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## King John Act 1

[00:00:51] Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?  
 [00:00:55] Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France  
 [00:00:58] In my behavior to the majesty,  
 [00:01:01] The borrow'd majesty, of England here.  
 [00:01:04] A strange beginning: 'borrow'd majesty!'  
 [00:01:07] Silence, good mother; hear the embassy.  
 [00:01:10] Philip of France, in right and true behalf  
 [00:01:13] Of thy deceased brother Geffrey's son,  
 [00:01:16] Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim  
 [00:01:19] To this fair island and the territories,  
 [00:01:23] To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
 [00:01:28] Desiring thee to lay aside the sword  
 [00:01:31] Which sways usurpingly these several titles,  
 [00:01:34] And put these same into young Arthur's hand,  
 [00:01:36] Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.  
 [00:01:39] What follows if we disallow of this?  
 [00:01:42] The proud control of fierce and bloody war,  
 [00:01:46] To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.  
 [00:01:49] Here have we war for war and blood for blood,  
 [00:01:53] Controlment for controlment: so answer France.  
 [00:01:57] Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,  
 [00:02:00] The farthest limit of my embassy.  
 [00:02:02] Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace:  
 [00:02:08] Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;  
 [00:02:10] For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
 [00:02:13] The thunder of my cannon shall be heard:  
 [00:02:15] So hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath  
 [00:02:19] And sullen presage of your own decay.  
 [00:02:22] An honourable conduct let him have:  
 [00:02:23] Pembroke, look to 't. Farewell, Chatillon.  
 [00:02:30] What now, my son! have I not ever said  
 [00:02:33] How that ambitious Constance would not cease  
 [00:02:35] Till she had kindled France and all the world,  
 [00:02:38] Upon the right and party of her son?  
 [00:02:40] This might have been prevented and made whole  
 [00:02:42] With very easy arguments of love,  
 [00:02:46] Which now the manage of two kingdoms must  
 [00:02:48] With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.  
 [00:02:50] Our strong possession and our right for us.  
 [00:02:52] Your strong possession much more than your right,  
 [00:02:56] Or else it must go wrong with you and me:  
 [00:02:59] So much my conscience whispers in your ear,  
 [00:03:03] Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.  
 [00:03:06] My liege, here is the strangest controversy  
 [00:03:09] Come from country to be judged by you,  
 [00:03:10] That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?  
 [00:03:13] Let them approach.  
 [00:03:15] Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay  
 [00:03:17] This expedition's charge.  
 [00:03:20] What men are you?  
 [00:03:21] Your faithful subject I, a gentleman  
 [00:03:24] Born in Northamptonshire and eldest son,  
 [00:03:26] As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,  
 [00:03:28] A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
 [00:03:29] Of Coeur-de-lion knighted in the field.  
 [00:03:31] What art thou?  
 [00:03:32] The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.  
 [00:03:35] Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?

[00:03:38] You came not of one mother then, it seems.  
 [00:03:40] Most certain of one mother, mighty king;  
 [00:03:42] That is well known; and, as I think, one father:  
 [00:03:45] But for the certain knowledge of that truth  
 [00:03:46] I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:  
 [00:03:48] Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.  
 [00:03:51] Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother  
 [00:03:54] And wound her honour with this diffidence.  
 [00:03:56] I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;  
 [00:04:01] That is my brother's plea and none of mine;  
 [00:04:03] The which if he can prove, a' pops me out  
 [00:04:04] At least from fair five hundred pound a year:  
 [00:04:07] Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!  
 [00:04:10] A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,  
 [00:04:14] Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?  
 [00:04:16] I know not why, except to get the land.  
 [00:04:18] But once he slander'd me with bastardy:  
 [00:04:23] But whether I be as true begot or no,  
 [00:04:24] That still I lay upon my mother's head,  
 [00:04:27] But that I am as well begot, my liege,--  
 [00:04:31] Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!--  
 [00:04:35] Compare our faces and be judge yourself.  
 [00:04:37] If old sir Robert did beget us both  
 [00:04:39] And were our father and this son like him,  
 [00:04:41] O old sir Robert, father, on my knee  
 [00:04:43] I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!  
 [00:04:47] Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!  
 [00:04:51] He hath a trick of Coeur-de-lion's face;  
 [00:04:53] The accent of his tongue affecteth him.  
 [00:04:55] Do you not read some tokens of my son  
 [00:04:57] In the large composition of this man?  
 [00:05:00] Mine eye hath well examined his parts  
 [00:05:02] And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak,  
 [00:05:05] What doth move you to claim your brother's land?  
 [00:05:07] Because he hath a half-face, like my father.  
 [00:05:09] With half that face would he have all my land:  
 [00:05:12] A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!  
 [00:05:14] My gracious liege, when that my father lived,  
 [00:05:16] Your brother did employ my father much,--  
 [00:05:20] Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:  
 [00:05:21] Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.  
 [00:05:23] And once dispatch'd him in an embassy  
 [00:05:25] To Germany, there with the emperor  
 [00:05:26] To treat of high affairs touching that time.  
 [00:05:29] The advantage of his absence took the king  
 [00:05:32] And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;  
 [00:05:34] Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,  
 [00:05:38] But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores  
 [00:05:42] Between my father and my mother lay,  
 [00:05:44] As I have heard my father speak himself,  
 [00:05:46] When this same lusty gentleman was got.  
 [00:05:49] Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
 [00:05:51] His lands to me, and took it on his death  
 [00:05:54] That this my mother's son was none of his;  
 [00:05:57] And if he were, he came into the world  
 [00:06:00] Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.  
 [00:06:06] Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
 [00:06:08] My father's land, as was my father's will.  
 [00:06:11] Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;  
 [00:06:15] Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,

[00:06:18] And if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
 [00:06:20] Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands  
 [00:06:22] That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
 [00:06:25] Who, as you say, took pains to get this son,  
 [00:06:28] Had of your father claim'd this son for his?  
 [00:06:31] In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept  
 [00:06:34] This calf bred from his cow from all the world;  
 [00:06:36] In sooth he might; then, if he were my brother's,  
 [00:06:39] My brother might not claim him; nor your father,  
 [00:06:42] Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;  
 [00:06:47] My mother's son did get your father's heir;  
 [00:06:50] Your father's heir must have your father's land.  
 [00:06:52] Shall then my father's will be of no force  
 [00:06:54] To dispossess that child which is not his?  
 [00:06:57] Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,  
 [00:06:58] Than was his will to get me, as I think.  
 [00:07:01] Sirrah, whether thou hadst rather be a Faulconbridge  
 [00:07:05] And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,  
 [00:07:08] Or the reputed son of Coeur-de-lion,  
 [00:07:12] Lord of thy presence and no land beside?  
 [00:07:15] Madam, an if my brother had my shape,  
 [00:07:17] And I had his, sir Robert's his, like him;  
 [00:07:19] And if my legs were two such riding-rods,  
 [00:07:22] My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin  
 [00:07:25] That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose  
 [00:07:26] Lest men should say 'Look, where three-farthings goes!'  
 [00:07:29] And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,  
 [00:07:31] Would I might never stir from off this place,  
 [00:07:33] I would give it every foot to have this face;  
 [00:07:36] I would not be sir Nob in any case.  
 [00:07:39] I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,  
 [00:07:43] Bequeath thy land to him and follow me?  
 [00:07:45] I am a soldier and now bound to France.  
 [00:07:50] Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance.  
 [00:07:55] Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,  
 [00:07:58] Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.  
 [00:08:00] Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.  
 [00:08:04] Nay, I would have you go before me thither.  
 [00:08:06] Our country manners give our betters way.  
 [00:08:08] What is thy name?  
 [00:08:10] Philip, my liege, so is my name begun,  
 [00:08:13] Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.  
 [00:08:18] From henceforth bear his name whose form thou bear'st:  
 [00:08:22] Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great,  
 [00:08:26] Arise sir Richard and Plantagenet.  
 [00:08:40] Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:  
 [00:08:43] My father gave me honour, yours gave land.  
 [00:08:47] Now blessed by the hour, by night or day,  
 [00:08:51] When I was got, sir Robert was away!  
 [00:08:53] The very spirit of Plantagenet!  
 [00:08:56] I am thy grandam, Richard; call me so.  
 [00:09:00] Madam, by chance but not by truth; what though?  
 [00:09:05] Something about, a little from the right,  
 [00:09:07] In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:  
 [00:09:09] Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,  
 [00:09:11] And have is have, however men do catch:  
 [00:09:13] Near or far off, well won is still well shot,  
 [00:09:16] And I am I, howe'er I was begot.  
 [00:09:21] Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;  
 [00:09:24] A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.

[00:09:26] Come, madam, and come, Richard, we must speed  
 [00:09:31] For France, for France, for it is more than need.  
 [00:09:37] Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee!  
 [00:09:46] For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.  
 [00:09:55] A foot of honour better than I was;  
 [00:09:59] But many a many foot of land the worse.  
 [00:10:05] Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.  
 [00:10:09] 'Good den, sir Richard!' 'God-a-mercy, fellow!'--  
 [00:10:12] And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;  
 [00:10:14] For new-made honour doth forget men's names;  
 [00:10:17] 'Tis too respective and too sociable  
 [00:10:19] For your conversion. Now your traveller,  
 [00:10:23] He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,  
 [00:10:26] And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,  
 [00:10:29] Why then I suck my teeth and catechise  
 [00:10:30] My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,'  
 [00:10:34] Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,  
 [00:10:37] 'I shall beseech you'--that is question now;  
 [00:10:39] And then comes answer like an Absey book:  
 [00:10:41] 'O sir, at your best command' says answer;  
 [00:10:44] At your service; at your employment sir;  
 [00:10:46] 'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours:'  
 [00:10:49] And so, ere answer knows what question would,  
 [00:10:52] Saving in dialogue of compliment,  
 [00:10:54] And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
 [00:10:56] The Pyrenean and the river Po,  
 [00:10:58] It draws toward supper in conclusion so.  
 [00:11:07] But this is worshipful society  
 [00:11:13] And fits the mounting spirit like myself,  
 [00:11:16] For he is but a bastard to the time  
 [00:11:18] That doth not smack of observation;  
 [00:11:20] And so am I, whether I smack or no;  
 [00:11:23] And not alone in habit and device,  
 [00:11:26] Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
 [00:11:28] But from the inward motion to deliver  
 [00:11:29] Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth:  
 [00:11:34] Which, though I will not practise to deceive,  
 [00:11:36] Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;  
 [00:11:41] For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.  
 [00:11:47] But who comes in such haste in riding-ropes?  
 [00:11:50] What woman-post is this? hath she no husband  
 [00:11:54] That will take pains to blow a horn before her?  
 [00:12:02] O me! it is my mother. How now, good lady!  
 [00:12:08] What brings you here to court so hastily?  
 [00:12:10] Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,  
 [00:12:13] That holds in chase mine honour up and down?  
 [00:12:16] My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?  
 [00:12:18] Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?  
 [00:12:20] Is it sir Robert's son that you seek so?  
 [00:12:23] Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,  
 [00:12:25] Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at sir Robert?  
 [00:12:28] He is sir Robert's son, and so art thou.  
 [00:12:32] James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?  
 [00:12:34] Good leave, good Philip.  
 [00:12:35] Sparrow: James,  
 [00:12:38] There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.  
 [00:12:46] Madam, I was not old sir Robert's son:  
 [00:12:49] Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
 [00:12:50] Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast:  
 [00:12:54] Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,

[00:12:57] Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:  
[00:13:01] We know his handiwork: then, good my mother,  
[00:13:05] To whom am I beholding for these limbs?  
[00:13:08] Sir Robert never help to make this leg.  
[00:13:11] Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,  
[00:13:13] That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?  
[00:13:16] What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?  
[00:13:20] Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.  
[00:13:25] What! I am dubb'd! I have it on my shoulder.  
[00:13:28] But, madam, I was not old sir Robert's son;  
[00:13:35] I have disclaim'd sir Robert and my land;  
[00:13:37] Legitimation, name and all is gone:  
[00:13:40] Then, good my mother, let me know my father;  
[00:13:45] Some proper man, I hope: who was it, mother?  
[00:13:52] Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?  
[00:13:53] As faithfully as I deny the devil.  
[00:14:02] King Richard Coeur-de-lion was thy father:  
[00:14:08] By long and vehement suit I was seduced  
[00:14:13] To make room for him in my husband's bed:  
[00:14:16] Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!  
[00:14:24] Thou art the issue of my dear offence,  
[00:14:26] Which was so strongly urged past my defence.  
[00:14:31] Now, by this light, were I to get again,  
[00:14:34] Madam, I would not wish a better father.  
[00:14:37] Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
[00:14:40] And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:  
[00:14:45] Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
[00:14:46] Subjected tribute to commanding love,  
[00:14:49] Against whose fury and unmatched force  
[00:14:51] The aweless lion could not wage the fight,  
[00:14:54] Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.  
[00:14:56] He that perforce robs lions of their hearts  
[00:14:58] May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
[00:15:05] With all my heart I thank thee for my father!  
[00:15:09] Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well  
[00:15:10] When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.  
[00:15:13] Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;  
[00:15:20] And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
[00:15:23] If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:  
[00:15:27] Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not.

