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Mr. William Shakespeares comedies, histories, and tragedies

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The life and death of King Iohn

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The life and death of King Iohn.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chattyllion of France.

King Iohn.

Now say Chattyllion, what would France with us?

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

In my behaviour to the Majesty,
The borrowed Majesty of England heere.

Elea. A strange beginning: borrowed Majesty?

King Ioh. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalfe

Of thy decaied brother, Geffreyes sonne,

Arthur Plantaginet, layes most lawfull claime

To this faire Iland, and the Territories:

To Ireland, Poytiers, Anjoue, Lorayne, Maine,

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

Which swayes vsurpingly these severall titles,

And put the same into yong Arthurs hand,

Thy Nephew, and right royall Sovereigne.

King Ioh. What followes if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloody warre,
To inforce these rights, so forcibly withheld.

K. Ioh. Here have we war for war, & bloud for bloud,
Contrelement for contrelement: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie.

King Iohn. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;

For ere thou canst report, I will be there:

The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.

So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,

And sullen presage of your owne decay:

An honorable conduct let him have,

Pembroke looke too't: farewell Chattyllion.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Ele. What now my sonne, have I not ever 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 have bene prevented, and made whole

With very easie arguments of love,

Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must

With fearefull bloody issue arbitrate.

K. Iohn. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more than your right

Or else it must goe wrong with you and me,

So much my conscience whispers in your care,

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

Enter a Sheriffe.

Essex. My Leige, here is the strangest controversie

Come from the Country to be judg'd by you

That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. Iohn. Let them approach:

Our Abbies and our Pories shall pay

This expeditions charge. What men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull subject, I a Gentleman,

Borne in Northamptonshire, and eldest sonne

As I suppose, to Faulconbridge,

A Souldier by the Honor-giving-hand

Of Cordelion, Knighted in the field.

K. Iohn. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heire to that same Faulconbridge.

K. Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?

You came not of one mother then it seemes.

Philip. Most certaine of one mother, mighty King,

That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:

But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,

I put you o're to heaven, and to my mother;

Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee rude man, thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.

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

That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,

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

At least from faire five hundred pound a yeere:

Heaven guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. Iohn. A good blant fellow: why being yonger borne
Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?

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

But once he slandered me with bastardy:

But where I be as true begot or no,

That still I lay upon my mothers head,

But that I am as well begot my Leige

(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)

Compare our faces, and be judge 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 give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here?

Elen. He hath a trick of Cordelions face,

The accent of his tongue affecteth him:

Do you not reade some tokens of my sonne

In the large composition of this man?

a

K. Iohn.

K. Iohn. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect *Richard*: sirra speake,
What doth move you to claime your brothers land?

Philip. Because he hath a halfe face like my father,
With halfe that face would he have all my Land,
A halfe-fac'd goat, five hundred pound a yeare?

Rob. My gracious Leige, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much.

Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he imploi'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time:
Th' advantage of his absence tooke the King,
And in the meane time sojourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did prevaile, I shame to speake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speake himselfe
When this same lully 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 Lidge let me have what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

K. Iohn. Sirra, your brother is Legitimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazzards of all husbands
That marry wives: 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,
Infooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Infooth 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 heire,
Your fathers heire must have your fathers land.

Rob. Shall then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispossesse that child which is not his?

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

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to injoy thy land:
Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, *Sir Roberts* his like him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such eeleskins stuf, 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 heire to all this land,
Would I might never stirre from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face:
I would not be sir nobbe in any case.

Eli. 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*.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis deere.
Madame, ile follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you goe before me thither.

Bast. Our Country manners giue our betters way.

K. Iohn. What is thy name?

Bast. *Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old *Sir Roberts* wives eldest sonne.

K. Iohn. From henceforth beare his name
Whose forme thou bearest:

Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise *Sir Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

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

Eli. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

Bast. 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 have is have, how ever men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.

K. Iohn. Goe *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.

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

Exeunt all but bastard.

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 denne *Sir Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis tooo respective, and tooo sociable
For your conversion, now your traveller,
He and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,
And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,
Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beseech you; that is question now,
And then comes answer like an *Absey* booke:
O sir, sayes answer, at your best command,
At your employment, at your service sir:
No sir, sayes question, I sweet sir at yours,
And so ere answer knowes what question would,
Saving in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Pyrennean and the river *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 observation,
And so am I whether I smacke or no:
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practice to deceive,
Yet to avoyd deceit I meane to learne;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

What

What woman post is this? hath she no husband
That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you here to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chafe mine honor up and downe.

Bast. My brother Robert, old Sir Roberts sonne:
Colbrand the Gyant, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir Roberts sonne that you seeke so?

Lady. Sir Roberts sonne, I thou unreverend boy,
Sir Roberts sonne? why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Roberts sonne, and so art thou.

Bast. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gour. Good leave good Philip.

Bast. Philip, Sparrow, James,
There's toys abroad, anon ile tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madame, I was not old Sir Roberts sonne,
Sir Robert might have eate his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and neere broke his fast:
Sir Robert could doe well, marry to confesse
Could get me, Sir Robert could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
Sir Robert never holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?
What means this scorne, thou most untoward knave?

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

Lady. Hast thou denied thy selfe a Faulconbridge?

Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devill.

Lady. King Richard Cordelion was thy father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my deere offence
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Bast. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madame I would not wish a better father:
Some sinnes doe beare their priviledge on earth,
And so doth yours: your fault, was not you folly,
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose fury and unmatched force,
The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from Richards hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May easily winne a womans: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, ile send his soule to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him nay, it had bene sinne;
Who says it was, he lyes, I say twas not.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Dauphin, Austria, Constance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before Angiers well met brave Austria,
Arthur that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in Palestine,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnaturall Vncle, English Iohn,
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cordelions death
The rather, that you give his off-spring life,
Shadowing their right under your wings of warre:
I give you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love,
Welcome before the gates of Angiers Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

Anst. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zealous kisse,
As scale to this indenture of my love:

That to my home I will no more returne
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides;
And coddpes from other lands her Ilanders,
Even till that England hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure
And confident from forraine purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Const. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till your strong hand shall helpe to give him strength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Anst. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable warre.

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
Against the browes of this resisting towne,
Call for our cheefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royall bones,
Wade to the market-place in French-mens blood,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Lest unaduis'd you staine your swords with blood:
My lord Chattilion may from England bring
That right in peace which heere we urge in warre,
And then we shall repent each drop of blood,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

Enter Chattilion.

King. A wonder Lady; lo upon thy wish
Our Messenger Chattilion is arriv'd,
What England says, say briefly gentle lord,
We coldly pause for thee, Chattilion speake.

Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,
And stirre them up against a mightier taske:
England impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the adverse windes

Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
 To land his Legions 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 King deceast,
 And all th'unsettled humors of the Land,
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazzard of new fortunes here :
 In briebe, a braver choise of dauntlesse spirits
 Then now the *English* bottomes have waft o're,
 Did never flote upon the swelling tide,
 To doe offence and scathe in Christendome :
 The interruption of their churlish drummes
 Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand :

Drummes beates.

To parly or to fight, therefore prepare.

King. How much unlook'd for, is this expedition,

Anst. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake indevour for defence,
 For courage mounteth with occasion,
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter King of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. Iohn. Peace be to *France* : if *France* in peace permit
 Our just and lineall entrance to our owne ;
 If not, bleed *France*, and peace ascend to heaven.
 Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
 Their proud contempt that beates his peace to heaven.
Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne
 From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace ;
England we love, and for that *Englands* sake,
 With burden of our armor here 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 Stare, and done a rape
 Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne :
 Looke heere upon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
 These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his ;
 This little abstract doth containe that large,
 Which died in *Geffrey* : and the hand of time,
 Shall draw this breife into as huge a volume :
 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
 And this his sonne, *England* was *Geffreyes* right,
 And this is *Geffreyes* in the Name of God :
 How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat
 Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-masterest ?

K. Iohn. From whom hast thou this great commission
 To draw my answer from thy Articles? (*France*,

Fra. From that supernal judge that stirs good thoughts
 In any breast of strong authority,
 To looke into the blots and staines of right,
 That judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
 Vnder whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
 And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

King Ioh. Alacke thou dost usurpe authority.

Fran. Excuse it is to beat usurping downe,

Queen. Who is it thou dost call usurper *France*?

Const. Let me make answer : thy usurping sonne,

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

Const. My bed was ever to thy sonne as true
 As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
 Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*

Then thou and *Iohn*, in manners being as like,
 As raine to water, or devill to his damme.

My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke

His father never was so true begot,

It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother.

Qu. There's a good mother boy, that blots thy father.

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

Anst. Peace.

Bast. Heare the Cryer.

Anst. What the devill art thou?

Bast. One that will play the devill fir with you,
 And a may catch your hide and you alone:

You are the Hare of whom the Proverbe goes

Whose valour pluckes dead Lyons by the beard ;

Ile smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,

Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.

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

Bast. It iyes as sightly on the backe of him

As great *Alcides* shoes upon an Assie :

But Assie, Ile take that burthen from your backe,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

Anst. What cracker is this same that deates our eares
 With this abundance of superfluous breath?

King Lewis, determine what we shall doe strait.

Lew. Women and fooles, breake off your conference.

King Iohn, this is the very summe of all :

England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,

In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee :

Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

Iohn. My life as soone : I doe desie thee *Franco*.

Arthur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,

And out of my deere love Ile give thee more,

Then ere the coward hand of *France* can winne ;

Submit thee boy.

Queen. Come to thy grandame child.

Const. Doe child, goe to it grandame child,

Give grandame kingdome, and it grandame will

Give it 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 grave,

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

Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy he

Const. Now shame upon you where she does or no.

His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames

Draws those heaven-moving pearles from his poor eies,

Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:

I, with these Cristall beads heaven shall be brib'd

To doe him Iustice, and revenge on you.

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven, and earth.

Const. Thou monstrous Injurer of heaven and earth,

Call not me slanderer, thou and thine usurpe

The Domination, Royalties, and rights

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

Infornate in nothing but in thee ;

Thy

Thy finnes are visited in this poore child,
The Canon of the Law is laid on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sinne-conceiving wombe.

John. Bedlam have done.

Const. I have but this to say,
That he is not onely plagued for her sinne,
But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sinne: his injury
Her injury the Beadle to her sinne,
All punish'd in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her.

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

Const. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankered Grandames will.

Fran. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It ill be seemes this prelence to cry ay me
To these ill tuned repetitions:

Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles
These men of Angiers, let us heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Iohns*.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen upon the walles.

Citti. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walles?

Fran. 'Tis *France*, for *England*.

John. *England* for it selfe:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects.

Fran. You loving men of Angiers, *Arthurs* subjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

John. For our advantage, therefore heare us first:
These flagges of *France* that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles;
All preparation for a bloody sledge
And merciles proceeding, by these French.
Comfort yours Cities eyes, your winking gates:
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a wafie doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had beene dishabited, and wide havocke made
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawfull King,
Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your Cities threatened cheekes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,
And now instead of bullets wrapt in fire
To make a shaking fever in your walles,
They shoote but calme words, folded up in smoake,
To make a faithlesse error in your eares,
Which trust accordingly kind Citizens,
And let us in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,
Craves harbourage within your City walles.

Fran. When I have said, make answer to us both.
Loe in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands yong *Plantagenet*,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enjoyes:
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 releife of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up:
Our Cannons malice vainely shall be spent
Against th'invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and un-vest retire,
With unhack'd swords, and Helmets all unbruis'd,
We will beare home that lusty bloud againe,
Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace,
But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,
Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell us, Shall your City call us Lord,
In that behalfe which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signall to our rage,
And stalke in bloud to our possession?

Citti. In breife, we are the King of *Englands* subjects,
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

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

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

John. Doth not the Crowne of *England*, prove the
King?

And if not that, I bring you Witneses
Twice fiftene thousand hearts of *Englands* breed.

Bast. Bastards and else.

John. To verifie our title with their lives.

Fran. As many and as well borne bloods as those.

Bast. Some bastards too.

Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.

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

John. Then God forgive the sinne of all those soules,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall shall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our Kingdomes King.

Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Chevaliers to Armes.

Bast. Saint *George* that swindg'd the Dragon,
And e're since sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore,
Teach us some fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den sirrah, with your *Lyonnesse*,
I would set an Oxe-head to your *Lyons* hide:
And make a monster of you,

Just. Peace no more.

Bast. O tremble: for you heare the *Lyon* rore.

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

Bast. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

Fran. It shall be so, and at the other hull
Command the rest to stand, God and our right. *Exeunt.*

*Heere after excursions, Enter the Herald of France
with Trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthurs* Duke of *Britaine* in;

Who by the hand of *France*, this day hath made
 Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
 Whose sonnes lye scattered on the bleeding ground:
 Many a widdowes husband groveling lyes,
 Coldly embracing the discoloured earth,
 And victory with little losse doth play
 Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
 Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
 To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Har. Rejoyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
 King *Iohn*, your King and *Englands*, doth approach,
 Commander of this hot malicious day,
 Their Armour that march'd hence so silver bright,
 Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
 There stucke no plume in any English Crest,
 That is removed by a staffe of *France*.
 Our colours doe returne in those same hands
 That did display them when we first marcht forth:
 And like a jolly troope of Huntsmen come
 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes.
 Open your gates, and give the Victors way.

Hub. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
 From first to last, the on-set and retyre,
 Of both your Armies, whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured: (blowes:
 Blood hath bought blood, and blowes have answered
 Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
 power.

