The life and death of King Iohn from Mr. William Shakespeare's comedies, histories, & tragedies.
Published according to the true originall copies.

Mr. VVilliam Shakespeare's comedies, histories, & tragedies

Bodleian First Folio, Arch. G c.7

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

Heminge, John, approximately 1556-1630
Condell, Henry, -1627

Droeshout, Martin, 1601

Jaggard, Isaac, -1627

Blount, Edward, fl. 1594-1632

Jaggard, William, 1569-1623

Smethwicke, John, -1641

Aspley, William, -1640

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Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies.: Published according to the true originall copies. Mr. VVilliam Shakespeares comedies, histories, & tragedies

First Folio

Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616.

London, England:

William Jaggard, Edward Blount, John Smethwicke

1623

8 November 1623 (entered)

Bodleian Library, Arch. G c.7

ESTC, S111228

STC (2nd ed.), 22273

Rasmussen, E. & West, A.J. "The

<note type="citation">Hinman, C. The printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare, Oxford, 1963, p.30</note>


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The signatures varies between sources, with the most commonly cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1) \)
\( 2C^2 \, a-g^6 \, \chi g g^6 \, h-v^6 \, x^4 \, \chi x.2 \, [\text{para.}]-2[\text{para.}]^6 \, 3[\text{para}]^{1 \, a-a-f^6} \)
\( h-h^6 \, k-k-b b^6; \) 2. West: \( \pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 \ 2C^2 \, a-g^6 \, 'g g 3.4' (\pm'g g 3') \, [\text{para.}]-2[\text{para.}]^6 \, 3[\text{para}]^{1 \, 2a-2f^6 \, 2g^2 \, 2G^6 \, 2h^6} \)
\( x^6 \, 2y-3b^6. \)

Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; \( 3g g l \) mis-signed Gg; nn1-nn2 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.

"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.

Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the reader".
The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the mount towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of Droechou imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait and the central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report, including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact Rare Books.

Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623.".</p>
<p>Editors’ dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry Condell.</p>

signed: "Martin-Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The earlier state has lighter shading generall; 2. Later state has heavier shading, especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly with the jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies have the plate in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that the earlier state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state."

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.


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.

Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It was sent out to William Wildgoose on 17 February 1624 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 1635 catalogue of printed books but was gone by the publication of the next catalogue in 1674, replaced by the newer Third Folio (1664). 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 Richard.
Davis, a bookseller in Oxford, in 1664 for the sum of £24.

After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of Richard Turbutt of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family’s possession until 1906, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of £3000, 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 (Oxford, 1905).

For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/ and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.

Digital facsimile images available at: http://firstfolio.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/.
Philip the Bastard, illegitimate son of Sir Robert Faulconbridge

Lord Bigot

Blanch, of Spain, niece to King John

Chatillon, ambassador from France to King John

Constance

Lewis, the Dauphin

English Herald
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<div type="scene" n="1">
<head rend="italic center">Actus Primus, Scæna 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 Salisbury, with the Chattylion of France.</stage>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">King Iohn.</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-Cha">Chatillion</sp>, what would <hi rend="italic">France</hi> with vs?<sp></sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">Ow say <hi rend="italic">France</hi> with vs?</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-Cha">Chat.</sp>
<l>Thus (after greeting) speakes the King 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>
<sp who="#F-jn-eli">Elea.</sp>
<l>A strange beginning: borrowed Maiesty? </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">K. Iohn.</sp>
<l>Silenced (good mother) heaure the Embassie. </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-Cha">Chat.</sp>
<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>
</sp>
</div>
</div>
</body>
</text>
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:

To Ireland, Poictiers, Aniowe, Torayne, Maine,

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which swaies vsurpingly these seuerall titles,

And put the same into young Arthurs hand,

Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.

What followes if we disallow of this?

The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,

To inforce these rights, so forcibly with-

Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,

Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,

For ere thou canst report, I will be there:

The thunde-r of my Cannon shall be heard,

Sullen presage of your owne decay:

An honourable conduct let him haue,

Pembroke looke too't: farewell Pembroke,

What now my sonne, haue I not euer said

How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the
world,

Vpon the right and party of her sonne.

This might haue beene preuented, and made whole

With very easie arguments of loue,

Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must

With fearefull bloody issue arbitrate.

Our strong possession, and our right for vs.

Your strong possession, and much more then your right,

Or else it must go wrong with you and me,

So much my conscience whispers in your eare,

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

Enter a Sheriffe.

My Liege, here is the strangest contouersie

Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you

That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

Let them approach:

Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay

what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Your faithfull subiect, I a gentleman,

Borne in Northamptonshire, and eldest sonne

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge

A Souldier by the Honor giuing a hand

Of Cordelion, Knighted in the field.
K. Iohn.  
What art thou?  
Robert.  
The son and heire to that same Faulconbridge.  
Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?  
You came not of one mother then it seemes.  
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.  
Out on thee rude man, you dost shame thy mother,  
And wound her honor with this diffidence.  
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.  
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,
And were our father, and this sonne like him:

O old sir Robert Father, on my knee

I giue heauen thankes I was not like to thee.

Why what a mad cap haue vs here?

He hath a tricke of Cordilions face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne

In the large composition of this man?

Mine eye hath well examined his parts,

And findes them perfect Richard: sirra speake,

What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.

Because he hath a half face like my father?

With halfe that face would he haue all my land,

A halfe fac'd groat, fiue hundred pound a yeere?

And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie

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

Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlock beare him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wiu'es: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,
Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his,
Insooth, good friend, your father might haue kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre
Your father heyre must haue your fathers land.

Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispossesse that childe which is not his.

Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge, and like thy brother to enioy the land:
Or the reputed sonne of Cordelion,

K. Iohn.
Your fathers wife did after wedlock beare him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wiu'es: tell me, how if my brother
Tooke paines to get this sonne,
Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.

Whether hadst thou rather be a <hi rend="italic">Faulconbridge</hi>,
And like thy brother to enioy the land:
Or the reputed sonne of <hi rend="italic">Cordelion</hi>,

Rob.
Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispossesse that childe which is not his.

Phil.
Of no more force to dispossesse me sir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli.
Whether hadst thou rather be a <hi rend="italic">Faulconbridge</hi>,
And like thy brother to enioy the land:
Or the reputed sonne of <hi rend="italic">Cordelion</hi>,

K. Iohn.
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

Madam and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, sir Roberts his like

And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such eele-stuffs, my face so thin,
That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,
Lest men should say, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his shape were heyre to all this land
Would I might neuer stirre from off this place
It would not be sir nobbe in any case.

I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to France.

Brother, take you my land, Ie take my chance;
Your face hath got fiue hundred pound a yeere,
Yet sell your face for fiue pence and 'tis deere:
Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.

Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.

Our Country manners giue our betters way.

What is thy name?

Philip, my Liege, so is my name
Philip, good old Sir wiues eldest sonne.
From henceforth beare his name:
Kneele thou downe Philip, but rise more great,
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

Brother by th'mothers side, giue me your hand,
My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:
Now blessed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir Robert was away.

The very spirit of Plantaginet:
I am thy granddame Richard, call me so.

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 walke by night,
And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:
And I am I, how ere I was begot.

A landlesse Knight, make thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come Richard, we must speed.

Goe, Faulconbridge, now hast thou thy desire;
Come Madam, and come Richard, we must speed.

Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.
A landlesse Knight, make thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come Richard, we must speed.

For France, for it is more then need.

Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.

Exeunt all but bastard.
Who = #F-jn-phi

Bast.

A foot of Honor better then I was,

But many a many foot of Land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Ioane a Lady,

Good den Sir Richard, Godamercy fellow,

And if his name be George, Ile call him Peter;

For new made honor doth forget mens names:

'Tis two respectiue, and too sociable

For your conuersion, now your traueller,

And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,

Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,

I shall beseech you; that isd question now,

And then comes answer like an Absey booke:

O sir, says answer, at your best command,

No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,

And so ere answer knowes what question would,

Saying in Dialogue of Complement,

And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,

The Perennean and the riuier Poe,

It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.