## King John Act 2

[00:15:48] Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.  
 [00:15:51] Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,  
 [00:15:56] Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart  
 [00:15:58] And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
 [00:16:01] By this brave duke came early to his grave:  
 [00:16:04] And for amends to his posterity,  
 [00:16:07] At our importance hither is he come,  
 [00:16:09] To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf,  
 [00:16:13] And to rebuke the usurpation  
 [00:16:15] Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:  
 [00:16:20] Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.  
 [00:16:25] God shall forgive you Coeur-de-lion's death  
 [00:16:28] The rather that you give his offspring life,  
 [00:16:30] Shadowing their right under your wings of war:  
 [00:16:33] I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
 [00:16:35] But with a heart full of unstained love:  
 [00:16:38] Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.  
 [00:16:40] A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?  
 [00:16:44] Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
 [00:16:49] As seal to this indenture of my love,  
 [00:16:51] That to my home I will no more return,  
 [00:16:54] Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,  
 [00:16:58] Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,  
 [00:17:02] Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides  
 [00:17:05] And coops from other lands her islanders,  
 [00:17:08] Even till that England, hedged in with the main,  
 [00:17:11] That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
 [00:17:14] And confident from foreign purposes,  
 [00:17:16] Even till that utmost corner of the west  
 [00:17:19] Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,  
 [00:17:23] Will I not think of home, but follow arms.  
 [00:17:27] O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,  
 [00:17:32] Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength  
 [00:17:35] To make a more requital to your love!  
 [00:17:37] The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords  
 [00:17:40] In such a just and charitable war.  
 [00:17:44] Arthur! Arthur!  
 [00:17:49] Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent  
 [00:17:51] Against the brows of this resisting town.  
 [00:17:53] Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
 [00:17:55] To cull the plots of best advantages:  
 [00:17:57] We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
 [00:17:59] Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,  
 [00:18:02] But we will make it subject to this boy.  
 [00:18:05] Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
 [00:18:07] Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood:  
 [00:18:09] My Lord Chatillon may from England bring,  
 [00:18:11] That right in peace which here we urge in war,  
 [00:18:14] And then we shall repent each drop of blood  
 [00:18:15] Which hot rash haste so indirectly shed.  
 [00:18:19] A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,  
 [00:18:20] Our messenger Chatillon is arrived!  
 [00:18:26] What England says, say briefly, gentle lord;  
 [00:18:30] We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.  
 [00:18:33] Then turn your forces from this paltry siege  
 [00:18:35] And stir them up against a mightier task.  
 [00:18:38] England, impatient of your just demands,  
 [00:18:40] Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,



[00:18:43] Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time  
[00:18:45] To land his legions all as soon as I;  
[00:18:49] His marches are expedient to this town,  
[00:18:52] His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
[00:18:55] With him along is come the mother-queen,  
[00:18:57] An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;  
[00:19:00] With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;  
[00:19:02] With them a bastard of the king's deceased,  
[00:19:05] And all the unsettled humours of the land,  
[00:19:07] Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
[00:19:10] With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens,  
[00:19:13] Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
[00:19:15] Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
[00:19:17] To make hazard of new fortunes here:  
[00:19:21] In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits  
[00:19:24] Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er  
[00:19:26] Did nearer float upon the swelling tide,  
[00:19:28] To do offence and scath in Christendom.  
[00:19:32] The interruption of their churlish drums  
[00:19:33] Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,  
[00:19:36] To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.  
[00:19:37] How much unlook'd for is this expedition!  
[00:19:41] By how much unexpected, by so much  
[00:19:43] We must awake endeavour for defence;  
[00:19:45] For courage mounteth with occasion:  
[00:19:47] Let them be welcome then: we are prepared.  
[00:20:02] Peace be to France, if France in peace permit  
[00:20:06] Our just and lineal entrance to our own;  
[00:20:09] If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,  
[00:20:14] Whiles we, God's wrathful agent,  
[00:20:16] do correct their proud contempt that beats His peace to heaven.  
[00:20:28] Peace be to England, if that war return  
[00:20:31] From France to England, there to live in peace.  
[00:20:36] England we love; and for that England's sake  
[00:20:41] With burden of our armour here we sweat.  
[00:20:44] This toil of ours should be a work of thine;  
[00:20:48] But thou from loving England art so far,  
[00:20:52] That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king  
[00:20:54] Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
[00:20:56] Out-faced infant state and done a rape  
[00:21:00] Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
[00:21:03] Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face;  
[00:21:05] These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his:  
[00:21:08] This little abstract doth contain that large  
[00:21:13] Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time  
[00:21:18] Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
[00:21:23] That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,  
[00:21:28] And this his son; England was Geffrey's right  
[00:21:32] And this is Geffrey's: in the name of God  
[00:21:36] How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,  
[00:21:40] When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
[00:21:44] Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?  
[00:21:47] From whom hast thou this great commission, France,  
[00:21:51] To draw my answer from thy articles?  
[00:21:54] From that supernal judge, which stirs good thoughts  
[00:21:58] In any breast of strong authority,  
[00:22:00] To look into the blots and stains of right:  
[00:22:03] That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:  
[00:22:07] By whose warrant I impeach thy wrong  
[00:22:10] And by whose help I mean to chastise it.



[00:22:15] Alack, thou dost usurp authority.  
 [00:22:17] Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.  
 [00:22:20] Who is it thou dost call usurper, France?  
 [00:22:23] Let me make answer; thy usurping son.  
 [00:22:28] Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king.  
 [00:22:33] That thou mayst be a queen, and cheque the world!  
 [00:22:36] My bed was ever to thy son  
 [00:22:38] as true as thine was to thy husband;  
 [00:22:41] and this boy liker in feature to his father Geoffrey  
 [00:22:43] Than thou and John in manners; being as like  
 [00:22:45] As rain to water, or devil to his dam.  
 [00:22:49] My boy a bastard! By my soul,  
 [00:22:53] I think his father never was so true begot:  
 [00:22:56] It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.  
 [00:22:58] There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.  
 [00:23:02] There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.  
 [00:23:06] Hear the crier.  
 [00:23:08] What the devil art thou?  
 [00:23:10] One that will play the devil, sir, with you,  
 [00:23:12] An a' may catch your hide and you alone:  
 [00:23:15] You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
 [00:23:17] Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard;  
 [00:23:20] I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right;  
 [00:23:22] Look to't Sirrah; i' faith, I will, i' faith.  
 [00:23:25] O, well did he become that lion's robe  
 [00:23:28] That did disrobe the lion of that robe!  
 [00:23:30] It lies as sightly on the back of him  
 [00:23:32] As great Alcides' shows upon an ass:  
 [00:23:35] But, ass, I'll take that burthen from your back,  
 [00:23:39] Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.  
 [00:23:41] What craker is this same that deafs our ears  
 [00:23:45] With this abundance of superfluous breath?  
 [00:23:48] Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.  
 [00:23:49] Women and fools, break off your conference.  
 [00:23:58] King John, this is the very sum of all;  
 [00:24:02] England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,  
 [00:24:06] In right of Arthur do I claim of thee:  
 [00:24:09] Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?  
 [00:24:12] My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.  
 [00:24:15] Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;  
 [00:24:19] And out of my dear love I'll give thee more  
 [00:24:21] Than e'er the coward hand of France can win:  
 [00:24:24] Submit thee, boy.  
 [00:24:25] Come to thy grandam, child.  
 [00:24:28] Do, child, go to it grandam, child:  
 [00:24:32] Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will  
 [00:24:35] Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:  
 [00:24:38] There's a good grandam.  
 [00:24:40] Good my mother, peace!  
 [00:24:42] I would that I were low laid in my grave:  
 [00:24:43] I am not worth this coil that's made for me.  
 [00:24:46] His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.  
 [00:24:49] Now shame upon you, whether she does or no!  
 [00:24:52] His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,  
 [00:24:55] Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
 [00:24:58] Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;  
 [00:25:02] Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed  
 [00:25:05] To do him justice and revenge on you.  
 [00:25:09] Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!  
 [00:25:11] Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

[00:25:18] Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp the dominations,  
 [00:25:24] royalties and rights of this oppressed boy:  
 [00:25:29] this is thy eld'st son's son,  
 [00:25:33] Infortunate in nothing but in thee:  
 [00:25:36] Thy sins are visited in this poor child;  
 [00:25:38] The canon of the law is laid on him,  
 [00:25:40] Being but the second generation  
 [00:25:42] Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.  
 [00:25:45] Bedlam, have done.  
 [00:25:47] I have but this to say,  
 [00:25:49] That he is not only plagued for her sin,  
 [00:25:52] But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
 [00:25:55] On this removed issue, plague for her  
 [00:25:59] And with her plague; her sin his injury,  
 [00:26:02] Her injury the beadle to her sin,  
 [00:26:04] All punish'd in the person of this child,  
 [00:26:08] And all for her; a plague upon her!  
 [00:26:11] Thou unadvised scold, I can produce a will  
 [00:26:15] that bars the title of thy son.  
 [00:26:19] Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will:  
 [00:26:24] A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!  
 [00:26:28] Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:  
 [00:26:30] It ill beseems this presence  
 [00:26:31] to cry aim to these ill-tuned repetitions.  
 [00:26:34] Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
 [00:26:36] These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak  
 [00:26:40] Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.  
 [00:26:49] Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?  
 [00:26:51] 'Tis France, for England.  
 [00:26:54] England, for itself.  
 [00:26:56] You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects--  
 [00:26:58] You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,  
 [00:27:02] Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle--  
 [00:27:04] For our advantage; therefore hear us first.  
 [00:27:12] These flags of France, that are advanced here  
 [00:27:14] Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
 [00:27:16] Have hither march'd to your endamage:ment:  
 [00:27:19] The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,  
 [00:27:22] And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
 [00:27:24] Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls:  
 [00:27:27] All preparation for a bloody siege  
 [00:27:30] All merciless proceeding by these French  
 [00:27:33] Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;  
 [00:27:35] And but for our approach those sleeping stones,  
 [00:27:40] That as a waist doth girdle you about,  
 [00:27:43] By the compulsion of their ordinance  
 [00:27:44] By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
 [00:27:47] Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made  
 [00:27:50] For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
 [00:27:53] But on the sight of us your lawful king,  
 [00:27:58] Who painfully with much expedient march  
 [00:28:00] Have brought a countercheque before your gates,  
 [00:28:03] To save unscratch'd your city's threatened cheeks,  
 [00:28:06] Behold, the French amazed vouchsafe a parle;  
 [00:28:12] And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,  
 [00:28:15] To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
 [00:28:17] They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,  
 [00:28:21] To make a faithless error in your ears:  
 [00:28:24] Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
 [00:28:27] And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,

[00:28:31] Forwearied in this action of swift speed,  
[00:28:34] Crave harbourage within your city walls.  
[00:28:39] When I have said, make answer to us both.  
[00:28:43] Lo, in this right hand, whose protection  
[00:28:46] Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
[00:28:49] Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,  
[00:28:52] Son to the elder brother of this man,  
[00:28:55] And king o'er him and all that he enjoys:  
[00:28:58] For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
[00:29:01] In warlike march these greens before your town,  
[00:29:04] Being no further enemy to you  
[00:29:07] than the constraint of hospitable zeal  
[00:29:10] In the relief of this oppressed child  
[00:29:13] Religiously provokes. Be pleased then to pay that duty  
[00:29:17] which you truly owe  
[00:29:20] To him that owes it, namely this young prince:  
[00:29:26] And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,  
[00:29:29] Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up;  
[00:29:33] Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent  
[00:29:36] Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven;  
[00:29:38] And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,  
[00:29:41] With unhack'd swords and helmets all unbruised,  
[00:29:44] We will bear home that lusty blood again  
[00:29:48] Which here we came to spout against your town,  
[00:29:50] And leave your children, wives and you in peace.  
[00:29:56] But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
[00:30:02] 'Tis not the roundure of  
[00:30:04] your old-faced walls can hide you from our messengers of war,  
[00:30:09] Though all these English and their discipline  
[00:30:12] Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.  
[00:30:15] Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
[00:30:18] In that behalf which we have challenged it?  
[00:30:23] Or shall we give the signal to our rage  
[00:30:26] And stalk in blood to our possession?  
[00:30:30] In brief, we are the king of England's subjects:  
[00:30:35] For him, and in his right, we hold this town.  
[00:30:37] Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.  
[00:30:40] That can we not; but he that proves the king,  
[00:30:43] To him will we prove loyal: till that time  
[00:30:47] Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.  
[00:30:50] Doth not the crown of England prove the king?  
[00:30:52] And if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
[00:30:54] Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed,--  
[00:30:57] Bastards, and else.  
[00:30:58] To verify our title with their lives.  
[00:31:01] As many and as well-born bloods as these,--  
[00:31:03] Some bastards too.  
[00:31:05] Stand in his face to contradict his claim.  
[00:31:08] Till you compound whose right is worthiest,  
[00:31:11] We for the worthiest hold the right from both.  
[00:31:22] Then God forgive the sin of all those souls  
[00:31:25] That to their everlasting residence,  
[00:31:27] Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
[00:31:30] In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!  
[00:31:33] Amen, amen! Mount, chevaliers! to arms!  
[00:31:41] Saint George, that swung the dragon, and e'er since  
[00:31:44] Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,  
[00:31:46] Teach us some fence!  
[00:31:48] Sirrah, were I at home,  
[00:31:50] At your den, sirrah, with your lioness