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

*Enter the two Kings with their powers,
 at severall doores.*

Iohn. *France*, hast thou yet more blond to cast away?
 Say, shall the currant of our right runne on,
 Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
 Shall leave his native channel, and ore swell
 With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
 Vnlesse thou let his silver Water, keepe
 A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fran. *England* thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood
 In this hot triall more than we of *France*,
 Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear
 That swayes the earth this Climate over-lookes,
 Before we will lay downe our just borne Armes,
 Wee'l put thee downe, gainst whom these Armes we
 Or adde a royall number to the dead: (beare,
 Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,
 With slaughter coupled to the name of Kings.

Bast. Ha Majesty: how high thy glory towres,
 When the rich blood of Kings is set on fire:
 Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with steele,
 The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men
 In undetermin'd differences of Kings.
 Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus:
 Cry havocke kings, backe to the stained field
 You equal Potents, fiery kindled spirits,
 Then let confusion of one part confirme
 The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

Iohn. Whole party doe the Townesmen yet admit?

Fran. Speake Citizens for *England*, who's your King.

Hub. The King of *England*, when we know the King.

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

Iohn. In us, that are our owne great Deputy,
 And beare possession of our Person here,
 Lord of our presence Angiers, and if you.

Fran. A greater powre than We denies all this,
 And till it be undoubted, we doe locke
 Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates:
 Kings of our feare, untill our feares resolv'd
 Be by some certaine King, purg'd and depof'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you
 And stand securely on their battlements, (kings,

As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
 At your industrious Scenes and acts of death,
 Your Royall preferences be rul'd by me,
 Doe like the Mutines of *Jerusalem*,

Be friends a-while, and both conjoyntly bend
 Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
 By East and West let *France* and *England* mount
 Their battering Canon charged to the moutes,
 Till their soule-fearing clamours have braul'd downe
 The flinty ribbes of this contemptuous City,
 I'de play incessantly upon these Iades,
 Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar ayre:
 That done, dissever your united 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,
 To whom in favour she shall give the day,
 And kisse him with a glorious victory:
 How like you this wilde counsel mighty States,
 Smackes it not something of the policy?

Iohn. Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 I like it well. *France*, shall we knit our powers,
 And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
 Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a King,
 Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish Towne:
 Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillery,
 As we will ours, against these sawcy walles,
 And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
 Why then desie each other, and pell-mell,
 Make worke upon our selves, for heaven or hell.

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

Iohn. We from the West will send destruction
 Into this Cites 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, away.

Hub. Heare us great Kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
 And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
 Win you this City without stroke, or wound,
 Rescue these breathing lives to dye in beds,
 That heere come sacrifices for the field.
 Perfever not, but heare me mighty Kings.

Iohn. Speake on with favour, we are bent to heare.

Hub. That daughter there of *Spaine*, the Lady *Blanch*
 Is neere to *England*, looke upon the yeres
 Of *Lewis* the *Dolphin*, and that lovely mayd.
 If lusty love should goe in quest of beauty,

Where

Where should he find it fairer, than in *Blanch* :
 If zealous Love goe in search of vertue,
 Where should he find it purer than in *Blanch* ?
 If Love ambitious, fought a match of birth,
 Whose veines bound richer bloud then Lady *Blanch* ?
 Such as she is, in beauty, vertue, birth,
 Is the yong *Dolphin* every way compleat,
 If not compleat of, say he is not she,
 And she againe wants nothing, to name want,
 If want it be not, that she is not he :
 He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such as she,
 And she a faire divided excellence,
 Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.
 O two such silver Currents when they joyne,
 Doe glorifie the bankes that bound them in :
 And two such shores, to two such streames made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, Kings,
 To these two Princes, if you marry them :
 This vnion shall doe more than battery can,
 To our fast closed gates : for at this match,
 With swifter spleene than powder can enforce,
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance : but without this match,
 The Sea enraged is not halfe so deafe,
 Lyons more confident, Mountaines and Rocks,
 More free from motion, no not death himselve
 In mortall fury halfe so peremptory,
 As we to keepe this Citie.

Bast. Heere's a stay,
 That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
 Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeed,
 That spits forth death, and mountaines, rocks, and seas,
 Talks as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
 As Maids of thirteene doe of Puppi-dogs.
 What Cannoneere begot this lusty bloud,
 He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
 He gives the Bastinado with his tongue :
 Our cares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
 But buffers better than a fist of *France* :
 Zounds, I was never so bethumpt with words,
 Since I first call'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, list to this conjunction, make this match,
 Give with our Neece a dowry large enough,
 For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye,
 Thy now unfur'd assurance to the Crowne,
 That you Greene Boy shall have no Sunne to ripe,
 The bloome that promiseth a mighty fruit,
 I see a yeelding in the lookes of *France* :
 Marke how they whisper, urge them while their soules
 Are capeable of this ambition,
 Least zeale now melted by the windy breath
 Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
 Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hub. Why answer not the double Majesties,
 This friendly Treaty of our threatned towne?
Fra. Speake *England* first, that hath been forward first,
 To speake unto this Citie : what say you ?

John. If that the *Dolphin* there thy Princely sonne,
 Can in this booke of beauty reade, I love :
 Her Dowry shall weigh equall with a Queene,
 For *Angiers*, and faire *Toraine*, *Maine*, *Poytiers*,
 And all that we upon this side the Sea,
 (Except this Citie now by us besieg'd)
 Find liable to our Crowne and dignity,
 Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich.

Intitles, honours, and promotions,
 As she in beauty, education, bloud,
 Holds hands with any Princeesse of the world.
Fra. What say'st thou Boy ? looke in the Ladies face.
Dol. I doe my Lord, and in her eye 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 shaddow :
 I doe protest I never lov'd my selfe
 Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
 Drawne in the flattering table of her eye.

Whispers with Blanch,

Bast. Drawne in the flattering table of her eye,
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
 And quarter'd in her heart, he doth espie
 Himselve Loves traitor, this is pittie now ;
 That hang'd and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
 In such a love, so vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My Vncles will in this respect is mine,
 If he see ought in you that makes him like,
 That any thing he see's which moves 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 love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
 That all I see in you is worthy love,
 Than this, that nothing doe I see in you,
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be your
 Iudge,

That I can find, should merit any hate.
John. What say these yong-ones ? What say you my
 Neece ?

Blan. That she is bound in honour still to doe
 What you in wisdome still vouchsafe to say.

John. Speake then Prince *Dolphin*, can you love this
 Lady ?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from love,
 For I doe love her most unfainedly.

John. Then doe I give *Volquessen*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Poytiers, and *Anjou*, these five Provinces
 With her to thee, and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne ;
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
 Command thy sonne and daughter to joyne hands.

Fra. It likes us well young Princes: close your hands.

