Fr. Why answer not the double Marilies,
This friendly treatise of our threatened Towne.

Fr. Speake England first, that hath bin forward first
To speake into this Citie: what say you?

John. If that the Dolphin there thy Princeley fonne,
Can in this booke of beaute read, I love:
Her Dowme shall weigh excell with a Queene:
For Angiers, and faire France Maige, Poitiers,
And all that we upon this side the Sea
(Except this Citie now by vs defened)'
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
At the in beaute, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princepess of the world.


Del. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrouse miracle,
The shadow of my felle form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your fonne,
Becomes a fonne and makes your fonne a shadow:
I do protest I never lovd my selle.
Till now, infixed I beheld my selle,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Whispers with Blanch.

Bluff. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in therowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie
Himselfe loues trauytor, this is pitie now!
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a love, so vile a Loutr as he,

Blau. My vicklits will in this respect is mine,
If hee fee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing hee se's which move's his liking,
I can with easie translate to my will.
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it eslite to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthlie love,
Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churchli thoughts this thesniuices should bee your
Judge,
That I can finde, shoud merit any hate.

John. What fate these young ones? what say you my
Neece?

Blau. That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wrotheid still voucheilase to say.

John. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this
Ladies?

Del. Nay ask me if I can refraine from loue,
For I doe loue her mosf unenfainted.

John. Then do I give Angiers, Toraine, Maine,
Poietsiers, and Aniens, these five Provinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English cowne.

Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
Command thy fonne and daughter to kyne hands.

Fra. It likes vs well young Prince: close your hands
Auff, and your lippes too, for I am well affur'd,
That I did so when I was first affur'd.

Fra. Now Citzizens of Angires ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you haue made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
The rights of marriage shallbe foelometz'd,
Is not the Lady Conforse in this tropoe?
I know she is not for this match made vp,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her fonne, tell me, who knowes?

Del. She is sad and pazzionate at your highnes Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made
Will give her radineze very little cure:
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? in her right we came,
Which we are God knowes, haue turend another way,
To our owne vantage.

John. We will heale you all,
For we'll creaze young Arthur Duke of Britaine
And Earl of Richemond, and this rich faire Towne
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady Confess, this
Some speedy Mellenger bid her repair. 
To our solemnity: I trust we shall.

(You foot fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some manner safely be;
That we shall drop her execution.
Go we as well as half will suffer.
To this unlook'd for unprepared pomp.

Staf. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition.
John to flop Arburs Tite in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose amour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and chaste brought to the field,
As God's own foelder, rounded in the care.
With that same purpose-changer, that fly'st duel,
That Broker, that full breaks the pace of faith,
That dayly break-voor, he that winneth all of
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maidens,
Who hauing no extremal thing to lose,
But the word Maid, dear to the pover Maide of that.
That timeful, like a Gentleman, passing commodite,
Commodity, the byss of the world.
The world, who of us is left but well,
Made to run even, upon even ground;
Till this advantage, this vie drawing byss,
This fayy of motion, this commodite,
Makes it take head from all indetermination,
From all direction, purpose, courte, intent,
And this same byss, this Commodite.
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word.
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd aye,
From a refol'd and honorable warre.
To a most safe and vise-concluded peace,
And why tryple on this Commodite?
But for because he knew not ease of me yet:
Not that I hate the power to cluch my hand,
When his Saint Angels would cluere my paime,
But for my hand, as unacquainted yet.
Like a pover begger, rathethe on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will rate,
And say there is no sin but to be rich:
And yet rathether, my very love, they shall be,
To say there is no sin, but beggerly.
Since Kings break faith upon commodite,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Exit.

Atheus Secundus

Eoper Confess, Arvres, and Salumbus.

Con. Goe to be married? Goe to strew a peace?
False blood to false blood royn, Goe to be freinds?
Shall I leave thee Blanch, and Blanch thee Provences?
I hazco, thou hast mique, neither.
Be well advi'd, tell thy maistre again.
It cannot be, thou do? but say so I.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus thinking me,
For I am blacke, and capable of feetes.
The life and death of King John.

Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs.
John. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pardolph.

Pard. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heaven;
To thee King John, is holy errand is;
Pardolph, oft Anne Marie anon Cardinal;
And from Pope Innocent the Legate here.
Doe in his name religiously demand;
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce;
Keep Stephen Langton chosen Archibishop
Of Canterbury from that holy Sea:
This in our forefaid holy Fathers name
Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.

John. What earthly name to Interrogatories
Can taft the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinal) desine a name
So flight, unworthy, and ridicoulos
To charge me to an anfwere, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England,
Aide thus much wind, that no Italian Prieffe
Shall lytie or toll in our dominions:
But as we, under heauen, are supreme head,
So under him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone yhelde
Without that affiitance of a mortal hand:
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his vantage authoritie.


John. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led to groftly by this medling Prieffe,
Dreading the curse that money may buy our,
And by the merit of wold gold, droffe, duff;
Purchase corrupt pardors of a man,
Who in that tale fels pardor from himselfe:
Though you, and all the rest so grossly led,
This ugligne witchcraft with reumeuse cerfshe,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
Thou shalt stand curft, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth resolute
From his allegiance to an hereticke,
And meritorious shall his hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Con. O lawfull let it be
That I have roome with Rome to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinal, cry thou Amen
To my keene curfes for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's Law and Warran (Lady) for my curfe.