[00:31:52] I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,  
 [00:31:53] And make a monster of you.  
 [00:31:55] Peace! no more.  
 [00:31:56] O tremble, for you hear the lion roar.  
 [00:31:59] Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth  
 [00:32:02] In best appointment all our regiments.  
 [00:32:04] Speed then, to take advantage of the field.  
 [00:32:06] It shall be so; and at the other hill  
 [00:32:08] Command the rest to stand. God and our right!  
 [00:32:37] You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,  
 [00:32:39] And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in,  
 [00:32:42] Who by the hand of France this day hath made  
 [00:32:44] Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
 [00:32:47] Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground;  
 [00:32:51] Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
 [00:32:53] Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
 [00:32:56] And victory, with little loss, doth play  
 [00:32:59] Upon the dancing banners of the French,  
 [00:33:01] Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
 [00:33:04] To enter conquerors and to proclaim  
 [00:33:06] Arthur of Bretagne England's king and yours.  
 [00:33:11] Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:  
 [00:33:15] King John, your king and England's doth approach,  
 [00:33:17] Commander of this hot malicious day:  
 [00:33:20] Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-bright,  
 [00:33:23] Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;  
 [00:33:28] There stuck no plume in any English crest  
 [00:33:30] That is removed by a staff of France;  
 [00:33:33] Our colours do return in those same hands  
 [00:33:36] That did display them when we first march'd forth;  
 [00:33:40] And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
 [00:33:43] Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
 [00:33:45] Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes:  
 [00:33:49] Open your gates and gives the victors way.  
 [00:33:53] Heralds, from off our towers we might behold,  
 [00:33:57] From first to last, the onset and retire  
 [00:33:59] Of both your armies; whose equality  
 [00:34:03] By our best eyes cannot be censured:  
 [00:34:07] Blood hath bought blood and blows have answered blows;  
 [00:34:11] Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted power:  
 [00:34:15] Both are alike; and both alike we like.  
 [00:34:20] One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,  
 [00:34:25] We hold our town for neither, yet for both.  
 [00:34:41] France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?  
 [00:34:45] Say, shall the current of our right roam on?  
 [00:34:49] Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,  
 [00:34:51] Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell  
 [00:34:54] With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,  
 [00:34:58] Unless thou let his silver water keep  
 [00:35:01] A peaceful progress to the ocean.  
 [00:35:04] England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood,  
 [00:35:10] In this hot trial, more than we of France;  
 [00:35:13] Rather, lost more. And by this hand I swear,  
 [00:35:16] That sways the earth this climate overlooks,  
 [00:35:19] Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
 [00:35:22] We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,  
 [00:35:27] Or add a royal number to the dead,  
 [00:35:30] Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss  
 [00:35:34] With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.  
 [00:35:37] Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers,

[00:35:42] When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
 [00:35:45] O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel;  
 [00:35:47] The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
 [00:35:49] And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,  
 [00:35:53] In undetermined differences of kings.  
 [00:35:57] Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
 [00:35:59] Cry, 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,  
 [00:36:02] You equal potents, fiery kindled spirits!  
 [00:36:04] Then let confusion of one part confirm the other's peace:  
 [00:36:06] Till then, blows, blood and death!  
 [00:36:12] Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?  
 [00:36:16] Speak, citizens, for England; who's your king?  
 [00:36:20] The king of England; when we know the king.  
 [00:36:26] Know him in us, that here hold up his right.  
 [00:36:30] In us, that are our own great deputy  
 [00:36:33] And bear possession of our person here,  
 [00:36:35] Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.  
 [00:36:39] A greater power than we denies all this;  
 [00:36:42] And till it be undoubted, we do lock  
 [00:36:45] Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates;  
 [00:36:48] King'd of our fears, until our fears, resolved,  
 [00:36:52] Be by some certain king purged and deposed.  
 [00:36:58] By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,  
 [00:37:04] And stand securely on their battlements,  
 [00:37:06] As in a theatre, whence they gape and point  
 [00:37:09] At your industrious scenes and acts of death.  
 [00:37:11] Your royal presences be ruled by me:  
 [00:37:15] Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,  
 [00:37:19] Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend  
 [00:37:22] Your sharpest deeds of malice against this town:  
 [00:37:25] By east and west let France and England mount  
 [00:37:27] Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,  
 [00:37:28] Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd down  
 [00:37:31] The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:  
 [00:37:34] I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
 [00:37:37] Even till unfenced desolation  
 [00:37:39] Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
 [00:37:41] That done, dissever your united strengths,  
 [00:37:45] And part your mingled colours once again;  
 [00:37:47] Turn face to face and bloody point to point;  
 [00:37:50] Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth  
 [00:37:51] Out of one side her happy minion,  
 [00:37:53] To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
 [00:37:55] And kiss him with a glorious victory.  
 [00:37:58] How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
 [00:38:01] Smacks it not something of the policy?  
 [00:38:03] Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads,  
 [00:38:05] I like it well. Say France, shall we knit our powers  
 [00:38:10] And lay this Angiers even to the ground;  
 [00:38:13] Then after fight who shall be king of it?  
 [00:38:18] An if thou hast the mettle of a king,  
 [00:38:24] Being wronged as we are by this peevish town, why then,  
 [00:38:27] Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
 [00:38:28] As we will ours, against these saucy walls;  
 [00:38:30] And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,  
 [00:38:31] Why then defy each other and pell-mell  
 [00:38:34] Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.  
 [00:38:43] Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?  
 [00:38:49] We from the west will send destruction  
 [00:38:52] Into this city's bosom.

[00:38:55] I from the north.  
 [00:38:56] Our thunder from the south  
 [00:38:58] Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.  
 [00:39:02] O prudent discipline! From north to south:  
 [00:39:03] Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:  
 [00:39:06] I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!  
 [00:39:09] Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe awhile to stay,  
 [00:39:13] And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league;  
 [00:39:16] Win you this city without stroke or wound;  
 [00:39:19] Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
 [00:39:22] That here come sacrifices for the field:  
 [00:39:25] Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.  
 [00:39:29] Speak on with favour; we are bent to hear.  
 [00:39:32] That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,  
 [00:39:35] Is niece to England: look upon the years  
 [00:39:39] Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid:  
 [00:39:42] If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
 [00:39:45] Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?  
 [00:39:48] If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
 [00:39:51] Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
 [00:39:53] If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
 [00:39:55] Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?  
 [00:40:00] Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
 [00:40:02] Is the young Dauphin every way complete:  
 [00:40:05] If not complete of, say he is not she;  
 [00:40:10] And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
 [00:40:13] If want it be not that she is not he:  
 [00:40:17] He is the half part of a blessed man,  
 [00:40:19] Left to be finished by such as she;  
 [00:40:22] And she a fair divided excellence,  
 [00:40:24] Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.  
 [00:40:28] O, two such silver currents, when they join,  
 [00:40:31] Do glorify the banks that bound them in;  
 [00:40:34] And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
 [00:40:36] Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
 [00:40:40] To these two princes, if you marry them.  
 [00:40:43] This union shall do more than battery can  
 [00:40:46] To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,  
 [00:40:50] With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
 [00:40:53] The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
 [00:40:56] And give you entrance: but without this match,  
 [00:41:01] The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
 [00:41:05] Lions more confident, mountains and rocks  
 [00:41:08] More free from motion, no, not Death himself  
 [00:41:11] In moral fury half so peremptory,  
 [00:41:13] As we to keep this city.  
 [00:41:28] Here's a stay  
 [00:41:29] That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death  
 [00:41:31] Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
 [00:41:36] That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and seas,  
 [00:41:40] Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
 [00:41:42] As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!  
 [00:41:44] What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
 [00:41:47] He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and bounce;  
 [00:41:49] He gives the bastinado with his tongue:  
 [00:41:52] Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his  
 [00:41:55] But buffets better than a fist of France:  
 [00:41:59] Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words  
 [00:42:02] Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.  
 [00:42:07] Son, list to this conjunction, make this match;



[00:42:11] Give with our niece a dowry large enough:  
 [00:42:16] For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie  
 [00:42:19] Thy now unsure assurance to the crown,  
 [00:42:23] That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe  
 [00:42:26] The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
 [00:42:31] I see a yielding in the looks of France;  
 [00:42:34] Mark, how they whisper: urge them while their souls  
 [00:42:38] Are capable of this ambition,  
 [00:42:40] Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath  
 [00:42:43] Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,  
 [00:42:47] Cool and congeal again to what it was.  
 [00:42:49] Why answer not the double majesties  
 [00:42:52] This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?  
 [00:42:56] Speak England first, that hath been forward first  
 [00:43:01] To speak unto this city: what say you?  
 [00:43:06] If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,  
 [00:43:10] Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'  
 [00:43:13] Then Anjou and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,  
 [00:43:16] And all that we upon this side the sea,  
 [00:43:19] Except this city now by us besieged,  
 [00:43:21] Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
 [00:43:24] Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich  
 [00:43:27] In titles, honours and promotions,  
 [00:43:30] As she in beauty, education, blood,  
 [00:43:33] Holds hand with any princess of the world.  
 [00:43:37] What say'st thou, boy? look in the lady's face.  
 [00:43:43] I do, my lord; and in her eye I find a wonder,  
 [00:43:47] or a wondrous miracle,  
 [00:43:48] The shadow of myself form'd in her eye:  
 [00:43:51] Which being but the shadow of your son,  
 [00:43:53] Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow:  
 [00:44:00] I do protest I never loved myself  
 [00:44:02] Till now infix'd I beheld myself  
 [00:44:05] Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.  
 [00:44:11] Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!  
 [00:44:15] Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!  
 [00:44:18] And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy  
 [00:44:21] Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,  
 [00:44:27] That hang'd and drawn and quartered, there should be  
 [00:44:29] In such a love so vile a lout as he.  
 [00:44:34] My uncle's will in this respect is mine:  
 [00:44:37] If he see aught in you that makes him like,  
 [00:44:40] That any thing he sees, which moves his liking,  
 [00:44:43] I can with ease translate it to my will;  
 [00:44:46] Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
 [00:44:49] I will enforce it easily to my love.  
 [00:44:53] Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
 [00:44:55] That all I see in you is worthy love,  
 [00:44:57] Than this; that nothing do I see in you,  
 [00:45:00] Though churlish thoughts themselves  
 [00:45:02] should be your judge,  
 [00:45:04] That I can find should merit any hate.  
 [00:45:10] What say these young ones? What say you my niece?  
 [00:45:15] That she is bound in honour still to do  
 [00:45:18] What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.  
 [00:45:21] Speak then, prince Dauphin; can'st thou love this lady?  
 [00:45:25] Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;  
 [00:45:27] For I do love her most unfeignedly.  
 [00:45:30] Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,  
 [00:45:33] Poitiers and Anjou, these five provinces,



[00:45:36] With her to thee; and this addition more,  
 [00:45:39] Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.  
 [00:45:43] Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,  
 [00:45:46] Command thy son and daughter to join hands.  
 [00:45:50] It likes us well; young princes, close your hands.  
 [00:45:54] And your lips too; for I am well assured  
 [00:45:57] That I did so when I was first assured.  
 [00:46:04] Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,  
 [00:46:08] Let in that amity which you have made;  
 [00:46:11] For at Saint Mary's chapel presently  
 [00:46:13] The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.  
 [00:46:19] Is not the Lady Constance in this troop?  
 [00:46:22] I know she is not, for this match made up  
 [00:46:25] Her presence would have interrupted much:  
 [00:46:27] Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.  
 [00:46:29] She is sad and passionate at your highness' tent.  
 [00:46:32] And, by my faith, this league that we have made  
 [00:46:34] Will give her sadness very little cure.  
 [00:46:39] Brother of England, how may we content  
 [00:46:42] This widow lady? In her right we came;  
 [00:46:45] Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,  
 [00:46:48] To our own vantage.  
 [00:46:50] We will heal up all;  
 [00:46:52] For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Bretagne  
 [00:46:55] And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town  
 [00:46:59] We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance;  
 [00:47:02] Some speedy messenger bid her repair  
 [00:47:04] To our solemnity: I trust we shall,  
 [00:47:06] If not fill up the measure of her will,  
 [00:47:08] Yet in some measure satisfy her so  
 [00:47:10] That we shall stop her exclamation.  
 [00:47:14] Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
 [00:47:16] To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.  
 [00:47:40] Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!  
 [00:47:49] John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
 [00:47:51] Hath willingly departed with a part,  
 [00:47:53] And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,  
 [00:47:57] Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
 [00:47:59] As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear  
 [00:48:03] With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,  
 [00:48:07] That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,  
 [00:48:10] That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,  
 [00:48:14] Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,  
 [00:48:17] Who, having no external thing to lose  
 [00:48:18] But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of that,  
 [00:48:21] That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,  
 [00:48:30] Commodity, the bias of the world,  
 [00:48:36] The world, who of itself is balanced well,  
 [00:48:38] Made to run even upon even ground,  
 [00:48:40] Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,  
 [00:48:44] This sway of motion, this Commodity,  
 [00:48:48] Makes it take head from all indifferency,  
 [00:48:49] From all direction, purpose, course, intent:  
 [00:48:53] And this same bias, this Commodity,  
 [00:48:55] This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
 [00:48:58] Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,  
 [00:49:00] Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,  
 [00:49:02] From a resolved and honourable war,  
 [00:49:04] To a most base and vile-concluded peace.  
 [00:49:09] And why rail I on this Commodity?

[00:49:15] But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:  
[00:49:18] Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,  
[00:49:20] When his fair angels would salute my palm;  
[00:49:23] But for that my hand, as unattempted yet,  
[00:49:27] Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.  
[00:49:31] Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail  
[00:49:36] And say there is no sin but to be rich;  
[00:49:41] And being rich, my virtue then will be  
[00:49:44] To say there is no vice but beggary.  
[00:49:48] Since kings break faith upon commodity,  
[00:49:53] Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee.