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

Fra. Now Citizens of *Angiers* ope your gates,
 Let in that amity which you have made,
 For at *Saints Maries* Chappell presently,
 The rights of marriage shall be solamniz'd.
 Is not the Lady *Constance* in this troope ?
 I know she is not for this match made up,
 Her presence would have interrupted much,
 Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes ?

Dol. She is sad and passionate at your Highnesse Tent.

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

John. We will heale up all,
 For wee'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*
 And Earle of *Richmond*, and this rich faire Towne

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Constance*,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfie her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Goe we as well as hast will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for unprepared pompe. *Exeunt.*

Bast. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
Iohn to stop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whose zeale and charity brought to the field,
As Gods owne souldier, rounded in the eare,
With that same purpose-changer, that slye diuel,
That broker, that still breakes the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who having no externall thing to lose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it selfe is peysed well,
Made to run even, upon even ground:
Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
And this same byas, this commodity,
This Bawd, this Broker, that all-changing-world,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a resolv'd and honorable warre,
To a most base and vile concluded peace.
And why raile I on this commodity?
But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would salute my palme,
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And say there is no sinne but to be rich,
And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
To say there is no vice, but beggery:
Since Kings breake faith upon commodity,
Gaine be my lord, for I will worship thee. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Const. Gone to be married? Gone to swear a peace?
False blood to false blood joyn'd. Gone to be friends?
Shall *Lewis* have *Blaunch*, and *Blaunch* those provinces?
It is not so, thou hast mispoken, misheard,
Be well advis'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou dost but say 'tis so.
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Beleeve me, I doe not beleeve thee man,
I have a Kings oath to the contrary.
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sicke, and capeable of feares.

Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbandles, subject to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confesse thou didst but jest
With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?
What meanes that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holdes thine eye that lamentable rhowme,
Like a proud river 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.

Sal. Astrue as I beleeve you thinke them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.

Const. Oh if thou teach me to beleeve this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleeve, and life encounter so,
As doth the fury of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.

Lewis marry *Blaunch*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?

Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy fight,
This newes hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harme have I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Const. Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

Arthur. I doe beleech you Madame be content.

Const. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and flandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightlesse staines,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a Crowne:
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune joyn'd to make thee great.
Of Nature gifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
And with the halfe blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourelly with thine Vnckle *Iohn*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Sovereignty,
And made his Majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *Iohn*,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping *Iohn*:
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not goe with thee,
I will instruct my sorrowes to be proud,
For greif is proud, and makes his owner stoope;
To me and to the state of my great greife,
Let kings assemble: for my greife's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrowes sit,
Here is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus Tertius, Scena prima.

Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanche, Elianor, Philip, Austria, Constance.

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festinall:
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stays 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 never 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, perjury.
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
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.

Fran. By heaven Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Majesty, which being touch'd and tri'd,
Proves valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies blood,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in anity, and painted peace,
And our oppression had made up this league:
Arme, arme, you heavens, against these perjur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heavens)
Let not the houres of this ungodly day
Weare out the dayes in peace: but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady Constance, peace.

Const. Warre, warre, no peace, peace isto me a warre:
O Lymoges, O Austria, thou dost shame
That bloody spoile: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany,
Thou ever strong vpon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st never fight
But when her humourous Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'f't up greatnesse. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
Vpon my party: thou cold blouded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Beene sworne my souldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide? doff it for shame,
And hang a Calves skin on those recreant limbes.

Aust. O that a man should speake those words to me.

Phil. And hang a Calves skin on those recreant limbes.

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

Phil. And hang a Calves skin on those recreant limbs.

Iohn. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fran. Heere comes the hoiy Legat of the Pope.

Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heaven;
To thee King Iohn my holy errand is:
I Pandulph, of faire Millane Cardinall,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiou sly demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce
Keepe Stephen Langton chosen Arshbishop
Of Canterbury from that holy Sea:
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope Innocent, I doe demand of thee.

Iohn. What earthy name to interrogatories
Can tast the free breath of a sacred King?
Thou canst not (Cardinall) devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answer, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England,
Adde thus much more, that no Italian Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone uphold
Without th'assistance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authority.

Fran. Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

Iohn. Though you, and all the Kings of Christendome
Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, grosse dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sels pardon from himselfe:
Though you, and all the rest so grossely led,
This jugling witch-craft with revenue cherish,
Yet I alone; alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

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

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

Pan. There's law and warrant (Lady) for my curse.

Const. And for mine too, when law can doe no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot give my child his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his kingdome, holds the law:
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on perill of a curse;
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raise the power of France upon his head,
Vnlesse he doe submit himselfe to Rome.

Elean. Look'f't thou pale France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Looke to that devill, lest that France repent,

And

And by disioyning hands hell lose a soule.

Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinall.

Bast. And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant limbes.

Aust. Well ruzian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because,

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

Iohn. *Philip*, what saist thou to the Cardinall?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinall?

Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome*,
Or the light losse of *England*, for a friend:
Forgoe the easier.

Bla. That is the curse of *Rome*.

Con. O *Lewis*, stand fast, the devill tempts thee heere
In likenesse of a new untrimmed Bride.

Bla. The Lady *Constance* speaks not from her faith,
But from her need.

Const. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely lives but by the death of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would live againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts up,
Keepe my need up, and faith is trodden downe.

Iohn. The kind is moved, and answers not to this.

Const. O be remov'd from him, and answer well:

Aust. Doe so king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a Calves-skin most sweet lout.

Fran. I am perplext, and know not what to say.

Pan. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

Fran. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?
This royall hand, and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward soules
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
With all religious strength of sacred vowes:
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true love
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine up of peace,
Heaven knowes they were besmear'd and over-staind
With slaughters pencill; where revenge did paint
The fearefull difference of incensed kiogs:
And shall these hands so lately purg'd of blood?
So newly joyn'd in love? so strong in both,
Vnyoke this seysure, and this kind regret?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of our selves
As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:
Vn-swear faith sworne, and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy sir

My 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,
Save what is opposite to *Englands* love.
Therefore to *Armes*, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
A mothers curse, on her revolting sonne.
France, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased Lion by the mortall paw,

A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
Than keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Fran. I may disioyne my hand, but not my faith,

Pand. So mak' st thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a civill warre sett oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What since thou swor' st, is sworne against thy selfe,
And may not be performed by thy selfe,
For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,
Is not amisse when it is truly done:

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:

The better Act of purposes mistooke,
Is to mistake againe, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
And falsehood, false hood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou hast sworne against religion:
By what thou swear' st against the thing thou swear' st,
And mak' st an oath the surety for thy truth,
Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
To swear, swears onely not to be forsworne,
Else what a mockery should it be to swear?
But thou dost swear, onely to be forsworne,
And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost swear,
Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,
Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:

And better conquest never canst thou make,
Than arme thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Vpon which better part, our prairs come in
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The perill of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off
But in despaire, dye under their blacke weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Bast. Wil' t not be?

Will not a Calves-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Daul. Father, to *Armes*.

Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pompe?
O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? even for that name
Which till this time my tongue did neere pronounce;
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to *Armes*
Against mine Vncle.

Const. O, upon my knee made hard with kneeling,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin*,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heaven.

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

Const. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His honor, Oh thine honor, *Lewis* thine honor.

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

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

Fra. Thou shalt not need. *England*, I will fall from thee.

Const. O faire returne of banish'd Majesty.

Elea. O foule revolt of French inconstancy.

Eng. France, thou shalt rue this houre within this houre.

Bast.

Bast. Old Time the clocke fether, that bald sexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

Bla. The Sun's sore cast with bloud: faire day adieu,
Which is the side that I must goe withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whurle a-sunder, and dismember me.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne:
Vnkle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose:
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
Who ever winnes, on that side shall I lose:
Assured losse, before the match be plaid.

Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Bla. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

John. *Cosen*, goe draw our puifance together,
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose hear hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and deereft valued bloud of *France*.

Fran. Thy rage shall burne thee up, and thou shalt turne
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
Looke to thy selfe, thou art in jeopardy.

John. No more then he that threatens. To Arms! let's hie.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Alarums, Excursions: Enter Bastard with Austria's head.

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some aery devil hovers in the skie,
And pour's downe mischief. *Austrias* head ly there,

Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While *Philip* breathes.

John. *Hubert*, keepe this boy: *Philip* make up,
My Mother is assailed in our Tent,
And tane I feare.

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

Exit.

Alarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter John, Eleanor, Arthur, Bastard, Hubert, Lords,

John. So shall it be: your grace shall stay behind
So strongly guarded: *Cosen*, looke not sad,
Thy Grandame loves thee, and thy Vnkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.

John. *Cosen* away for *England*, haste before,
And ere our comming see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding Abbots, imprisoned angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Vse our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, Booke, and Candle, shall not drive me backe,
When gold and silver beckes me to come on.
I leave your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand.

Eie. Farewell gentle *Cosen*.

John. Coz, farewell.

Ele. Come hether little kinsman, harke, a word,

John. Come hether *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
There is a foule counts thee her Creditor,
And with advntage meanes to pay thy love:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosome, deerey cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tune.
By heaven *Hubert*, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have: and creepe time neere 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 heaven, 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 midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzy race of night:
If this fame 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 heavy, thicke,
Which else runnes tickling up and downe the veines,
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And straine their checkes 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, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, eares, and harmefull sound of words:
Then, in despight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I love 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 heaven I would doe it.

John. 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,
And wherefoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lyes before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And ile keepe him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.

John. Death.

Hub. My Lord.

John. A Grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

John. Enough.

I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I love thee.
Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, fare you well.

Ile send those powers o're to your Majesty.

Ele. My blessing goe with thee.

John. For *England* *Cosen*, goe.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duety: on toward *Calice*, ho.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted saile
Is scattered and disioyned from fellowship.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.
Fran. What can goe well, when we have runne so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?
Arthur tane prisoner? divers deere friends slaine?
And bloody *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption spight of *France*?
Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?
Fran. Well could I beare that *England* had this praise,
So we could finde some patterne of our shame.

Enter Constance.

Looke who comes here? a grave unto a soule,
Holding th' eternal spirit against her will,
In the vjld prison of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.
Const. Lo, now now see the issue of your peace.
Fran. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Constance*.
Const. No, I defie all counsell, all redresse,
But that which ends all counsell, true redresse:
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottenesse,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kisse thy detestable bones,
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty browes,
And ring these fingers with thy household 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 love,
O come to me.

Fran. O faire affliction, peace.

Const. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion I would shake the world,
And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which scornes a moderne invocation.

Pand. Lady, you utter madnesse, and not sorrow.

Const. 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 heaven I were,
For then'tis like I should forget my selfe:
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?
Preach some Philology 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 me 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.

Fran. Bind up those tresses: O what love I note
In the faire multitude of those her haire;
Where but by chance a silver drop hath falne,
Even to that drop ten thousand wery fiends
Doe glew themselves in sociable griefe,
Like true, inseparable, faithfull loves,
Sticking together in calamity.

Const. To *England*, if you will.

Fran. Bind up your haire.

Const. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that these hands could so redceme my sonne,
As they have given these hayres their liberty:
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poore child 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 againe:
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 eate my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meager as an Agues fit,
And so hee'll dye: and rising so againe,
When I shall meet him in the Court of heaven
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a respect of griefe.

Const. He talkes to me, that never had a sonne.

Fran. You are as fond of griefe, as of your child.

Const. Griefe fills the roome up of my absent child:
Lyes in his bed, walkes up and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeates his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, have I reason to be fond of griefe?
Fare you well: had you such a losse as I,
I could give better comfort than you doe.
I will not keepe this forme upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my wit:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire sonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure. *Exit.*

Fran. I feare some outrage, and ile follow her. *Exit.*

Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me joy.
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.

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

Dol. All dayes of glory, joy, and happinesse.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,
Shee lookes upon them with a threatening eye:
'Tis strange to thinke how much *King Iohn* hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly wonne:

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

Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthfull as your blood.
Now heere me speake with a propheticke spirit:
For even the breath of what I meane to speake,
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly leade
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 mis-plac'd *Iohn* should entertaine an houre,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
A Scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no wilde hold to stay him up:
That *Iohn* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Dol. But what shall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall?

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

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

Pand. How greene you are, and fresh in this old world?

Iohn laves you plots: the times conspire with you,
For he that steepes his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.

This Act so evilly borne shall coole the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up 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 wind, no customed event,

But they will plucke away his naturall cause,

And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,

Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,

Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *Iohn*.

Dol. May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,

But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,

If that yong *Arthur* be not gone already,

Even at that newes he dies: and then the hearts

Of all his people shall revolt from him,

And kisse the lippes of unacquainted change,

And picke strong matter of revolt, 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,

Than I have nam'd. The bastard *Falconbridge*

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 traineten 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 foules are topfull of offence,

For Eng'land go; I will whet on the King.

Dol. Strong reasons makes strong actions: let us go,

If you say I, the King will not say no. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter *Hubert* and *Executioners*.

Hub. Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
Within the Arras: when I strike my foot
Vpon 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. Vncklely scruples feare not you: looke too't.
Yong Lad come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter *Arthur*.

Ar. Good morrow *Hubert*.

Hub. Good morrow little Prince.

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

Hub. Indeed I have beene merrier.

Ar. Mercie on me:

Me thinkes no body should be sad but I:

Yet I remember, when I was in Fance,

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 as merrie as the day is long:

And so I would be heere, but that I doubt

My Vnckle practises more harme to me:

He is affraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes* sonne?

No indeed it's not: and I would to heaven

I were your sonne, so you would love me, *Hubert*:

Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate

He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:

Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you sicke *Hubert*? you looke pale to day,

Infooth I would you were a little sicke.

