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Henry VI Part 1 Act 1

[00:00:48] the flower of knighthood, ne'er defiled.
[00:00:56] the brave for us, to Christ Jesu.
[00:01:05] and to his mother, merry mild.
[00:01:16] In all thy works, was never wild
[00:01:27] but full of grace and charity
[00:01:38] Merciful ever to man and child
[00:01:50] Now sweet King Henry pray for me.
[00:02:02] Oh crown'd King with septor in hand
[00:02:13] Most noble conquerer, I thee call
[00:02:23] For thou has conquered, I understand.
[00:02:36] Thy Henry Kingdom imperial.
[00:02:47] Where joy are boundeth and grace perpetual,
[00:02:59] In presence of the one in three
[00:03:11] Now of thy grace make me apart
[00:03:23] and sweet King Henry pray for me.
[00:03:34] Amen
[00:03:44] Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
[00:03:49] Comets, importing change of times and states,
[00:03:52] Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
[00:03:56] And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
[00:03:59] That have consented unto Henry's death!
[00:04:03] Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
[00:04:08] England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.
[00:04:11] England ne'er had a king until his time.
[00:04:16] Virtue he had, deserving to command:
[00:04:21] His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams:
[00:04:25] His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
[00:04:30] His sparking eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
[00:04:34] More dazzled and drove back his enemies
[00:04:37] Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
[00:04:43] What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
[00:04:48] He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.
[00:04:53] We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
[00:04:57] Henry is dead and never shall revive:
[00:05:00] Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
[00:05:03] And death's dishonourable victory
[00:05:04] We with our stately presence glorify,
[00:05:08] Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
[00:05:11] What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
[00:05:14] That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
[00:05:17] Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
[00:05:19] Conjurers and sorcerers, that afraid of him
[00:05:22] By magic verses have contrived his end?
[00:05:25] He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
[00:05:29] Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day
[00:05:32] So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
[00:05:36] The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
[00:05:40] The church's prayers made him so prosperous.
[00:05:43] The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
[00:05:48] His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
[00:05:50] None do you like but an effeminate prince,
[00:05:53] Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.
[00:05:55] Gloucester, whate'er we like, thou art protector
[00:06:00] And lookest to command the prince and realm.
[00:06:02] Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
[00:06:06] More than God or religious churchmen may.
[00:06:08] Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh,
[00:06:11] And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st!

[00:06:13] Except it be to pray against thy foes.
[00:06:14] Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace:
[00:06:23] Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
[00:06:31] Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms:
[00:06:35] Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
[00:06:50] Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invoke:
[00:06:55] Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
[00:07:01] Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
[00:07:04] A far more glorious star thy soul shall make
[00:07:07] Than Julius Caesar or bright--
[00:07:09] My honourable lords, health to you all!
[00:07:15] Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
[00:07:18] Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
[00:07:23] Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
[00:07:29] Paris, Guysors, Poitiers, are all quite lost.
[00:07:33] What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
[00:07:37] Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
[00:07:40] Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.
[00:07:42] Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?
[00:07:46] If Henry were recall'd to life again,
[00:07:48] These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.
[00:07:51] How were they lost? what treachery was used?
[00:07:56] No treachery; but want of men and money.
[00:08:05] Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
[00:08:07] That here you maintain several factions,
[00:08:10] And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
[00:08:13] You are disputing of your generals:
[00:08:16] One would have lingering wars with little cost;
[00:08:19] Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
[00:08:22] A third thinks, without expense at all,
[00:08:25] By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
[00:08:30] Awake, awake, English nobility!
[00:08:35] Let not sloth dim your horrors new-begot:
[00:08:38] Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
[00:08:42] Of England's coat one half is cut away.
[00:08:47] Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
[00:08:49] These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.
[00:08:52] Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
[00:08:57] Give me my steeled coat. I'll fight for France.
[00:09:01] Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
[00:09:04] Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
[00:09:07] To weep their intermissive miseries.
[00:09:09] Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
[00:09:14] France is revolted from the English quite,
[00:09:16] Except some petty towns of no import:
[00:09:18] The Dauphin Charles is crowned king of Rheims;
[00:09:20] The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
[00:09:23] Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
[00:09:25] The Duke of Alencon flieth to his side.
[00:09:29] The Dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!
[00:09:32] O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?
[00:09:35] We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
[00:09:38] Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.
[00:09:42] Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
[00:09:45] An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
[00:09:47] Wherewith already France is overrun.
[00:09:50] My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
[00:09:52] Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
[00:09:55] I must inform you of a dismal fight
[00:09:57] Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

[00:10:00] What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?
 [00:10:03] O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
 [00:10:09] The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
 [00:10:16] The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
 [00:10:19] Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
 [00:10:21] Having full scarce six thousand in his troop.
 [00:10:25] By three and twenty thousand of the French
 [00:10:27] Was round encompassed and set upon.
 [00:10:30] No leisure had he to enrank his men;
 [00:10:33] He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
 [00:10:36] Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
 [00:10:40] They pitched in the ground confusedly,
 [00:10:42] To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
 [00:10:45] More than three hours the fight continued;
 [00:10:49] Where valiant Talbot above human thought
 [00:10:52] Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
 [00:10:55] Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
 [00:10:58] Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew:
 [00:11:02] The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
 [00:11:05] All the whole army stood agazed on him:
 [00:11:08] His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
 [00:11:12] A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain
 [00:11:15] And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
 [00:11:17] Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
 [00:11:21] If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
 [00:11:25] He, being in the vaward, placed behind
 [00:11:28] With purpose to relieve and follow them,
 [00:11:30] Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 [00:11:34] Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
 [00:11:38] Enclosed were they with their enemies:
 [00:11:42] A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
 [00:11:45] Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
 [00:11:49] Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
 [00:11:53] Durst not presume to look once in the face.
 [00:11:56] Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
 [00:12:01] For living idly here in pomp and ease,
 [00:12:03] Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
 [00:12:05] Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.
 [00:12:07] O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
 [00:12:11] And Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford:
 [00:12:14] Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.
 [00:12:18] His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
 [00:12:22] I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
 [00:12:27] His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
 [00:12:30] Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
 [00:12:34] Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
 [00:12:38] Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
 [00:12:40] To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
 [00:12:43] Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
 [00:12:46] Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
 [00:12:51] So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
 [00:12:54] The English army is grown weak and faint:
 [00:12:57] The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
 [00:12:59] And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
 [00:13:01] Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.
 [00:13:06] Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
 [00:13:09] Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
 [00:13:11] Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.
 [00:13:13] I do remember it; and here take my leave,
 [00:13:16] To go about my preparation.

[00:13:19] I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
 [00:13:21] To view the artillery and munition;
 [00:13:24] And then I will proclaim young Henry king.
 [00:13:29] To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
 [00:13:31] Being ordain'd his special governor,
 [00:13:32] And for his safety there I'll best devise.
 [00:13:47] Each hath his place and function to attend:
 [00:13:53] I am left out; for me nothing remains.
 [00:14:00] But long I will not be Jack out of office:
 [00:14:05] The king from Eltham I intend to steal
 [00:14:08] And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.
 [00:14:46] Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
 [00:14:49] So in the earth, to this day is not known:
 [00:14:53] Late did he shine upon the English side;
 [00:14:55] Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
 [00:14:59] What towns of any moment but we have?
 [00:15:01] At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
 [00:15:04] Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
 [00:15:07] Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.
 [00:15:11] They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
 [00:15:15] Either they must be dieted like mules
 [00:15:18] And have their provender tied to their mouths
 [00:15:21] Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.
 [00:15:27] Let's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
 [00:15:32] Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
 [00:15:35] Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
 [00:15:40] And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
 [00:15:43] Nor men nor money hath he to make war.
 [00:15:46] Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
 [00:15:49] Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
 [00:15:52] Him I forgive my death that killeth me
 [00:15:54] When he sees me go back one foot or fly.
 [00:16:23] Who ever saw the like? what men have I!
 [00:16:26] Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
 [00:16:32] But that they left me 'midst my enemies.
 [00:16:35] Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
 [00:16:37] He fighteth as one weary of his life.
 [00:16:40] The other lords, like lions wanting food,
 [00:16:42] Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.
 [00:16:46] Lean, raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
 [00:16:50] They had such courage and audacity?
 [00:16:57] Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd slaves,
 [00:17:00] And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
 [00:17:03] Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
 [00:17:06] The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.
 [00:17:08] I think, by some odd gimmors or device
 [00:17:10] Their arms are set like clocks, still to strike on;
 [00:17:15] Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
 [00:17:18] By my consent, we'll even let them alone.
 [00:17:22] Be it so.
 [00:17:24] Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.
 [00:17:29] Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.
 [00:17:31] Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
 [00:17:35] Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
 [00:17:38] Be not dismay'd, for succor is at hand:
 [00:17:43] A holy maid hither with me I bring,
 [00:17:45] Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
 [00:17:47] Ordained is to raise this tedious siege
 [00:17:49] And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
 [00:17:54] The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,

[00:17:56] Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
 [00:17:59] What's past and what's to come she can descry.
 [00:18:04] Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
 [00:18:07] For they are certain and unfallible.
 [00:18:10] Go, call her in.
 [00:18:12] But first, to try her skill,
 [00:18:15] Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
 [00:18:19] Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
 [00:18:24] By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.
 [00:18:34] Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?
 [00:18:39] Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
 [00:18:44] Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
 [00:18:53] I know thee well, though never seen before.
 [00:18:57] Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
 [00:19:00] In private will I talk with thee apart.
 [00:19:02] Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.
 [00:19:04] She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
 [00:19:14] Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
 [00:19:17] My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
 [00:19:20] Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
 [00:19:22] To shine on my contemptible estate:
 [00:19:26] Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
 [00:19:30] And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
 [00:19:34] God's mother deigned to appear to me
 [00:19:36] And in a vision full of majesty
 [00:19:38] Will'd me to leave my base vocation
 [00:19:41] And free my country from calamity:
 [00:19:44] Her aid she promised and assured success:
 [00:19:48] In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
 [00:19:50] And, whereas I was black and swart before,
 [00:19:53] With those clear rays which she infused on me
 [00:19:57] That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
 [00:20:01] Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 [00:20:03] And I will answer unpremeditated:
 [00:20:05] My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
 [00:20:11] And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 [00:20:14] Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
 [00:20:18] If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.
 [00:20:21] Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
 [00:20:24] Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
 [00:20:26] In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
 [00:20:29] And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
 [00:20:32] Otherwise I renounce all confidence.
 [00:20:34] I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
 [00:20:37] Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
 [00:20:40] The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard,
 [00:20:42] Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.
 [00:20:44] Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.
 [00:20:47] And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.
 [00:21:21] Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon
 [00:21:28] And fightest with the sword of Deborah.
 [00:21:30] Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.
 [00:21:34] Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
 [00:21:37] Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
 [00:21:40] My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
 [00:21:45] Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
 [00:21:48] Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
 [00:21:52] 'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.
 [00:21:55] I must not yield to any rites of love,
 [00:21:58] For my profession's sacred from above:

[00:22:04] When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
 [00:22:08] Then will I think upon a recompense.
 [00:22:11] Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.
 [00:22:22] Methinks, My Lord is very long in talk.
 [00:22:24] Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
 [00:22:27] Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.
 [00:22:30] Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?
 [00:22:34] He may mean more than we poor men do know:
 [00:22:36] These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
 [00:22:43] My lord, where are you? what devise you on?
 [00:22:49] Shall we give over Orleans, or no?
 [00:22:51] Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
 [00:22:55] Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.
 [00:22:59] What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.
 [00:23:03] Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
 [00:23:05] This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
 [00:23:08] Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
 [00:23:12] Since I have entered into these wars.
 [00:23:15] Glory is like a circle in the water,
 [00:23:18] Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
 [00:23:21] Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
 [00:23:25] With Henry's death the English circle ends;
 [00:23:28] Dispersed are the glories it included.
 [00:23:31] Now am I like that proud insulting ship
 [00:23:35] Which Caesar and his fortunes bare at once.
 [00:23:38] Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
 [00:23:42] How may I reverent worship thee enough?
 [00:23:44] Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.
 [00:23:47] Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
 [00:23:48] Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.
 [00:23:51] Presently we'll try: come, let's away about it:
 [00:23:54] No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.
 [00:24:10] I am come to survey the Tower this day:
 [00:24:13] Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
 [00:24:19] Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
 [00:24:30] Open the gates; The Duke of Gloucester calls.
 [00:24:37] Who's there that knockth so imperiously?
 [00:24:41] It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.
 [00:24:43] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.
 [00:24:46] Villains, answer you
 [00:24:47] so the lord protector?
 [00:24:49] The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
 [00:24:53] We do no otherwise than we are will'd.
 [00:24:56] Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
 [00:25:00] There's none protector of the realm but I.
 [00:25:05] Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.
 [00:25:09] Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?
 [00:25:15] What noise is this? what traitors have we here?
 [00:25:17] Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
 [00:25:20] Open the gates; here's Gloucester that would enter.
 [00:25:23] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
 [00:25:26] His grace, My Lord of Winchester forbids:
 [00:25:28] From him I have express commandment
 [00:25:31] That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.
 [00:25:35] Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
 [00:25:39] Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
 [00:25:41] Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
 [00:25:45] Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
 [00:25:47] Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
 [00:25:51] Open the gates unto the lord protector,

[00:25:55] Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.
 [00:26:24] How now, ambitious Humphry! what means this?
 [00:26:28] Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?
 [00:26:31] I do, thou most usurping proditor,
 [00:26:34] And not protector, of the king or realm.
 [00:26:37] Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
 [00:26:40] Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;
 [00:26:42] Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:
 [00:26:45] Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
 [00:26:49] This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
 [00:26:52] To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.
 [00:26:55] I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
 [00:26:57] Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face.
 [00:27:02] What! am I dared and bearded to my face?
 [00:27:08] Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
 [00:27:11] Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard,
 [00:27:15] I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly:
 [00:27:18] Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.
 [00:27:21] Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the pope.
 [00:27:25] Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!
 [00:27:30] Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?
 [00:27:35] Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
 [00:27:49] Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,
 [00:27:55] Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
 [00:27:58] Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs:
 [00:28:02] Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
 [00:28:05] Hath here distraint'd the Tower to his use.
 [00:28:07] Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
 [00:28:09] One that still motions war and never peace,
 [00:28:12] O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
 [00:28:15] And would have armour here out of the Tower,
 [00:28:17] To crown himself king and suppress the prince.
 [00:28:22] I will not answer thee with words, but blows.
 [00:28:26] Naught rests for me in this tumultuous strife
 [00:28:29] But to make open proclamation:
 [00:28:31] Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst,
 [00:28:38] All manner of men assembled here in arms this day
 [00:28:42] against God's peace and the king's, we charge
 [00:28:45] and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to
 [00:28:47] your several dwelling-places; and not to wear,
 [00:28:50] handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger,
 [00:28:54] henceforward, upon pain of death.
 [00:28:59] Winchester, I'll be no breaker of the law:
 [00:29:03] But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.
 [00:29:06] Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:
 [00:29:10] Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
 [00:29:14] I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
 [00:29:18] This Winchester's more haughty than the devil.
 [00:29:20] Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.
 [00:29:25] Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;
 [00:29:28] For I intend to have it ere long.
 [00:29:34] See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
 [00:29:44] Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!
 [00:29:47] I myself fight not once in forty year.
 [00:30:03] Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
 [00:30:08] And how the English have the suburbs won.
 [00:30:11] Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
 [00:30:13] Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
 [00:30:15] But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:
 [00:30:21] Chief master-gunner am I of this town;

[00:30:24] Something I must do to procure me grace.
 [00:30:28] The prince's espials have informed me
 [00:30:32] How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
 [00:30:35] Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
 [00:30:37] In yonder tower, to overpeer the city,
 [00:30:44] And thence discover how with most advantage
 [00:30:46] They may vex us with shot, or with assault.
 [00:30:50] To intercept this inconvenience,
 [00:30:52] A piece of ordnance 'gainst it have I placed;
 [00:30:55] And even these three days,
 [00:30:56] watch'd If I could see them.
 [00:30:58] Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
 [00:31:04] If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
 [00:31:08] And thou shalt find me at the governor's.
 [00:31:13] Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
 [00:31:17] I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.
 [00:31:40] Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
 [00:31:51] How wert thou handled being prisoner?
 [00:31:53] Or by what means got'st thou to be released?
 [00:31:55] The Earl of Bedford had a prisoner
 [00:31:57] Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
 [00:32:00] For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
 [00:32:04] In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
 [00:32:07] But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
 [00:32:11] Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
 [00:32:13] If I now had him brought into my power.
 [00:32:16] Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.
 [00:32:23] With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.
 [00:32:35] In open market-place produced they me,
 [00:32:38] To be a public spectacle to all:
 [00:32:40] Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
 [00:32:43] The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
 [00:32:48] Then broke I from the officers that led me,
 [00:32:49] And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
 [00:32:52] To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
 [00:32:55] My grisly countenance made others fly;
 [00:33:00] None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
 [00:33:02] In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
 [00:33:07] So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
 [00:33:09] That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
 [00:33:12] And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
 [00:33:16] Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
 [00:33:21] That walked about me every minute-while;
 [00:33:24] And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 [00:33:27] Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.
 [00:33:37] I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
 [00:33:41] But we will be revenged sufficiently
 [00:33:45] Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
 [00:33:47] Here, through this tower, I count each one
 [00:33:50] and view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
 [00:33:54] Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
 [00:34:12] Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
 [00:34:14] Let me have your express opinions
 [00:34:16] Where is best place to make our battery next.
 [00:34:18] I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
 [00:34:21] And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
 [00:34:23] For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
 [00:34:27] Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.
 [00:34:45] O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!
 [00:34:49] O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

[00:34:54] What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
[00:34:58] Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
[00:35:02] How farest thou, mirror of all martial men?
[00:35:10] One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
[00:35:15] Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
[00:35:19] That hath contrived this woful tragedy!
[00:35:26] In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
[00:35:29] Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
[00:35:33] Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
[00:35:36] His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
[00:35:42] Yet livest thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,
[00:35:47] One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
[00:35:50] The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
[00:35:54] Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
[00:35:58] If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
[00:36:03] What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?
[00:36:09] Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?
[00:36:12] My lord, my lord, the French have gathered head:
[00:36:15] The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
[00:36:17] A holy prophetess new risen up,
[00:36:20] Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[00:36:26] Hear, dying Salisbury doth groan!
[00:36:29] It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
[00:36:38] Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
[00:36:43] Puzzel or pucelle, dolphin or dogfish,
[00:36:46] Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
[00:36:49] And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
[00:36:53] Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
[00:37:00] And then try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
[00:37:11] Cry: A Talbot
[00:37:21] Joan of France and la Pucelle
[00:37:28] Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
[00:37:30] Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them:
[00:37:33] A woman clad in armour chaseth them.
[00:37:39] Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
[00:37:47] Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
[00:37:51] Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
[00:37:54] And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.
[00:37:57] Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.
[00:38:18] Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
[00:38:22] My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage
[00:38:24] And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder.
[00:38:27] But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.
[00:38:42] Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
[00:38:45] I must go victor Orleans forthwith.
[00:39:05] O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
[00:39:10] Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
[00:39:13] Help Salisbury to make his testament:
[00:39:17] This day is ours, as many more shall be.
[00:39:22] My mind are whirled like a potter's wheel;
[00:39:24] I know not where I am, nor what I do;
[00:39:26] A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
[00:39:29] Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
[00:39:33] They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
[00:39:36] Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.
[00:39:45] Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
[00:39:48] Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
[00:39:50] Renounce your style, give sheep in lions' stead:
[00:39:54] Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
[00:39:57] Or horse or oxen from the leopard,

[00:39:59] As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.
[00:40:05] Cry: A Talbot
[00:40:23] It will not be: retire into your trenches:
[00:40:50] You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
[00:40:53] For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
[00:40:56] Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
[00:40:57] In spite of us or aught that we could do.
[00:41:04] O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
[00:41:09] The shame hereof will make me hide my head.
[00:41:37] Advance our waving colours on the walls;
[00:41:57] Rescued is Orleans from the English
[00:42:00] Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.
[00:42:06] Divinest creature, Astraea's daughter,
[00:42:10] How shall I honour thee for this success?
[00:42:12] Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
[00:42:15] Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
[00:42:17] And feast and banquet in the open streets,
[00:42:20] To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
[00:42:24] All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
[00:42:28] When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.
[00:42:33] 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
[00:42:36] For which I will divide my crown with her,
[00:42:39] And all the priests and friars in my realm
[00:42:41] Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
[00:42:45] No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
[00:42:48] But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
[00:42:56] Come in, and let us banquet royally,
[00:43:00] After this golden day of victory.

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[00:43:35] Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
[00:43:40] If any noise or soldier you perceive
[00:43:42] Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
[00:43:45] Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.
[00:43:47] Sergeant, you shall.
[00:43:57] Thus are poor servitors,
[00:43:59] When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
[00:44:01] Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.
[00:44:12] Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
[00:44:17] By whose approach the regions of Artois,
[00:44:19] Wallon and Picardy are friends to us,
[00:44:22] This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
[00:44:25] Having all day caroused and banqueted:
[00:44:27] Embrace we then this opportunity
[00:44:29] As fitting best to quittance their deceit
[00:44:32] Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.
[00:44:35] Coward of France! how much he wrongs his fame,
[00:44:39] Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
[00:44:41] To join with witches and the help of hell!
[00:44:44] Traitors have never other company.
[00:44:47] But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?
[00:44:51] A maid, they say.
[00:44:53] A maid! and be so martial!
[00:44:55] Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
[00:44:58] If underneath the standard of the French
[00:45:00] She carry armour as she hath begun.
[00:45:05] Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
[00:45:08] God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
[00:45:13] Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.
[00:45:16] Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.
[00:45:18] Not all together: better far, I guess,
[00:45:22] That we do make our entrance several ways;
[00:45:26] That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
[00:45:28] The other yet may rise against their force.
[00:45:30] Agreed: I'll to yond corner.
[00:45:33] And I to this.
[00:45:35] And there will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
[00:45:43] Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
[00:45:46] Of English Henry, shall this night appear
[00:45:48] How much in duty I am bound to both.
[00:45:56] Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!
[00:46:06] Cry: 'St. George,' 'A Talbot.'
[00:46:27] How now, my lords! what, all unready so?
[00:46:31] Unready! ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.
[00:46:33] 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
[00:46:35] Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.
[00:46:37] I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.
[00:46:39] If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.
[00:46:41] Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.
[00:46:44] Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.
[00:46:47] Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
[00:46:48] Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
[00:46:50] Make us partakers of a little gain,
[00:46:52] That now our loss might be ten times so much?
[00:46:55] Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend!
[00:46:57] At all times will you have my power alike?
[00:46:59] Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
[00:47:01] Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