Con. And for mine too, when Law can do no right,
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong;
Law cannot gnoe my childes his kingdom here;
For he that holds his Kingdom, holds the Law:
Therefore since Law it felte is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curfe,
Let goe the hand of that Archierettique,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Vnlesse he doe submit him selfe to Rome.

Elea. Lookth thou pale France? do not let's go thy hand.
Con. Look to that Deuill, left that France repente,
And by disguising hands hell lose a soul.

Aeff. King Philip, listen to the Cardinal.

Baft. And hang a Caluskin on his recrunt limbs.

Aeff. Well ruffian, I must pocket vp those wrongs,

Because.

Baft. Your breeches best may carry them,

John. Philip, what fault shoule to the Cardinal?

Con. What should he say but as the Cardinal?

Delph. Betihinde you fathers, for the difference

It purchase of a heavy curie from Rome,

Or the light loffe of England, for a friend;

Forgoe the easier,

Bla. That's the curie of Rome.

Con. O Lewy, stand fast, the devil tempts thee here

In likenesse of a new warre attended Bride.

Bla. The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,

But from her need.

Con. Oh, if thou grace my need,

Which only lyes but by the death of death,

Thee need, must needs inference this principle,

That faith would live againe by death of need:

O then tred downe my need, and faith mount vp,

Keeps my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.

Iohn. The king is mad, and answers not to this.

Con. O be remou'd from him, and answer we.

Aeff. Do so king Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Baft. Hang nothing but a Caluskin moss sweete lout.

Fra. I am perpyctue, and know not what to say.

Fra. What canst thou say, but will people sce more?

If thou stand to communique, and curt.

Fra. Good reuert to father, make thy perpyctue yours,

And tell me how you would bestow thy self.

This royall hand and mine are newly knott,

And the coniunction of our inward soules

Married in league, coupled, and linked together.

With all religious strength, of sacred vows,

The latest breath that gave the found of words

Was deep, sweete faith, peace, amity, true lye.

Betwenee our kindomes and our royall feltes,

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer then we well could waish our hands,

To clas this royall bargeyn vp of peace,

Heaven knowest thou, they were beseeched, and other firet.

With flatterers pence, where reuenge did paint

The steele difference of incensed kinne,

And shall these hands so lately purged of blood?

So newly ioyn'd in June? to strong in both,

Vvyoke this feryste, and this kinde regrettre?

Play fast and loose with faith? to left with heaven,

Make such vncountable children of our felses

As now againe to flatch our palme from palme:

Vo-freare faith worne, and on the marriage bed

Of inflammas peace to match a bloody hoast,

And make a ynot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerite? O holy Sir

My reverend father, let it not be so;

Out of your grace, deceit, ordaine, impose

Some gentle order, and then we shall be blisse

To dye your pleasure, and continue friends.

Paide. All forme is formented, Order ordetelasse,

Save what is opposite to Englandes lye.

Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,

Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,

A mothers curse, on her resolute lonnes:

France, thou must holde a serpent by the tongue,

A caled Lion by the mortaly poy,
Scene Secunda.

A lternatus, Executiones : Enter Baiffard with Austria's head.

Baiff. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot, Some very Denilf houers in the skie, And poorl's downe mistichet. Austria head lyeth there, Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While Philip breathes. 

John. Hubert, keep this boy: Philip make vp, My Mother is a mifled in our Tent, And ene I feare.

Baiff. My Lord I refued her, Her Highness is in safety, feare you not? But on my Liege, for very little pains Will bring this labour to an happy end. 

A lternatus, exit. Enter John, Eleanor, Arthur Baiffard, Hubert, Lords.

John. So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behind So strongly guarded: Cofen, looke not far, Thy Grandame louest thee, and thy Vakle will As dere be to thee, as thy father was. 

Arr. O this will make my mother die with grief. 

John. Cofen away for England, haste before, And ere our comming feue thou shalte the bags Of hoarding Abbots, imprisoned angels Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace Mufh by the hungry now be fed upon: Vie our Command in his vnroof force. 

Baiff. Bell, Bookes & Candle, shall not drive me back, When gold and flint beckes me to come on, I loose your highnesse: Grandame, I will prays. (If ever I remember to be holy) For your faire safetie: so I kisse your hand. 

Eile. Farewel gentle Cofen.

John. Coz, farewel. 

Eile. Come hether little kinfman, barke, a word. 

John. Come hether Hubert. O my gentle Hubert, We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh There is a foule countes thee her Creditor, And with advantage meanes to pay thy love; And my good friend, thy voluntary oath Lives in this bosome, deereely cherished. Give me thy hand, I haue a thing to say, But I will fit it with some better tone. 

By heaven Hubert, I am almost alarn'd To say what good repect I haue of thee. 

Hubert. I am much bounden to thy Maiesty. 