But I might sit all night, and watch with you.

I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosome.

Reade here yong *Arthur*. 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?

Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for so foule effect,

Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?

Hub. Yong Boy, I must.

Ar. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Ar. Have you the heart? When your head did but

ake,

I knit my hand-kercher about your browes

(The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me)

And I did never 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 up the heavy time;

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

Or what good love may I performe for you?

Many a poore mans sonne would haue lych still,

And ne're have spoke a loving word to you:

But you, at your sicke service had a Prince:

Nay, you may thinke my love was craftie love,

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

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

Hub. I have sworne to doe it :
And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would doe it :
The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even 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, than hammer'd Iron ?
And if an Angell should have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
I would not have beleev'd him : no tongue but *Huberts*.

Hub. Come forth: Doe as I bid you doe.
Ar. O save me *Hubert*, save me : my eyes are out
Even with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and bind him heere.
Ar. Alas, what need you be so boistrous rough ?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone still :
For heaven sake *Hubert* let me not be bound :
Nay heare me *Hubert*, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lamb.

I will not stirre, nor wince, nor speake a word,
Nor looke upon the Iron angerly :
Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgive you,
What ever torment you doe put me too.

Hub. Goe stand within : let me alone with him.
Exc. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.

Ar. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart :
Let him come backe, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.

Ar. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Ar. O heaven : that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious sense :
Then feeling what small things are boysterous there
Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible.

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

Ar. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues,
Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes :

Let me not hold my tongue : let me not *Hubert*,

Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,

So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,

Though to no use, but still to looke on you.

Loe, by my troth, the instrument is cold,

And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, boy.

Ar. No, in good foth : the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserved extreames : See else your selfe,

There is no malice in this burning cole,

The breath of heaven, hath blowne his spirit out,

And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revieve it Boy:

Ar. And if you doe, you will but make it blush,

And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert* :

Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes :

And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,

Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to doe me wrong
Deny their office : onely you doe lacke
That mercy, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live : I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes,
Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this fame very Iron, to burne them out:

Ar. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this white
You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace : no more. Adieu,
Your Vnckle must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports :
And, pretty child, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Ar. O heaven ! I thanke you *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more : goe closely in with me.
Much danger doe I undergoe for thee.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iohn, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other lords.

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

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

Sal. Therefore, to be possess'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before ;
To gild refined gold, to paint the Lilly ;
To throw a pertume on the Violet,
To smooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow ; or with Taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wastefull, and ridiculous excess.

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

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a shifted winde unto 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.

Pem. When workemen strive to doe better than wel,
They doe confound their skill in covetousnesse,
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,
Than did the fault before it was so patch'd,

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell : but it pleas'd your highnesse
To over-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Dorch make a stand, at what your highnesse will.

Iohn.

Ioh. Some reasons of this double Coronation
I have posselt you with, and thinke them strong.
And more, more strong, then lesse is my feare
I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requests:

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To found 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 move the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
The steppes of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choske his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not have this
To grace occasions: let it be our suite,
That you have bid us aske his liberty,
Which for our goods, we doe no further aske,
Than, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

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

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

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and goe,
Betweene his purpose and his conscience,
Like Heralds' twixt two dreadfull battailes set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet child's death.

Iohn. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good lords, although my will to give, is living,
The suite which you demand is gone; and dead.
He tels us *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the child himselfe felt he was sicke;
This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.

Iohn. Why doe you bend such solemne browes on me?
Thinke 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 goe with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poore child,
His little kingdome of a forced grave.
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.

Iohn. They burne in indignation: I repent: *Enter Mef.*
There is no sure foundation set on blood:

No certaine life atchien'd by others death:
A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I have seene inhabite in those cheekes?
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in *France*?

Mef. From *Franco* to *England*, never such a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.

The Copy of your speed is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they doe prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.

Ioh. Oh where hath our intelligence beene drunke?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawn in *France*,
And the not heare of it?

Mef. My Leige, her care
Is stopt with dult: the first of *April* di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my lord,
The Lady *Constance* in a frenize di'de
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.

Iohn. Withhold thy speed, dreadfull occasion:
O make a league with me, 'till I have picas'd
My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Estate in *France*?
Vnder whose conduct came those powers of *France*,
That thou for truth giv' st out are landed heere?

Mef. Vnder the *Dolphin*.

Enter Bastard, and Peter of Pomfret.

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

Bast. But if you be afeard to heare the worst,
Then let the worst unheard, fall on your head.

Iohn. Beare with me *Cofen*, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue; speake it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the Clergy men,
The summes I have collected shall expresse:
But as I travail'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Posselt 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 highnesse should deliver up your Crowne.

Ioh. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

Ioh. *Hubert*, away with him: imprison him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
I shall yeeld up my Crowne, let him be hang'd,
Deliver him to safety, and returne,
For I must use thee. O my gentle *Cofen*,
Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?

Bast. 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 grave
Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your

Iohn. Gentle kinsman, goe (suggestion)
And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,

I have a way to winne their loves againe :
Bring them before me.

Bas. I will seeke them out.

Iohn. Nay, but make haste : the better foot before.

O, let me have no subjects enemies,
When adverse Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

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

Iohn. Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Goe after him : for he perhaps shall need
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou he.

Mes. With all my heart, my Liege.

Iohn. My mother dead ?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My lord, they say five Moones were seene to
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about (night:
The other foure, in wondrous motion.

Iohn. Five Moones ?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Doe prophesie upon 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 speakes, 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 Anvile 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 upon contrary feete,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, unwash'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.

Iohn. Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares?
Why urgest thou so oft yong *Arthurs* death ?

Thy hand hath mured him : I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

H. No had (my lord?) why, did you not provoke me ?

Iohn. It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authority
To understand a Law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Majesty, when perchance it frownes
More upon humor, than advis'd respect.

Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.

Iohn. Oh, when the last accompt twixt heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of meanes to doe ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done ? Had'st not thou beene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and sign'd to doe a deed of shame,
This murther had not come into my mind.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany :
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death :
And thou, to be enderred to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My lord.

Iohn. Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause
When I spake darkely, what I purposed :
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face ;
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words :
Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me breake off,
And those thy feares, might have wrought feares in me.
But, thou didst understand me by my signes,
And didst in signes againe parley with sinne,
Yea, without itop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vild to name
Out of my sight, and never see me more :
My Nobles leave me, and my State is braved,
Even at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres ;
Nay, in the body of his fleshy Land,
This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hostility, and civill tumult reignes
Betweene my conscience, and my Cousins death.

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies :
Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.
Yong *Arthur* is alive : This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood:
Within this bosome, never entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderos thought,
And you have slander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fayrer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

Iohn. Doth *Arthur* live ? O hast thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the Comment that my passion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blind,
And foule imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than 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.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walles.