[00:47:04] Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
[00:47:07] This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.
[00:47:09] Duke of Alencon, this was your default,
[00:47:12] That, being captain of the watch to-night,
[00:47:13] Did look no better to that weighty charge.
[00:47:15] Had all your quarters been as safely kept
[00:47:17] As that whereof I had the government,
[00:47:19] We had not been thus shamefully surprised.
[00:47:21] Mine was secure.
[00:47:23] And so was mine, my lord.
[00:47:24] And, for myself, most part of all this night,
[00:47:26] Within her quarter and mine own precinct
[00:47:29] I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
[00:47:31] About relieving of the sentinels:
[00:47:33] Then how or which way should they first break in?
[00:47:35] Question, my lords, no further of the case,
[00:47:37] How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
[00:47:40] But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
[00:47:44] And now there rests no other shift but this;
[00:47:47] To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
[00:47:49] And lay new platforms to endamage them.
[00:47:52] Cry: A Talbot
[00:48:11] I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
[00:48:17] The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
[00:48:21] For I have loaden me with many spoils,
[00:48:23] Using no other weapon but his name.
[00:48:25] Cry: A Talbot
[00:48:37] Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.
[00:48:59] The day begins to break, and night is fled,
[00:49:05] Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
[00:49:52] Now have I paid my vow to Salisbury's soul;
[00:50:03] For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
[00:50:06] There hath at least five Frenchmen died tonight.
[00:50:12] And that hereafter ages may behold
[00:50:14] What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
[00:50:17] Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
[00:50:19] A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
[00:50:23] Upon the which, that every one may read,
[00:50:26] Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
[00:50:30] The treacherous manner of his mournful death
[00:50:34] And what a terror he had been to France.
[00:50:41] Advance his body to the marketplace,
[00:50:43] the middle center of this cursed town.
[00:51:14] But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
[00:51:17] I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
[00:51:21] His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
[00:51:26] Nor any of his false confederates.
[00:51:29] 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
[00:51:31] Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
[00:51:34] They did amongst the troops of armed men
[00:51:37] Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.
[00:51:42] Myself, as far as I could well discern
[00:51:45] For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
[00:51:49] Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
[00:51:51] When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
[00:51:54] Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
[00:51:58] That could not live asunder day or night.
[00:52:07] After that things are set in order here,
[00:52:09] We'll follow them with all the power we have.
[00:52:12] All hail, my lords! which of this princely train

[00:52:18] Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
[00:52:20] So much applauded through the realm of France?
[00:52:24] Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?
[00:52:30] The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
[00:52:33] With modesty admiring thy renown,
[00:52:35] By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
[00:52:38] To visit her poor castle where she lies,
[00:52:42] That she may boast she hath beheld the man
[00:52:43] Whose glory fills the world with loud report.
[00:52:46] Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
[00:52:49] Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
[00:52:51] When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
[00:52:54] You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
[00:52:58] Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
[00:53:01] Could not prevail with all their oratory,
[00:53:05] Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:
[00:53:08] And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
[00:53:11] And in submission will attend on her.
[00:53:20] Will not your honours bear me company?
[00:53:23] No, truly; it is more than manners will:
[00:53:26] And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
[00:53:29] Are often welcomest when they are gone.
[00:53:32] Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
[00:53:34] I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
[00:53:41] Come hither, captain.
[00:53:50] You perceive my mind?
[00:53:52] I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.
[00:54:03] Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
[00:54:06] And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.
[00:54:09] Madam, I will.
[00:54:12] The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
[00:54:14] I shall as famous be by this exploit
[00:54:15] As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
[00:54:18] Great is the rumor of this dreadful knight,
[00:54:21] And his achievements of no less account:
[00:54:24] Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
[00:54:26] To give their censure of these rare reports.
[00:54:29] Madam,
[00:54:30] According as your ladyship desired,
[00:54:32] By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.
[00:54:34] And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
[00:54:40] Madam, it is.
[00:54:42] Is this the scourge of France?
[00:54:46] Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
[00:54:49] That with his name the mothers still their babes?
[00:54:54] I see report is fabulous and false:
[00:54:58] I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
[00:55:01] A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
[00:55:03] And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
[00:55:08] Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
[00:55:13] It cannot be this weak and writhled shrimp
[00:55:17] Should strike such terror to his enemies.
[00:55:21] Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
[00:55:23] But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
[00:55:26] I'll sort some other time to visit you.
[00:55:30] What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.
[00:55:33] Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
[00:55:35] To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
[00:55:37] Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
[00:55:38] I go to certify her Talbot's here.

[00:55:44] If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
[00:55:49] Prisoner! to whom?
[00:55:50] To me, blood-thirsty lord;
[00:55:56] And for that cause I trained thee to my house.
[00:55:59] Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
[00:56:03] For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
[00:56:05] But now the substance shall endure the like,
[00:56:08] And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
[00:56:11] That hast by tyranny these many years
[00:56:13] Wasted our country, slain our citizens
[00:56:15] And sent our sons and husbands captivate.
[00:56:25] Ha, ha, ha!
[00:56:26] Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.
[00:56:30] I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
[00:56:32] To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
[00:56:35] Whereon to practise your severity.
[00:56:38] Why, art not thou the man?
[00:56:40] I am indeed.
[00:56:42] Then have I substance too.
[00:56:44] No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
[00:56:47] You are deceived, my substance is not here;
[00:56:51] For what you see is but the smallest part
[00:56:53] And least proportion of humanity:
[00:56:55] I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
[00:56:58] It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
[00:57:01] Your roof were not sufficient to contain't.
[00:57:04] This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
[00:57:06] He will be here, and yet he is not here:
[00:57:08] How can these contrarities agree?
[00:57:11] That will I show you presently.
[00:57:34] How say you, madam? are you now persuaded
[00:57:38] That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
[00:57:41] These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
[00:57:46] With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
[00:57:48] Razeth your cities and subverts your towns
[00:57:51] And in a moment makes them desolate.
[00:57:55] Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
[00:58:01] I find thou art no less than fame hath bruted
[00:58:05] And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
[00:58:13] Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
[00:58:17] For I am sorry that with reverence
[00:58:19] I did not entertain thee as thou art.
[00:58:25] Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
[00:58:29] The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
[00:58:32] The outward composition of his body.
[00:58:36] What you have done hath not offended me;
[00:58:38] Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
[00:58:41] But only, with your patience, that we may
[00:58:45] Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
[00:58:50] For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
[00:58:54] With all my heart, and think me honoured
[00:58:57] To feast so great a warrior in my house.
[00:59:47] Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
[00:59:52] Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
[00:59:56] Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
[00:59:58] The garden here is more convenient.
[01:00:01] Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
[01:00:04] Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?
[01:00:08] Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
[01:00:10] And never yet could frame my will to it;

[01:00:12] And therefore frame the law unto my will.
[01:00:19] Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.
[01:00:25] Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
[01:00:29] Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
[01:00:32] Between two blades, which bears the better temper:
[01:00:36] Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
[01:00:39] Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
[01:00:45] I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement;
[01:00:47] But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,
[01:00:51] Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
[01:00:58] Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
[01:01:03] The truth appears so naked on my side
[01:01:05] That any purblind eye may find it out.
[01:01:08] And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
[01:01:09] So clear, so shining and so evident
[01:01:12] That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
[01:01:20] Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
[01:01:26] In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
[01:01:31] Let him that is a true-born gentleman
[01:01:35] And stands upon the honour of his birth,
[01:01:38] If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
[01:01:42] From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
[01:01:53] Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
[01:01:56] But dare maintain the party of the truth,
[01:02:01] Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.
[01:02:15] I love no colours, and without all colour
[01:02:17] Of base insinuating flattery
[01:02:21] I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
[01:02:27] I pluck this red rose with young Somerset
[01:02:32] And say withal I think he held the right.
[01:02:35] Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
[01:02:38] Till you conclude that he upon whose side
[01:02:40] The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree
[01:02:43] Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
[01:02:46] Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
[01:02:48] If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
[01:02:53] And I.
[01:02:55] Then for the truth and plainness of the case.
[01:02:58] I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
[01:03:01] Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
[01:03:04] Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
[01:03:06] Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red
[01:03:08] And fall on my side so, against your will.
[01:03:12] If I my lord, for my opinion bleed,
[01:03:15] Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
[01:03:18] And keep me on the side where now I am.
[01:03:25] Well, well, come on: who else?
[01:03:37] Unless my study and my books be false,
[01:03:41] The argument you held was wrong in you:
[01:03:45] In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.
[01:03:53] Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
[01:03:56] Here in my scabbard, meditating that
[01:03:58] Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
[01:04:01] Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
[01:04:06] For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
[01:04:09] The truth on our side.
[01:04:10] No, Plantagenet,
[01:04:11] 'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
[01:04:14] Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
[01:04:16] And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

[01:04:20] Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
[01:04:22] Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
[01:04:23] Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
[01:04:27] Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
[01:04:33] Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
[01:04:36] That shall maintain what I have said is true,
[01:04:39] Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
[01:04:44] Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
[01:04:47] I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.
[01:04:52] Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.
[01:04:54] Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.
[01:04:57] I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
[01:05:00] Away, away, good William de la Pole!
[01:05:02] We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.
[01:05:05] Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
[01:05:08] His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
[01:05:10] Third son to the third Edward King of England:
[01:05:14] Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?
[01:05:17] He bears him on the place's privilege,
[01:05:18] Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.
[01:05:20] By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
[01:05:22] On any plot of ground in Christendom.
[01:05:24] Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
[01:05:26] For treason 'headed in our late king's days?
[01:05:29] And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
[01:05:31] Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
[01:05:35] His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
[01:05:38] And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.
[01:05:44] My father was attached, not attainted,
[01:05:47] Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
[01:05:50] And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
[01:05:52] Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
[01:05:54] For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
[01:05:58] I'll note you in my book of memory,
[01:06:01] To scourge you for this apprehension:
[01:06:03] Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.
[01:06:07] Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
[01:06:09] And know us by these colours for thy foes,
[01:06:11] For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.
[01:06:15] And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
[01:06:20] As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
[01:06:24] Will I for ever and my faction wear,
[01:06:26] Until it wither with me to my grave
[01:06:29] Or flourish to the height of my degree.
[01:06:32] Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!
[01:06:37] And so farewell until I meet thee next.
[01:06:39] Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard.
[01:06:57] How I am braved and must perforce endure it!
[01:07:01] This blot that they object against your house
[01:07:04] Shall be wiped out in the next parliament
[01:07:06] Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
[01:07:10] And if thou be not then created York,
[01:07:13] I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
[01:07:17] Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
[01:07:20] Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
[01:07:23] Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
[01:07:29] And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
[01:07:34] Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
[01:07:36] Shall send between the red rose and the white
[01:07:40] A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

[01:07:53] Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
 [01:07:56] That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.
 [01:07:58] In your behalf still will I wear the same.
 [01:08:01] And so will I.
 [01:08:03] Thanks, gentle sir.
 [01:08:06] Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
 [01:08:17] This quarrel will drink blood another day.
 [01:08:36] Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 [01:08:40] Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
 [01:08:55] Even like a man new haled from the rack,
 [01:08:59] So fare my limbs with long imprisonment.
 [01:09:03] And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
 [01:09:07] Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
 [01:09:10] Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 [01:09:15] But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
 [01:09:20] Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
 [01:09:24] We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
 [01:09:27] And answer was return'd that he will come.
 [01:09:31] Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
 [01:09:38] Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
 [01:09:45] Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
 [01:09:50] Before whose glory I was great in arms,
 [01:09:53] This loathsome sequestration have I had:
 [01:09:57] Even so long has Richard been obscured,
 [01:10:01] Deprived of honour and inheritance.
 [01:10:05] But now the arbitrator of despairs,
 [01:10:08] Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 [01:10:13] With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
 [01:10:19] I would his troubles likewise were expired,
 [01:10:23] That so he might recover what was lost.
 [01:10:29] My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
 [01:10:33] Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
 [01:10:37] Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
 [01:10:42] Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.
 [01:10:46] Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
 [01:10:54] And now declare, sweet stem of York's great stock,
 [01:10:59] Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despised?
 [01:11:04] First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
 [01:11:11] And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
 [01:11:18] This day, in argument upon a case,
 [01:11:23] Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
 [01:11:26] Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
 [01:11:28] And did upbraid me with my father's death:
 [01:11:30] Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
 [01:11:33] In honour of a true Plantagenet
 [01:11:35] And for alliance sake, declare the cause
 [01:11:38] My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
 [01:11:41] That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
 [01:11:44] And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
 [01:11:46] Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
 [01:11:50] Was cursed instrument of his decease.
 [01:11:54] Discover more at large what cause that was,
 [01:11:57] Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
 [01:12:05] Deposed his nephew Richard,
 [01:12:07] The first-begotten and the lawful heir,
 [01:12:09] Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
 [01:12:13] In Henry's reign the Percies of the north,
 [01:12:17] Finding his usurpation most unjust,
 [01:12:20] Endeavor'd my advancement to the throne:
 [01:12:24] The reason moved these warlike lords to this