**King John Act 3**

[00:50:10] Gone to be married! gone to swear a peace!  
 [00:50:18] False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be friends!  
 [00:50:27] Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those provinces?  
 [00:50:35] It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard:  
 [00:50:40] Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again:  
 [00:50:44] It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so:  
 [00:50:48] I trust I may not trust thee; for thy word  
 [00:50:51] Is but the vain breath of a common man:  
 [00:50:53] Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;  
 [00:50:55] I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
 [00:50:59] Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,  
 [00:51:03] For I am sick and capable of fears,  
 [00:51:06] Oppress'd with wrongs and therefore full of fears,  
 [00:51:10] A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,  
 [00:51:15] A woman, naturally born to fears;  
 [00:51:19] And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,  
 [00:51:21] With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
 [00:51:24] But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
 [00:51:28] What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?  
 [00:51:33] Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?  
 [00:51:38] What means that hand upon that breast of thine?  
 [00:51:43] Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
 [00:51:45] Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
 [00:51:50] Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?  
 [00:51:54] Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
 [00:51:59] But this one word, whether thy tale be true.  
 [00:52:05] As true as I believe you think them false  
 [00:52:08] That give you cause to prove my saying true.  
 [00:52:11] O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,  
 [00:52:15] Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,  
 [00:52:18] And let belief and life encounter so  
 [00:52:20] As doth the fury of two desperate men  
 [00:52:23] Which in the very meeting fall and die.  
 [00:52:31] Lewis marry Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?  
 [00:52:44] France friend with England, what becomes of me?  
 [00:52:51] Fellow, be gone: I cannot brook thy sight:  
 [00:52:53] This news hath made thee a most ugly man.  
 [00:52:56] What other harm have I, good lady, done,  
 [00:52:58] But spoke the harm that is by others done?  
 [00:53:00] Which harm within itself so heinous is  
 [00:53:01] As it makes harmful all that speak of it.  
 [00:53:04] I do beseech you, madam, be content.  
 [00:53:07] If thou, that bid'st me be content, wert grim,  
 [00:53:13] Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb,  
 [00:53:16] Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,  
 [00:53:20] Lamé, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
 [00:53:25] Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,  
 [00:53:29] I would not care, I then would be content,  
 [00:53:33] For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou  
 [00:53:34] Become thy great birth nor deserve a crown.  
 [00:53:38] But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,  
 [00:53:41] Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:  
 [00:53:48] Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,  
 [00:53:50] And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune,  
 [00:53:56] O, She is corrupted, changed and won from thee;  
 [00:54:00] She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John,  
 [00:54:03] And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France  
 [00:54:06] To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,

[00:54:09] And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.  
 [00:54:14] France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,  
 [00:54:21] That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!  
 [00:54:26] Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?  
 [00:54:32] Envenom him with words, or get thee gone  
 [00:54:35] And leave those woes alone which I alone  
 [00:54:36] Am bound to under-bear.  
 [00:54:38] Pardon me, madam,  
 [00:54:39] I may not go without you to the kings.  
 [00:54:44] Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:  
 [00:54:55] I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;  
 [00:54:58] For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.  
 [00:55:05] To me and to the state of my great grief  
 [00:55:08] Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great  
 [00:55:13] That no supporter but the huge firm earth  
 [00:55:17] Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;  
 [00:55:24] Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.  
 [00:55:31] 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day  
 [00:55:34] Ever in France shall be kept festival:  
 [00:55:36] To solemnize this day the glorious sun  
 [00:55:38] Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,  
 [00:55:40] Turning with splendor of his precious eye  
 [00:55:43] The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold:  
 [00:55:46] The yearly course that brings this day about  
 [00:55:49] Shall never see it but a holiday.  
 [00:55:52] A wicked day, and not a holy day!  
 [00:55:56] What hath this day deserved? what hath it done,  
 [00:55:59] That it in golden letters should be writ  
 [00:56:01] Among the high tides of the calendar?  
 [00:56:04] Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,  
 [00:56:06] This day of shame, oppression, perjury.  
 [00:56:11] Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
 [00:56:14] Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,  
 [00:56:17] Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:  
 [00:56:20] But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;  
 [00:56:23] No bargains break that are not this day made:  
 [00:56:26] This day, all things begun come to ill end,  
 [00:56:33] Ney, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!  
 [00:56:38] By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause  
 [00:56:42] To curse the fair proceedings of this day:  
 [00:56:44] Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?  
 [00:56:47] You have beguiled me with a counterfeit  
 [00:56:51] Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,  
 [00:56:56] Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;  
 [00:57:03] You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
 [00:57:07] But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:  
 [00:57:11] The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
 [00:57:14] Is cold in amity and painted peace,  
 [00:57:19] And our oppression hath made up this deed.  
 [00:57:22] Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured kings!  
 [00:57:27] A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens!  
 [00:57:30] Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
 [00:57:32] Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,  
 [00:57:35] Set armed discord 'twixt these perjured kings!  
 [00:57:39] Hear me, O, hear me!  
 [00:57:42] Lady Constance, peace!  
 [00:57:44] War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war  
 [00:57:51] O Lymoges! O Austria! thou dost shame  
 [00:57:54] That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward!  
 [00:57:59] Thou little valiant, great in villany!

[00:58:01] Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
 [00:58:05] Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight  
 [00:58:10] But when her humorous ladyship is by  
 [00:58:11] To teach thee safety! thou art perjured too,  
 [00:58:16] And soothest up greatness. What a fool art thou,  
 [00:58:21] A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear  
 [00:58:25] Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
 [00:58:30] Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side,  
 [00:58:33] Been sworn my champion, bidding me depend  
 [00:58:35] Upon thy fate, thy fortune and thy strength,  
 [00:58:38] And dost thou now fall over to my foes?  
 [00:58:41] Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,  
 [00:58:45] And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.  
 [00:58:49] O, that a man should speak those words to me!  
 [00:58:52] And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.  
 [00:58:54] Thou darest not say so, villain, for thy life.  
 [00:58:57] And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.  
 [00:59:00] We like not this; thou dost forget thyself.  
 [00:59:10] Here comes the holy legate of the pope.  
 [00:59:23] Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!  
 [00:59:33] To thee, King John, my holy errand is.  
 [00:59:38] I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
 [00:59:39] And from Pope Innocent the legate here,  
 [00:59:42] Do in his name religiously demand  
 [00:59:44] Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
 [00:59:48] So wilfully dost spurn; and force perforce  
 [00:59:53] Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop  
 [00:59:56] Of Canterbury, from that holy see?  
 [00:59:59] This, in our foresaid holy father's name,  
 [01:00:01] Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.  
 [01:00:08] What earthy name to interrogatories  
 [01:00:10] Can task the free breath of a sacred king?  
 [01:00:14] Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
 [01:00:17] So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,  
 [01:00:20] To charge me to an answer, as the pope.  
 [01:00:25] Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of England  
 [01:00:28] Add thus much more, that no Italian priest  
 [01:00:31] Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
 [01:00:33] But as we, under God, are supreme head,  
 [01:00:36] So under Him that great supremacy,  
 [01:00:38] Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
 [01:00:41] Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
 [01:00:45] So tell the pope, all reverence set apart  
 [01:00:49] To him and his usurp'd authority.  
 [01:00:52] Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.  
 [01:00:55] Though you and all the kings of Christendom  
 [01:00:57] Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
 [01:00:59] Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
 [01:01:03] And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,  
 [01:01:07] Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
 [01:01:09] Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,  
 [01:01:12] Though you and all the rest so grossly led  
 [01:01:14] This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,  
 [01:01:19] Yet I alone, alone do me oppose  
 [01:01:20] Against the pope and count his friends my foes.  
 [01:01:26] Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
 [01:01:29] Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate.  
 [01:01:34] And blessed shall he be that doth revolt  
 [01:01:36] From his allegiance to an heretic;  
 [01:01:40] And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,

[01:01:43] Canonized and worshipped as a saint,  
 [01:01:45] That takes away by any secret course  
 [01:01:50] Thy hateful life.  
 [01:01:55] O, lawful let it be  
 [01:01:57] That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!  
 [01:02:01] Good father cardinal, cry thou amen  
 [01:02:03] To my keen curses; for without my wrong  
 [01:02:05] There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.  
 [01:02:08] There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.  
 [01:02:11] And for mine too: since law can do no right,  
 [01:02:15] Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong:  
 [01:02:18] Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,  
 [01:02:23] For he that holds his kingdom holds the law;  
 [01:02:26] Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,  
 [01:02:31] How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?  
 [01:02:35] Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
 [01:02:38] Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;  
 [01:02:41] And raise the power of France upon his head,  
 [01:02:44] Unless he do submit himself to Rome.  
 [01:02:46] Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.  
 [01:02:48] Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?  
 [01:02:53] What should he say, but as the cardinal?  
 [01:02:56] Bethink you, father; for the difference  
 [01:02:58] Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,  
 [01:03:00] Or the light loss of England for a friend:  
 [01:03:02] Forego the easier.  
 [01:03:04] That's the curse of Rome.  
 [01:03:06] O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here  
 [01:03:09] In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.  
 [01:03:11] The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,  
 [01:03:14] But from her need.  
 [01:03:15] O, if thou grant my need,  
 [01:03:19] Which only lives but by the death of faith,  
 [01:03:21] That need must needs infer this principle,  
 [01:03:24] That faith would live again by death of need.  
 [01:03:27] O then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;  
 [01:03:30] Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down!  
 [01:03:33] The king is moved, and answers not to this.  
 [01:03:36] O, be removed from him, and answer well!  
 [01:03:39] I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.  
 [01:03:43] What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,  
 [01:03:46] If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?  
 [01:03:51] Good reverend father, make my person yours,  
 [01:03:54] And tell me how you would bestow yourself.  
 [01:03:57] This royal hand and mine are newly knit,  
 [01:04:00] And the conjunction of our inward souls  
 [01:04:02] Married in league, coupled and linked together  
 [01:04:03] With all religious strength of sacred vows;  
 [01:04:07] The latest breath that gave the sound of words  
 [01:04:09] Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love  
 [01:04:13] Between our kingdoms and our royal selves,  
 [01:04:17] And even before this truce, but new before,  
 [01:04:20] No longer than we well could wash our hands  
 [01:04:22] To clap this royal bargain up of peace,  
 [01:04:25] Heaven knows, they were besmear'd and over-stain'd  
 [01:04:28] With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint  
 [01:04:33] The fearful difference of incensed kings:  
 [01:04:38] And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,  
 [01:04:43] So newly sworn in faith, so strong in both,  
 [01:04:49] Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?

[01:04:53] Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,  
 [01:05:01] Make such unconstant children of ourselves,  
 [01:05:03] As now again to snatch our palm from palm,  
 [01:05:08] Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage-bed  
 [01:05:13] Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,  
 [01:05:16] And make a riot on the gentle brow  
 [01:05:20] Of true sincerity? O, holy sir,  
 [01:05:23] My reverend father, let it not be so!  
 [01:05:28] Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose  
 [01:05:33] Some gentle order; and then we shall be blest  
 [01:05:40] To do your pleasure and continue friends.  
 [01:05:46] All form is formless, order orderless,  
 [01:05:50] Save what is opposite to England's love.  
 [01:05:54] Therefore to arms! be champion of our church,  
 [01:05:57] Or let the church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
 [01:06:00] A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
 [01:06:05] France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
 [01:06:08] A chafed lion by the mortal paw,  
 [01:06:10] A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,  
 [01:06:12] Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.  
 [01:06:16] I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.  
 [01:06:21] So makest thou faith an enemy to faith;  
 [01:06:25] And like a civil war set'st oath to oath,  
 [01:06:27] Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow  
 [01:06:31] First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,  
 [01:06:35] That is, to be the champion of our church!  
 [01:06:38] What since thou sworest is sworn against thyself  
 [01:06:41] And may not be performed by thyself,  
 [01:06:43] For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss  
 [01:06:47] Is not amiss if it be truly done,  
 [01:06:52] And being not done, where doing tends to ill,  
 [01:06:54] The truth is then best done not doing it:  
 [01:06:58] The better act in purposes mistook  
 [01:07:03] Is to mistake again; though indirect,  
 [01:07:07] Yet indirection thereby grows direct,  
 [01:07:09] And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire  
 [01:07:13] Within the scorched veins of one new-burn'd.  
 [01:07:19] It is religion that doth make vows kept;  
 [01:07:25] But thou hast sworn against religion,  
 [01:07:27] By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,  
 [01:07:31] And makest an oath the surety for thy truth  
 [01:07:34] Against an oath: the truth thou art unsure  
 [01:07:38] To swear, swears only not to be forsworn;  
 [01:07:41] Else what a mockery should it be to swear!  
 [01:07:44] But thou hast sworn only to be forsworn;  
 [01:07:48] And most forsworn, to keep what thou dost swear.  
 [01:07:52] Therefore thy later vows against thy first  
 [01:07:55] Is in thyself rebellion 'gainst thyself;  
 [01:07:59] And better conquest never canst thou make  
 [01:08:01] Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts  
 [01:08:04] Against these giddy loose suggestions:  
 [01:08:08] Upon which better part our prayers come in,  
 [01:08:12] If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know  
 [01:08:17] The peril of our curses light on thee  
 [01:08:21] So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,  
 [01:08:26] But in despair die under their black weight.  
 [01:08:35] Rebellion, flat rebellion!  
 [01:08:37] Will't not be?  
 [01:08:38] Will not a calfs-skin stop that mouth of thine?  
 [01:08:41] Father, to arms!