John. Good friend, thou haist no cauote to say yet, But thou haist hauing and creeping time nece to flow, Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good. I had a thing to say, but let it goe: The Sunne is in the heaven, and the proud day, Attended with the pleasures of the world, Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes To giue me audience: I f hope the mid-night bell Dith with his sone tongue, and brazen mouth Sound on into the drowzie race of night: If this same were a Church-yard where we stand, And thou poufled with a thousand wrongs; Or if that furlie spirit melancholy Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thicke, Which elle runnes tickling vp and downe the veins, Making that idolatry keepeth men's eyes, And draines their checkes to idle merriment, A passion hatefull to my purposes: Or if that thou couldest fee me without eyes, Hear me without thine ears, and make reply Without a tongue, ying conceit alone, Without eyes, ears, and harmesfull sound of words: Then, in deligie of brooded watchfull day, I would into thy bosome pourre my thoughts: But (a) I will not, yet I love thee well, 

And by my troth I thinke thou lovest me well, 

Hubert. So well, that what you bid me undertake, Though that my death were acond to my Aet, By heaven I would doe it. 

John. Doee not I know thou wouldst? 

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert throw thine eye On you young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend, He is a very serpent in my way, And wherefore this foot of mine doth tread, He lies before me: dof thou understand me? Thou art his keeper.

Hubert. And I leke him so, 

That he shall not offend your Maiesty. 

John. Death. 

Hubert. My Lord. 


Hubert. He shall not live. 

John. Enough.

I could be merry now, Hubert, I love thee. Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee: Remember: Madam, Fare you well, Ile send those powers o're to your Maiesty. 

Eile. My bleffing goe with thee. 

John. For England Cofen, goe. 

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you 

With all true dutie: On toward Calise, how. 

Exeunt. 

Scene.
Act I.
The life and death of King John.

Scene I.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandolpho, Attendants.

Fran. So by a roaring Tempell on the flood,
A whole Armasdo of conuicted fail
Is facetted and dif-Ioy'd from fellowshop.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well,
Fran. What can goe well, when we have ruine to ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers loft?
Arthur: taste prisoners? dieues decree friends blame?
And bloudy Englands into England gone,
Ore-hearing interception spight of France?

Del. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such aduices dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want exemples: who hath read, or heard
Of any hand-drown, an like to this?
Fran. Weell could I beare that England had this praisse,
So we could finde some patternes of our shame:

Enter Constance.

Looke who comes here? a grace vnto a foule,
Holding the eternal point against her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath:
I prithee, Lady, goe ease with me.

Con. Log now, now doe the issue of your peace.
Fran. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Constance.
Con. No, I deifie all Counsell, all redresse,
But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:
Death, death, Omamible, lovely death,
Thou odious fernes: flown rostennet, Arie forth from the couch of lifeing night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperous,
And I will kisse thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vauette brownes,
And ring these fingers with thy housluid worms,
And flop this tsp of breath with fullsome durt,
And bea Carrion Monstre like thy felle:
Come, grins on me, and I will thinke thou limit,
And buffetts thee as thy wife: Misierous Love,
O come to me.

Fran. O faire satisfaction, peace.
Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I fisque the world,
And Rowe from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot sleepe a Ladys leafeable voyce,
Which fcorne a modern Invocation.

Pand. Lady, you vster madnesse, and not sorrow.
Con. Thou art holy to belye me so,
I am not mad: this haise I teare is mine,
My name is Constance, I was Geoffrey wife,
Young Arthur is my fonne, and he is loft:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then v's like I should forget my felle:
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinal,) For, being not mad, but vensible of greefe,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my felle:
If I were mad, I should forget my fonne,
Or madly thinke a babe of clowtes were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I seele.
The different plagae of eucli calamite.
Fral. Binde vp those trefles: o what loue I note;
In the faire multitude of those her haires;
Where but by chance a fluer drop bath faine,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiuer friens
Doe glev themselfes in fuciable griefe,
Like true, infparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamite.

Con. To England, if you will.
Fran. Binde vp your haires.

Con. Yes that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from thier bonds, and crize aloud,
O, that these hands could fo redeeme my fonne,
As they have gluen these hayres their libertie:
But now I enuie as their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poore child is a prisoner.
And Father Cardinall, I have heare you say
That we shall fee and know our friends in heauen:
In the tempe I shall fee my boy again;
For since the birth of Cause, the first male-child
To him that did but yesterdaie fuperifie,
There was not such a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-forrow eat my bud,
And chase the nature beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meager as an Agues fire,
And thee dye, and rising fo againes.
When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen
I shall not know him: therefore noeter, never
Mutl I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too beyous a resepct of greefe.
Con. He tels me that never had a fonne.
Fran. You are as fond of greer, as of your childre.
Con. That Greer fil the room for mat of my absent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his fonne;
Then, haue I reason to be fond of greefe?
Fareyouwell: had you such a losse as I,
I could gleue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this fonne vpon my head,
When there is such disorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my faire fonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure.

Exit. Fran. I fear some out-rage, and the folest follow her.
Exit. Del. There's nothing in this world can make me ioye,
Life is so tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsie man:
And bitter thame hath spoyle'd the sweet words safe,
That ye yields not but shame and bittersnesse.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong diseafe,
Even in the inlafe of repairs and health,
The fit is strongest: Fools that take leauve
On their departure, most of all flew cuill:
What have you loft by loosing of this day?
Del. All daies of glory, joy, and happiness.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no: when Fortune means to ren moft good,
Shee lookes upon them with a threatening eyte
'Tis strange to thinke how much King John hath loft
In this which he accounts so cleeraly wonne:
The life and death of King John.