[01:12:27] Was, for that--young King Richard thus removed,
[01:12:31] Leaving no heir begotten of his body--
[01:12:34] I was the next by birth and parentage;
[01:12:38] For by my mother I derived am
[01:12:41] From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
[01:12:45] To King Edward the Third; whereas he
[01:12:47] From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
[01:12:50] Being but fourth of that heroic line.
[01:12:55] But mark: as in that great haughty attempt
[01:12:59] They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
[01:13:04] I lost my liberty and they their lives.
[01:13:10] Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
[01:13:14] Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
[01:13:18] Thy father, the Earl of Cambridge then, derived
[01:13:22] From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
[01:13:25] Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
[01:13:29] Again in pity of my hard distress
[01:13:32] Levied an army, weening to redeem
[01:13:35] And have install'd me in the diadem:
[01:13:40] But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
[01:13:43] And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
[01:13:47] In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.
[01:13:54] Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
[01:13:56] True; and thou seest that I no issue have
[01:14:00] Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
[01:14:09] My dear, be wary in thy studious care.
[01:14:15] Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
[01:14:19] But yet, methinks, my father's execution
[01:14:21] Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.
[01:14:23] With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
[01:14:29] Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
[01:14:33] And like a mountain, not to be removed.
[01:14:41] But now thy uncle is removing hence:
[01:14:45] As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
[01:14:50] With long continuance in a settled place.
[01:14:54] O, uncle, would some part of my young years
[01:15:00] Might but redeem the passage of your age!
[01:15:02] Thou then dost wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
[01:15:05] Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
[01:15:10] Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
[01:15:16] Only give order for my funeral:
[01:15:21] And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes
[01:15:27] And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!
[01:15:48] And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
[01:16:02] Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
[01:16:11] And what I do imagine let that rest.
[01:16:24] Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
[01:16:33] Will see his burial better than his life.
[01:16:41] Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
[01:16:46] Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
[01:16:51] And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
[01:16:54] Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house:
[01:16:57] I doubt not but with honour to redress;
[01:17:02] And therefore haste I to the parliament,
[01:17:05] Either to be restored to my blood,
[01:17:09] Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

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[01:17:29] Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,
[01:17:33] With written pamphlets studiously devised,
[01:17:37] Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
[01:17:41] Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
[01:17:43] Do it without invention, suddenly;
[01:17:46] As I with sudden and extemporal speech
[01:17:48] Purpose to answer what thou canst object.
[01:17:55] Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
[01:17:59] Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
[01:18:02] Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
[01:18:04] The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
[01:18:06] That therefore I have forged, or am not able
[01:18:09] Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
[01:18:13] No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
[01:18:17] Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
[01:18:20] As very infants prattle of thy pride.
[01:18:23] Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
[01:18:26] Forward by nature, enemy to peace;
[01:18:29] Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
[01:18:31] A man of thy profession and degree;
[01:18:34] And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
[01:18:37] In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
[01:18:40] As well at London bridge as at the Tower.
[01:18:43] Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
[01:18:46] The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
[01:18:50] From envious malice of thy swelling heart.
[01:18:52] Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
[01:18:57] To give me hearing what I shall reply.
[01:19:00] If covetous, ambitious or perverse,
[01:19:09] As he will have me, how am I so poor?
[01:19:14] Or how haps it I seek not to advance
[01:19:16] Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
[01:19:20] And for dissension, who preferreth peace
[01:19:24] More than I do?--except I be provoked.
[01:19:28] No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
[01:19:32] It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
[01:19:36] It is, because no one should sway but he;
[01:19:39] No one but he should be about the king;
[01:19:42] And that engenders thunder in his breast
[01:19:44] And makes him roar these accusations forth.
[01:19:49] But he shall know I am as good--
[01:19:52] As good!
[01:19:53] Thou bastard of my grandfather!
[01:19:57] Ay, lordly sir; and what are you, I pray,
[01:20:01] But one imperious in another's throne?
[01:20:05] Am I not protector, saucy priest?
[01:20:07] And am not I a prelate of the church?
[01:20:09] Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps
[01:20:11] And useth it to patronage his theft.
[01:20:13] Unreverent Gloster!
[01:20:14] Thou art reverent
[01:20:16] Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
[01:20:20] Rome shall remedy this.
[01:20:22] Roam thither, then.
[01:20:30] My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
[01:20:32] Methinks my lord should be religious
[01:20:34] And know the office that belongs to such.
[01:20:36] Methinks his lordship should be humbler;

[01:20:38] it fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
 [01:20:39] Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.
 [01:20:42] State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
 [01:20:44] Is not his grace protector to the king?
 [01:20:49] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
 [01:20:52] Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
 [01:20:56] Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
 [01:20:59] Else would I have a fling at Winchester.
 [01:21:03] Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
 [01:21:07] The special watchmen of our English weal,
 [01:21:10] I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
 [01:21:14] To join your hearts in love and amity.
 [01:21:20] O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
 [01:21:22] That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
 [01:21:25] Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
 [01:21:27] Civil dissension is a viperous worm
 [01:21:30] That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
 [01:21:35] What tumult's this?
 [01:21:37] An uproar, I dare warrant,
 [01:21:38] Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
 [01:21:44] O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
 [01:21:46] Pity the city of London, pity us!
 [01:21:49] The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
 [01:21:51] Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
 [01:21:53] Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones
 [01:21:56] And banding themselves in contrary parts
 [01:21:58] Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
 [01:22:01] That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
 [01:22:03] Our windows are broke down in every street
 [01:22:06] And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.
 [01:22:19] We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
 [01:22:21] To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.
 [01:22:24] Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.
 [01:22:26] First Serving-man: Nay, if we be forbidden stones,
 [01:22:27] We'll fall to it with our teeth.
 [01:22:29] Second Serving-man: Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.
 [01:22:32] You of my household, leave this peevish broil
 [01:22:36] And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.
 [01:22:39] Third Serving-man: My lord, we know your grace to be a man
 [01:22:41] Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
 [01:22:43] Inferior to none but to his majesty:
 [01:22:46] And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
 [01:22:48] So kind a father of the commonweal,
 [01:22:50] To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
 [01:22:53] We and our wives and children all will fight
 [01:22:55] And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.
 [01:22:57] First Serving-man: Ay, and the very parings of our nails
 [01:22:59] Shall pitch a field when we are dead.
 [01:23:02] Stay, stay, I say!
 [01:23:04] And if you love me, as you say you do,
 [01:23:08] Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.
 [01:23:23] O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
 [01:23:27] Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
 [01:23:30] My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
 [01:23:34] Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
 [01:23:37] Or who should study to prefer a peace.
 [01:23:38] If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
 [01:23:43] My lord protector, yield; yield, Winchester;
 [01:23:48] Except you mean with obstinate repulse
 [01:23:50] To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.

[01:23:53] He shall submit, or I will never yield.
 [01:23:59] Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
 [01:24:03] Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
 [01:24:05] Should ever get that privilege of me.
 [01:24:08] Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
 [01:24:09] Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
 [01:24:11] As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
 [01:24:15] Why look you still so stern and tragical?
 [01:24:19] Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.
 [01:24:26] Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
 [01:24:28] That malice was a great and grievous sin;
 [01:24:31] And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
 [01:24:33] But prove a chief offender in the same?
 [01:24:34] For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!
 [01:24:38] What, shall a child instruct you what to do?
 [01:24:44] Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;
 [01:24:50] Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.
 [01:24:57] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.--
 [01:25:03] See here, my loving friends and countrymen,
 [01:25:10] This token serveth for a flag of truce
 [01:25:13] Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
 [01:25:16] So help me God, as I dissemble not!
 [01:25:20] So help me God, as I intend it not!
 [01:25:24] O, loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
 [01:25:27] How joyful am I made by this contract!
 [01:25:29] Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
 [01:25:31] But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
 [01:25:34] First Serving-man: Content: I'll to the surgeon's.
 [01:25:39] Second Serving-man: And so will I.
 [01:25:40] Third-man: And I will see what physic the tavern affords.
 [01:25:48] Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
 [01:25:51] Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
 [01:25:52] We do exhibit to your majesty.
 [01:25:55] Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: or sweet prince,
 [01:25:59] And if your grace mark every circumstance,
 [01:26:02] You have great reason to do Richard right;
 [01:26:04] Especially for those occasions
 [01:26:05] At Eltham Place I told your majesty.
 [01:26:08] And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
 [01:26:11] Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
 [01:26:12] That Richard be restored to his blood.
 [01:26:16] Let Richard be restored to his blood;
 [01:26:19] So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.
 [01:26:21] As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.
 [01:26:29] If Richard will be true, not that alone
 [01:26:31] But all the whole inheritance I give
 [01:26:33] That doth belong unto the house of York,
 [01:26:34] From whence you spring by lineal descent.
 [01:26:39] Thy humble servant vows obedience
 [01:26:41] And humble service till the point of death.
 [01:26:46] Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;
 [01:26:50] And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
 [01:26:52] I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
 [01:26:57] Rise Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
 [01:26:59] And rise created princely Duke of York.
 [01:27:07] And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
 [01:27:10] And as my duty springs, so perish they
 [01:27:13] That grudge one thought against your majesty!
 [01:27:17] Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!
 [01:27:23] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

[01:27:27] Now will it best avail your majesty
 [01:27:29] To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France:
 [01:27:32] The presence of a king engenders love
 [01:27:35] Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
 [01:27:37] As it disanimates his enemies.
 [01:27:40] When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes;
 [01:27:43] For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.
 [01:27:46] Your ships already are in readiness.
 [01:28:10] Ay, we may march in England or in France,
 [01:28:13] Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
 [01:28:16] This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
 [01:28:18] Burns under feigned ashes of forged love
 [01:28:22] And will at last break out into a flame:
 [01:28:25] As fester'd members rot but by degree,
 [01:28:28] Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
 [01:28:32] So will this base and envious discord breed.
 [01:28:37] And now I fear that fatal prophecy
 [01:28:40] Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth
 [01:28:42] Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
 [01:28:45] That Henry born at Monmouth should win all
 [01:28:49] And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
 [01:28:54] Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
 [01:28:56] His days may finish ere that hapless time.
 [01:29:29] These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
 [01:29:33] Through which our policy must make a breach:
 [01:29:38] Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
 [01:29:43] Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
 [01:29:45] That come to gather money for their corn.
 [01:29:48] If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
 [01:29:52] And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
 [01:29:55] I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
 [01:29:58] That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.
 [01:30:01] Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
 [01:30:06] And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
 [01:30:12] Therefore we'll knock.
 [01:30:23] Qui est la?
 [01:30:24] Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
 [01:30:27] Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.
 [01:30:31] Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.
 [01:30:37] Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.
 [01:30:45] Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
 [01:30:48] And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.
 [01:30:50] Now she is there, how will she specify
 [01:30:52] Where is the best and safest passage in?
 [01:30:55] By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
 [01:30:58] Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,
 [01:31:00] No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.
 [01:31:02] Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
 [01:31:05] That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
 [01:31:08] But burning fatal to the Talbotites!
 [01:31:12] Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
 [01:31:14] Enter, and cry "The Dauphin!" presently,
 [01:31:16] And then do execution on the watch.
 [01:32:35] France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
 [01:32:38] If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
 [01:32:41] Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
 [01:32:43] Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
 [01:32:45] That hardly we escaped the pride of France.
 [01:32:58] Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
 [01:33:07] I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast

[01:33:09] Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
[01:33:13] Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtesan!
[01:33:17] I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own
[01:33:20] And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
[01:33:23] Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.
[01:33:26] O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!
[01:33:31] What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
[01:33:34] And run a tilt at death within a chair?
[01:33:37] Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
[01:33:40] Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
[01:33:43] Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age
[01:33:46] And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
[01:33:48] Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
[01:33:50] Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
[01:33:53] Are ye so hot? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
[01:33:58] If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.
[01:34:08] The English whisper together in council
[01:34:10] God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?
[01:34:22] Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?
[01:34:26] Belike your lordship takes us then for fools,
[01:34:30] To try if that our own be ours or no.
[01:34:33] I speak not to that railing Hecate,
[01:34:36] But unto thee, Alencon, and the rest;
[01:34:38] Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
[01:34:43] Signior, no.
[01:34:48] Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
[01:34:53] Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls
[01:34:56] And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.
[01:34:59] Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;
[01:35:01] For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
[01:35:04] God bye my lord! we came but to tell you
[01:35:06] That we are here.
[01:35:08] And there will we be too, ere it be long,
[01:35:11] Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
[01:35:15] Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
[01:35:18] Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
[01:35:21] Either to get the town again or die:
[01:35:25] And I, as sure as English Henry lives
[01:35:28] And as his father here was conqueror,
[01:35:31] As sure as in this late-betrayed town
[01:35:33] Great Coeur-de-lion's heart was buried,
[01:35:37] So sure I swear to get the town or die.
[01:35:41] My vows are equal partners with thy vows.
[01:35:49] But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
[01:35:52] The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
[01:35:56] We will bestow you in some better place,
[01:35:58] Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.
[01:36:00] Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
[01:36:03] Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
[01:36:06] And will be partner of your weal or woe.
[01:36:09] Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.
[01:36:12] Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
[01:36:15] That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
[01:36:18] Came to the field and vanquished his foes:
[01:36:21] Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
[01:36:25] Because I ever found them as myself.
[01:36:30] Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
[01:36:34] Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!
[01:36:41] And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
[01:36:44] But gather we our forces out of hand

[01:36:48] And set upon our boasting enemy.
[01:36:57] Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?
[01:36:59] Whither away! to save myself by flight:
[01:37:03] We are like to have the overthrow again.
[01:37:04] What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?
[01:37:07] Ay,
[01:37:08] All the Talbots in the world, to save my life!
[01:37:10] Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!
[01:37:29] Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
[01:37:33] For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
[01:37:36] What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
[01:37:41] They that of late were daring with their scoffs
[01:37:43] Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[01:38:07] Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
[01:38:09] This is a double honour, Burgundy:
[01:38:12] Yet heavens have glory for this victory!
[01:38:15] Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
[01:38:18] Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects
[01:38:21] Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.
[01:38:31] The noble Duke of Bedford is deceased,
[01:38:48] A braver soldier never couched lance,
[01:38:51] A gentler heart did never sway in court;
[01:38:56] But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
[01:39:01] For that's the end of human misery.
[01:39:06] Thou see'st his exucust performed in Rouen.
[01:39:14] Then we will take some order in this town.
[01:39:17] Placing therein some expert offices
[01:39:25] and then depart to Paris to the King
[01:39:28] For there young Henry and his nobles lie.
[01:39:32] What wills Lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgandy.
[01:40:06] Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
[01:40:09] Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
[01:40:14] Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
[01:40:17] For things that are not to be remedied.
[01:40:21] Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while
[01:40:24] And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
[01:40:28] We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
[01:40:30] If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.
[01:40:33] We have been guided by thee hitherto,
[01:40:35] And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
[01:40:37] One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.
[01:40:40] Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
[01:40:44] By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
[01:40:49] We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
[01:40:52] To leave the Talbot and to follow us.
[01:40:55] Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
[01:40:57] France were no place for Henry's warriors;
[01:40:59] Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
[01:41:01] But be extirped from our provinces.
[01:41:03] For ever should they be expelled from France
[01:41:05] And not have title of an earldom here.
[01:41:08] Your honours shall perceive how I will work
[01:41:10] To bring this matter to the wished end.
[01:41:14] Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
[01:41:17] Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.
[01:41:21] There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
[01:41:24] And all the troops of English after him.
[01:41:28] Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
[01:41:32] Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
[01:41:34] Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[01:41:37] A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!
[01:41:44] Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
[01:41:47] The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.
[01:41:53] What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.
[01:41:57] Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.
[01:41:59] Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
[01:42:03] Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.
[01:42:09] Speak on; but be not over-tedious.
[01:42:13] Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
[01:42:20] And see the cities and the towns defaced
[01:42:24] By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
[01:42:28] As looks the mother on her lowly babe
[01:42:31] When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
[01:42:35] See, see the pining malady of France;
[01:42:42] Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
[01:42:47] Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
[01:42:51] O, turn thy edged sword another way;
[01:42:55] Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
[01:43:01] One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
[01:43:04] Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
[01:43:09] Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
[01:43:13] And wash away thy country's stained spots.
[01:43:19] Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
[01:43:22] Or nature makes me suddenly relent.
[01:43:26] Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
[01:43:28] Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
[01:43:32] Who joint'st thou with but with a lordly nation
[01:43:34] That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
[01:43:38] When Talbot hath set footing once in France
[01:43:41] And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
[01:43:43] Who then but English Henry will be lord
[01:43:46] And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
[01:43:50] See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen
[01:43:55] And joint'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.
[01:43:59] Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord:
[01:44:05] Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.
[01:44:16] I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
[01:44:22] Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
[01:44:25] And made me almost yield upon my knees.
[01:44:32] Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
[01:44:37] And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
[01:44:43] My forces and my power of men are yours:
[01:44:49] So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.
[01:44:53] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!
[01:44:58] Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.
[01:45:00] And doth beget new courage in our breasts.
[01:45:03] Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
[01:45:07] And doth deserve a coronet of gold.
[01:45:13] Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
[01:45:15] And seek how we may prejudice the foe.
[01:45:43] My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
[01:45:46] Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
[01:45:48] I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
[01:45:51] To do my duty to my sovereign:
[01:45:54] In sign, whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
[01:45:56] Through your obedience fifty fortresses,
[01:45:58] Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
[01:46:02] Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
[01:46:04] Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
[01:46:08] And with submissive loyalty of heart

[01:46:09] Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
[01:46:13] First to my God and next unto your grace.
[01:46:17] Is this the Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
[01:46:20] That hath so long been resident in France?
[01:46:22] Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.
[01:46:26] Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
[01:46:30] When I was young, as yet I am not old,
[01:46:33] I do remember how my father said
[01:46:34] A stouter champion never handled sword.
[01:46:38] Long since we were resolved of your truth,
[01:46:41] Your faithful service and your toil in war;
[01:46:43] Yet never have you tasted our reward,
[01:46:45] Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
[01:46:48] Because till now we never saw your face:
[01:46:50] Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
[01:46:55] We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
[01:46:59] And in our coronation take your place.
[01:47:25] Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
[01:47:30] Disgracing of these colours that I wear
[01:47:32] In honour of my noble Lord of York:
[01:47:34] Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?
[01:47:38] Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
[01:47:41] The envious barking of your saucy tongue
[01:47:43] Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.
[01:47:46] Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
[01:47:49] Why, what is he? as good a man as York.
[01:47:53] Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.
[01:47:59] Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
[01:48:02] That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
[01:48:05] Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
[01:48:10] But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
[01:48:13] I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
[01:48:16] When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.
[01:48:22] Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
[01:48:26] And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

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[01:48:41] Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.
[01:49:06] God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!
[01:49:13] Crowd: God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!
[01:49:22] Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
[01:49:43] That you elect no other king but him;
[01:49:49] Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
[01:49:52] And none your foes but such as shall pretend
[01:49:57] Malicious practises against his state:
[01:50:00] This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!
[01:50:04] This shall I do, so help me righteous God!
[01:50:21] My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
[01:50:25] To haste unto your coronation,
[01:50:27] A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
[01:50:30] Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.
[01:50:34] Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
[01:50:39] I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
[01:50:42] To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,
[01:50:47] Which I have done, because unworthily
[01:50:50] Thou wast installed in that high degree.
[01:50:53] Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest
[01:50:59] This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
[01:51:02] When but in all I was six thousand strong
[01:51:04] And that the French were almost ten to one,
[01:51:07] Before we met or that a stroke was given,
[01:51:10] Like to a trusty squire did run away:
[01:51:15] In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
[01:51:19] Myself and divers gentlemen beside
[01:51:21] Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
[01:51:25] Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
[01:51:28] Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
[01:51:31] This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.
[01:51:37] To say the truth, this fact was infamous
[01:51:40] And ill beseeming any common man,
[01:51:44] Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.
[01:51:54] When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
[01:51:56] Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
[01:52:00] Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
[01:52:04] Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
[01:52:09] Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
[01:52:11] But always resolute in most extremes.
[01:52:16] He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
[01:52:19] Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
[01:52:22] Profaning this most honourable order,
[01:52:25] And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
[01:52:27] Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
[01:52:31] That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.
[01:52:36] Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
[01:52:41] Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
[01:52:43] Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.
[01:52:53] And now, my lord protector, view the letter
[01:52:55] Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.
[01:53:01] What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?
[01:53:05] No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king!'
[01:53:08] Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
[01:53:11] Or doth this churlish superscription
[01:53:16] Pretend some alteration in good will?
[01:53:18] What's here?
[01:53:24] 'I have, upon especial cause,

[01:53:28] Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,
[01:53:31] Together with the pitiful complaints
[01:53:33] Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
[01:53:36] Forsaken your pernicious faction
[01:53:39] And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.'
[01:53:45] O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
[01:53:50] That in alliance, amity and oaths,
[01:53:52] There should be found such false dissembling guile?
[01:53:56] What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
[01:53:59] He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.
[01:54:02] Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
[01:54:04] It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
[01:54:07] Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him
[01:54:11] And give him chastisement for this abuse.
[01:54:13] How say you, my lord? are you not content?
[01:54:16] Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,
[01:54:18] I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
[01:54:21] Then gather strength and march unto him straight:
[01:54:24] Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason
[01:54:26] And what offence it is to flout his friends.
[01:54:28] I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
[01:54:30] You may behold confusion in your foes.
[01:54:40] Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.
[01:54:42] And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.
[01:54:44] This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.
[01:54:46] And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.
[01:54:49] Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.
[01:54:53] Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
[01:54:55] And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?
[01:54:57] With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.
[01:54:59] And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.
[01:55:02] What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
[01:55:05] First let me know, and then I'll answer you.
[01:55:07] Crossing the sea from England into France,
[01:55:10] This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
[01:55:14] Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
[01:55:17] Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
[01:55:19] Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
[01:55:21] When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
[01:55:24] About a certain question in the law
[01:55:26] Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
[01:55:29] In confutation of which rude reproach
[01:55:32] And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
[01:55:35] I crave the benefit of law of arms.
[01:55:38] And that is my petition, noble lord:
[01:55:40] For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
[01:55:43] To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
[01:55:45] Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
[01:55:48] And he first took exceptions at this badge,
[01:55:50] Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
[01:55:53] Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.
[01:55:55] Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?
[01:55:58] Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
[01:56:01] Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.
[01:56:04] Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,
[01:56:08] When for so slight and frivolous a cause
[01:56:10] Such factious emulations shall arise!
[01:56:14] Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
[01:56:17] Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.
[01:56:21] Let this dissension first be tried by fight,