[01:08:44] Upon thy wedding-day?  
 [01:08:46] Against the blood that thou hast married?  
 [01:08:48] What, shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?  
 [01:08:51] Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,  
 [01:08:53] Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?  
 [01:08:57] O husband, hear me! alack, how new  
 [01:09:00] Is husband in my mouth! even for that name,  
 [01:09:04] Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,  
 [01:09:07] Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
 [01:09:09] Against mine uncle.  
 [01:09:11] Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
 [01:09:13] Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom  
 [01:09:15] Forethought by heaven!  
 [01:09:17] Now shall I see thy love: what motive may  
 [01:09:19] Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?  
 [01:09:22] That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,  
 [01:09:24] His honour: O, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!  
 [01:09:32] I muse your majesty doth seem so cold,  
 [01:09:35] When such profound respects do pull you on.  
 [01:09:39] I will denounce a curse upon his head.  
 [01:09:43] Thou shalt not need, England, I will fall from thee.  
 [01:10:02] O fair return of banish'd majesty!  
 [01:10:06] O foul revolt of French inconstancy!  
 [01:10:10] France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.  
 [01:10:15] Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,  
 [01:10:20] Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.  
 [01:10:38] The sun's o'er-cast with blood: fair day, adieu!  
 [01:10:44] Which is the side that I must go withal?  
 [01:10:47] I am with both: each army hath a hand;  
 [01:10:50] And in their rage, I having hold of both,  
 [01:10:53] They swirl asunder and dismember me.  
 [01:10:56] Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win;  
 [01:11:00] Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose;  
 [01:11:03] Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;  
 [01:11:05] Grandam, I may not wish thy wishes thrive:  
 [01:11:09] Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose  
 [01:11:13] Assured loss before the match be play'd.  
 [01:11:18] Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.  
 [01:11:25] There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.  
 [01:11:33] Cousin, go draw our puissance together.  
 [01:11:35] France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;  
 [01:11:38] A rage whose heat hath this condition,  
 [01:11:41] That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,  
 [01:11:45] The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.  
 [01:11:49] Thy rage sham burn thee up, and thou shalt turn  
 [01:11:53] To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:  
 [01:11:58] Look to thyself, thou art in jeopardy.  
 [01:12:02] No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie!  
 [01:12:11] Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;  
 [01:12:15] Some airy devil hovers in the sky  
 [01:12:18] And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie thou there,  
 [01:12:24] While Philip breathes.  
 [01:12:27] Hubert, keep this boy. Philip, make haste:  
 [01:12:30] My mother is assailed in our tent,  
 [01:12:31] And ta'en, I fear.  
 [01:12:32] My lord, I rescued her;  
 [01:12:34] Her highness is in safety, fear you not:  
 [01:12:35] But on, my liege; for very little pains  
 [01:12:38] Will bring this labour to an happy end.  
 [01:12:43] So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind

[01:12:45] So strongly guarded.  
 [01:12:47] Cousin, look not sad:  
 [01:12:50] Thy grandam loves thee; and thy uncle will  
 [01:12:52] As dear be to thee as thy father was.  
 [01:12:55] O, this will make my mother die with grief!  
 [01:13:01] Cousin, away for England! haste before:  
 [01:13:02] And, ere our coming, see thou shake the bags  
 [01:13:05] Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels  
 [01:13:07] Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace  
 [01:13:09] Must by the hungry now be fed upon:  
 [01:13:13] Use our commission in his utmost force.  
 [01:13:14] Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,  
 [01:13:16] When gold and silver beck me to come on.  
 [01:13:19] I leave your highness. Grandam, I will pray,  
 [01:13:24] If ever I remember to be holy,  
 [01:13:25] For your fair safety; so, I kiss your hand.  
 [01:13:34] Farewell, gentle cousin.  
 [01:13:43] Coz, farewell.  
 [01:13:46] Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.  
 [01:13:51] Come hither, Hubert.  
 [01:14:03] O my gentle Hubert,  
 [01:14:04] We owe thee much! within this wall of flesh  
 [01:14:07] There is a soul counts thee her creditor  
 [01:14:10] And with advantage means to pay thy love:  
 [01:14:13] And my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
 [01:14:16] Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
 [01:14:19] Give me thy hand.  
 [01:14:25] I had a thing to say,  
 [01:14:26] But I will fit it with some better tune.  
 [01:14:31] By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed  
 [01:14:34] To say what good respect I have of thee.  
 [01:14:36] I am much bounden to your majesty.  
 [01:14:38] Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,  
 [01:14:40] But thou shalt have; and creep time ne'er so slow,  
 [01:14:44] Yet it shall come from me to do thee good.  
 [01:14:50] I had a thing to say, but let it go:  
 [01:14:53] The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,  
 [01:14:56] Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
 [01:14:57] Is all too wanton and too full of gawds  
 [01:15:00] To give me audience: if the midnight bell  
 [01:15:04] Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,  
 [01:15:07] Sound on into the drowsy race of night;  
 [01:15:10] If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
 [01:15:13] And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs,  
 [01:15:17] Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,  
 [01:15:20] Had baked thy blood and made it heavy-thick,  
 [01:15:24] Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,  
 [01:15:27] Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes  
 [01:15:29] And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,  
 [01:15:34] A passion hateful to my purposes,  
 [01:15:37] Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,  
 [01:15:39] Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 [01:15:42] Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
 [01:15:45] Without eyes, ears and harmful sound of words;  
 [01:15:48] Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,  
 [01:15:51] I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
 [01:15:57] But, ah, I will not! yet I love thee well;  
 [01:16:03] And, by my troth, I think thou lovest me well.  
 [01:16:05] So well, that what you bid me undertake,  
 [01:16:07] Though that my death were adjunct to my act,

[01:16:09] By heaven, I would do it.  
[01:16:10] Do not I know thou wouldst?  
[01:16:13] Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye  
[01:16:18] On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,  
[01:16:24] He is a very serpent in my way;  
[01:16:26] And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread,  
[01:16:29] He lies before me: dost thou understand me?  
[01:16:33] Thou art his keeper.  
[01:16:35] And I'll keep him so,  
[01:16:36] That he shall not offend your majesty.  
[01:16:38] My lord?  
[01:16:39] A grave.  
[01:16:42] He shall not live.  
[01:16:45] Enough.  
[01:16:49] I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;  
[01:16:57] Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
[01:17:01] Remember. Madam, fare you well:  
[01:17:04] I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.  
[01:17:07] My blessing go with thee!  
[01:17:10] Cousin, Away for England, go:  
[01:17:13] Hubert shall be your man, attend on you  
[01:17:15] With all true duty. On toward Calais, ho!  
[01:17:32] So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
[01:17:35] A whole armado of convicted sail  
[01:17:37] Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.  
[01:17:41] Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.  
[01:17:46] What can go well, when we have run so ill?  
[01:17:49] Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?  
[01:17:52] Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?  
[01:17:57] And bloody England into England gone,  
[01:17:59] O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?  
[01:18:03] What he hath won, that hath he fortified:  
[01:18:06] So hot a speed with such advice disposed,  
[01:18:09] Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,  
[01:18:11] Doth want example: who hath read or heard  
[01:18:15] Of any kindred action like to this?  
[01:18:16] Well could I bear that England had this praise,  
[01:18:18] So we could find some pattern of our shame.  
[01:18:24] Look, who comes here! a grave unto a soul;  
[01:18:29] Holding the eternal spirit against her will,  
[01:18:32] In the vile prison of afflicted breath.  
[01:18:37] I prithee, lady, go away with me.  
[01:18:40] Lo, now I now see the issue of your peace.  
[01:18:45] Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!  
[01:18:48] No, I defy all counsel, all redress,  
[01:18:52] Save that which ends all counsel, true redress,  
[01:18:56] Death, death; O amiable lovely death!  
[01:19:04] Thou odouriferous stench! sound rottenness!  
[01:19:10] Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,  
[01:19:14] Thou hate and terror to prosperity,  
[01:19:17] And I will kiss thy detestable bones  
[01:19:20] And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows  
[01:19:22] And ring my fingers with thy household worms  
[01:19:26] And be a carrion monster like thyself:  
[01:19:33] Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smilest  
[01:19:36] And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,  
[01:19:41] O, come to me!  
[01:19:42] O fair affliction, peace!  
[01:19:44] No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:  
[01:19:47] O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!

[01:19:49] Then with a passion would I shake the world;  
 [01:19:53] And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy  
 [01:19:55] That cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,  
 [01:19:58] Which scorns a modern invocation.  
 [01:20:01] Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.  
 [01:20:07] Thou art not holy to belie me so;  
 [01:20:10] I am not mad: this hair I tear is mine;  
 [01:20:16] My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;  
 [01:20:18] Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
 [01:20:24] I am not mad: I would to heaven I were!  
 [01:20:30] For then, 'tis like I could forget myself:  
 [01:20:34] O, if I could, what grief should I forget!  
 [01:20:38] Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
 [01:20:42] And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal;  
 [01:20:46] For being not mad but sensible of grief,  
 [01:20:50] My reasonable part produces reason  
 [01:20:53] How I may be deliver'd of these woes,  
 [01:20:56] And teaches me to kill or hang myself:  
 [01:21:02] If I were mad, I should forget my son,  
 [01:21:06] Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:  
 [01:21:09] I am not mad; too well, too well I feel  
 [01:21:14] The different plague of each calamity.  
 [01:21:18] Bind up those tresses. O, what love I note  
 [01:21:22] In the fair multitude of those her hairs!  
 [01:21:25] Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,  
 [01:21:28] Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends  
 [01:21:32] Do glue themselves in sociable grief,  
 [01:21:34] Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,  
 [01:21:38] Sticking together in calamity.  
 [01:21:40] To England, if you will.  
 [01:21:43] Bind up your hairs.  
 [01:21:45] Aye, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?  
 [01:21:48] I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud  
 [01:21:51] 'O that these hands could so redeem my son,  
 [01:21:53] As they have given these hairs their liberty!'  
 [01:21:56] But now I envy at their liberty,  
 [01:21:58] And will again commit them to their bonds,  
 [01:22:00] Because my poor boy is a prisoner.  
 [01:22:04] And, father cardinal, I have heard you say  
 [01:22:08] That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:  
 [01:22:14] If that be so, I shall see my child again;  
 [01:22:17] For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
 [01:22:21] To him that did but yesterday suspire,  
 [01:22:23] There was not such a gracious creature born.  
 [01:22:27] And now will canker-sorrow eat my bud  
 [01:22:31] And chase the native beauty from his cheek  
 [01:22:35] And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
 [01:22:40] As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,  
 [01:22:44] And so he'll die; and, rising so again,  
 [01:22:51] When I shall meet him at the court of heaven  
 [01:22:56] I shall not know him: therefore never, never  
 [01:23:02] Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.  
 [01:23:06] You hold too heinous a respect of grief.  
 [01:23:10] He talks to me that never had a son.  
 [01:23:13] You are as fond of grief as of your child.  
 [01:23:20] Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
 [01:23:24] Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
 [01:23:29] Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his ways,  
 [01:23:33] Stuffs out his gracious garments with his form;  
 [01:23:38] Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?

[01:23:44] So fare you well: had you such a loss as I,  
 [01:23:52] I could give better comfort than you have.  
 [01:23:56] I will not keep this form upon my head,  
 [01:24:04] When there is such disorder in my wit.  
 [01:24:10] O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!  
 [01:24:21] My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!  
 [01:24:29] My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure!  
 [01:24:38] I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.  
 [01:24:54] There's nothing in this world can make me joy:  
 [01:25:02] Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale  
 [01:25:06] Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;  
 [01:25:11] And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste  
 [01:25:14] That it yields nought but shame and bitterness.  
 [01:25:19] Before the curing of a strong disease,  
 [01:25:23] Even in the instant of repair and health,  
 [01:25:25] The fit is strongest; evils that take leave,  
 [01:25:29] On their departure most of all show evil:  
 [01:25:35] What have you lost by losing of this day?  
 [01:25:41] All days of glory, joy and happiness.  
 [01:25:46] If you had won it, certainly you had.  
 [01:25:51] No, no; when Fortune means to men most good,  
 [01:25:54] She looks upon them with a threatening eye.  
 [01:25:58] 'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost  
 [01:26:02] In this which he accounts so clearly won:  
 [01:26:08] Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?  
 [01:26:11] As heartily as he is glad he hath him.  
 [01:26:13] Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.  
 [01:26:19] Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;  
 [01:26:20] For even the breath of what I mean to speak  
 [01:26:23] Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,  
 [01:26:27] Out of the path that shall directly lead  
 [01:26:31] Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark.  
 [01:26:41] John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be  
 [01:26:45] That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,  
 [01:26:48] The misplaced John should entertain an hour,  
 [01:26:51] One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.  
 [01:26:55] A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand  
 [01:26:57] Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;  
 [01:27:01] And he that stands upon a slippery place  
 [01:27:03] Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:  
 [01:27:08] That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;  
 [01:27:15] So be it, for it cannot be but so.  
 [01:27:20] But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?  
 [01:27:24] You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,  
 [01:27:31] May then make all the claim that Arthur did.  
 [01:27:36] And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.  
 [01:27:40] How green you are and fresh in this old world!  
 [01:27:44] John lays you plots; the times conspire with you;  
 [01:27:50] For he that steeps his safety in true blood  
 [01:27:53] Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.  
 [01:27:55] This act so evilly born shall cool the hearts  
 [01:27:59] Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,  
 [01:28:03] That none so small advantage shall step forth  
 [01:28:05] To cheque his reign, but they will cherish it;  
 [01:28:08] No natural exhalation in the sky,  
 [01:28:11] No scope of nature, no distemper'd day,  
 [01:28:15] No common wind, no custom'd event,  
 [01:28:17] But they will pluck away his natural cause  
 [01:28:19] And call them meteors, prodigies and signs,  
 [01:28:24] Abortives, presages and tongues of heaven,

[01:28:28] Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.  
[01:28:31] May be he will not touch young Arthur's life,  
[01:28:33] But hold himself safe in his prisonment.  
[01:28:36] O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,  
[01:28:42] If that young Arthur be not gone already,  
[01:28:47] Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts  
[01:28:54] Of all his people shall revolt from him  
[01:28:57] And kiss the lips of unacquainted change  
[01:29:02] And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath  
[01:29:04] Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.  
[01:29:07] Methinks I see this hurly all on foot:  
[01:29:10] And, O, what better matter breeds for you  
[01:29:13] Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge  
[01:29:16] Is now in England, ransacking the church,  
[01:29:20] Offending charity: if but a dozen French  
[01:29:23] Were there in arms, they would be as a call  
[01:29:24] To train ten thousand English to their side,  
[01:29:28] Or as a little snow, tumbled about,  
[01:29:33] Anon becomes a mountain. O noble Dauphin,  
[01:29:39] Go with me to the king: 'tis wonderful  
[01:29:43] What may be wrought out of their discontent,  
[01:29:45] Now that their souls are topful of offence.  
[01:29:50] For England go: I will whet on the king.  
[01:29:58] Strong reasons make strong actions: let us go:  
[01:30:08] If you say ay, the king will not say no.