Art. The wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pitifull, and hurt me not :
There's few or none doe 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 doe not breake my limbes,
Ile find a thousand shifts to get away ;
As good to dye, and goe ; as dye, and stay.
Oh me, my Vnckles spirit is in these stones,
Heaventake my soule, and *England* keepe my boties, *Dies*

Enter Pembroke, and Salisbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at Saint *Edmondsbury*,
It is our safety, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall ?

Sal. The Count *Melloone*, a Noble lord of *France*,
Whose private with me of the *Dolphines* love,
Is much more generall, than these lines import.

Bigot.

Big. To morrow morning let us meete him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes journey (lords) or ere we meete.

Enter Bastard.

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

Sal. The King hath dispossest himselfe of us,
We will n or lyne his thin-bestained clake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes.
Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst. (best.)

Bast. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke were

Sal. Our greifes, and not our manners reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your grieffe.

Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his priviledge.

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

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lyes here?

P. Oh death made proud with pure and princely beauty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

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

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

Sal. Sir Richard, what thinke you? you have beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you thinke?

Or doe you almost thinke, although you see,
That you doe see? could thought, without this object

Forme such another? this is the very top,
The heighth, the Crest: or Crest unto the Crest

Of murders Armes: this is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest Savagery, the vildest stroke

That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the teares of soft remorse.

Pem. All murthers past, doe stand excus'd in this:
And this so sole, and so unmatcheable,

Shall give a holinesse, a purity,
To the yet unbegotten sinne of times;

And prove a deadly blood-shed, but a jest,
Exempl'd by this heynous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The gracelesse action of a heavy hand,

If that it be the worke of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kind 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 sweet life,

And breathing to his breathlesse excellence
The incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:

Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,

Nor conversant with Ease, and idlenesse,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,

By giving it the worship of Revenge.

Pem. Big. Our soules religiously confirme thy words.

Enter Hubert

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,
Arthur doth live, the King hath sent for you.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death:
Avant thou hatefull villaine, get thee gone.

Hub. I am no villaine.

Sal. Must I rob the Law.

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

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

Hub. Stand backe lord *Salsbury*, stand backe I say
By heaven, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours.

I would not have 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 brave a Nobleman?

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

Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.

Hub. Doe not prove me so:
Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false,
Not truly speakes: who speakes not truly, Lies.

Pem. Cut him to peeces.

Bast. Keepe the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.

Bast. Thou wer't better gaul the divel, *Salsbury*.

If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,
Or teach thy hasty spleene to doe me shame,

Ile strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or Ile so manle you, and your toasting-Iron,

That you shall thinke the divel is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou doe, 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 lov'd him, and will weepe

My date of life out, for his sweet lives 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 Rivers of remorse and innocency.

Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre
Th'uncleanly favour of a slaughter-house,

For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.

Big. Away, toward *Bury*, to the *Dolphin* there.

P. There tell the King, he may inquire us out. *Ex. Lords.*

Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire worke?
Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercy,

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

Hub. Doe but heare me sir.

Bast. Ha? Ile tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,

Thou art more deepe dam n'd than Prince *Lucifer*.

There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child:

Hub. Vpon my soule.

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruell Act: doe but despaire,

And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred
That ever Spider twisted from her wombe

Will serve 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 up.
I doe suspect thee very greivously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,
Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.

Bast. Goe, beare him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How easie dost thou take all *England* up,
From forth this morcell of dead Royalty?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heaven: and *England* now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
The unowed interest of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majesty,
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 Raven on a sicke-falne beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Beare away that child,
And follow me with speed; Ile to the King:
A thousand busineses are brieft in hand,
And heaven it selfe doth frowne upon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter King Iohn, and Pandulph, attendants.

K. Iohn. Thus have I yeilded up into your hand
The Circle of my glory.

Pand. Take againe

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Sovereigne greatnesse and authority.

Iohn. Now keepe your holy word, goe meet the *French*,
And from his holinesse use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd:
Our discontented Countiees doe revolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the love of soule
To stranger-bioud, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of mistempred humor,
Rests by you onely to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sicke,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest up,
Vpon your stubborne asage 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 bluftring land:
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of service to the Pope,
Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*

Iohn. Is this Ascension day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascension day at noone,
My Crowne I should give off? even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But (heav'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. All *Kent* hath yeilded: nothing there holds out
But *Dover* Castle: *London* hath receiv'd
Like a kind 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 up and down
The little number of doubtfull friends.

Iohn. Would not my lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong *Arthur* was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty Casket, where the Jewell of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.

Iohn. That villaine *Hubert* told me he did live.

Bast. So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?
Be great in act, as you have beene in thought:
Let not the world see feare and sad distrust.
Governe the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence:
What, shall they seeke the *Lyon* in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne
To meet displeasure farther from the doores,
And grapple with him ere he come so nye.

Iohn. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I have made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers
Led by the *Dolphin*.

Bast. Oh inglorious league:
Shall we upon the footing of our land,
Send faire-play-orders, and make comprimise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To Armes Invasive? Shall a beardlesse boy,
A cockred-silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warre-like soyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idly spred,
And find no checke? Let us my Leige to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

Iohn. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Party may well meet a powder foe.

Exunt.

Scena Secunda.

*Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Mel' oone, Pembroke,
Bigot, Soldiers.*

Dol. My lord *Melloone*, let this be coppied out,
And keepe it safe for our remembrance:
Returne the president to these lords againe,
That having our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, perusing ore these notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keep our faithes firme and inviolable.

Sal. Vpon our sides it never shall be broken.
And Noble *Dolphin*, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeale, and an un-urg'd faith
To your proceedings: yet beleeeve me Prince,
I am not glad that such a fore of time
Should seeke a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heale the inveterate Canker of one wound,

By

By making many : Oh it grieues my soule,
That I must draw this mettle from my side
To be a widdow-maker : oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Physicke of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of sterne injustice, and confus'd wrong:
And is't not pittie, (oh my griev'd friends)
That we, the sonnes and children of this *Iste*,
Were borne to see so sad an houre as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Vpon her gentle bosome, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? I must withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the spot of this inforced cause,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours heere:
What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remove,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
And cripple thee unto a Pagan shore,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The blood of malice, in a veine of league,
And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

Dolph. 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
Betweene compulsion, and a brave respect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That silverly 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 up by tempest of the soule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Than had I seene the vaalty top of heaven
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift up thy brow (renowned *Salisbury*)
And with a great heart heave away this storme:
Commend these warres to those baby-eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other than at feasts,
Full warme of blood, of mirth, of gossiping:
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 finewes to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinkes an Angel spake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of *France*:
The next is this: King *Iohn* hath reconcil'd
Himselfe to *Rome*, his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of *Rome*:
Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up,
And tame the savage spirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lyon fostered up at hand,
It may lye gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull than in shew.