Artus Quintus, Scena prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub.  Heare me thau'ghe Irons hor, and looke thou stand Within the Arras: when I strike my foot Upon the bolesm of the ground, ruth forth And binde the boy, which thou shalt finde with me Fait to the chair; be he dead, ell hence, and watch. Exec.  I hope your warrant will beore out the deed. 

Hub.  Venclelyc scruplest fear not you: looke to't, Yong Lad come forth; I have to fry with you. 

Enter Arthur.

Ar.  Good morrow Hubert. 

Hub.  Good morrow, little Prince. 

Ar.  As little Princes, having so great a Title To be more Prince, as may be you are fad. 

Hub.  I indeed I have been merrier. 

Ar.  Mercie on me: 

Me thinke no body should be sad but I Yet I remember, when I was in France, Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night Ovly for wantonnesse: by my Christendome, So I were out of prion, and kept Staples I shou'd be as merry as the day is long: And I sou'd be heere, but that I doubt My Vincible practis doe more harme to me He is a fad of me, and I of him: 

Is it in my Fate, that I was gefeyr'd longe? No in deed is it nor: and I would to heauen I were your fome, as you desire, Hubert: Hub.  If I talke to him, with his innocent pace He will awake my mercie, which lies dead: Therefore I will be fodaine, and dispach. 

Ar.  Are you fike Hubert? you looke pale to day, Infooth I would you were a little fike, That I might lie all night, and watch with you. 

I warrant I love you more then you do me, 


Can you not reade it? is it so faire writ? 

Ar.  Too fairely Hubert, for so faire effect, 

Muuy you with hast Irons, burne out both mine eyes? 

Hub.  Yong Boy, I ault. 

Ar.  And will you? 

Hub.  And I will. 

Ar.  Haue you the heart? When your head did but ake, I knit my hand kercher about your browes (The belt it had, a Princesse wretht it me) And I did never takke it you agayne: 

And with my hand, at midnight held your head; And like the watchful minutes, to the houre, Still and manie chere'd vp the heavy time; Saying, what lackes you? and where lies your greffe? Or what good loue may I performe for you? 

Many a poor mans soule would have lyen still, And were hau'ghe spake a louing word to you. 

But you, at your fickle femele, haue a Prince: Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie lune, And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,
The life and death of King John.

If heaven be pleased that you must vie me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I have sworn to do it;

And with hot Irons must I burn them out.
Art. Ah, poor boy, in this I Ron Age, would it do?
The Iron of it felle, though he was red hot.
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my teares,
And quench this fierce indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, conuince away in me,
But, for contining fire to harms mine eye:
Are you more stubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angel should come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eye.
I would not have believed him: no tongue but Huberts.

Hub. Come forth; Do as I bid you do.

Art. O I se you Hubert, gave me my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of stiffe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and binde him here.
Art. Alas, what neede you be so boisterous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand ifone still:
For heauen sake Hubert let me not be bound

Nay heare me, Hubert, drive these men away.
And I will sit as quiet as a Lamb.
I will not fight, nor vouch, nor speake a word,

Nor looke uppon the I Ron angrily:

Thrust but these men away, and I loose you:
What ever torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him.

Exe. I am bell pleased to be from such a deede.
Art. Alas, I shoule shoule child away my friend.
He hath a fierce looke, but a gentle heart;
Let him come backe, that his compulsion may

Give life to yours.
Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.

Art. Is there no remedia?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Art. Oh heauen that were but a moneth in yours,
A gaine, a duff, a gage, a wondering hair, Any annoyance by that precious sen:
Then feeling what small things are boyfoul of there,
Your vile intent must needs occasion horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your toong.

Art. Hubert, the vertyence of a brace of tongues,
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Leeme not hold my tongue: let me not Hubert,
Or Hubert, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O spare my eyes,
Though to no use, but thin to looke on you.

Loo, by my truth, the Infument is cold:
And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heare it, Boy.

Art. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, so we'd
In your life deare remembre: see effe your selfe,
There is no rashness in this burning eke.
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his spirit eere,
And therfore repent in alle on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can reuive it Boy,
Art. And if you do, you will but make it fuller,
And grow with flame of your proceeding Hubert.

Nay, it shall change will spake in your eyes,
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Mutter that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should vio to do me wrong.
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends.
Creatures of noy for mercy, lacking vies.
Hub. Will, see to it: I will not touch thine eye.

For all the Treasure that thine Vinkle eyes,
Yet am I vioe, and I did pumpe, Boy,
With this same very Iron, to burne them out.

Art. O now you looke like Hubert. All this while
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace no more. Adieu,
Your Vinkle must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill thee dogged Spires with false report:
And, pretty childe, sleepe double, and secure,

That Hubert for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Art. O heauen! I thank you Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more: go close in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergoe for thee,

Exe.

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords.

John. Here's once againe we fixt: once against crown'd
And lock'd upon, I hope; with cheerefull eyes.

Pem. This once againe (but that your Highnes pleased)

Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off.

The faults of men, are tauned with reules:
Freh expetation troubled not the Land.

With any long'd-for-chang, or better State.
Sal. Therefore, to be possest with double pompes,
To guard a Title, that was rich before.
To glide refined Gold, to paint the Lilly.
To throw a perfume on the Violer.
To smooth the eye, or add another hue

Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light.
To fecke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish,

Is waftful, and ridiculous excessive.