But this is worshipfull society,

And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;

For he is but a bastard to the time

That doth not smoake of obseruation,

And so am I whether I smacke or no:

Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;

But from the inward motion to deliuer

Sweet, sweet, sweet poson for the ages tooth,

Which though I will not practice to deceiue,

Yet to avoid deceit I meane to learne;

For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:

But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What woman post is this? hath she no husband?

O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,

What brings you heere to Court so hastily?
Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave thy brother? where is he?

That holds in chase mine honour vp and downe.

My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts sonne:

Colbrand the Gyant, that same mighty man,

Is it Sir Roberts sonne that you seeke so?

Sir Roberts sonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,

Sir Roberts sonne? why scorn'st thou at sir Roberts? why shouldst thou.

Iames Gournie, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?

Good leaue good Philip.

Philip, sparrow, Iames.

There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.

Madam, I was not old Sir Roberts sonne,

Sir Roberts might haue eat his part in me.

Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his fast:

Could get me sir Robert could doe well, marrie to conffesse.

Could get me sir Robert could not doe
We know his handy work, therefore good mother.

To whom am I beholding for these limmes?

Sir Robert neuer holpe to make this legge.

Hast thou conspired with thy brother too, That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?

What meanes this scorn e, thou most vntoward knaue?

Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco like:

What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder: But mother, I am not Sir Roberts sonne, I haue disclaim'd Sir Roberts and my land, Legitimation, name, and all is gone; Then good my mother, let me know my father, Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?

Hast thou denied thy selfe a Faulconbridge?

As faithfully as I denie the deuil.

As faithfully as I denie the deuil.

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd To make roome for him in my husbands bed. Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge, That art the issue of my deere offence Which was so strongly vrg'd past my defence.

Now by this light were I to get againe,

Madam I would not wish a better father:

Some sinnes doe beare their priuilege on earth
And so doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subiected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force,
The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his Princely heart from Richards' hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May easily winne a woman: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
When I was got, I will send his soul to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
And they shall say, when Richard begot,
If thou hadst sayd him nay, it had beene sinne;
Who says it was, he lyes, I say twas not.

Exeunt.

Enter Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.
Lewis. Before Angiers well met braue Austria,
That great fore-runner of thy blood,
And fought the holy Warres in Palestine.
By this braue Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posteritie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnaturall Uncle, English John,
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hether.

Richard.

Arth.
God shall forgive you Cordelions.

The rather that you give his offspring life,

Shading their right under your wings of war.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,

But with a heart full of unstained love,

Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

A noble boy, who would not do thee right?

Vpon thy cheek I lay this zealous kiss,

As seal to this indenture of my love:

That to my home I will no more return

Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,

Together with that pale, that whitened shore,

Whose foot spurns back the Oceans roaring tides,

And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,

Euen till that England hedged in with the maine,

That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure

And confident from forreine purposes,

Euen till that Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy

Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,

Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,

To make a more requitall to your love.

The peace of heauen is theirs yet lift their swords

In such a just and charitable warre.
this towne our Royal bones,

Wade to the market place in French mens bloud.

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Wade to the market place in French mens bloud,

Stay for an answer to your Embassie,

Lest vnaduis'd you staine your swords with bloud,

My Lord Chattilion may from England bring

That right in peace which here we urge in warre,

And then we shall repent each drop of bloud,

That hot rash haste so indirectly shedde.

Enter Chattilion.

A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wish

Our Messenger Chattilion is arriu'd,

What England saies, say briefly gentle Lord,

We coldly pause for thee, Chattilion

Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,

And stirre them vp against a mightier taske:

Hath put himself in Armes, the aduerse windes

Whose leisure I haue staid, haue giuen him time

To land his Legio all as soone as I:

His marches are expedient to this towne,

His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:

With him along is come the Mother Queene,

An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,

With her her Neece, the Lady Blanch of Spaine,

With them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,

And all th'vnsetled humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragone spleenes,
Haue sold their fortunes at their natuie homes,
Bearing their birth rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briefe, a brauer choyse of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the English bottomes haue waft o're,
Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome:
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.
How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.
By how much vnexpected, by so much
We must awake indeuor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.
Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne;
If not, bleede France, and peace ascend to heauen.

While we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.

Peace be to France: If France in peace permit
Peace be to England, if that warre returne
From France to England, there to liue in peace:
we loue, and for that
With burden of our armor heere we sweat:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine;
But thou from loving England art so farre,
    That thou hast under wrought his lawfull King,
    Cut off the sequence of posterity,
    Out & faced Infant State, and done a rape
    Upon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
    Looke heere upon thy brother Geffreys face,
    These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
    This little abstract doth containe that large,
    Which died in Geffrey:
    And this is Geffreyes in the name of God:
    How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
    When liuing blood doth in these temples beat
    Which owe the crowne, that thou ore masterest?

From whom hast thou this great commission
    To draw my answer from thy Articles?

To any beast of strong authoritie,
    To looke into the blots and stains of right,
    That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
    Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
    And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

In any beast of strong authoritie,
    That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
    Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
    And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

K. Iohn.

K. Iohn.

Alack thou dost vsurpe authoritie.

Excuse it is to beat vsurping downe.

K. Iohn.

K. Iohn.

Fran.

From any beast of strong authoritie,
    To looke into the blots and stains of right,
    That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
    Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
    And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

In any beast of strong authoritie,
    That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
    Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
    And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.
Who is it thou dost call usurper France?

Let me make answer: thy usurping sonne.

Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King, that thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.

My bed was eue to thy sonne as true as thine was to thy husband, and this boy liker in feature to this father.

Then thou and Iohn, in manners being as like,

As raine to water, or devil to his damme;

As my boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke,

It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy fa ther.

There's a good granddame boy that would blot thee.

That would blot thee.

Peace.

Heare the Cryer.

What the devil art thou?

What the devil art thou?
Bast. One that will play the devil sir with you, and may catch your hide and you alone: You are the Hare of whom the Proverb goes: I'll smoke your skin and I catch you right, y'faith I will, y'faith.

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe, that did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as sightly on the backe of him as great Alcides shoes upon an Ass:

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafes our eares with this abundance of superfluous breath? King Lewis, determine what we shall doe strait.

Lew. Women & fools, break off your conference. King Iohn, this is the very summe of all: England and Ireland, Angiers, Toraine, Maine, in right of Arthur doe I claim of thee:

Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

My life as soone: I doe defie thee France, of Arthur of Britaine, yeeld thee to my hand, and out of my deere loue I will giue thee more, Then ere the coward hand of France can win;

Submit thee boy.
Queen.

Come to thy grandame child.

Cons.

Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,

Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will

Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,

There's a good grandame.

Arthur.

Good my mother peace,

I would that I were low laid in my graue,

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

His mother shames him so, poore boy hee

(weepes.

Now shame vpon you where she does or no.

His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames

Drawes those heauen-mouing pearles

from his poor eies,

Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee:

I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd

To doe him justice, and reuenge on you.

Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth.

Thou monstrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,

Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurpe

The Dominations, Royalties, and rights

Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,

Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy sinnes are visited in this poore childe,

The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation
Remoued from thy sinne conceiving wombe.

Bedlam haue done.

I haue but this to say,
That he is not onely plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
On this remoued issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sinne: his iniury
Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne,
All punish'd the person of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her.

Thou vnaduised scold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne.

I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.

Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It ill beseemes this presence to cry ay me
To these ill tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles
These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,
Whose title thery admit, Arthurs or Iohns.

'Tis France, for England.

Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?
These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake,
Whose title thery admit, Arthurs or Iohns.

Trumpet sounds.
Enter a Citizen vpon the walles.

Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?
England for it selfe: You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects.

You louing men of Angiers, Arthurs subiects. Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first: These flagges of France that are aduanced heere. Before the eye and prospect of your Towne, Haue hither march'd to your endamage, The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath, And ready mounted are they to spit forth. Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles: All preparation for a bloody siedge. And merclies proceeding, by these French. Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates: And but for our approach, those sleeping stones, That as a waste doth girdle you about. By the compulsion of their Ordinance, By this time from their fixed beds of lime. Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocke made. For bloody power to rush vppon your peace. But on the sight of vs your lawfull King, Who painefullly with much expedient march. Haue brought a counter checke before your gates.