**King John Act 4**

[01:30:49] Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand  
[01:30:50] Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
[01:30:53] Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
[01:30:55] And bind the boy which you shall find with me  
[01:30:57] Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.  
[01:31:00] I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.  
[01:31:02] Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to't.  
[01:31:19] Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.  
[01:31:27] Good morrow, Hubert.  
[01:31:28] Good morrow, little prince.  
[01:31:30] As little prince, having so great a title  
[01:31:32] To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.  
[01:31:36] Indeed, I have been merrier.  
[01:31:38] Mercy on me!  
[01:31:40] Methinks no body should be sad but I:  
[01:31:42] Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
[01:31:44] Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
[01:31:46] Only for wantonness.  
[01:31:47] If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
[01:31:49] He will awake my mercy which lies dead:  
[01:31:53] Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.  
[01:31:56] Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:  
[01:32:00] In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
[01:32:02] That I might sit all night and watch with you:  
[01:32:04] I warrant I love you more than you do me.  
[01:32:06] His words do take possession of my bosom.  
[01:32:11] Read here, young Arthur.  
[01:32:17] How now, foolish rheum!  
[01:32:20] Turning despiteous torture out of door!  
[01:32:24] I must be brief, lest resolution drop  
[01:32:26] Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.  
[01:32:35] Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?  
[01:32:39] Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:  
[01:32:43] Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?  
[01:32:45] Young boy, I must.  
[01:32:47] And will you?  
[01:32:48] And I will.  
[01:32:49] Have you the heart?  
[01:32:50] I have sworn to do it;  
[01:32:52] And with hot irons must I burn them out.  
[01:32:55] An if an angel should have come to me  
[01:32:57] And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
[01:32:59] I would not have believed him,--no tongue but Hubert's.  
[01:33:06] Come forth.  
[01:33:07] Do as I bid you do.  
[01:33:09] O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out  
[01:33:11] Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.  
[01:33:14] Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.  
[01:33:15] Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?  
[01:33:17] I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
[01:33:21] For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
[01:33:23] Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,  
[01:33:25] And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
[01:33:27] I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
[01:33:29] Nor look upon the iron angerly:  
[01:33:31] Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
[01:33:33] Whatever torment you do put me to.  
[01:33:37] Go, stand within; let me alone with him.



[01:33:40] I am best pleased to be from such a deed.  
 [01:33:45] Alas, I then have chid away my friend!  
 [01:33:48] He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:  
 [01:33:51] Let him come back, that his compassion may  
 [01:33:53] Give life to yours.  
 [01:33:55] Come, boy, prepare yourself.  
 [01:33:56] Is there no remedy?  
 [01:33:57] None, but to lose your eyes.  
 [01:33:59] O heaven, that there were but a mote in yours,  
 [01:34:02] A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,  
 [01:34:05] Any annoyance in that precious sense!  
 [01:34:07] Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,  
 [01:34:09] Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.  
 [01:34:12] Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.  
 [01:34:16] Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
 [01:34:17] Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:  
 [01:34:20] Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;  
 [01:34:22] Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
 [01:34:25] So I may keep mine eyes: O, spare mine eyes.  
 [01:34:28] Though to no use but still to look on you!  
 [01:34:31] Lo, by my truth, the instrument is cold  
 [01:34:35] And would not harm me.  
 [01:34:36] I can heat it, boy.  
 [01:34:39] No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with grief,  
 [01:34:42] Being create for comfort, to be used  
 [01:34:44] In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;  
 [01:34:47] There is no malice in this burning coal;  
 [01:34:50] The breath of heaven has blown his spirit out  
 [01:34:52] And strew'd repentent ashes on his head.  
 [01:34:54] But with my breath I can revive it, boy.  
 [01:34:56] An if you do, you will but make it blush  
 [01:34:58] And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:  
 [01:35:01] Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;  
 [01:35:04] And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,  
 [01:35:07] Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.  
 [01:35:13] Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye  
 [01:35:19] For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:  
 [01:35:24] Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,  
 [01:35:27] With this same very iron to burn them out.  
 [01:35:30] O, now you look like Hubert! all this while  
 [01:35:32] You were disguised.  
 [01:35:34] Peace; no more. Adieu.  
 [01:35:37] Your uncle must not know but you are dead;  
 [01:35:41] I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:  
 [01:35:43] And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,  
 [01:35:48] That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
 [01:35:51] Will not offend thee.  
 [01:35:53] O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.  
 [01:35:56] Silence; no more: go closely in with me:  
 [01:36:01] Much danger do I undergo for thee.  
 [01:36:23] Here once again we sit, once again crown'd,  
 [01:36:26] And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.  
 [01:36:33] This 'once again,' but that your highness pleased,  
 [01:36:38] Was once superfluous: you were crown'd before,  
 [01:36:42] And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off,  
 [01:36:44] The faiths of men ne'er stained with revolt;  
 [01:36:47] Fresh expectation troubled not the land  
 [01:36:49] With any long'd-for change or better state.  
 [01:36:53] Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,  
 [01:36:55] To guard a title that was rich before,

[01:36:57] To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
[01:37:00] To throw a perfume on the violet,  
[01:37:02] To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
[01:37:04] Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
[01:37:06] To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
[01:37:08] Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.  
[01:37:13] But that your royal pleasure must be done,  
[01:37:16] This act is as an ancient tale new told,  
[01:37:20] And in the last repeating troublesome,  
[01:37:23] Being urged at a time unseasonable.  
[01:37:27] In this the antique and well noted face  
[01:37:29] Of plain old form is much disfigured;  
[01:37:31] And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,  
[01:37:34] It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,  
[01:37:36] Startles and frights consideration,  
[01:37:38] Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected,  
[01:37:41] For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.  
[01:37:44] When workmen strive to do better than well,  
[01:37:47] They do confound their skill in covetousness;  
[01:37:51] And oftentimes excusing of a fault  
[01:37:54] Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,  
[01:37:56] As patches set upon a little breach  
[01:37:59] Discredit more in hiding of the fault  
[01:38:01] Than did the fault itself before it was so patch'd.  
[01:38:04] To this effect, before you were new crown'd,  
[01:38:06] We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness  
[01:38:09] To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,  
[01:38:15] Since all and every part of what we would  
[01:38:16] Doth make a stand at what your highness will.  
[01:38:20] Some reasons of this double coronation  
[01:38:24] I have possess'd you with and think them strong;  
[01:38:28] And more, more strong, then lesser is my fear,  
[01:38:31] I shall indue you with: meantime but ask  
[01:38:34] What you would have reform'd that is not well,  
[01:38:36] And well shall you perceive how willingly  
[01:38:39] I will both hear and grant you your requests.  
[01:38:45] Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,  
[01:38:48] To sound the purpose of all their hearts,  
[01:38:51] Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,  
[01:38:56] Your safety, for the which myself and them  
[01:38:59] Bend their best studies, heartily request  
[01:39:04] The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint  
[01:39:11] Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent  
[01:39:12] To break into this dangerous argument,--  
[01:39:16] If what in rest you have in right you hold,  
[01:39:23] Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend  
[01:39:26] The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up  
[01:39:29] Your tender kinsman and to choke his days  
[01:39:32] With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth  
[01:39:34] The rich advantage of good exercise?  
[01:39:39] That the time's enemies may not have this  
[01:39:43] To grace occasions, let it be our suit  
[01:39:47] That you have bid us ask his liberty;  
[01:39:51] Which for our goods we do no further ask  
[01:39:54] Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,  
[01:39:58] Counts it your weal he have his liberty.  
[01:40:06] Let it be so: I do commit his youth  
[01:40:09] To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?  
[01:40:21] This is the man should do the bloody deed;  
[01:40:23] He show'd his warrant to a friend of mine:

[01:40:27] The image of a wicked heinous fault  
 [01:40:30] Lives in his eye; that close aspect of his  
 [01:40:33] Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;  
 [01:40:36] And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,  
 [01:40:39] What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.  
 [01:40:43] The colour of the king doth come and go  
 [01:40:45] Between his purpose and his conscience,  
 [01:40:46] Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:  
 [01:40:50] His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.  
 [01:40:53] And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence  
 [01:40:55] The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.  
 [01:41:05] We cannot hold mortality's strong hand:  
 [01:41:08] Good lords, although my will to give is living,  
 [01:41:12] The suit which you demand is gone and dead:  
 [01:41:15] He tells us Arthur is deceased to-night.  
 [01:41:18] Indeed we fear'd his sickness was past cure.  
 [01:41:21] Indeed we heard how near his death he was  
 [01:41:25] Before the child himself felt he was sick:  
 [01:41:30] This must be answer'd either here or hence.  
 [01:41:49] Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?  
 [01:41:52] Think you I bear the shears of destiny?  
 [01:41:54] Have I commandment on the pulse of life?  
 [01:41:59] It is apparent foul play; and 'tis shame  
 [01:42:02] That greatness should so grossly offer it:  
 [01:42:10] So thrive it in your game! and so, farewell.  
 [01:42:16] Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,  
 [01:42:18] And find the inheritance of this poor child,  
 [01:42:21] His little kingdom of a forced grave.  
 [01:42:27] That blood which owed the breadth of all this land,  
 [01:42:31] Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while!  
 [01:42:38] This must not be thus borne: this will break out  
 [01:42:44] To all our sorrows, and ere long I doubt.  
 [01:42:57] They burn in indignation. I repent:  
 [01:43:00] There is no sure foundation set on blood,  
 [01:43:03] No certain life achieved by others' death.  
 [01:43:06] A fearful eye thou hast: where is that blood  
 [01:43:13] That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
 [01:43:16] So foul a sky clears not without a storm:  
 [01:43:19] Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?  
 [01:43:22] From France to England. Never such a power  
 [01:43:26] For any foreign preparation  
 [01:43:27] Was levied in the body of a land.  
 [01:43:29] The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;  
 [01:43:32] For when you should be told they do prepare,  
 [01:43:34] The tidings come that they are all arrived.  
 [01:43:37] O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?  
 [01:43:40] Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,  
 [01:43:43] That such an army could be drawn in France,  
 [01:43:45] And she not hear of it?  
 [01:43:47] My liege, her ear  
 [01:43:50] Is stopp'd with dust; the first of April died  
 [01:43:54] Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,  
 [01:44:02] The Lady Constance in a frenzy died  
 [01:44:03] Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue  
 [01:44:06] I idly heard; if true or false I know not.  
 [01:44:10] Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!  
 [01:44:14] O, make a league with me, till I have pleased  
 [01:44:16] My discontented peers! What! mother dead!  
 [01:44:18] How wildly then walks my estate in France!  
 [01:44:25] Under whose conduct came those powers of

[01:44:28] Thou for truth givest out are landed here?  
 [01:44:30] Under the Dauphin.  
 [01:44:32] Thou hast made me giddy  
 [01:44:34] With these ill tidings.  
 [01:44:37] Now, what says the world  
 [01:44:38] To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff  
 [01:44:40] My head with more ill news, for it is full.  
 [01:44:44] But if you be afeard to hear the worst,  
 [01:44:45] Then let the worst unheard fall on your head.  
 [01:44:48] Bear with me cousin, for I was amazed  
 [01:44:52] Under the tide: but now I breathe again  
 [01:44:55] Aloft the flood, and can give audience  
 [01:44:58] To any tongue, speak it of what it will.  
 [01:45:01] How I have sped among the clergymen,  
 [01:45:02] The sums I have collected shall express.  
 [01:45:04] But as I travell'd hither through the land,  
 [01:45:07] I find the people strangely fantasied;  
 [01:45:09] Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,  
 [01:45:11] Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear:  
 [01:45:15] And here a prophet, that I brought with me  
 [01:45:17] From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found  
 [01:45:19] With many hundreds treading on his heels;  
 [01:45:21] To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,  
 [01:45:24] That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,  
 [01:45:25] Your highness should deliver up your crown.  
 [01:45:34] Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?  
 [01:45:37] Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.  
 [01:45:44] Hubert, away with him; imprison him;  
 [01:45:49] And on that day at noon whereon he says  
 [01:45:51] I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.  
 [01:45:54] Deliver him to safety; and return,  
 [01:45:56] For I must use thee.  
 [01:46:01] O my gentle cousin,  
 [01:46:03] Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?  
 [01:46:06] The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:  
 [01:46:09] Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury,  
 [01:46:13] With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,  
 [01:46:15] And others more, going to seek the grave  
 [01:46:16] Of Arthur, who they say is kill'd to-night  
 [01:46:18] On your suggestion.  
 [01:46:21] Gentle kinsman, go,  
 [01:46:24] And thrust thyself into their companies:  
 [01:46:26] I have a way to win their loves again;  
 [01:46:29] Bring them before me.  
 [01:46:33] I will seek them out.  
 [01:46:36] Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.  
 [01:46:40] O, let me have no subject enemies,  
 [01:46:41] When adverse foreigners affright my towns  
 [01:46:43] With dreadful pomp of stout invasion!  
 [01:46:45] Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,  
 [01:46:51] And fly like thought from them to me again.  
 [01:46:53] The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.  
 [01:46:56] Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.  
 [01:46:59] Go after him; for he perhaps shall need  
 [01:47:02] Some messenger betwixt me and the peers;  
 [01:47:03] And be thou he.  
 [01:47:05] With all my heart, my liege.  
 [01:47:06] My mother dead!  
 [01:47:10] My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night;  
 [01:47:14] Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about