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This sade, is an ancient tale new told,
And, in the late repeating, troubleome.
Biring vset at a time unviable.

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a shued winde vsto a saile.
It makes the course of thoughtes to fetch about,
Scarcles, and frights consideration:

Makes found opinion sick, and truth sufpeeted,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen fritate to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in corneout heefe,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches set upon a little breach.
Difcrease more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effects, before you were new crown'd

We breath'd our Counsell: but it pleas'd your Highnes

To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd.
Since all, and every part of what we would

Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

Iohn.
The life and death of King John.

Iob. Some reasons of this doubleCorruption
I have poissed you with, and think you strong.
And more, more strong, their letter is my hearc:
'Th'all induce you with: Meane time, but ask'
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingy
I will both heare, and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as oncel was the tongue of these
To found the purpotes of all their heare,
Both for my self, and them: but chief of all
Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th'infranchisement of Arthur, whose restraining
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument,
If what in reft you, might have hold,
Why then your fears, which (as they say) attend
The heapes of wrong, should move you to new vp
Your tender kinshipm, and to choake his dayes.
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not hate this
To grace occasions: let it be our foule,
That you have bid vs take his libertie.
Which for our goods, we do no further ask,
Then, whereunto our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he saue his libertie.

Enter Hubert.

Iob. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction: Hubert, what news with you?

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lost in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Doth the mood of a much troubled bref,
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we so feard he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpose and his confidence,
Like Heralds twentv two dreadfull bastilles set
His passion to rippe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breaks, I feare will suffice thence
The foule corruption of a sweete childe's death.

Iob. We cannot hold mortalties strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give, is living,
The foule which you demand, is gone, and dead.
He tells vs Arthur is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we feared his childe was past care.

Pem. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himselle felt he was sick:
This must be aw'd, either heere, or hence.

Iob. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bare the Sheerets of definy?
Have I commandement on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foule-play, and all this shame
That Dreameetc should so greatly offer it;
So chirme in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) I goe with thee,
And finde the inherittance of this poore childe,
His little kingdom of a forced graue.
That blood which ow'd the breath of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the whole.
This might not be thus borne, this will shew our out
To all our power, and for once I doubt.

Ewett. They burn in indignation: I repense:
There is no sure foundation let on blood.

No certaine life attaines'd by others death:
A farewell eye thou haft. Where is that blood,
That I have seene inhabit in these cheekes:
So foule a skie, so clearr not without a storme,
Poure downe thy weather; how goes all in France?

Mef. From France to England, never such a powre.
For any forraigne preparation,
Was feened in the body of a land.
The Copie of your speede islearn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arri'd.

Iob. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunkne?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And the Host depart?

Mef. My Liege, her care
Is flopt with dust: the first of April di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy di'de
Three days before: but this from Rumors tongue
I didly heard: if true, or false I know none.

Iob. With what hand didst thou so deed, a dreadful Occasion:
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented Peers: What? Mother dead?
How wildly then walks my Effuare in France?
Vnder: whole conduct came those powres of France,
That thou for truth guirt out are landed heere?

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Suffolk, and Peter of Pemfret.

Iob. Thou hast made me giddy
With thse ill tydings: Now? What sayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not fecke touffle
My head with more ill news: for its is full,

Baf. But if you be a feare to hear the worse,
Then let the worse unheard, fall on your head.

Iob. Bear with mee Cofen, for I was amased
Vnder the rider; but now I breathe again.
May the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Baf. How I have sped among the Clergy men,
The sammes I have collected shall express;
But as I trauail'd hither through the land,
I finde the people frangely fantasied,
Poissed with rumors, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pemfret, whom I found
With many hundreds tendering on his heele.
To whom he sung in rude harft sounding times,
That these the next Afcension day at noone,
Your Highness should deliever vp your Crowne

Iob. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou sp?

Pet. Fearing that the truth shall fall out so?

Iob. Hubert, away with him: imposion him,
And on that day at noone, whenon he fayes
I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliever him to safety, and returne,
For I must vie thee: O my gentille Cofen,
Hear it thou the nouser abroad, who are striid?
Baf. The News (my Lord) my best months are full of it.
Besides I met Lord Bigge, and Lord Salisbury
With eyes as red as new enlanded fire,
And others more, going to secke the graue
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your

Iob. Gentle kinship, goe: (suggellion)
And shruit thy selfe into other Companies,
The life and death of King John.

I have a way to winne their loues against me:
Bring them before me.

*Bag.* I will fecke them out.

*John.* Nay, but make haste; the better soote before.
O, let me have no subie enemies,
When aduentur Forreigners affright my Townes
With dreadfull ymages of destruction.
Be Mercurie, let feathers to thy heales,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

*Bag.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. Exit.

*John.* Spoke like a pungent Noble Gentleman.

Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede
Some Medfenger betweene me, and the Peers,
And be thone.

*Mes.* With all my heart, my Liege.

*John.* My mother dead?

*Enter Flavius.*

*Hub.* My Lord, they say fume Moones were seene to
Foure fixed, and the fhit did whirle about:

The other foure, in wandrouse motion.

*Hub.* Old Moones?