To saue vnscratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes. Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle. And now instead of bullettswrapt in fire. To make a shaking feuer in your walles. They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoake. To make a faithlesse errour in your eares. Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizens. And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits. Fore wearied in this action of swift speedee. Craues harbourage within your Cittie walles.

To haue a castle for your selfe. When I haue saide, make answer to vs both. Loce in this right hand, whose protection. Is most diuinely vow'd vpon the right. Of him it holds, stands yong.
Plantagenet,

Son to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:

For this downe-troden 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'invulnerable clouds of heauen,

And with a blessed and vn-trodden retyre,

We will beare home that lustie blood againe,

Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,

And leaue your children, wiuies, and you in peace.

But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,

'Tis not the rounder of your old-faced 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?

In breefe, we are the King of Englands subiects

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

In briefe, we are the King of Englands subiects

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

Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

To him will we proue loyall, till that time

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

Doth not the Crowne of England, prooue the King?

And if not that, I bring you Witnesses

Twice fifteene thousand hearts of Englands breed.
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
<sp>Bastards and else.</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<sp>To verifie our title with their liues.</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<sp>As many and as well\&#x2011;borne bloods as those.</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
<sp>Some Bastards too.</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<sp>Stand in his face to contradict his claime.</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-cit">
<speaker rend="italic">Cit.</speaker>
<sp>Till you compound whose right is worthiest.</sp>
<sp>We for the worthiest hold the right from both.</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
<speaker rend="italic">Iohn.</speaker>
<sp>Then God forgiue the sinne of all those soules.</sp>
<sp>That to their everlasting residence.</sp>
<sp>Before the dew of euening fall, shall fleete</sp>
<sp>In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
<speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
<sp>Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
<sp>Saint <hi rend="italic">George</hi> that swindg'd the</sp>
<sp>Dragon.</sp>
<sp>And ere since sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore</sp>
<sp>At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse;</sp>
<sp>I would set an Oxe\&#x2011;head to your Lyons hide;</sp>
<sp>And make a monster of you.</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-lym">
<speaker rend="italic">Aust.</speaker>
<sp>Peace, no more.</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.

Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l set forth in best appointment all our Regiments.

Speed then to take advantage of the field.

Command the rest to stand, God and our right.

Exeunt

Enter the Herald of France with Trumpets to the gates.

You men of Angiers open wide your gates, and let yong Arthur Duke of Britaine in,

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

Rejoyce you men of Angiers, ring your bels, King Iohn, your king and Englands, doth approach.
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence so siluer bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
There stuck no plume in any English Crest,
That is remoued by a staffe of France.
Our colours do returne in those same hands
That did display them when we first marcht forth:
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and giue the Victors way.

Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
Of both your Armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured:
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue answerd
Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers,
at seuerall doores.

France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the currant of our right rome on,
Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leaue his natiue channell, and ore swell
with course disturb'd euen thy confining shores,
Vnlesse thou let his siluer Water, keepe A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

England thou hast not sau'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
That swayes the earth this Climate ouer looks,
Before we will lay downe our iust borne Armes
Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainst whom these Armes
resp="#ES"/> wee

Or adde a royall number to the dead:

Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Or adde a royall number to the dead:

Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus:

Cry haucck kings, backe to the stained field

You equall Potents, fierie kindled spirits,

Then let confusion of one part confirm

The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

Whose party do the Townesmen yet admit?

Speake Citizens for England, whose your king.

Know him in vs, that heere hold vp his right.

In Vs, that are our owne great Deputie,

And beare possession of our Person heere,

Lord of our presence Angiers, and of you.

A greater powre then We denies all this,

And till it be vndoubted, we do locke

Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates:

Kings of our feare, vntill our feares resoul'd

Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.
By heauen, these scroyles of Angiers flout you
And stand securely on their battelments,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Ierusalem,
Be friends a while, and both conioyntly bend
Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By East and West let France and England mount.
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their soule-fearing clamours haue braul'd
downe
The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'de play incessantly vpon these Iades,
Euen till vnfenced desolation
Leaua tham as naked as the vulgar ayre:
That done, disseuer your vnited strengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy Minion,
And kisse him with a glorious victory:
Smackes it not something of the policie.

Now by the sky that hangs aboue our heads,
I like it well. Fraunce, shall we knit our powres,
And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuish Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,
And when that we haue dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke vpon our selues, for heauen or hell.

Let it be so: say, where will you assault?
Iohn.

We from the West will send destruction into this Cities bosome.

Aust.

I from the North.

Fran.

Our Thunder from the South, shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Bast.

O prudent discipline! From North to South: Austria and France shoot in each others mouth.

Ile stirre them to it: Come, away.

Hub.

Heare vs great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay and I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:

Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,

Rescue those breathing liues to dye in beds,

That heere come sacrifices for the field.

Perseuer not, but heare me mighty kings.

Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.

That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady Blanch is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres of Lewes the Dolphin, and that louely maid.

If lustie loue should go in quest of beautie,

Where the life and death of King Iohn.

Where should he finde it fairer, then in
If zealous love should go in search of virtue, Where should he find it purer then in Blanch?

If love ambitious, sought a match of birth, Whose veins contain richer blood then Lady Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, Is the young Dolphin every way complete, If not complete of, say he is not she, And she again wants nothing, to name want, If want it be not, that she is not he: He is the half part of a blessed man, Left to be finished by such a she, And she a faire divided excellence, Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.

Do glorify the banks that bound the two such silver currents when they join, And two such shores, two such streams made one, Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings, To these two Princes, if you marry them, This Union shall do more then battery can, To our fast closed gates: for at this match, With swifter spleen then powder can enforce, The mouth of passage shall we fling wide open, And give you entrance: but without this match, The sea enraged is not half so deaf, Lyons more confident, Mountains and rocks more free from motion, no not death himselfe.

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

Bast. Here's a stay, That shakes the rotten carcase of old death, Out of his rages. Here's a large mouth indeed, That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas, Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons, As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogges, What Cannoneer begot this lustie blood, He speaks plain Cannon fire, and smoke, and bounce, He gives the bastinado with his tongue, Our eares are cudgell'd, not a word of his, But buffets better then a fist of France: Zounds, I was neuer so bethump't with words, Since I first call'd my brothers father Dad.
<speaker rend="italic">Old Qu.</speaker>  
 Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,
 Give with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
 For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye,
 Thy now unsur d assurance to the Crowne,
 That yon greene boy shall haue no Sunne to ripe
 The bloome that promiseth a mightie fruite.
 I see a yeelding in the lookes of France,
 Marke how they whisper, vrge them while their soules
 Are capeable of this ambition,
 Least zeale now melted by the windie breath,
 Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
 Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hub.  
 Why answer not the double Maiesties,
 This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.

Fra.  
 Speake England first, that hath bin forward first
 To speake vnto this Cittie: what say you?
 If that the Dolphin there thy Princely sonne,
 Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue:
 Her Dowrie shall weig equall with a Queene:
 For Angiers, and faire Toraine Maine, Poyctiers,
 And all that we vpon this side the Sea,
 (Except this Cittie now by vs besiedg'd)
 Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
 In titles, honors, and promotions,
 As she in beautie, education, blood,
 Holdes hand with any Princesse of the world.

Iohn.  
 What sai'st thou boy? Looke in the Ladies face.

Dol.  
 I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow:
I do protest I neuer lou'd my selfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Whispers with Blanch.

Bast.

My vnckles will in this respect is mine,
If he see ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he see's which moues his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will,
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it easlie to my loue.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthie loue,
Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselues should bee your Iudge,
That I can finde, should merit any hate.

Blan.

What saie these yong - ones? What say you my Neece?
That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisedome still vouchsafe to say.
Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this Ladie?
Nay aske me if I can refraine from loue.
For I doe loue her most vnfainedly.

Then do I giue Volquessen, Toraine, Maine, Poyctiers, Aniow, these fiue Prouinces, Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne: Phillip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,

Command thy sonne and daughter to ioyne hands.

It likes vs well young Princes: close your hands.

And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd, That I did so when I was first assur'd.

Now Cittizens of Angires ope your gates, Let in that amitie which you haue made, For at Saint Maries Chappell presently, The rights of marriage shallbe solemniz'd. Is not the Ladie Constance in this troope? I know she is not for this match made vp,

Her presence would haue interrupted much.
Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes?