[01:56:25] And then your highness shall command a peace.
[01:56:27] The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
[01:56:29] Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.
[01:56:33] There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.
[01:56:36] Nay, let it rest where it began at first.
[01:56:38] Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.
[01:56:41] Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
[01:56:45] And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
[01:56:48] Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
[01:56:51] With this immodest clamorous outrage
[01:56:54] To trouble and disturb the king and us?
[01:56:57] And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
[01:57:01] To bear with their perverse objections;
[01:57:04] Much less to take occasion from their mouths
[01:57:06] To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
[01:57:10] Let me persuade you take a better course.
[01:57:12] It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.
[01:57:17] Come hither, you that would be combatants:
[01:57:23] Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
[01:57:26] Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
[01:57:33] And you, my lords, remember where we are,
[01:57:44] In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
[01:57:47] If they perceive dissension in our looks
[01:57:49] And that within ourselves we disagree,
[01:57:51] How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
[01:57:53] To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
[01:57:56] Beside, what infamy will there arise,
[01:57:59] When foreign princes shall be certified
[01:58:01] That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
[01:58:04] King Henry's peers and chief nobility
[01:58:06] Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
[01:58:11] O, think upon the conquest of my father,
[01:58:16] My tender years, and let us not forego
[01:58:19] That for a trifle that was bought with blood
[01:58:24] Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
[01:58:31] I see no reason, if I wear this rose,
[01:58:39] That any one should therefore be suspicious
[01:58:40] I more incline to Somerset than York:
[01:58:44] Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
[01:58:48] As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
[01:58:50] Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
[01:58:54] But your discretions better can persuade
[01:58:56] Than I am able to instruct or teach:
[01:59:01] And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
[01:59:04] So let us still continue peace and love.
[01:59:09] Cousin of York, we institute your grace
[01:59:12] To be our regent in these parts of France:
[01:59:16] And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
[01:59:20] Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
[01:59:25] And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
[01:59:27] Go cheerfully together and digest
[01:59:29] Your angry choler on your enemies.
[01:59:33] Ourself, my lord protector and the rest
[01:59:35] After some respite will return to Calais;
[01:59:38] From thence to England; where I hope ere long
[01:59:41] To be presented, by your victories,
[01:59:44] With Charles, Alencon and that traitorous rout.
[02:00:12] My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
[02:00:14] Prettily, methought, did play the orator.
[02:00:17] And so he did; but yet I like it not,

[02:00:23] In that he wears the badge of Somerset.
[02:00:25] Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
[02:00:28] I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.
[02:00:31] An if I wist he did,--but let it rest;
[02:00:45] Other affairs must now be managed.
[02:00:51] Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
[02:00:54] For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
[02:00:56] I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
[02:00:58] More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
[02:01:03] Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
[02:01:07] But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
[02:01:10] This jarring discord of nobility,
[02:01:14] This shouldering of each other in the court,
[02:01:16] This factious bandying of their favourites,
[02:01:20] But sees it doth presage some ill event.
[02:01:25] 'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;
[02:01:29] But more when envy breeds unkind division;
[02:01:32] There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.
[02:01:59] Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:
[02:02:01] Summon their general unto the wall.
[02:02:07] Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft
[02:02:17] English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
[02:02:20] Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
[02:02:24] And thus he would: Open your city gates;
[02:02:27] Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
[02:02:31] And do him homage as obedient subjects;
[02:02:35] And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
[02:02:39] But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
[02:02:42] You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
[02:02:45] Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
[02:02:49] Who in a moment even with the earth
[02:02:51] Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
[02:02:55] If you forsake the offer of their love.
[02:02:59] Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
[02:03:03] Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
[02:03:07] The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
[02:03:10] On us thou canst not enter but by death;
[02:03:14] For, I protest, we are well fortified
[02:03:16] And strong enough to issue out and fight:
[02:03:19] If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
[02:03:23] Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
[02:03:27] On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
[02:03:30] To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
[02:03:33] And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
[02:03:36] But death doth front thee with apparent spoil
[02:03:39] And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
[02:03:44] Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
[02:03:46] To rive their dangerous artillery
[02:03:48] Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
[02:03:53] Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
[02:03:57] Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
[02:04:01] This is the latest glory of thy praise
[02:04:03] That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
[02:04:06] For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
[02:04:09] Finish the process of his sandy hour,
[02:04:12] These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
[02:04:16] Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.
[02:04:22] Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
[02:04:27] Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
[02:04:31] And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[02:04:42] He fables not; I hear the enemy:
[02:04:53] Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
[02:04:58] O, negligent and heedless discipline!
[02:05:08] How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
[02:05:13] A little herd of England's timorous deer,
[02:05:18] Mazed with a kennel of French curs!
[02:05:24] If we be English deer, be then in blood;
[02:05:30] Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
[02:05:33] But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
[02:05:36] Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
[02:05:41] And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
[02:05:43] Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
[02:05:47] And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
[02:05:51] God and Saint George, England and England's right,
[02:05:57] Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!
[02:06:08] Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
[02:06:10] That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
[02:06:12] They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
[02:06:13] That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
[02:06:15] To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
[02:06:17] By your espials were discovered
[02:06:19] Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
[02:06:21] Which join'd with him and made their march for Bourdeaux.
[02:06:23] A plague upon that villain Somerset,
[02:06:26] That thus delays my promised supply
[02:06:28] Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
[02:06:31] Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
[02:06:34] And I am lowted by a traitor villain
[02:06:37] And cannot help the noble chevalier:
[02:06:41] God comfort him in this necessity!
[02:06:44] If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.
[02:06:46] Thou princely leader of our English strength,
[02:06:49] Never so needful on the earth of France,
[02:06:51] Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
[02:06:53] Who now is girdled with a waist of iron
[02:06:56] And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
[02:06:59] To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
[02:07:03] Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.
[02:07:06] O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
[02:07:10] Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
[02:07:16] So should we save a valiant gentleman
[02:07:19] By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
[02:07:24] Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
[02:07:27] That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.
[02:07:33] O, send some succor to the distress'd lord!
[02:07:40] He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
[02:07:50] We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
[02:07:58] All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.
[02:08:04] Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
[02:08:08] And on his son young John, who two hours since
[02:08:11] I met in travel toward his warlike father!
[02:08:14] This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
[02:08:19] And now they meet where both their lives are done.
[02:08:26] Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
[02:08:33] To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
[02:08:40] Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
[02:08:44] That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
[02:08:50] Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,
[02:08:56] But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
[02:09:03] Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,

[02:09:10] 'Long all of Somerset and his delay.
 [02:09:20] Thus, while the vulture of sedition
 [02:09:25] Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
 [02:09:29] Sleeping neglectation doth betray to loss
 [02:09:32] The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
 [02:09:35] That ever living man of memory,
 [02:09:37] Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
 [02:09:44] Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss.
 [02:09:50] It is too late; I cannot send them now:
 [02:09:53] This expedition was by York and Talbot
 [02:09:55] Too rashly plotted: Your daring Talbot
 [02:09:57] Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
 [02:09:59] By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
 [02:10:02] York set him on to fight and die in shame,
 [02:10:04] That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.
 [02:10:07] Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
 [02:10:09] Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.
 [02:10:14] How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?
 [02:10:20] Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
 [02:10:27] Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
 [02:10:29] Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
 [02:10:33] To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
 [02:10:37] And whiles the honourable captain there
 [02:10:40] Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 [02:10:42] And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
 [02:10:46] You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
 [02:10:52] Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
 [02:10:55] Let not your private discord keep away
 [02:10:57] The levied succors that should lend him aid,
 [02:11:01] While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 [02:11:03] Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
 [02:11:05] Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
 [02:11:08] Alencon, Reignier, compass him about,
 [02:11:10] And Talbot perisheth by your default.
 [02:11:13] York set him on; York should have sent him aid.
 [02:11:18] And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
 [02:11:21] Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,
 [02:11:24] Collected for this expedition.
 [02:11:25] York lies; he might have sent and had the horse;
 [02:11:28] I owe him little duty, and less love;
 [02:11:30] And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.
 [02:11:35] The fraud of England, not the force of France,
 [02:11:39] Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
 [02:11:43] Never to England shall he bear his life;
 [02:11:47] But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.
 [02:11:54] Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
 [02:11:58] Within six hours they will be at his side.
 [02:12:00] Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
 [02:12:04] For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
 [02:12:09] And fly would Talbot never, though he might.
 [02:12:15] If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!
 [02:12:22] His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.
 [02:12:29] A Talbot.
 [02:12:50] Drums beating. Swords clanging.
 [02:13:30] O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
 [02:13:35] To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
 [02:13:37] That Talbot's name might be in thee revived
 [02:13:40] But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
 [02:13:43] Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
 [02:13:45] A terrible and unavoided danger:

[02:13:47] Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
 [02:13:49] And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
 [02:13:51] By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.
 [02:13:57] Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
 [02:14:01] And shall I fly? O if you love my mother,
 [02:14:05] Dishonour not her honourable name,
 [02:14:06] To make a bastard and a slave of me!
 [02:14:11] The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
 [02:14:13] That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.
 [02:14:16] Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
 [02:14:18] He that flies so will ne'er return again.
 [02:14:20] If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
 [02:14:24] Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
 [02:14:26] Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
 [02:14:29] My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 [02:14:31] Upon my death the French can little boast;
 [02:14:33] In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 [02:14:37] Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
 [02:14:39] But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
 [02:14:42] You fled for vantage, everyone will swear;
 [02:14:46] But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
 [02:14:50] There is no hope that ever I will stay,
 [02:14:51] If the first hour I shrink and run away.
 [02:14:54] Here on my knee I beg mortality,
 [02:14:57] Rather than life preserved with infamy.
 [02:14:59] Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?
 [02:15:02] Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.
 [02:15:04] Upon my blessing, I command thee go.
 [02:15:06] To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
 [02:15:08] Part of thy father may be saved in thee.
 [02:15:10] No part of him but will be shame in me.
 [02:15:13] Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.
 [02:15:15] Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?
 [02:15:18] Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.
 [02:15:21] You cannot witness for me, being slain.
 [02:15:24] If death be so apparent, then both fly.
 [02:15:26] And leave my followers here to fight and die?
 [02:15:28] My age was never tainted with such shame.
 [02:15:30] And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
 [02:15:36] No more can I be sever'd from your side,
 [02:15:38] Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
 [02:15:42] Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
 [02:15:47] For live I will not, if my father die.
 [02:15:56] Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
 [02:16:03] Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
 [02:16:10] Come, side by side together live and die.
 [02:16:17] And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.
 [02:16:32] Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight.
 [02:16:37] The regent hath with Talbot broke his word
 [02:16:40] And left us to the rage of France his sword.
 [02:17:50] Where is John Talbot?
 [02:18:04] Speak, thy father's care,
 [02:18:14] Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
 [02:18:19] Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
 [02:18:22] Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
 [02:18:25] Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
 [02:18:28] The help of one stands me in little stead.
 [02:18:32] O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 [02:18:35] To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
 [02:18:39] If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,