*Hub.* Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do prophesie upon it dangerous:

Yong *Arthur*’s death is common in their mouths,
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear.

And he that speakes, doth gupe the heares with
Whilst he that heares, makes fearfull action
With wrinkled browses, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a Smith hand with his hammer (thus)

The white his Iron did on the Anvill coole,
With open mouth swallowings a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Measuring in his hand,
Standing on flippers, which his nimble hafe
Had falsely shuift upon contrary glee,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattellated, and rank’d in Ren.

Another launc, unwis’d Attinfete,
Cuts off his tale, and tells of *Arthur’s death*.

Is, Why seek’st thou to poiffe me with these feared?
Why urgest thou to off yong *Arthur’s death*?

Thy hand hath murdered him; I had a mighty cause
To with him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

If No had (my Lord) Why didst thou provoke me?

*John.* It is the cause of Kings, to be attended
By flares, that take their humorous for a sport,
To brake within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authorite.

To understand a Law: to know the meaning.

Of dangerous Mischief, when perilence it provokes
More upon uniter, then aduersi d respect.

*Hub.* Here is your hand and Scale for what I did,

*John.* Oh, when the laste acute twst heaven & earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Scale
Wittneff againsts to damnation.

How off the fight of meance, to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done? Had I not stout by these,
By a fellow by the hand of Nature mark’d,
Quoted, and sign’d to a deed of shame.

This mother had not come into my minde
But taking none of thy advise: *& Attiffete*.
Finding thee fit for bloody vilians:
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthur’s death*.

And thou, to be endeed to a King.

Made it no confidence to destroy a Prince.
The life and death of King John.

By heauen, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yonste,
I would not have you (Lord) forget your selfe,
Nor tempe the danger of my true defence;
Least I, by marking of your rage, forget
Your Worth, your Greatness, and Nobility.

Hub. Our danghill! dar if thou breaue a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperour.

Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.

Hub. Do not prove me so:
Yet I am none. Whole tongue to e're speakes false,
Not true speakes: who speakes not truly, lies.

Pem. Cut him to pieces.

Hub. Keep the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I'll hale you Fauncebridge.

Hub. Thou wert better galue the diseall Salisbury.
If thou but Fowme on me, or flitte thy foote,
Or reach thy hable speleace to do me shame,
I'll strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword bestime,
Or I'll so mane you, and your toasting-Iron,
That you shall think the diseall is come from hell.

Hub. If thou didst this deed of death, I do renowne Fauncbridge.

Sec. A Villaine, and a Murtherer.

Hub. Lord Bigor, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:
I honour'd him, I loud'd him, and will weep
My date of life out, for his sweate lives lofe.

Sal. Truth not clofe cunning, washes of his eyes,
For villaine is not without such thyme.

And he, long trad'd in it, makes it seeme
Like Rivers of remorse and innocencie.

Away with me, all you whole foules abhorre
Th'uncleanly favours of a Slaughter-oute,
For I am filth'd with this smell of finne.

Big. Away, to-ward Stanes, to the Dolphin there.

P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out. Ex. Lords.

'Sa. Here's a good world! know you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of meric,
(If thou didst this deed of death) art ye damn'd Hubert?

Hub. Do but hear me sir.

Big. He? He tell thee what.

Thou didst as blacke, may nothing is so blacke,
Thou art more deepse damn'd then Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so vely a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.

Hub. Vpon my soule.

Big. If thou didst but confesse
To this most cruel Act: do but disaie,
And if thou want a Cord, the smallett tined
That euer Spider twisted from her wombe
Will serve to trangle thee: A rugh will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drownne thy selfe,
Put but a little water in a poone,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to fille such a villaine vp.

I do suppute thee very greecely.

Hub. If I am not, confesse, or time of thought,
Be guiltie of the killing that sweate of death
Which was embounded in that beaunceous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.

Big. Go, beware him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and looke my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world!
The life and death of King John.

How easy doth thou take all England vp.
From forth this moreell of dead Royalie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realm.
Is fled to heaven; and England now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth.
The vn-owed intereff of proud (swooning State);
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maltie,
Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest;
And flamm'd in the gentle eyes of peace;
Now, Powers from home, and discontentes at home,
Meet in one line; and vaft confusion waits
As doth a Rauen on a sickle-false beet,
The iminent decay of wretched pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloak and center can
Hold out this temper. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with speed: Ile to the King.
A thousand businesse are briefs in hand;
And heaven it selfe doth frowne vp on the Land.
Exit.

Aulus Quatuus, Scena prima.

Enter King John and Randolph, attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yealded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.

Pant. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Sovereigne greatness and authoritie.

John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the French,
And from his holiness ye all your power
To stop their matches: for we are enland'd;
Our discontented Counties doe revolt.
Our people quarter'd with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the lone of soule
To flatter bloud, to forsen Royalty;
This inundation of mischemped humor,
Reets by you onely to be qualified.
Then puke not; for the present time's sick
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or utterthrow incureable enemie.

Pant. It was my breath that blew this Temepest vp,
Vpon your hubborne vage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle courteous man,
My tongue shall hate againe this frame of warre,
And make faire weather in your blustering land:
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of feruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes.

John. Is this Ascension day did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascension day at noone,
My Crowne I should gue off? even so I haue:
I did supposse it shou'd be on conrayment,
(But heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Bagard.