She is sad and passionate at your highnes Tent.

And by my faith, this league that we haue made, Will giue her sadnesse very little cure: Brother of England, how may we content This widdow Lady? In her right we came, Which we God knowes haue turn d another way,
To our owne vantage.

She is sad and passionate at your highnes Tent.

Iohn.<l>We will heale vp all,</l><hi rend="italic">Arthur</hi> Duke of Britaine
<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">We</fw><pb facs="FFimg:axc0332.jpg" n="8"/>
The life and death of King Iohn.<fw type="rh"/>
<cb n="1"/>
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady <hi rend="italic">Constance</hi>,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire,
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill vp the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfie her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as hast will suffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe.

Exeunt.<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
Bast.</sp><hi rend="italic">John</hi> to stop <hi rend="italic">Arthurs</hi> Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the eare,
With that same purposechanger, that slye diuel,
That Broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,
That dayly breakevow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who hauing no externall thing to loose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That smoothfac'd Gentleman, tickling
Commoditie,
The world, who of it selfe is peysed well,
Made to run euen, vpon euen ground,
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
This sway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent,
And this same byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a resolu'd and honourable warre,
To a most base and vile concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
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 commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee.

Exit.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
False blood to false blood ioyn'd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall Lewis haue Blaunch, and Blaunch 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 frighting me,
For I am sicke, and capeable of feares,
Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widow, husbands, subiect to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares,
And though thou now confesse thou didst but iest
With my vex't spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?
What meanes that hand vpon that breast of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhewme,
Like a proud riever peering ore his bounds?
Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

As true as I beleue you thinke them false,
That giue you cause to proue my saying true.

Oh if thou teach me to beleue this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleefe, and life encounter so,
As doth the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry France friend with England, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This newes hath made thee a most vuggy man.

What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?
Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.
I do beseech you Madam be content.
If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
Vgley, and slandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleasing blot's, and sightlesse staines,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye markes,
I would not care, I then would be content.
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 ioyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
And with the halfe&\#x2011;blowne Rose. But Fortune,

oh,/

She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourely with thine Vnckle
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Soueraigntie,
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king
Tell me thou fellow, is no France forswo
 venom him with words, or get thee gone,

And leaue those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder&\#x2011;beare.

Pardon me Madam,
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,
Can hold it vp: here I and sorrowes sit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus <fw type="catchword" place="footRight" rend="italic">Tertius, Sc</fw>

Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip,
Austria, Constance.
Fran.
'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Euer in France shall be kept festiuall:
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne,
Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearely course that brings this day about,
Shall neuer see it, but a holy day.

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

Fra.
By heauen Lady, you shall haue no cause
to curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty?

Const.
You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride,
Proues valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies bloud,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made vp this league:
Arme, arme, you heauens, against these periur'd Kings,
A widower cries, be husband to me (heauens)
Let not the howres of this vngodly day
Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun
Set armed discord 'twixt these periur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.
Aust.<l>
Lady <hi rend="italic">Constance</hi>, peace.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-con">
 Const.<l>
War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:</l>
 O <hi rend="italic">Lymoges</hi>, O <hi rend="italic">Austria</hi>, thou dost shame</l>
</sp>
</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-lym">
 Aust.<l>
That bloudy spoyle: thou slaufe, thou wretch, y<sup>c</sup> coward.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 Phil.<l>
And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbs.</l>
</sp>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-lym">
 Aust.<l>
Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.</l>
</sp>
<cb n="2"/>
<sp who="#F-jn-fra">
 Phil.<l>
And hang a Calues skin on those recreant limbs.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-jn-joh">
 Iohn.<l>
We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.</l>
</sp>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Pandulph.</stage>
Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.

To thee King Pandulph, of faire Millane Cardinal, And from Pope Innocent heere, Doe in his name religiously demand Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother, So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce Keepe Stephen Langton chosen Archbishop Of Canterbury from that holy Sea: This in our foresaid holy Fathers name Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.

What earthie name to Interrogatories Can tast the free breath of a sacred King? Thou canst not (Cardinal) deuise a name So slight, vnworthy, and ridiculous To charge me to an answere, as the Pope: Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England, Adde thus much more, that no Italian Priest

Shall tythe or toll in our dominions: But as we, vnder heauen, are supreme head, So vnder him that great supremacy Where we doe regaine, we will alone vphold Without th'assistance of a mortall hand: So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart To him and his vsurp'd authoritie.

Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.
Are led so grossely by this medling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sells pardon from himselfe:
Though you, and all the rest so grossely led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

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

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

There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.
And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot give my childe his kingdom here;
For he that holds his Kingdom, holds the Law:
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Philip of France, on perill of a curse,
Let goe the hand of that Arch\textsuperscript{2} heretique,
And raise the power of France vpon his head,
Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to
Rome.

Elea.

Look'st thou pale France? do not let go thy hand.

Con.

Looke to that Deuill, lest that France repent.

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,

Your breeches best may carry them.

Iohn.

Philip, what saist thou to the Cardinall?

Con.

What should he say, but as the Cardinall?

Bolph.

Bethinke you father, for the difference

Is purchase of a heauy curse from Rome,

Or the light losse of England, for a
friend:

Forgoe the easier.

thee heere

In likenesse of a new vntrimmed Bride.

her faith,

But from her need.

Oh, if thou grant my need,

O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,

O be remou'd from him, and answere well.

Doe so king Philip, hang no more in doubt.

Hang nothing but a Calues skin most sweet lout.

I am perplext, and know not what to say.
Pan. What canst thou say, but wilt perplex thee more? If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

Fra. Good reverend father, make my person yours, and tell me how you would bestow yourself? This royall hand and mine are newly knit, and the conjunction of our inward souls. With all religious strength of sacred vows, the latest breath that gave the sound of words. Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true love between our kingdoms and our royall selves. No longer then we well could wash our hands to clap this royall bargain vp of peace, Heauen knowes they were besmear'd and overspotted with slaughters pencill; where revenge did paint the fearefull difference of incensed kings. And shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood? so newly join'd in love? so strong in both, vnnyoke this seysure, and this kinde regrette? Play fast and loose with faith? so iest with heauen, Make such vnconstant children of our selves as now againe to snatch our palme from palme: Vnswear faith sworne, and on the marriage bed of smiling peace to march a bloody host, And make a riyot on the gentle brow of true sincerity? O holy Sir! My reverend father, let it not be so; Out of your grace, devise, ordaine, impose some gentle order, and then we shall be blest to doe your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse, saue what is opposite to Englands loue. Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church, Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse, A mothers curse, on her rebolting sonne, France, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue, A cased Lion by the mortall paw,
A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

I may disjoyne my hand, but not my faith.
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,
But thou hast sworne against religion:
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the suretic for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art vnswere:
To sweare, sweares 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.

Rebellion, flat rebellion.
Bast. Wil't not be? Will not a Calues skin stop that mouth of thine?

Daul. Father, to Armes.

Blanch. Vpon thy weddin g day?

Const. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling, I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous Daulphin.

Dolph. I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold, When such profound respects doe pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curse vpon his head.
<speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
   <l><hi rend="italic">Thou shalt not need. <abbr>fr</abbr>&amp;#014D;</hi></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<u>shalt rue this houre within this houre.</u></l></sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>
   <l>\Old Time the clocke setter, y</l>
</sp>

 sexton Time:<l>
   <l>Is it as he will? well then, <hi rend="italic">France</hi> shall rue.</l></l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-bla">
   <speaker rend="italic">Bla.</speaker>
   <l>The Sun's orecast 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 haung hold of both,</l>
   <l>They whurle &amp;#x2011;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 thrue;</l>
   <l>Who&amp;#x2011;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>
Iohn.

Cosen, goe draw our puisance together,

France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,.

A rage, whose heat hath this condition;

The blood and dearest valued bloud of France.

Thy rage shall burne thee, vp, thou shalt turne to ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:

Looke to thy selfe, thou art in ieopardie.

No more then he that threats. To Arms let's hie.

Enter Bastard with Austria's head.

Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,

Some ayery Deuill houers in the skie,

And pour's downe mischiefe. Austrian's head lye there,

My Lord I rescued her,

My Mother is assail'd in our Tent,

While Philip breathes.

Philip make vp,

My Mother is assail'd in our Tent,

And tane I feare.

My Lord I rescued her,
Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not:
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end.

Exit.

Alarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur

Iohn.

So shall it be: your Grace shall stay behinde
So strongly guarded: Cosen, looke not sad,
Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Iohn.

Cosen away for England, haste before,
And ere our comming see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots, imprisoned angells
Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed vpon:
Vse our Commission in his vtmost force.

Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not drieve me back,
When gold and siluer becks me to come on.
I leaue your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray
(If euer I remember to be holy)
For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand.

Farewell gentle Cosen.

Coz, farewell.

Farewell gentle Cosen.
Ele.

Come hether little kinsman, harke, a worde.

Iohn.

Come hether Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh

There is a soule counts thee her Creditor,

And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:

And good friend, thy voluntary oath

Liues in this bosome, deerely cherished.

Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,

But I will fit it with some better tune.

By heauen Hubert, I am almost asham'd

To say what good respect I haue of thee.

I am much bounden to your Maiesty.

Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,

But thou shalt haue: and creepe time nere so slow,

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 heauen, and the proud day,

Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes

To give me audience: If the mid-night bell

Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth

Sound on into the drowzie race of night:

If this same were a Church-yard where we stand,

And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:

Or if that surly spirit melancholy

Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heauy, thicke,

Which else runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,

Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,

And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,

A passion hatefull to my purposes:

Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,

Heare me without thine eares, and make reply

Without a tongue, vsing conceit alone,

Then, in despight of brooded watchfull day,

I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts:

But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,

And by my troth I thinke thou lou'st me well.
Hub.

So well, that what you bid me undertake,

Though that my death were adjunct to my Act,

By heauen I would doe it.

Iohn.

Doe not I know thou wouldst?

Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert throw thine eye:

On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,

He is a very serpent in my way,

He lies before me: dost thou understand me?

Thou art his keeper.

And Ile keepe him so,

That he shall not offend your Maiesty.

Death.

He shall not liue.

Enough.

I could be merry now, Hubert, I loue thee.

Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee:

Remember: Madam, Fare you well,

Ile send those powers o're to your Maiesty.
My blessing goe with thee.

For England Cosen, goe.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you.

With al true duetie: On toward Callice, hoa.

Exeunt.

The life and death of King Iohn.

[Act 3, Scene 4]

Scæna Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphine, Pandulpho, Attendants.

So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,

A whole Armado of convicted saile

Is scattered and disioyn'd from fellowship.

Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.

What can goe well, when we haue runne so ill?

Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?

Arthur tane prisoner? diuers deere friends slaine?

And blody England into England gone;

Ore&xy2011;bearing interruption spight of England?

What he hath won, that hath he fortified:

So hot a speed, with such aduice dispos'd,

Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,

Doth want exa: who hath read, or heard ple: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

Well could I beare that England had this praise,

So we could finde some patterne of our shame:

Enter Constance.

Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a soule,

Holding the eternall spirit against her will,

In the vilde prison of afflicted breath:

I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Lo; now: now see the issue of your peace.

Patience good Lady, comfor gentle Constance.

No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse,

But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:

Death, death, O amiable, louely death,

Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottennesse,

Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,

Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,

And I will kisse thy detestable bones,

And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,

And ring these fingers with thy houshold wormes,

And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,

And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe;

Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smil'st,

And busse thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue,

O come to me.

O faire affliction, peace.

No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:

O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,

Then with a passion would I shake the world,

And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy.
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which scorne a modern Invocation.

Lady, you utter madnesse, and not sorrow.

Thou art holy to belye me so,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is Constance, I was Geffreyes wife,
Yong Arthur 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:
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.)
For, being not mad, but sensible of griefe,
My reasonable part produces reason:
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe:
If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,
Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamity.

Binde vp those tresses: O what loue I note
In the faire multitude of those her haires;
Where but by chance a silver drop hath falne,
Doe glew themselues in sociable griefe,
Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamity.

To England, if you will.

Binde vp your haires.
Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?

Yes, I tore them from their bonds, and cried aloud.

O, that these hands could so redeem my sonne,

As they have given these hairs their liberty:

But now I enue at their liberty,

And will again commit them to their bonds,

Because my poore childe is a prisoner.

And Father Cardinall, I have heard you say

That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:

If that be true, I shall see my boy again:

For since the birth of Caine, the first
male child 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 native beauty from his cheek,

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 again,

When I shall meet him in the Court of heaven:

I shall not know him: therefore never, never

Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

You hold too heinous a respect of griefe.

He talkes to me, that never had a sonne.

You are as fond of griefe, as of your childe.

Griefe fills 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,

Remembets me of all his gracious parts.

Stufles out his vacant garments with his forme;

Then, haue I reason to be fond of griefe?

Farewell: had you such a losse as I,

I could giue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is such disorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my faire sonne,
My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:
My widow's comfort, and my sorrowes cure.

Exit.

I feare some out rage, and Ile follow her.

Exit.

There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,
Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
Vexing the dull care of a drowsie man;
And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste,
That it yeelds nought but shame and bitternesse.

All daies of glory, ioy, and happinesse.

If you had won it, certainely you had.
No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,
She lookes vpon them with a threatening eye:
'Tis strange to thinke how much King Iohn hath lost:
In this which he accounts so clearely wonne:
Are not you grieu'd that Arthur is his prisoner?

Are

The life and death of King Iohn.

Are
As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.

Now heare me speake with a propheticke spirit:

For euen the breath of what I meane to speake,

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub

Out of the path which shall directly lead

Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:

Iohn hath seiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be:

That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,

The misplacer'd Iohn should entertaine an houre,

One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.

A Scepter snatch'd with an vnruuly hand.

Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.

And he that stands vpon a slipp'ry place,

Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him vp:

That Iohn may stand, then

So be it, for it cannot but so.

But what shall I gaine by yon Arthurs fall?

And loose it, life and all, as Arthur did.

You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,

May then make all the claime that

needs must fall,

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

But what shall I gaine by yong Arthurs fall?

You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,

May then make all the claime that

needs must fall,

So be it, for it cannot be but so.

And loose it, life and all, as

layes you plots: the times

conspire with you,

For he that steepes his safetie in true blood,

Shall finde but bloodie safety, and vntrue.

This Act so euilly borne shall coole the hearts

Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.
No naturall exhalation in the skie,
No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,
No common winde, no customed event,
But they will plucke away his naturall cause,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,
Abortiues, presages, and tongues of heauen,
Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon

Iohn

May be he will not touch yong <hi rend=italic">Arthurs</hi> life,

But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.

O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,
If that yong <hi rend=italic">Arthur</hi> be not gone alreadie,
Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people shall reuolt from him,
And kisse the lippes of vnacquainted change,
And picke strong matter of reuolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of

Iohn

Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Then I haue nam'd. The Bastard <hi rend=italic">Falconbridge</hi>
Is now in England ransacking the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traine ten thousand English to their side;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their soules are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.

Dol.

Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go,
If you say I, the King will not say no.

Dol.

Exeunt.
Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub.

Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stande within the Arras: when I strike my foot upon the bosome of the ground, rush forth and binde the boy, which you shall finde with me: Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.

Exec.

I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.

Hub.

Uncleanly scruples feare not you: looke too't. Yong Lad come forth; I haue to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Ar.

Good morrow Hubert.

Hub.

Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar.

As little Prince, hauing so great a Title to be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.

Indeed I haue beene merrier.

'Mercie on me: Me thinkes no body should be sad but I: Yet I remember, when I was in France, Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night.
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 afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was Geoffreyes sonne?
No in deede is't not: and I would to heauen
I were your sonne, so you would loue me, Hubert:

If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.

Are you sicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,
Insooth I would you were a litt le sicke,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I loue you more then you do me.

His words do take possession of my bosome.
Reade heere yong Arth. 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?

Too fairely Hubert, for so foule effect,
Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?
Yong Boy, I must.

Yong Boy, I must.

Too fairely Hubert, for so foule effect,
And I will.