[02:18:42] To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
 [02:18:45] By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
 [02:18:47] 'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
 [02:18:50] In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 [02:18:53] My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
 [02:18:59] All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
 [02:19:03] All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.
 [02:19:07] The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
 [02:19:11] These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
 [02:19:16] On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 [02:19:20] To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
 [02:19:25] Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 [02:19:28] The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
 [02:19:32] And like me to the peasant boys of France,
 [02:19:37] To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
 [02:19:43] Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 [02:19:50] An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
 [02:19:55] Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 [02:19:59] If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.
 [02:20:08] Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
 [02:20:13] Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
 [02:20:23] If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
 [02:20:30] And, commendable proved, let's die in pride.
 [02:21:40] Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
 [02:21:44] O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
 [02:21:52] Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
 [02:21:58] Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:
 [02:22:05] When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
 [02:22:08] His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 [02:22:13] And, like a hungry lion, did commence
 [02:22:15] Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
 [02:22:21] But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 [02:22:25] Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
 [02:22:29] Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
 [02:22:34] Suddenly made him from my side to start
 [02:22:38] Into the clustering battle of the French;
 [02:22:42] And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 [02:22:50] His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
 [02:22:58] My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.
 [02:23:11] O, my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!
 [02:23:28] Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
 [02:23:35] Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 [02:23:40] Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
 [02:23:45] Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 [02:23:49] In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
 [02:24:01] O, thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
 [02:24:07] Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
 [02:24:15] Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
 [02:24:21] Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
 [02:24:28] Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
 [02:24:34] Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
 [02:24:48] Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:
 [02:24:54] My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 [02:25:06] Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
 [02:25:14] Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.
 [02:25:29] Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
 [02:25:31] We should have found a bloody day of this.
 [02:25:32] How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
 [02:25:35] Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
 [02:25:38] Doubtless he would have made a noble knight;

[02:25:43] See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
[02:25:47] Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!
[02:25:59] Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder
[02:26:05] Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.
[02:26:09] O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
[02:26:11] During the life, let us not wrong it dead.
[02:26:18] Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
[02:26:19] To know who hath obtained the glory of the day.
[02:26:21] On what submissive message art thou sent?
[02:26:24] Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
[02:26:28] We English warriors wot not what it means.
[02:26:32] I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
[02:26:34] And to survey the bodies of the dead.
[02:26:37] For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
[02:26:45] But tell me whom thou seek'st.
[02:26:48] But where's the great Alcides of the field,
[02:26:51] Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
[02:26:54] Created, for his rare success in arms,
[02:26:58] Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
[02:27:00] Lord of Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
[02:27:03] Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
[02:27:06] Cromwell of Wingfield, Furnival of Sheffield,
[02:27:09] The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
[02:27:12] Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
[02:27:14] Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
[02:27:16] Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
[02:27:19] Of all his wars within the realm of France?
[02:27:23] Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles
[02:27:27] Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.
[02:27:43] Is Talbot slain?
[02:27:48] O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
[02:27:51] That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
[02:27:55] O, that I could but call these dead to life!
[02:27:59] It were enough to fright the realm of France:
[02:28:03] Were but his picture left amongst you here,
[02:28:04] It would amaze the proudest of you all.
[02:28:10] Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
[02:28:13] And give them burial as beseems their worth.
[02:28:15] For God's sake let him have 'em; to keep them here,
[02:28:18] They would but stink, and putrefy the air.
[02:28:20] Go, take their bodies hence.
[02:28:24] I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be rear'd
[02:28:28] A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.
[02:28:31] So we be rid, do with 'em what thou wilt.
[02:28:39] A success unto our valley general
[02:28:41] and happiness to his accomplices.
[02:28:42] What tidings send us scouts? I prithy, speak.
[02:28:44] The English army, that divided was it to two parties
[02:28:47] is now conjoined in one
[02:28:49] and means to give you battle presently.
[02:28:53] Somewhat to sudden says the warning is
[02:28:55] but we will presently provide for them
[02:28:57] I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there.
[02:29:00] Haha. Now he is gone my lord. You need not fear.
[02:29:05] Of all based passions, fear is most accursed.
[02:29:12] Command the conquest Charles. It shall by thine.
[02:29:14] Let Henry fret and all the world repine.
[02:29:18] And on my lords. And France be fortunate.
[02:29:28] And on my lords. And France be fortunate.

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[02:30:11] Have you perused the letters from the pope,
 [02:30:12] The emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?
 [02:30:14] I have, my lord: and their intent is this:
 [02:30:18] They humbly sue unto your excellence
 [02:30:20] To have a godly peace concluded of
 [02:30:24] Between the realms of England and of France.
 [02:30:27] How doth your grace affect their motion?
 [02:30:29] Well, my good lord; and as the only means
 [02:30:32] To stop effusion of our Christian blood
 [02:30:36] And 'stablish quietness on every side.
 [02:30:38] Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
 [02:30:40] It was both impious and unnatural
 [02:30:42] That such immanity and bloody strife
 [02:30:43] Should reign among professors of one faith.
 [02:30:46] Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
 [02:30:49] And surer bind this knot of amity,
 [02:30:51] The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
 [02:30:55] A man of great authority in France,
 [02:30:57] Proffers his only daughter to your grace
 [02:31:01] In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.
 [02:31:07] Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
 [02:31:10] And fitter is my study and my books
 [02:31:12] Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
 [02:31:20] Yet call the ambassador; and, as you please,
 [02:31:22] So let them have their answers every one:
 [02:31:26] I shall be well content with any choice
 [02:31:28] Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.
 [02:31:32] What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
 [02:31:35] And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
 [02:31:37] Then I perceive that will be verified
 [02:31:39] Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
 [02:31:41] 'If once he come to be a cardinal,
 [02:31:43] He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'
 [02:31:50] My lords ambassadors, your several suits
 [02:31:54] Have been consider'd and debated on.
 [02:31:56] Your purpose is both good and reasonable.
 [02:31:59] And therefore are we certainly resolved
 [02:32:01] To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
 [02:32:03] Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
 [02:32:05] Shall be transported presently to France.
 [02:32:09] And for the proffer of my lord your master,
 [02:32:14] I have inform'd his highness so at large
 [02:32:17] As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
 [02:32:21] Her beauty and the value of her dower,
 [02:32:25] He doth intend she shall be England's queen.
 [02:32:31] In argument and proof of which contract,
 [02:32:34] Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
 [02:32:40] And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
 [02:32:42] And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd
 [02:32:45] Commit them to the fortune of the sea.
 [02:32:57] Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
 [02:33:03] The sum of money which I promised
 [02:33:04] Should be deliver'd to his holiness
 [02:33:06] For clothing me in these grave ornaments.
 [02:33:10] I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.
 [02:33:18] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
 [02:33:22] Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
 [02:33:25] Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive

[02:33:27] That, neither in birth or for authority,
[02:33:30] The bishop will be overborne by thee:
[02:33:34] I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
[02:33:37] Or sack this country with a mutiny.
[02:33:52] The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
[02:33:56] Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
[02:33:59] And ye choice spirits that admonish me
[02:34:02] Appear and aid me in this enterprise.
[02:34:07] Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
[02:34:09] Out of the powerful regions under earth,
[02:34:11] Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[02:34:16] O, hold me not with silence over-long!
[02:34:19] Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
[02:34:22] I'll lop a member off and give it you
[02:34:23] In earnest of further benefit,
[02:34:25] So you do condescend to help me now.
[02:34:30] No hope to have redress? My body shall
[02:34:33] Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[02:34:38] Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
[02:34:40] Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
[02:34:44] Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
[02:34:47] Before that England give the French the foil.
[02:34:55] See, they forsake me!
[02:35:01] My ancient incantations are too weak,
[02:35:05] And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
[02:35:10] Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
[02:35:30] Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
[02:35:38] A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
[02:35:44] See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,
[02:35:48] As if with Circe she would change my shape!
[02:35:50] Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.
[02:35:53] O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
[02:35:57] No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
[02:36:01] A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
[02:36:04] And may ye both be suddenly surprised
[02:36:07] By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
[02:36:10] Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!
[02:36:13] I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.
[02:36:15] Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[02:36:23] Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
[02:36:34] O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
[02:36:39] For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
[02:36:42] And lay them gently on thy tender side.
[02:36:47] I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
[02:36:52] Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.
[02:36:57] Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
[02:37:01] The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.
[02:37:05] An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
[02:37:12] Be not offended, nature's miracle,
[02:37:14] Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
[02:37:17] So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
[02:37:21] Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
[02:37:27] But, if this servile usage once offend.
[02:37:30] Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.
[02:37:35] O, stay! I have no power to let her pass;
[02:37:47] My hand would free her, but my heart says no
[02:37:50] As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
[02:37:53] Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
[02:37:55] So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
[02:38:02] Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:

[02:38:06] I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
 [02:38:09] Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
 [02:38:12] Hast not a tongue? is she not prisoner here?
 [02:38:16] Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
 [02:38:23] Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
 [02:38:27] Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.
 [02:38:31] Say, Earl of Suffolk--if thy name be so--
 [02:38:35] What ransom must I pay before I pass?
 [02:38:38] For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
 [02:38:40] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
 [02:38:42] Before thou make a trial of her love?
 [02:38:44] Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?
 [02:38:48] She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
 [02:38:51] She is a woman, therefore to be won.
 [02:38:53] Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.
 [02:38:56] Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
 [02:38:59] Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
 [02:39:04] T'were best to leave him, for he will not hear.
 [02:39:07] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.
 [02:39:10] He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.
 [02:39:13] And yet a dispensation may be had.
 [02:39:15] And yet I would that you would answer me.
 [02:39:17] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
 [02:39:22] Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!
 [02:39:27] He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.
 [02:39:31] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
 [02:39:34] And peace established between these realms
 [02:39:37] But there remains a scruple in that too;
 [02:39:39] For though her father be the King of Naples,
 [02:39:41] Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
 [02:39:45] And our nobility will scorn the match.
 [02:39:46] Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?
 [02:39:49] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much.
 [02:39:52] Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
 [02:39:55] Madam, I have a secret to reveal.
 [02:40:01] What though I be enthral'd? he seems a knight,
 [02:40:05] And will not any way dishonour me.
 [02:40:06] Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
 [02:40:08] Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
 [02:40:10] And then I need not crave his courtesy.
 [02:40:12] Sweet madam, give me a hearing in a cause--
 [02:40:14] Tush, women have been captivate ere now.
 [02:40:17] Lady, wherefore talk you so?
 [02:40:18] I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.
 [02:40:28] Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
 [02:40:31] Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
 [02:40:38] To be a queen in bondage is more vile
 [02:40:40] Than is a slave in base servility;
 [02:40:43] For princes should be free.
 [02:40:46] And so shall you,
 [02:40:48] If happy England's royal king be free.
 [02:40:52] Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
 [02:40:58] I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
 [02:41:02] To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
 [02:41:03] And set a precious crown upon thy head,
 [02:41:06] If thou wilt condescend to be my--
 [02:41:13] What?
 [02:41:15] His love.
 [02:41:21] I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
 [02:41:23] No, gentle madam; I unworthy am

[02:41:25] To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
[02:41:29] And have no portion in the choice myself.
[02:41:33] How say you, madam, are ye so content?
[02:41:39] An if my father please, I am content.
[02:41:48] Then call our captains and our colours forth.
[02:41:52] And, madam, at your father's castle walls
[02:41:54] We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.
[02:42:03] See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!
[02:42:07] To whom?
[02:42:09] To me.
[02:42:10] Suffolk, what remedy?
[02:42:12] I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
[02:42:13] Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.
[02:42:15] Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
[02:42:19] Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
[02:42:24] Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
[02:42:28] Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
[02:42:33] And this her easy-held imprisonment
[02:42:36] Hath gained thy daughter princely liberty.
[02:42:40] Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?
[02:42:43] Fair Margaret knows
[02:42:44] That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.
[02:42:51] What answer makes your grace unto my suit?
[02:42:54] Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
[02:42:58] To be the princely bride of such a lord;
[02:43:01] Upon condition I may quietly
[02:43:04] Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
[02:43:07] Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
[02:43:09] My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.
[02:43:13] That is her ransom; I deliver her;
[02:43:16] And those two counties I will undertake
[02:43:18] Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
[02:43:21] And I again, in Henry's royal name,
[02:43:23] As deputy unto that gracious king,
[02:43:25] Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.
[02:43:30] Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
[02:43:34] Because this is in traffic of a king.
[02:43:39] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
[02:43:41] To be mine own attorney in this case.
[02:43:44] I'll over then to England with this news,
[02:43:46] And make this marriage to be solemnized.
[02:43:49] So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
[02:43:53] In golden palaces, as it becomes.
[02:43:58] I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
[02:44:04] The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.
[02:44:07] Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and prayers
[02:44:12] Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.
[02:44:15] Farewell, sweet maid: but hark you, Margaret;
[02:44:22] No princely commendations to my king?
[02:44:26] Such commendations as becomes a maid,
[02:44:29] A virgin and his servant, say to him.
[02:44:33] Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
[02:44:39] But madam, I must trouble you again;
[02:44:43] No loving token to his majesty?
[02:44:46] Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
[02:44:52] Never yet taint with love, I send the king.
[02:44:58] And this withal.
[02:45:07] That for thyself: I will not so presume
[02:45:15] To send such peevish tokens to a king.
[02:45:28] O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;