[01:47:16] The other four in wondrous motion.  
 [01:47:19] Five moons!  
 [01:47:21] Old men and beldams in the streets  
 [01:47:22] Do prophesy upon it dangerously:  
 [01:47:25] Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:  
 [01:47:27] And when they talk of him, they shake their heads  
 [01:47:30] And whisper one another in the ear;  
 [01:47:32] And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,  
 [01:47:35] Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,  
 [01:47:38] With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.  
 [01:47:42] I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,  
 [01:47:44] The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
 [01:47:47] With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
 [01:47:49] Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
 [01:47:52] Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste  
 [01:47:53] Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,  
 [01:47:56] Told of a many thousand warlike French  
 [01:47:58] That were embattailed and rank'd in Kent:  
 [01:48:01] Another lean unwash'd artificer  
 [01:48:03] Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.  
 [01:48:11] Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?  
 [01:48:15] Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?  
 [01:48:18] Thy hand hath murder'd him: I had a mighty cause  
 [01:48:21] To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.  
 [01:48:24] No had, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?  
 [01:48:26] It is the curse of kings to be attended  
 [01:48:29] By slaves that take their humours for a warrant  
 [01:48:31] To break within the bloody house of life,  
 [01:48:35] And on the winking of authority  
 [01:48:36] To understand a law, to know the meaning  
 [01:48:38] Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns  
 [01:48:40] More upon humour than advised respect.  
 [01:48:45] Here is your hand and seal for what I did.  
 [01:48:52] O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth  
 [01:48:56] Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal  
 [01:48:58] Witness against us to damnation!  
 [01:49:03] How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds  
 [01:49:09] Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,  
 [01:49:13] A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,  
 [01:49:16] Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame,  
 [01:49:18] This murder had not come into my mind:  
 [01:49:23] But taking note of thy abhor'd aspect,  
 [01:49:27] Finding thee fit for bloody villany,  
 [01:49:29] Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,  
 [01:49:31] I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;  
 [01:49:34] And thou, to be endeared to a king,  
 [01:49:35] Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.  
 [01:49:38] My lord--  
 [01:49:39] Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause  
 [01:49:43] When I spake darkly what I purposed,  
 [01:49:47] As bid me tell my tale in express words,  
 [01:49:49] Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,  
 [01:49:52] And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:  
 [01:49:56] But thou didst understand me by my signs  
 [01:50:00] And didst in signs again parley with sin;  
 [01:50:03] Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,  
 [01:50:07] And consequently thy rude hand to act  
 [01:50:10] The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.  
 [01:50:14] Out of my sight, and never see me more!  
 [01:50:19] My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,

[01:50:22] Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:  
 [01:50:25] Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,  
 [01:50:28] This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,  
 [01:50:31] Hostility and civil tumult reigns  
 [01:50:34] Between my conscience and my cousin's death.  
 [01:50:44] Arm you against your other enemies,  
 [01:50:45] I'll make a peace between your soul and you.  
 [01:50:49] Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine  
 [01:50:53] Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,  
 [01:50:57] Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.  
 [01:51:00] Within this bosom never enter'd yet  
 [01:51:02] The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;  
 [01:51:05] And you have slander'd nature in my form,  
 [01:51:08] Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,  
 [01:51:10] Is yet the cover of a fairer mind  
 [01:51:12] Than to be butcher of an innocent child.  
 [01:51:19] Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,  
 [01:51:28] Throw this report on their incensed rage,  
 [01:51:30] And make them tame to their obedience!  
 [01:51:32] Forgive the comment that my anger made  
 [01:51:34] Upon thy feature; for my passion was blind,  
 [01:51:37] And foul imaginary eyes of blood  
 [01:51:39] Presented thee more hideous than thou art.  
 [01:51:41] O, answer not, but to my closet bring  
 [01:51:44] The angry lords with all expedient haste.  
 [01:51:45] I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.  
 [01:52:11] The wall is high, and yet will I leap down:  
 [01:52:15] Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not!  
 [01:52:19] There's few or none do know me: if they did,  
 [01:52:21] This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.  
 [01:52:29] I am afraid; and yet I'll venture it.  
 [01:52:33] If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
 [01:52:36] I'll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
 [01:52:38] As good to die and go, as die and stay.  
 [01:52:57] O me! my uncle's spirit is in these stones:  
 [01:53:02] Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!  
 [01:53:28] Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury:  
 [01:53:33] It is our safety, and we must embrace  
 [01:53:36] This gentle offer of the perilous time.  
 [01:53:39] Who brought that letter from the cardinal?  
 [01:53:41] The Count Melun, a noble lord of France,  
 [01:53:44] Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love  
 [01:53:46] Is much more general than these lines import.  
 [01:53:48] To-morrow morning let us meet him then.  
 [01:53:51] Or rather then set forward; for 'twill be  
 [01:53:53] Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.  
 [01:53:59] Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords!  
 [01:54:05] The king by me requests your presence straight.  
 [01:54:08] The king hath dispossest'd himself of us:  
 [01:54:13] We will not line his thin bestained cloak  
 [01:54:15] With our pure honours, nor attend the foot  
 [01:54:17] That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.  
 [01:54:19] Return and tell him so: we know the worst.  
 [01:54:22] Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best.  
 [01:54:27] Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.  
 [01:54:29] But there is little reason in your grief;  
 [01:54:30] Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.  
 [01:54:32] Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.  
 [01:54:35] 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man else.  
 [01:54:37] This is the prison. What is he lies here?



[01:54:57] O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!  
[01:55:07] The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.  
[01:55:11] Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
[01:55:16] Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.  
[01:55:20] Or, when he doom'd this beauty to a grave,  
[01:55:23] Found it too precious-princely for a grave.  
[01:55:27] Sir Richard, what think you? have you beheld,  
[01:55:32] Or have you read or heard? or could you think?  
[01:55:35] Or do you almost think, although you see,  
[01:55:38] That you do see? could thought, without this object,  
[01:55:41] Form such another? This is the very top,  
[01:55:45] The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
[01:55:49] Of murder's arms: this is the wildest savagery,  
[01:55:53] the vilest stroke,  
[01:55:54] That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage  
[01:55:57] Presented to the tears of soft remorse.  
[01:56:02] All murders past do stand excused in this:  
[01:56:08] And this, so sole and so unmatchable,  
[01:56:12] Shall give a holiness, a purity,  
[01:56:15] To the yet unbegotten sin of times;  
[01:56:18] And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,  
[01:56:23] Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.  
[01:56:30] It is a damned and a bloody work;  
[01:56:34] The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
[01:56:37] If that it be the work of any hand.  
[01:56:41] If that it be the work of any hand!  
[01:56:44] We had a kind of light what would ensue:  
[01:56:46] It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand;  
[01:56:49] The practise and the purpose of the king:  
[01:56:54] From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
[01:56:59] Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
[01:57:03] And breathing to his breathless excellence  
[01:57:05] The incense of a vow, a holy vow,  
[01:57:09] Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
[01:57:11] Never to be infected with delight,  
[01:57:13] Nor conversant with ease or idleness,  
[01:57:16] Till I have set a glory to this hand,  
[01:57:19] By giving it the worship of revenge.  
[01:57:23] Our souls religiously confirm thy words.  
[01:57:26] Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you:  
[01:57:32] Arthur doth live; the king hath sent for you.  
[01:57:37] O, he is bold and blushes not at death.  
[01:57:40] Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!  
[01:57:45] I am no villain.  
[01:57:50] Must I rob the law?  
[01:57:51] Your sword is bright, sir; put it up again.  
[01:57:53] Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.  
[01:57:55] Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say;  
[01:57:58] By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours:  
[01:58:02] I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,  
[01:58:05] Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;  
[01:58:08] Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget  
[01:58:11] Your worth, your greatness and nobility.  
[01:58:16] Out, dunghill! darest thou brave a nobleman?  
[01:58:18] Not for my life: but yet I dare defend  
[01:58:20] My innocent life against an emperor.  
[01:58:22] Thou art a murderer.  
[01:58:24] Do not prove me so;  
[01:58:26] Yet I am none: whose tongue soe'er speaks false,  
[01:58:30] Not truly speaks; who speaks not truly, lies.



[01:58:34] Cut him to pieces.  
[01:58:36] Keep the peace, I say.  
[01:58:37] Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.  
[01:58:40] Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury:  
[01:58:42] If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,  
[01:58:45] Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,  
[01:58:47] I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime;  
[01:58:53] Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron,  
[01:58:57] That you shall think the devil is come from hell.  
[01:58:59] What wilt thou do, renowned Faulconbridge?  
[01:59:01] Second a villain and a murderer?  
[01:59:03] Lord Bigot, I am none.  
[01:59:05] Who kill'd this prince?  
[01:59:27] 'Tis not an hour since I left him well:  
[01:59:34] I honour'd him, I loved him, and will weep  
[01:59:41] My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.  
[01:59:52] Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,  
[01:59:55] For villany is not without such rheum;  
[01:59:58] And he, long traded in it, makes it seem  
[02:00:00] Like rivers of remorse and innocency.  
[02:00:03] Away with me, all you whose souls abhor  
[02:00:06] The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house;  
[02:00:09] For I am stifled with this smell of sin.  
[02:00:13] Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there!  
[02:00:19] There tell the king he may inquire us out.  
[02:00:46] Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?  
[02:00:52] Beyond the infinite and boundless reach  
[02:00:54] Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,  
[02:00:56] Art thou damn'd, Hubert.  
[02:00:57] Do but hear me, sir.  
[02:00:58] Ha! I'll tell thee what;  
[02:01:01] Thou'rt damn'd as black--nay, nothing is so black;  
[02:01:06] Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer:  
[02:01:09] There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell  
[02:01:12] As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.  
[02:01:14] Upon my soul--  
[02:01:15] If thou didst but consent  
[02:01:17] To this most cruel act, do but despair;  
[02:01:26] And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread  
[02:01:29] That ever spider twisted from her womb  
[02:01:30] Will serve to strangle thee, a rush will be a beam  
[02:01:34] To hang thee on; or wouldst thou drown thyself,  
[02:01:36] Put but a little water in a spoon,  
[02:01:38] And it shall be as all the ocean,  
[02:01:40] Enough to stifle such a villain up.  
[02:01:44] I do suspect thee very grievously.  
[02:01:48] If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,  
[02:01:55] Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath  
[02:01:58] Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,  
[02:02:03] Let hell want pains enough to torture me.  
[02:02:06] I left him well.  
[02:02:11] Go, bear him in thine arms.  
[02:02:18] I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way  
[02:02:20] Among the thorns and dangers of this world.  
[02:02:25] How easy dost thou take all England up!  
[02:02:30] From forth this morsel of dead royalty,  
[02:02:33] The life, the right and truth of all this realm  
[02:02:36] Is fled to heaven; and England now is left  
[02:02:38] To tug and scramble and to part by the teeth  
[02:02:40] The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.

[ 02:02:46 ] Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty  
[ 02:02:49 ] Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest  
[ 02:02:52 ] And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:  
[ 02:02:54 ] Now powers from home and discontents at home  
[ 02:02:57 ] Meet in one line; and vast confusion waits,  
[ 02:03:00 ] As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,  
[ 02:03:02 ] The imminent decay of wrested pomp.  
[ 02:03:07 ] Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can  
[ 02:03:08 ] Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child  
[ 02:03:10 ] And follow me with speed: I'll to the king:  
[ 02:03:13 ] A thousand businesses are brief in hand,  
[ 02:03:14 ] And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

## King John Act 5

[02:03:22] Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
 [02:03:25] The circle of my glory.  
 [02:03:28] Take again, from this my hand, as holding of the pope  
 [02:03:33] Your sovereign greatness and authority.  
 [02:03:46] Now keep your holy word: go meet the French,  
 [02:03:50] And from his holiness use all your power  
 [02:03:52] To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.  
 [02:03:56] Our discontented counties do revolt;  
 [02:03:58] Our people quarrel with obedience,  
 [02:04:00] Swearing allegiance and the love of soul  
 [02:04:02] To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
 [02:04:05] This inundation of mistemper'd humour  
 [02:04:07] Rests by you only to be qualified:  
 [02:04:10] Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,  
 [02:04:14] That present medicine must be minister'd,  
 [02:04:17] Or overthrow incurable ensues.  
 [02:04:20] It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
 [02:04:24] Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;  
 [02:04:28] But now you are a gentle convertite,  
 [02:04:30] My tongue shall hush again this storm of war  
 [02:04:34] And make fair weather in your blustering land.  
 [02:04:38] On this Ascension-day, remember well,  
 [02:04:43] Upon your oath of service to the pope,  
 [02:04:47] Go I to make the French lay down their arms.  
 [02:05:03] Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet  
 [02:05:06] Say that before Ascension-day at noon  
 [02:05:08] My crown I should give off? Even so I have:  
 [02:05:13] I did suppose it should be on constraint:  
 [02:05:16] But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.  
 [02:05:19] All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out  
 [02:05:22] But Dover castle: London hath received,  
 [02:05:23] Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers:  
 [02:05:26] Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone  
 [02:05:27] To offer service to your enemy,  
 [02:05:29] And wild amazement hurries up and down  
 [02:05:30] The little number of your doubtful friends.  
 [02:05:34] Would not my lords return to me again,  
 [02:05:37] After they heard young Arthur was alive?  
 [02:05:39] They found him dead and cast into the streets,  
 [02:05:41] An empty casket, where the jewel of life  
 [02:05:43] By some damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.  
 [02:05:46] That villain Hubert told me he did live.  
 [02:05:48] So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.  
 [02:05:59] But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?  
 [02:06:04] Be great in act, as you have been in thought;  
 [02:06:09] Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
 [02:06:12] Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
 [02:06:14] Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
 [02:06:16] Threaten the threatener and outface the brow  
 [02:06:18] Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,  
 [02:06:20] That borrow their behaviors from the great,  
 [02:06:23] Grow great by your example and put on  
 [02:06:25] The dauntless spirit of resolution.  
 [02:06:28] Away, and glister like the god of war,  
 [02:06:30] When he intendeth to become the field:  
 [02:06:33] Show boldness and aspiring confidence.  
 [02:06:42] What, shall they seek the lion in his den,  
 [02:06:49] And fright him there? and make him tremble there?