Bag. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Dunoer Castle: London hath receu'd
Like a kinde Hoof, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobiles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer seuce to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubfull friends.

John. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they had yong Arthur was alioe?
The life and death of King John.

I am too high-born to be proportion'd
To be a secondary at controll,
Or fiefful serving-man, and Infrument
To any Sovereigne State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coole of warres,
Between thee chaffiz'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 flame weekke windle, which unkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this Land,
Yea, thruf't this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me Iohn hath made
His peace with Rome what is that peace to met
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong Arthur, claimeth this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquered, must I backe,
Because that Iohn hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne?
What men provided? What munition sent
To under-prop this Action? Is not I
That under-goe this charge? Who else but I,
And such as to my claine are liable,
Sweat in this buffoonerie, and mainte this warre?
Hast thou not heard the Clockes thowt out
Due le Bay, as have bank'd their Townes?
Hast thou not heere the bell Carda for the game
To winne this safe match, plaid for a Crowne?
And shal I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my foule it never shall be said.

Pand. You locke but on the out-side of this worke.
Dol. Out-side or in-side, I will not returne
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And could thefe fiery spirits from the world
To out looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
Even in the issues of danger, and of death:
What holy Trumpeter thus doth summon vs?

Enter Baffard.

Baff. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am sent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millaine, from the King
I come to learn how you have dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I doke know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The Delphian is too wilfull opprime
And will not temporize with my necessities:
He flaty faites, hee Ille lay downe his Armes.

Baff. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth faites well. Now heare our English Kings,
For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reason to be shou'd,
This spifh and vnmanerly approach,
This harneis, this Mask, and vnadvised Reuel,
This vn-heard favourite, and buyeth Troopes,
The King doth smale at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your dore,
To cudgel ye, and make you take the hatch,
To drive like Bucke's in concealed Welles,
To crowch in litter of your stable planks,
To lye like pawns, lock'd up in chess and truncks,
To hug with fwife, to seek sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,

Eugn
The life and death of King John.

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman,
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your Chambres gave you chastiment?
No: know the gallant Montachis is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, or he ayetie towres,
To lowfiue annoyance that comes peace his Neft;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
You bloudy Nerio’s,ipping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: blufh for shame;
For your owne Ladies, and pale-vigad Maides,
Like Amazon, come tripping after drummes :
Their thimbles into armed Gantlers change,
Their Neckes to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end th ty brave, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canft out-seed vs: For thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pan. Gue me leave to speake.
Baff. No, I will speake.
Dol. We will attend to nother:
Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our interell, and our being here.

Baff. Indeere your drumps being beaten, wil cry out;
And for thall you, being beaten: Do but flar
An echo with the clamon of thy drumme,
And even at hand, a drumme is realie brac’d,
That shall reuerbearte all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As lowd as shynge) rattle the Welkins ear,
And mocke the deeppe mouthed Thunder: for at hand
(Not trufling to this halting Legate heare,
Whom he hath va’d rather for Sport, then needs)
Is warlike John: and in his fore-head fits
A bare-rib’d death, whole office is this day
To feast upon whole thousandes of the French.

Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.
Baff. And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigo.
Sal. I did not thinke the King fo flor’d with friends.
Pem. Vp once againe: put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.
Sal. That mistbegotten diuell Falshredbridge,
In spighte of spighte, alone vobolds the day.

Pem. They say King Iohn fore fiek, hath left the field.

Exeunt wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.
Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.

Pem. Tell the Count Melone.
Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion.
And welcome home againe disarded faith,
Seeke out King Iohn, and fall before his feet:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more wee mee,
Vpon the Altar, at S. Edwinbury,
Euen on that Altar, where we sware to you
Deere Amony, and everlastinge loue.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe
Refouled from his figure, gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now receiue,
Since I must lose the vie of all deciete?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye heere, and line hence, by Truth?
I sware againe, if Leuwa do win the day,
He is forworste, if eere those eyes of yours
Rehould another day breaks in the East:
But even this night, whose blacke contagious breath
Already smoakes about the burning Creik
Of the old, seelie, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing fhall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your lines:
If Leuwa, by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The loute of him, and this reipech bevides
(For that my Grandfire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Confidence to confess all this.
In liet whereof, I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noife and rumour of the Field.
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my soule
With contempation, and devout defires.
Sal. We do beleue thee, and bethrew my soule,
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
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 rankeffe and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we have oer-look’d,
And alwayes run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King Iohn.

My arme shall give thes helpe to beare thee hence,

Scena Tertia.

Alarums, Enter John and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me Hubert.
Hub. Badly I hear; how fares your Maiestie?
John. This Feauer that hath troubled me fo long,
Lyes heauie on me: oh, my heart is sick.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord: your valiant kinman Falshredbridge,
Defires your Maiestie to leave the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go.
John. Tell him toward Swindifeld, to the Abbey thare.

Mes. Be of good comfort: for the great supply
That was expected by the Dolphin heare,
Are wreck’d three nights ago on Goodwin sands.
This news was brought to Richard but euen now,
The French fight coldely, and retvre themselves,

John. Ay me, this tyrant Feauer burns mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward Swindifeld: to my Litter straight,
Weaknesse potheft me, and I am faite.

Exeunt.
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight;
And happy newsmes, that intends old night.