[02:45:35] Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
 [02:45:39] There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
 [02:45:44] Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
 [02:45:47] Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
 [02:45:50] And natural graces that extinguish art;
 [02:45:53] Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
 [02:45:55] That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
 [02:45:58] Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder.
 [02:46:08] Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.
 [02:46:37] Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
 [02:46:45] Have I sought every country far and near,
 [02:46:47] And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
 [02:46:50] Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
 [02:46:53] Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!
 [02:46:59] Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
 [02:47:04] I am descended of a gentler blood:
 [02:47:07] Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.
 [02:47:11] Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
 [02:47:17] I did beget her, all the parish knows:
 [02:47:19] Her mother liveth yet, can testify
 [02:47:21] She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.
 [02:47:26] Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
 [02:47:29] This argues what her kind of life hath been,
 [02:47:32] Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.
 [02:47:36] Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
 [02:47:40] God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
 [02:47:43] And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
 [02:47:45] Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.
 [02:47:48] Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
 [02:47:52] Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.
 [02:47:55] 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
 [02:47:57] The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
 [02:48:04] Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
 [02:48:11] Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
 [02:48:15] Of thy nativity! I would the milk
 [02:48:17] Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
 [02:48:19] Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
 [02:48:22] Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
 [02:48:24] I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
 [02:48:27] Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
 [02:48:34] O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.
 [02:48:46] Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
 [02:48:49] To fill the world with vicious qualities.
 [02:48:52] First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
 [02:48:55] Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
 [02:48:58] But issued from the progeny of kings;
 [02:49:01] Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
 [02:49:05] By inspiration of celestial grace,
 [02:49:08] To work exceeding miracles on earth.
 [02:49:12] I never had to do with wicked spirits:
 [02:49:15] But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
 [02:49:19] Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
 [02:49:22] Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
 [02:49:25] Because you want the grace that others have,
 [02:49:28] You judge it straight a thing impossible
 [02:49:29] To compass wonders but by help of devils.
 [02:49:33] No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
 [02:49:37] A virgin from her tender infancy,
 [02:49:40] Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
 [02:49:44] Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,

[02:49:47] Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.
 [02:49:52] Ay, ay: away with her to execution!
 [02:49:55] And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
 [02:49:59] Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
 [02:50:02] Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
 [02:50:05] That so her torture may be shortened.
 [02:50:07] Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
 [02:50:10] Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
 [02:50:12] That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
 [02:50:15] I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
 [02:50:20] Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
 [02:50:23] Although ye hale me to a violent death.
 [02:50:26] Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!
 [02:50:36] The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
 [02:50:39] Is all your strict preciseness come to this?
 [02:50:43] She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
 [02:50:48] I did imagine what would be her refuge.
 [02:50:50] Well, go to; we'll have no bastards live;
 [02:50:52] Especially since Charles must father it.
 [02:50:55] You are deceived; my child is none of his:
 [02:50:58] It was Alencon that enjoy'd my love.
 [02:51:01] Alencon! that notorious Machiavel!
 [02:51:05] It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.
 [02:51:07] O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
 [02:51:09] 'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
 [02:51:13] But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.
 [02:51:16] A married man! that's most intolerable.
 [02:51:19] Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
 [02:51:24] There were so many, whom she may accuse.
 [02:51:29] It's sign she hath been liberal and free.
 [02:51:31] And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
 [02:51:36] Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
 [02:51:42] Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.
 [02:51:51] Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:
 [02:51:59] May never glorious sun reflex his beams
 [02:52:03] Upon the country where you make abode;
 [02:52:07] But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
 [02:52:10] Environ you, till mischief and despair
 [02:52:14] Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!
 [02:52:20] Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
 [02:52:25] Thou foul accursed minister of hell!
 [02:52:28] Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
 [02:52:32] With letters of commission from the king.
 [02:52:36] For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
 [02:52:38] Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
 [02:52:43] Have earnestly implored a general peace
 [02:52:45] Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
 [02:52:49] And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
 [02:52:52] Approacheth, to confer about some matter.
 [02:53:02] Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
 [02:53:09] After the slaughter of so many peers,
 [02:53:13] So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
 [02:53:17] That in this quarrel have been overthrown
 [02:53:20] And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
 [02:53:24] Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
 [02:53:31] Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
 [02:53:35] By treason, falsehood and by treachery,
 [02:53:38] Our great progenitors had conquered?
 [02:53:43] O Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
 [02:53:47] The utter loss of all the realm of France.

[02:53:49] Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
[02:53:53] It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
[02:53:57] As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.
[02:54:17] Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
[02:54:19] That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
[02:54:23] We come to be informed by yourselves
[02:54:25] What the conditions of that league must be.
[02:54:33] Speak, Winchester; for boiling cholera chokes
[02:54:39] The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
[02:54:41] By sight of these our baleful enemies.
[02:54:48] Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
[02:54:52] That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
[02:54:54] Of mere compassion and of lenity,
[02:54:56] To ease your country of distressful war,
[02:54:58] And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
[02:55:03] You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
[02:55:07] And Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
[02:55:09] To pay him tribute, submit thyself,
[02:55:12] Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
[02:55:15] And still enjoy thy regal dignity.
[02:55:20] Must he be then as shadow of himself?
[02:55:25] Adorn his temples with a coronet,
[02:55:28] And yet, in substance and authority,
[02:55:32] Retain but privilege of a private man?
[02:55:37] This proffer is absurd and reasonless.
[02:55:44] 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
[02:55:46] With more than half the Gallian territories,
[02:55:48] And therein revered for their lawful king:
[02:55:52] Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
[02:55:54] Detract so much from that prerogative,
[02:55:55] As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
[02:56:00] No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
[02:56:02] That which I have than, coveting for more,
[02:56:04] Be cast from possibility of all.
[02:56:07] Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
[02:56:18] Used intercession to obtain a league,
[02:56:22] And, now the matter grows to compromise,
[02:56:25] Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
[02:56:29] Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
[02:56:33] Of benefit proceeding from our king
[02:56:36] And not of any challenge of desert,
[02:56:41] Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.
[02:56:52] My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
[02:56:55] To cavil in the course of this contract:
[02:56:57] If once it be neglected, ten to one
[02:56:59] We shall not find like opportunity.
[02:57:01] To say the truth, it is your policy
[02:57:03] To save your subjects from such massacre
[02:57:05] And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
[02:57:07] By our proceeding in hostility;
[02:57:09] And therefore take this compact of a truce,
[02:57:13] Although you break it when your pleasure serves.
[02:57:18] How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?
[02:57:25] It shall;
[02:57:26] Only reserved, you claim no interest
[02:57:28] In any of our towns of garrison.
[02:57:41] Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
[02:58:00] As thou art knight, never to disobey
[02:58:05] Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
[02:58:10] Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.

[02:58:31] So, now dismiss your army when ye please:
[02:58:39] Hang up your ensign, let your drums be still,
[02:58:44] For here we entertain a solemn peace.
[02:58:50] Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
[02:58:52] Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
[02:58:55] Her virtues graced with external gifts
[02:58:57] Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
[02:59:00] And like as rigor of tempestuous gusts
[02:59:03] Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
[02:59:06] So am I driven by breath of her renown
[02:59:08] Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
[02:59:10] Where I may have fruition of her love.
[02:59:12] Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
[02:59:15] Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
[02:59:18] And, which is more, she is not so divine,
[02:59:21] So full-replete with choice of all delights,
[02:59:24] But with as humble lowliness of mind
[02:59:26] She is content to be at your command;
[02:59:30] Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
[02:59:34] To love and honour Henry as her lord.
[02:59:37] And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
[02:59:40] Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
[02:59:43] That Margaret may be England's royal queen.
[02:59:48] So should I give consent to flatter sin.
[02:59:52] You know, your highness is betroth'd
[02:59:54] Unto another lady of esteem:
[02:59:56] How shall we then dispense with that contract,
[02:59:59] And not deface your honour with reproach?
[03:00:03] As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
[03:00:06] Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
[03:00:09] To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
[03:00:10] By reason of his adversary's odds:
[03:00:13] A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
[03:00:16] And therefore may be broke without offence.
[03:00:19] Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
[03:00:22] Her father is no better than an earl,
[03:00:24] Although in glorious titles he excel.
[03:00:27] Yes, lord, her father is a king,
[03:00:30] The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
[03:00:32] And of such great authority in France
[03:00:35] As his alliance will confirm our peace
[03:00:37] And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.
[03:00:39] And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
[03:00:42] Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.
[03:00:44] Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
[03:00:46] Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.
[03:00:49] A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
[03:00:53] That he should be so abject, base and poor,
[03:00:56] To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
[03:01:02] Henry is able to enrich his queen
[03:01:05] And not seek a queen to make him rich:
[03:01:07] So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
[03:01:10] As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
[03:01:12] Marriage is a matter of more worth
[03:01:14] Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
[03:01:17] Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
[03:01:20] Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
[03:01:23] For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
[03:01:26] An age of discord and continual strife?
[03:01:29] Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,

[03:01:31] And is a pattern of celestial peace.
 [03:01:34] Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
 [03:01:36] But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
 [03:01:40] Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
 [03:01:42] Approves her fit for none but for a king:
 [03:01:48] Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
 [03:01:50] More than in women commonly is seen,
 [03:01:51] Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
 [03:01:54] For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
 [03:01:57] Is likely to beget more conquerors,
 [03:01:59] If with a lady of so high resolve
 [03:02:01] As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
 [03:02:04] Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
 [03:02:07] That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.
 [03:02:12] Whether it be through force of your report,
 [03:02:13] My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
 [03:02:15] My tender youth was never yet attain'd
 [03:02:16] With any passion of inflaming love,
 [03:02:18] I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
 [03:02:21] I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
 [03:02:23] Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
 [03:02:26] As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
 [03:02:29] Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
 [03:02:32] Agree to any covenants, and procure
 [03:02:33] That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
 [03:02:35] To cross the seas to England and be crown'd
 [03:02:37] King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
 [03:02:40] For your expenses and sufficient charge,
 [03:02:42] Among the people gather up a tenth.
 [03:02:44] Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
 [03:02:46] I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
 [03:02:57] And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
 [03:03:06] If you do censure me by what you were,
 [03:03:09] Not what you are, I know it will excuse
 [03:03:12] This sudden execution of my will.
 [03:03:18] And so, conduct me where, from company,
 [03:03:24] I may revolve and ruminat my grief.
 [03:03:35] Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
 [03:03:53] Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
 [03:03:57] As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
 [03:04:00] With hope to find the like event in love,
 [03:04:04] But prosper better than the Trojan did.
 [03:04:08] Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;
 [03:04:14] But I will rule both her, the king and realm.