Haue you the heart? When your head did but ake,

I knit my handkercher about your browes (The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me)

And I did neuer aske it you againe:

And with my hand, at midnight held your head;

And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,

Still and anon cheer'd vp the heauy time;

Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?

Or what good loue may I performe for you?

Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still,

And nere haue spoke a louing word to you:

But you, at your sicke service had a Prince:

Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue,

And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If heauen be pleas'd that you must vse me ill,

Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer shall

So much as frowne on you.

I haue sworne to do it:

And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

If heauen be pleas'd that you must use me ill,

Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?

These eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer shall

So much as frowne on you.

I haue sworne to do it:

And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:

The Iron of it selfe though he ate red hot,

Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,

And quench this fierie indignation,

Euen in the matter of mine innocence:

Nay, after that, consume away in rust,

But for containing fire to harme mine eye:

Are you more stubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?

And if an Angell should haue come to me,

And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,

I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but
Hub.

Come forth: Do as I bid you do.

Art.

O saue me Hubert, saue me: my eyes are out.

Euen with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.

Hub.

Giue me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.

Art.

Alas, what neede you be so boistrous rough?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone still:

For heauen sake Hubert let me not be bound:

Nay heare me Hubert, driue these men away,

And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.

I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,

Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:

Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgiue you,

What euer torment you do put me too.

Hub.

Go stand within: let me alone with him.

Exec.

I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.

Art.

Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,

He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:

Let him come backe, that his compassion may giue life to yours.

Hub.

Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.

Art.

Speaker rend="italic" >Hub.

Speaker rend="italic" >Art.

Speaker rend="italic" >Art.

Speaker rend="italic" >Art.
Is there no remedie?

None, but to lose your eyes.

O heauen: that there were but a mot in yours, A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire, Any annoyance in that precious sense: Then feeling what small things are boyesterous there, Your vlde intent must needs seeme horrible.

Is this your promise? Go too, hold your toong

Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes: let me not hold my tongue: let me not

Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes: let me not hold my tongue: let me not

And would not harme me.

But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.
And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings,
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lacke
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking versus.

Well, see to live: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Uncle owes,
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this same very Iron, to burne them out.
Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Uncle must not know but you are dead.
I'll fill these dogged Spies with false reports:
And, pretty child, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,
That Uncle for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

O heavens! I thanke you Hubert.
Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,
Much danger do I undergo for thee.
Enter Iohn, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.

Iohn.

Heere once againe we sit: once against crown'd And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem.

This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd) Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before, And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere stained with reuolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the Land With any long'd for change, or better State.

Therefore, to be possess'd with double pompe, To guard a Title, that was rich before; To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly; To throw a perfume on the Violet, To smooth the yce, or add another hew Vnto the Raine bow, or with Taper light

To seeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish, Is wastefull, and ridiculous excess.

But that your Royall pleasure must be done, This acte, is as an ancient tale new told, And, in the last repeating, troublesome, Being vrged at a time vnseasonable.

In this the Anticke, and well noted face, Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured, And like a shifted winde vnto a saile, It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about, Startles, and frights consideration: Makes sound opinion sicke, and truth suspected, For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

When Workemen striue to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in courteousness.;
And oftentimes excusing of a fault;
Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse;
As patches set upon a little breach;
Discredite more in hiding of the fault;
Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.

To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Counsell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To ouerbear 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.

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

Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all
Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th'infranchisement of Arthur, whose
restraint

Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in rest you haue, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
The steppes of wrong, should moue you to mew vp
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise
That the times enemies may not haue this
To grace occasions: let it be our suite,
That you haue bid vs aske his libertie
Which for our goods, we do no further aske;
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he haue his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

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

This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Liues in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,
And I do fearefully beleue 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpose and his conscience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.
And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childes death.

We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to giue,
The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels vs Arthur is deceas'd to night.
Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.
Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.

night.

indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.
Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke,
This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.
Ioh. Why do you bend such solemn browes on me? Think you I beare the Sheeres of destiny? Have I commandement on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparant foule play, and 'tis shame That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it; So thrive it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee, And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe, His little kin gdome of a forced graue. That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile, Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while: This must not be thus borne, this will breake out To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt.

Exeunt

Mes. There is no sure foundation set on blood:
No certaine life atchieu'd by others death:
A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood, That I haue seene inhabite in those cheekes?
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mes. From France to England, neuer such a powre
For any forraigne preparation.
Was leuied in the body of a land.
The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.

Ioh. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke? Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And she not heare of it?

My Liege, her eare
Is stopt with dust: the first of Aprill di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzie di'de
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.

Vnder whose conduct came those powres of France,
That thou for truth giu'st out are landed heere?

Vnder the Dolphin.
Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What sayes the world
To your proceedings?
Do not seeke to stuffe:
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.

But if you be a-feard to heare the wors
Then let the worst vn-heard, fall on your head.
Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.
How I haue sped among the Clergy men,
The summes I haue collected shall expresse:
But as I trauail'd hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantasied,
Possest with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne.

Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Fore knowing that the truth will fall out so.
Hubert, away with him: imprison him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
I shall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliuer him to safety, and returne,
For I must vse thee. O my gentle Cosen,
Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?
The French (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it:
Besides I met Lord Bigot, and Lord Salisbury
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seeke the graue
Of Arthur, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your
Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?

Gentle kinsman, go
And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,

b2
I
The life and death of King Iohn.

I haue a way to winne their loues againe: Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seeke them out.

Iohn. Nay, but make haste: the better foote before, O, let me haue no subiect enemies,

With dreadfull pompe of stout invasian. Be Mercurie, set feathers to thy heeles,

And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

Exit

Iohn. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman. Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede

Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres, And be thou hee.

Mes. With all my heart, my Liege.

Iohn. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they say fiue Moones were seene to (night:

Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about The other foure, in wondrous motion.

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

Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares?
Why vrgest thou so oft yong Arthurs death?
Thy hand hath murdrd him: I had a mighty cause
to wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Herere is your hand and Seale for what I did.
Oh, when the last accompt twixt heauen &amp; earth is to be made, then shall this hand and seal witness against us to damnation. How oft the sight of meanes to do ill deeds, Make deeds ill done? Hadst not thou beene by, A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd, Quoted, and sign'd to do a deed of shame, This murder had not come into my minde. But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect, Finding thee fit for bloody villainy, Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger, I faintly broke with thee of Arthurs death: And thou, to be endeered to a King, Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

My Lord.

My Lord.

Arme you against your other enemies: Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.

Yong Arthur is aliue: This hand of
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosome, never entered yet.
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought.
And you have slander’d Nature in my forme.
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fayrer mind,
Then to be butcher of an innocent child.

Iohn.

Doth Arthur live? O hast thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incens’d rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the Comment that my passion made.
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde.
And foule immaginarie eyes of blood.
Presented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, answer not; but to my Closet bring.
The angry Lords, with all expedient hast.
I conjure thee but slowly: run more fast.

Enter Pembroke & Bigot.

Enter Arthur on the walles.
The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittyful, and hurt me not.
There’s few or none do know me, if they did.
This Ship-boyes semblance hath disguis’d me quite.
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away;
As good to dye, and go; as dye, and stay.
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,
Heauen take my soule, and England keep my bones.

Dies
Enter Pembroke Salisbury, & Bigot.
Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmondsbury, It is our safety, and we must embrace this gentle offer of the perilous time. Who brought that letter from the Cardinall? The Count Melone, a noble lord of France, Whose private with me of the Dolphin's love, is much more general, than these lines import. To-morrow morning let us meet him then. Whose private with me of the Dolphin's love, Is much more general, than these lines import. The life and death of King Iohn. An ink mark follows the end of this line. To-morrow morning let us meet him then. Whose private with me of the Dolphin's love, Is much more general, than these lines import.

Enter Bastard.

Once more to-day well met, distemper'd Lords, The King by me requests your presence straight.

The king hath disposset himselfe of us, We will not line his thin-bestained cloake with our pure Honours: nor attend the foot, That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes. Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst.

What ere you thinke, good words I thinke were best.
Our greefes, and not our manners reason now.

But there is little reason in your greefe.

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Sir, sir, impatiencie hath his priuiledge.

'Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans else.

This is the prison: What is he lyes heere?

Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.

Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on reuenge.

Or when he doom'd this Beautie to graue,
Found it too precious Princely, for a graue.

Sir <hi rend="italic">Richard</hi>, what thinke you?
Or do you almost thinke, although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this obiect
Forme such another? This is the very top,
The heighth, the Crest: or Crest vnto the Crest
Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest Sauagery, the vildest stroke
That euer wall &#x2011;ey'd wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the teares of soft remorse.

All murthers past, do stand excus'd in this;
And this so sole, and so vnmatcheable,
Shall giue a holinesse, a puritie,
To the yet vnbegotten sinne of times;
And proue a deadly blood shed, but a iest,
Exampled by this heynous spectacle.

It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The gracelesse action of a heauy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand.
We had a kinde of light, what would ensue:
It is the shamefull worke of Huberts hand,
The practice, and the purpose of the king:
From whose obedience I forbid my soule,
Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Neuer to taste the pleasures of the world,
Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor conuersant with Ease, and Idlenesse,
Till I haue set a glory to this hand,
By giuing it the worship of Reuenge.

Our soules religiously confirme thy words.

Lords, I am ho\textsubscript{t} with haste, in seeking you,
\textit{Arthur} doth liue, the king hath sent for you.

Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death,
Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone.
Hu. I am no villaine.

Sal. Must I rob the Law?

Bast. Your sword is bright sir, put it vp againe.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murtherers skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, stand backe I say: By heauen, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours. I would not haue you (Lord) forget your selfe, Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; Least I, by marking of your rage, forget your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.

Big. Out dunghill: dar'st thou braue a Nobleman?

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

Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.

Hub. Do not proue me so: Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false, Not truely speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.
Bast.

Keepe the peace, I say.

Sal.

Stand by, or I shall gaul you

Faulconbridge.

If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,

Or teach thy hastie spleene to dome shame,

Or Ile strike thee dead. Put vp thy sword betime,

That you shall thinke the diuell is come from hell.

Big.

What wilt thou do, renowned

Faulconbridge?

Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?

Hub.

Lord Bigot, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub.'Tis not an houre since I left him well:

I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe

My date of life out, for his sweete liues losse.

Sal.

Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,

For villanie is not without such rheume,

And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme

Like Riuers of remorse and innocencie.

Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre

Th'uncleanly sauours of a Slaughter-house,

For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.

Big.

Away, toward Burie, to the Dolphin there.
There tel the king, he may inquiere vs out.

Ex. Lords.

Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?

Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,

(If thou didst this deed of death) art ye damn'd.

Do but heare me sir.

Ha? Ile tell thee what.

Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,

Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:

There is not yet so vgly a fiend of hell

If thou didst but consent

To this most cruell Act: do but dispaire,

And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred

That euer Spider twisted from her wombe

Will serue to strangle thee: A rush will be a beame

To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,

Put but a little water in a spoone,

And it shall be as all the Ocean,

Enough to stifle such a villaine vp.

I do suspect thee very greeuously.

If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,

Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay

Let hell want paines enough to torture me:

I left him well.
<speaker rend="italic">Bast.</speaker>

Go, beare him in thine armes:

I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way

Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How

The life and death of King Iohn.

How easie dost thou take all <hi rend="italic">England</hi> vp,

From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?

The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme

Is fled to heauen: and <hi rend="italic">England</hi> now is left

To tug and scamble, and to part by th'eeoth

The vnowed interest of proud swelling State:

Now for the bare pickt bone of Maiesty,

Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,

And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:

Now Powers from home, and discontents at home

Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites

As doth a Rauen on a sicke falne beast,

The iminent decay of wrested pompe.

Now happy he, whose cloake and center can

Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,

To the King:

A thousand businesses are briefe in hand,

And heauen it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land.

Exit.

Enter King Iohn and Pandolph, attendants.

Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand

The Circle of my glory.

Take againe

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope

Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie.
Now keep your holy word, go meet the French, And from his holinesse use all your power.

Our discontented Counties doe revolt.

Our people quarrell with obedience.

Searing Allegiance, and the loue of soule To stranger blood, to forren Royalty;

This inundation of mistempred humor,

Rests by you onely to be qualified.

Then pause not: for the present time's so sike, That present medicine must be ministred,

Or overthrow incurable ensues.

It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp,

Vpon your stubborne vsage of the Pope:

But since you are a gentle convertite,

My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,

And make faire weather in your blustering land:

On this Ascention day, remember well,

Vpon your oath of service to the Pope,

Goe I to make the French lay downe their Armes.

Is this Ascension day? did not the Prophet say, that before Ascension day at noone,

My Crowne I should giue off? euen so I haue:

I did suppose it should be on constraint,

But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out

But Douer Castle: London hath receiued Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.

Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone

To offer service to your enemy:

And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe The little number of your doubtfull friends.

Enter Bastard.

All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out.

But Douer Castle: London hath receiued Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.

Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone.

To offer service to your enemy:

And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe The little number of your doubtfull friends.
<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 aliu<e rend="italic">e</e></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 iewell 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 demne</l>
<l>And fright him there? and make him tremble</l></sp rend="italic">e</e></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>
</sp>
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,

Send faire; play; orders, and make compromise;

Insinuation, parley, and base truce

To Armes Inuasiue? Shall a beardlesse boy,

A cockred; silken wanton braue our fields,

And flesh his spirit in a warre-like soyle,

Mocking the ayre with colours idlely spred,

Or if he doe, let it at least be said

They saw we had a purpose of defence.

Iohn.

Haue thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast.

Away then with good courage: yet I know

Our partie may well meet a prowder foe.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pem-broke, Bigot, Souldiers.

Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pem-
broke, Bigot, Souldiers.

My Lord Melloone, 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.

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,
And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,
By making many: Oh it grieues my soule,
That I must draw this mettle from my side
To be a widow: oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence
Cries out vpon the name of Salisbury
But such is the infection of the time,
Of sterne Injustice, and confused wrong:
And is't not pitty, (oh my grieued friends)
Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp
Her Enemies rankes? I must withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the spot of this inforced cause,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow vnacquainted colours heere:
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to spend it so vn

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

Lift vp thy brow (renowned Salisbury)
And with a great heart heave away this storme:
Commend these waters to those baby\^eyes
That neuer saw the giant\^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.

Enter Pandulpho.

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.

Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:
I am too high\^borne to be proportied
To be a secondary at controll,
Or vsefull seruing\^man, and Instrument
To any Souueraigne 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.
And come ye now to tell me John hath made His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me? I (by the honour of my marriage bed) After yong Arthur, claime this Land and now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe, Because that John hath made his peace with Rome? Am I Romes slaue? What penny hath Rome borne? What men prouided? What munition sent To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I? And such as to my claime are liable, Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre? Haue I not heard these Islanders shout out Viue le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Townes? Haue I not heere the best Cards for the game To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne? And shall I now giue ore the yeelded Set? No, no, on my soule it neuer shall be said. You looke but on the out-side of this worke. 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 cull'd these fiery spirits from the world To out-looke Conquest, and to winne renowne Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death: What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon vs?
And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

Pand. The Dolphin is too wilfull opposite

And will not temporize with my intreaties:

He flatly saies, hee ll not lay downe his Armes.

Bast. By all the bloud that euer fury breath'd,

The youth saies well. Now heare our English King,

For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me:

He is prepar'd, and reason to he should,

This apish and vnmanerly approach,

This harness'd Maske, and vnaduised Reuell,

This vn‑heard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,

This vn‑heard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,

This vn‑heard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,

The King doth smile 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, euen at your dore,

To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,

To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,

To crowch in litter of your stable plankes,

To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chests and truncks,

To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out

In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,

That hand which had the strength, euen at your dore,

To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,

To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,

To crowch in litter of your stable plankes,

To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chests and truncks,

To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out

In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,

For your owne Ladies, and pale‑visag'd Maides,

Like Amazons, come tripping after
to fierce and bloody inclination.

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,

Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman.

Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,

That in your Chambers gaue you chasictement?

No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,

And like an Eagle, o're ayerie towres,

That in your Chambers gaue you chasictement?