Dolph. Your grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-borne to be propertied
To be a fecnodary at controull,
Or usefull serving-man, and instrument
To any Sovereign 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 wind, 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 *Iohn* hath made
His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
I (by the honor of my marriage bed)
After yong *Arthur*, claime this land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that *Iohn* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
Am I *Romes* slave? what penny hath *Rome* borne?
What men provided? what munition sent
To under-prop this Action? Is't not I
That under-goethis charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre?
Have I not heard these *Islanders* shout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd their Townes?
Have I not heere the best Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And shall I now give ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my soule it never shall be said.

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.

Dolph. 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
Even in the jawes of danger, and of death:
What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Bastard.

Bast. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speake:
My holy lord of *Millane*, from the King
I come to learne how you have dealt for him:
And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He stately sayes, hee'll not lay downe his Armes.

Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth sayes well. Now heare our *English King*,
For thus his Royalty doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reason too he should,
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd Maske, and unadvised Revell,
This unheard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,
The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
From ont the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To dive like Buckets in concealed Wells,
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd up in chelms and trunckes,
To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,
Even

Even at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed *English* man,
Shall that victorious hand be feeble here,
That in your Chambers gave you chastisement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayery towres,
To sowse annoyance that comes neere his Nest;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
You bloody Nero's, ripping up the wombe
Of your deere Mother-*England*: blush for shame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-vifag'd Maides,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. There end thy brave, and turne thy face in peace,
We grant thou canst out-scold us: fare thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.

Pan. Give me leave to speake.

Bast. No, I will speake.

Dol. We will attend to neither:

Strike up the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our interest, and our being heere.

Bast. Indeed your drummes being beaten, wil cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: doe but start
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And even at hand, a drumme is ready 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 us'd rather for sport, than need)
Is warlike *John*: and in his forehead sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Dol. Strike up our drummes, to find this danger out.

Bast. And thou shalt find it (*Dolphin*) doe not doubt
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Alarums. Enter John, and Hubert.

John. How goes the day with us? oh tell me *Hubert*.

Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Majesty?

John. This Feaver that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavy on me: oh, my heart is sicke.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord: your valiant kinsman *Faulconbridge*,
Desires your Majesty to leave the field,
And send him word by me, which way you goe.

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

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

John. Aye me, this tyraot Feaver burnes me up,
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.

Scena Quarta.

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 divell *Faulconbridge*,
In spite of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King *John* fore sicke, hath left the field.

Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Revolts of *England* heere.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pem. It is the Count *Meloone*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Flye Noble *English*, you are bought and sold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,

And welcome home againe discarded faith,
Seeke out King *John*, and fall before his feet:

For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,

By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne,
And I with him, and many moe with me,

Vpon the Altar at *Saint Edmondsbury*,
Even on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and everlasting love.

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

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,

Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceite?

Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye heere, and live hence, by truth?

I say againe, if *Lewis* doe winne the day,
He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the East:

But even this night, whose blacke contagious breath
Already smoakes about the burning Crest

Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,

Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives:

If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the day,
Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;

The love of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandfire was an *Englishman*)

A wakes 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 body and my soule
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Sal. We doe beleve thee, and beshrew my soule,
But I doe love the favour, and the forme

Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,

And like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankenesse and irregular course,

Stooped low within those bounds we have ore-look'd,
And calmly run on in obedience,

Even to our Ocean, to our great King *John*.
My arme shall give thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

For I doe see the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happy newnesse that intends old right. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Trains.

Dol. The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loath to set;
But staid, and made the Westerne Welkin blush,
When *English* measure backward their owne ground
In faint retyre: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a Volley of our needlesse shot,
After such bloody toyle, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tottering colours clearly up,
Lest in the field, and almost Lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince the Dolphin?

Dol. Heere, what newes?

Mes. The Count *Meloone* is slaine: The *English* Lords
By his perswasion are at length false off,
And your supply which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunke on *Goodwin* Sands.

Dol. Ah foule shrew'd newes. Beshrew thy very heart:
I did not thinke to be so sad to night
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *Iohn* did fly an houre or two before
The stumbling night did part our weary powres?

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

Dol. Well: keep good quarter, and good care to night,
The day shall not be up so soone as I,
To try the faire adventure of to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert severally.

Hub. Whose there? Speake ho, speake quickly, or I
shoot.

Bast. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of *England*.

Bast. Whither dost thou goe?

Hub. What's that to thee?

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

Bast. *Hubert*, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will upon all hazzards well beleve

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, and endlesse night,
Have done me shame: Brave Souldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine care.

Bast. Come, come: sans complement, What newes
abroad?

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

Bast. Briefe then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet Sir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not swound at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evill, that you might
The better arme you to the sodaine time,
Than if you had at leisure knowne of this.

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

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a resolved Villaine
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: The King
Yet speakes, and peradventure may recover.

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come
backe,

And brought Prince *Henry* in their company,
At whose request the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majesty.

Bast. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to beare above our power.

Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,
These *Lincolne*-washes have devoured them,
My selfe, well mounted, have escap'd.

Away before: Conduct me to the King,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt.*

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his bloud
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which some suppose the soules fraile dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speake, and holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poyson which assayleth him.

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

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

Hen. Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themselves.
Death having prei'd upon the outward parts
Leaves them invisible, and hir siege is now
Against the wind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng and presse to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death should sing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soule and body their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To set a forme upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

Iohn brought in.

Iohn. I marry, now my soule hath elbow-roome;

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a Summer in my bosome,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen,
Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire
Doe I shrinke up.

Hen. How fares your Majestie?

Ioh. Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the Winter come
To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my Kingdomes Rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosome: nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I doe not aske you much,
I beg cold comfort: and you are so straight
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

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

Iohn. The salt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On unrepreeveable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleene of speed, to see your Majestie.

Iohn. 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 saile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be uttered,
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded Royalty.

Bast. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heaven he knowes how we shall answer him.
For in a night the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the *Washes* all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.

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

Hen. Even so must I runne on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is Clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I doe but stay behinde
To doe the office for thee, of revenge,
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heaven,

As it on earth hath been thy servant still.
Now, now you Stars, that move in your right Spheres,
Where be your powers? 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 us seeke, or straight we shall be fought,
The Dolphin rages at our very heeles.

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinal *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this warre.

Bast. He will the rather doe it, when he sees
Our selves well sinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages he hath dispatch'd
To the Sea-side, and put his 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 post
To consummate this businesse happily.

Bast. Let it be so, and you my Noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall waite upon your Fathers funerall.

Hen. At *Worster* must his body be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall state, and glory of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I doe bequeath my faithfull services
And true subjection everlastingly.

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

Hen. I have a kinde soule that would give thanks,
And knowes not how to doe it, but with teares.

Bast. Oh let us pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene beforehand with our griefes,
This *England* never did, nor never shall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conquerer,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe:

Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shooke them: Nought shall make us rue,
If *England* to it selfe, doe rest but true.

Exeunt.

F J N J S.