Enter Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Trainee.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (as I thought) was lost to see;
But, hah! and made the Weeping Welkin blush,
When English measure backward their owne ground
In paine Retire: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a volley, of our needles shot;
After such bloody coale, we did good night.
And woudn’t our tinct’ring colours clearly vp,
Laft in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Herece: what news?

Mes. The Count Monteon is deceased: The English Lords
By him are also great at present,
And your supply, which you have wish’d so long,
Are call away, and funk I on Goodwin sand.

Dol. Ah, bowles, th’end of newes, Behieve thy very
I did not thinke to be so fast to night (hurt)
As this has made me. Who was he that said
King John did fly an hour or two before
The fumbling night did part our watchfull powers?

Mes. Who ever spake it, is it true my Lord.

Dol. Well: kepe good quarter, & good case to night,
The day shall not be vp so loome as I,
To try the faire adventur of to morrow.

Enter Scena Sexta.

Enter Baffard and Hubert, generally.

Hub. Whose there? Speakke hoo, speake quickly, or
The poore may be robb’d in that place.

Baff. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Baff. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What’s that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?

Baff. Hubert, I think.

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

Baff. Who thou wilt; and if thou plea se
Thou maist be friend to me, almost, as to thinke
I come one way of the Plantagenets.

Hub. Vouch me, i’ th’ name of God, & coules night,
Have done me shame: But O oldier, pass me,
That any accent breking from thy tongue,
Should escape the true acquaintance of mine case.

Baff. Come, come: seyn complemente, what newes abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the blacke brow of night
To finde you out.

Baff. Breede then: and what’s the newes?

Hub. O my sweet fret, newes fitting to the night;
Blacke, searefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.

Baff. Show me the very wound of this ill news,
I am no woman, I lie not frownd at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyned by a Monke,
I left him almost specheless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this my plusieurs note,
The better amaze you to the sodaine time.
Then if you had at leasure knowne of this.

Baff. How did he take it? Who did assolve to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a roulde and villain.
Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King
Yet spakes, and peradventure may recover.

Baff. Who didst shoule leve to send his Maeftye?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come
backe,
And brought Prince Henry in their company,
At whole request the king hath pardon’d them,
And they are all about his Maeftye.

Baff. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heuen,
And tempt vs not to hear above our power.
I tell thee Henry, halfe my power thou hast.
Pasing the fewe Resty Plats, are taken by the Tide.
The slye| Lincoln-Whites have deuoured them,
My selfe, well mounted, hardly have escap’d,
A way before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come.

Enter Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigate.

Hon. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is toucht, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which some suppose to be in the owles Maile dwelling house)
Doth by the idleComments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highness yet doth speake, & holds beleue,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning pangs of his life,
Of that fell poison which affereth him.

Hon. Let him be brought into the Orchard here;
Doth he still rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; even now he sung.

Hon. Oh vanitie of knyghtes! fierce extremities
In their continuance, will not feele themselves.
Dearth ensuing proveth you the outward parts
Lesser them miserable, and his feigne is now
Against the winde, the whiche he prickes and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their strong, and preffe to that last hold,
Comoufled themselves. 'Tis strange ye death hold singing:
I am the Synce; to this pale faint Swan,
Who chantes a final hymne to his owne death,
And yom the organ-pipe of forlery flogs.
His soule and body to their laste refl.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To let a forme upon that indigett
Which he hath left to hapheelle, and to rude.

John brought in.

John. I marrie, now my foule hath elbow roome,
It would not out at windows, nor at doores, 
There is so hot a summer in my bosome, 
That all my bowels crumble vp to dust, 
I am a criped forme drawn with a pen, 
Upon Parchment, and against this fire. 
Do I think vp.

Your Majestie? 

Oh, Poyndrill, ill fate: dead, foresake, call off, 
And none of you will bid the winter come 
To throt his yelc fingers in my now: 
Nor let my king domes Rivers take their course 
Through my burn'd bosome: nor min the North 
To make his bleak winde kisse my parched lips, 
And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much, 
I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight 
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

Oh, that there were some vertue in my tears, 
That might relieve you.

Oh, the fai in them is hot. 
Within me is a hell, and there the poxion 
Is, as a Gen, confined to tyrannize, 
On unexpressable condemn'd blood, 
Enter Boffard.

Oh, I am scal'd with my violent motion 
And spleene of speede, to bee your Majestie.

Oh Cozen, thou art come to let mine eye: 
The tangle of my heart, is crack'd and burn'd, 
And all the flowsers wherewith my life should faire 
Are turn'd to one thing, one little faire: 
My heart hath one poor thing to itay it by, 
Which holds but till thy news be vterred, 
And then all this thou feelst, is but a clod, 
And module of confounded royalty.

The Dolphin is preparing hisher-ward, 
Where heauen he knowes how we shall answer him. 
For in a night the bear part of my powre, 
As I upon advantage did remove, 
Were in the Waters all invisibly. 

Doometer by the unexpressed flood:

You breath thee of dead newses in as dead an eare 
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus, 
Euen so must I rum on, and euen so stop. 

What fairety of the world, what hope, what stay, 
What time was now a King, and now is clay?

Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind, 
To do the office for thee, of reuenge, 
And then my soule shall wait on thee to heauen.