No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,

And like an Eagle, o're ayerie towres,

To sowsse annoyance that comes neere his Nest;

And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,

you blody Nero's, ripping vp the wombe

Of your deere Mother England: blush for shame:

For your owne Ladies, and pale‑visag'd Maides,

Like Amazons, come tripping after
to fierce and bloody inclination.

Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,

Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts

To fierce and bloody inclination.
There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,

We grant thou canst out&and#2011;scold vs: Far thee well,

We hold our time too precious to be spent

With such a brabler.

There to speake.

Giue me, leaue to speake.

No, I will speake.

We will attend to neyther:

Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre

Pleade for our interest, and our being heere.

Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out;

And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start

An echo with the clamor of thy drumme,

And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,

That shall reverberate all, as lowd as thine.

Sound but another, and another shall

(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,

And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand

(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,

Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede)

Is warlike

A bare rib'd death, whose office is this day

To feast vp upon whole thousands of the French.

Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.

And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt

Exeunt.

A bare rib'd death, whose office is this day

To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert.

Iohn.

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

Badly I feare; how fares your Maiesty?

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

Enter a Messenger.

My Lord: your valiant kinsman Falconbridge,

Desires your Maiestie to leaue the field,

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

Tell him toward Swinsted, to the Abbey there.

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.

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.
Exeunt.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal.

I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem.

Vp once againe: put spirit in the French, If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal.

That misbegotten diuell Falconbridge, In spight of spight, alone vpholds the day.

Pem.

They say King John sore sick, hath left the field.

Sal.

Wounded to death.

Mel.

Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.

When we were happie, we had other names.

Pem.

It is the Count Meloone.

Sal.

Wounded to death.

Mel.

Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold.

Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion.
And welcome home againe discarded faith,
Seke out King Iohn, and fall before his feete:
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 sworne,
And I with him, and many moe with mee,
Vpon the Altar at Saint Edmondsbury.
Euen on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and euerlasting loue.

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

Mel.
Haue I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe
Resolueth from his figure ‘gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceiue,
Since I must loose the vse of all deceite?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?
I say againe, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the East:
But euen this night, whose blacke contagious breath
Already smoakes about the burning Crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:
If Lewis, by your assistance win the day.
Command me to one Hubert, with your King;
The loue of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandsire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and 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 retir
Leauing our ranknesse and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we haue
ore&x2011;look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King <hi rend="italic">Iohn</hi>,
My arme shall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,
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.
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="5">
<head rend="italic center">Scena Quinta.</head>
<head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 3]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Dolphin, and
his Traine.</stage>
<br who="#F-jn-lew">
<speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
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.
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a
Messenger.</stage>
<br who="#F-jn-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?</c rend="italic">?</c></l>/<c rend="italic">?
</sp>
<br who="#F-jn-lew">
<speaker rend="italic">Dol.</speaker>
</sp>
<br who="#F-jn-mes">
<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
The Count <hi rend="italic">Meloone</hi> is slaine: The
English Lords</l>
By his perswasion, are againe falne off,<l>
And your supply, which you haue wish'd so long,<l>
Are cast away, and sunke on Goodwin Goodwin's sands.<l>
</l>

Ah fowle, shrew'd newes. Beshrew thy very hart:<l>
I did not thinke to be so sad to night,<l>
As this hat made me. Who was he that said Kng John did flie an houre or two before?<l>
The stumbling night did part our wearie powres?c</l>

Who euer spoke it, it is true my Lord.<l>
Well: keepe good quarter, good care to night,<l>
The day shall not be vp so soone as I,
To try the faire aduenture of to morrow.<l>
Exeunt</l>

Enter Bastard and Hubert, seuerally.<l>
Whose there? Speake hoa, speake quickly, or I shoote.<l>

Whose there? Speake hoa, speake quickly, or I shoote.<l>
Bast. A Friend. What art thou?"</l>

A Friend. What art thou?<l>
Of the part of England.<l>
Whether doest thou go?<l>

"What's that to thee? Why may not I demand of thine affaires, As well as thou of mine?"
"Thou hast a perfect thought: I will vpon all hazards well beleeue Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well: Who are thou?"
"Who thou wilt: and if thou please Thou maist be friend me so much, as to thinke I come one way of the Plantagenets"
"Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night, Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me, That any accent breaking from thy tongue, Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare."
"Come, come: sans complement, What newes abroad?"
"Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night To finde you out."
"O my sweet sir, newes fitting to the night, Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible."
<sp who="#F-jn-phi">Bast. </sp>
<b>
I. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,</b>
<i>
I am no woman, Ile not swound at it.</i>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<b>Hub. </b>
<T>
The King I feare is poysone'd by a Monke,</T>
<i>
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out</i>
emerit unjuste:</i>
<T>
To acquaint you with this euill, that you might</T>
<i>
The better arme you to the sodaine time,</i>
<i>
Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.</i>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">Bast. </sp>
<b>
I. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?</b>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<b>Hub. </b>
<T>
A Monke I tell you, a resolued villaine</T>
<i>
Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King</i>
<i>
Yet speakes, and peraduenture may recouer.</i>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">Bast. </sp>
<b>
I. Who didst thou leaue to tend his Maiesty?</b>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-hub">
<b>Hub. </b>
<T>
Why know you not? The Lords are all come</T>
<i>
backe</i>
<T>
And brought Prince <hi rend="italic">Henry</hi> in their</T>
<i>
companie.</i>
<T>
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them.</T>
<i>
And they are all about his Maiestie.</i>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-jn-phi">Bast. </sp>
<b>
I. With&amp;#x2011;hold thine indignation, mightie heauen,</b>
<i>
And tempt vs not to beare aboue our power.</i>
<i>
Ile tell thee <hi rend="italic">Hubert</hi>, halfe my power</i>
<i>
this night</i>
<i>
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,</i>
<i>
These Lincolne&amp;#x2011;Washes haue deuoured them,</i>
<i>
My selfe, well mounted, hardly haue escap'd.</i>
<i>
Away before: Conduct me to the king,</i>
<i>
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come.</i>
</sp>

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

[Act 5, Scene 7]

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Enter Pembroke.

His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleef,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poison which assayleth him.

Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he still rage?

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

Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themselues.
Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts
Leaues them inuisible, and his siege is now
Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,
Counfound themselues. 'Tis strange y<sup>superscript</sup>
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ&auml;pipe of frailety sings
His soule and body to their lasting rest.
<speaker rend="italic">Sal.</speaker>

Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne

To set a forme vpon that indigest

Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

Iohn brought in.

Ioh.

The salt in them is hot.

Within me is a hell, and there the poyson

Is, as a fiend, confin’d to tyrannize,

On vnrepreuable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.
Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion, and spleene of speede, to see your Maiesty.

Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye: The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt, And all the shrowds wherewith my life should faile, Are turned to one thred, one little haire: My heart hath one poore string to stay it by, And then all this thou seest, is but a clod, And module of confounded royalty.

The Dolphin is preparing hitherward, Where heaven he knowes how we shall answer him. For in a night the best part of my powre, Were in the Washes all vnwarily, Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.

You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop. What surety of the world, what hope, what stay, When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde, To do the office for thee, of reuenge, And then my soule shall waite on thee to heauen, As it on earth hath bene thy seruant still.

Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres, Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths, And instantly returne with me againe.

To push destruction, and perpetuall shame. Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land: Straight let vs seeke, or straight we shall be sought. The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles.
It seems you know not then so much as we,

Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,

As we with honour and respect may take,

With purpose presently to leaue this warre.

He will the rather do it, when he sees

Our selues well sinew'd to our defence.

Nay, 'tis in a manner done alreadly,

For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd

To the sea side, and put this cause and quarrell

To the disposing of the Cardinall,

With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,

If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast

To consummate this businesse happily.

Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,

With other Princes that may best be spar'd,

Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.

Thither shall it then,

And happily may your sweet selfe put on

The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,

To whom with all submission on my knee,

I do bequeath my faithfull seruices

And true subiection everlastingly.

And the like tender of our loue wee make
To rest without a spot for evermore.

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

Oh let us pay the time: but needful woe,
Since it hath been before hand with our griefes.
This England never did, nor shall
Lye at the proud foot of a Conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now, these her Princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shock them: Naught shall make vs rue,
If England to itself, do rest but true.

Exeunt.