[02:06:53] O, let it not be said: forage, and run  
 [02:06:57] To meet displeasure farther from the doors,  
 [02:06:59] And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.  
 [02:07:07] The legate of the pope hath been with me,  
 [02:07:10] And I have made a happy peace with him;  
 [02:07:14] And he hath promised to dismiss the powers  
 [02:07:16] Led by the Dauphin.  
 [02:07:22] O inglorious league!  
 [02:07:26] Shall we, upon the footing of our land,  
 [02:07:30] Send fair-play orders and make compromise,  
 [02:07:32] Insinuation, parley and base truce  
 [02:07:35] To arms invasive? shall a beardless boy,  
 [02:07:39] A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,  
 [02:07:42] And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,  
 [02:07:45] Mocking the air with colours idly spread,  
 [02:07:46] And find no cheque? Let us, my liege, to arms:  
 [02:07:52] Perchance the cardinal cannot make your peace;  
 [02:07:54] Or if he do, let it at least be said  
 [02:07:56] They saw we had a purpose of defence.  
 [02:08:11] Have thou the ordering of this present time.  
 [02:08:19] Away, then, with good courage! yet, I know,  
 [02:08:32] Our party may well meet a prouder foe.  
 [02:08:56] My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
 [02:08:59] And keep it safe for our remembrance:  
 [02:09:01] Return the precedent to these lords again;  
 [02:09:04] That, having our fair order written down,  
 [02:09:06] Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes,  
 [02:09:10] May know wherefore we took the sacrament  
 [02:09:12] And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.  
 [02:09:15] Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
 [02:09:18] And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear  
 [02:09:21] A voluntary zeal and an unurged faith  
 [02:09:23] To your proceedings; yet believe me, prince,  
 [02:09:26] I am not glad that such a sore of time  
 [02:09:29] Should seek a plaster by contemn'd revolt,  
 [02:09:31] And heal the inveterate canker of one wound  
 [02:09:34] By making many. O, it grieves my soul,  
 [02:09:39] That I must draw this metal from my side  
 [02:09:41] To be a widow-maker! O, and there  
 [02:09:47] Where honourable rescue and defence  
 [02:09:49] Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!  
 [02:09:54] But such is the infection of the time,  
 [02:09:58] That, for the health and physic of our right,  
 [02:10:00] We cannot deal but with the very hand  
 [02:10:02] Of stern injustice and confused wrong.  
 [02:10:07] And is't not pity, O my grieved friends,  
 [02:10:09] That we, the sons and children of this isle,  
 [02:10:12] Were born to see so sad an hour as this;  
 [02:10:15] Wherein we step after a stranger march  
 [02:10:18] Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up  
 [02:10:22] Her enemies' ranks,--I must withdraw and weep  
 [02:10:28] Upon the spot of this enforced cause,--  
 [02:10:34] To grace the gentry of a land remote,  
 [02:10:39] And follow unacquainted colours here?  
 [02:10:42] What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove!  
 [02:10:48] That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,  
 [02:10:50] Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself,  
 [02:10:53] And grapple thee unto a pagan shore;  
 [02:10:56] Where these two Christian armies might combine  
 [02:10:59] The blood of malice in a vein of league,

[02:11:03] And not to spend it so unneighbourly!  
 [02:11:14] A noble temper dost thou show in this;  
 [02:11:17] And great affections wrestling in thy bosom  
 [02:11:20] Doth make an earthquake of nobility.  
 [02:11:24] O, what a noble combat hast thou fought  
 [02:11:26] Between compulsion and a brave respect!  
 [02:11:36] Let me wipe off this honourable dew,  
 [02:11:40] That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks:  
 [02:11:43] My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,  
 [02:11:47] Being an ordinary inundation;  
 [02:11:48] But this effusion of such manly drops,  
 [02:11:51] This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,  
 [02:11:56] Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amazed  
 [02:12:01] Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven  
 [02:12:02] Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.  
 [02:12:08] Lift up thy brow, renowned Salisbury,  
 [02:12:13] And with a great heart heave away the storm:  
 [02:12:16] Commend these waters to those baby eyes  
 [02:12:19] That never saw the giant world enraged;  
 [02:12:22] Nor met with fortune other than at feasts,  
 [02:12:24] Full of warm blood, of mirth, of gossiping.  
 [02:12:27] Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep  
 [02:12:34] Into the purse of rich prosperity  
 [02:12:37] As Lewis himself: so, nobles, shall you all,  
 [02:12:43] That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.  
 [02:12:47] And even there, methinks, an angel spake:  
 [02:12:54] Look, where the holy legate comes apace,  
 [02:12:56] To give us warrant from the hand of heaven  
 [02:12:58] And on our actions set the name of right  
 [02:13:00] With holy breath.  
 [02:13:03] Hail, noble prince of France!  
 [02:13:08] The next is this, King John hath reconciled  
 [02:13:11] Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in,  
 [02:13:15] That so stood out against the holy church,  
 [02:13:18] The great metropolis and see of Rome:  
 [02:13:21] Therefore thy threatening colours now wind up;  
 [02:13:25] And tame the savage spirit of wild war,  
 [02:13:29] That like a lion foster'd up at hand,  
 [02:13:30] It may lie gently at the foot of peace,  
 [02:13:34] And be no further harmful than in show.  
 [02:13:40] Your grace shall pardon me, I will not back:  
 [02:13:47] I am too high-born to be propertied,  
 [02:13:52] To be a secondary at control,  
 [02:13:53] Or useful serving-man and instrument,  
 [02:13:55] To any sovereign state throughout the world.  
 [02:14:00] Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars  
 [02:14:03] Between this chastised kingdom and myself,  
 [02:14:05] And brought in matter that should feed this fire;  
 [02:14:09] And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out  
 [02:14:11] With that same weak wind which enkindled it.  
 [02:14:13] You taught me how to know the face of right,  
 [02:14:18] Acquainted me with interest to this land,  
 [02:14:21] Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart;  
 [02:14:24] And come ye now to tell me John hath made  
 [02:14:26] His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?  
 [02:14:32] I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,  
 [02:14:34] After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;  
 [02:14:36] And, now it is half-conquer'd, must I back  
 [02:14:38] Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?  
 [02:14:41] Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,

[02:14:44] What men provided, what munition sent,  
[02:14:46] To underprop this action? Is't not I  
[02:14:48] That undergo this charge? who else but I,  
[02:14:50] And such as to my claim are liable,  
[02:14:53] Sweat in this business and maintain this war?  
[02:14:57] Have I not heard these islanders shout out  
[02:14:58] 'Vive le roi!' as I have bank'd their towns?  
[02:15:01] Have I not here the best cards for the game,  
[02:15:04] To win this easy match play'd for a crown?  
[02:15:08] And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?  
[02:15:15] No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.  
[02:15:21] You look but on the outside of this work.  
[02:15:24] Outside or inside, I will not return  
[02:15:26] Till my attempt so much be glorified  
[02:15:28] As to my ample hope was promised  
[02:15:30] Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
[02:15:32] And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,  
[02:15:36] To outlook conquest and to win renown  
[02:15:40] Even in the jaws of danger and of death.  
[02:15:46] What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?  
[02:15:55] According to the fair play of the world,  
[02:15:56] Let me have audience; I am sent to speak:  
[02:16:01] My holy lord of Milan, from the king  
[02:16:03] I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;  
[02:16:07] And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
[02:16:09] And warrant limited unto my tongue.  
[02:16:16] The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite,  
[02:16:20] And will not temporize with my entreaties;  
[02:16:24] He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.  
[02:16:29] By all the blood that ever fury breathed,  
[02:16:31] The youth says well. Now hear our English king;  
[02:16:37] For thus his royalty doth speak in me.  
[02:16:40] He is prepared, and reason too he should:  
[02:16:45] This apish and unmannerly approach,  
[02:16:48] This harness'd masque and unadvised revel,  
[02:16:51] This unhair'd sauciness and boyish troops,  
[02:16:53] The king doth smile at; and is well prepared  
[02:16:56] To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
[02:16:59] From out the circle of his territories.  
[02:17:03] That hand which had the strength, even at your door,  
[02:17:06] To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,  
[02:17:08] To dive like buckets in concealed wells,  
[02:17:12] To crouch in litter of your stable planks,  
[02:17:15] To lie like pawns lock'd up in chests and trunks,  
[02:17:17] To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out  
[02:17:20] In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake  
[02:17:22] Even at the crying of your nation's crow,  
[02:17:24] Thinking his voice an armed Englishman;  
[02:17:26] Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,  
[02:17:28] That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
[02:17:30] No: know the gallant monarch is in arms  
[02:17:35] And like an eagle o'er his aery towers,  
[02:17:37] To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.  
[02:17:40] And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
[02:17:45] You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
[02:17:48] Of your dear mother England, blush for shame;  
[02:17:51] For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids  
[02:17:53] Like Amazons come tripping after drums,  
[02:17:56] Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,  
[02:17:58] Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts

[02:18:00] To fierce and bloody inclination.  
[02:18:02] There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;  
[02:18:07] We grant thou canst outscold us: fare thee well;  
[02:18:11] We hold our time too precious to be spent  
[02:18:13] With such a brabblor.  
[02:18:15] Give me leave to speak.  
[02:18:16] No, I will speak.  
[02:18:18] We will attend to neither.  
[02:18:19] Strike up the drums; and let the tongue of war  
[02:18:21] Plead for our interest and our being here.  
[02:18:25] Indeed your drums, being beaten, will cry out;  
[02:18:27] And so shall you, being beaten: do but start  
[02:18:32] An echo with the clamour of thy drum,  
[02:18:33] And even at hand a drum is ready braced  
[02:18:35] That shall reverberate all as loud as thine;  
[02:18:38] Sound but another, and another shall  
[02:18:39] As loud as thine rattle the welkin's ear  
[02:18:41] And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder: for at hand,  
[02:18:43] Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
[02:18:47] Whom he hath used rather for sport than need  
[02:18:49] Is warlike John; and in his forehead sits  
[02:18:52] A bare-ribb'd death, whose office is this day  
[02:18:55] To feast upon whole thousands of the French.  
[02:18:59] Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.  
[02:19:03] And thou shalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.  
[02:19:14] How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.  
[02:19:17] Badly, I fear. How fares your majesty?  
[02:19:20] This fever, that hath troubled me so long,  
[02:19:24] Lies heavy on me; O, my heart is sick!  
[02:19:28] My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge,  
[02:19:30] Desires your majesty to leave the field  
[02:19:32] And send him word by me which way you go.  
[02:19:35] Tell him, toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.  
[02:19:40] Be of good comfort; for the great supply  
[02:19:41] That was expected by the Dauphin here,  
[02:19:43] Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.  
[02:19:48] This news was brought to Richard but even now:  
[02:19:49] The French fight coldly, and retire themselves.  
[02:19:55] Ay me! this tyrant fever burns me up,  
[02:19:58] And will not let me welcome this good news.  
[02:20:00] Set on toward Swinstead: to my litter straight;  
[02:20:09] Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.  
[02:20:21] I did not think the king so stored with friends.  
[02:20:25] Up once again; put spirit in the French:  
[02:20:28] If they miscarry, we miscarry too.  
[02:20:30] That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,  
[02:20:33] In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.  
[02:20:36] They say King John sore sick hath left the field.  
[02:20:38] Lead me to the revolts of England here.  
[02:20:40] When we were happy we had other names.  
[02:20:43] It is the Count Melun.  
[02:20:47] Wounded to death.  
[02:20:48] Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;  
[02:20:53] Unthread the rude eye of rebellion  
[02:20:55] And welcome home again discarded faith.  
[02:20:58] Seek out King John and fall before his feet;  
[02:21:01] For if the French be lords of this loud day,  
[02:21:04] He means to recompense the pains you take  
[02:21:07] By cutting off your heads: thus hath he sworn  
[02:21:11] And I with him, and many moe with me,



[02:21:13] Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury;  
[02:21:15] Even on that altar where we swore to you  
[02:21:17] Dear amity and everlasting love.  
[02:21:20] May this be possible? may this be true?  
[02:21:24] Have I not hideous death within my view,  
[02:21:28] Retaining but a quantity of life,  
[02:21:32] Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax  
[02:21:34] Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?  
[02:21:39] What in the world should make me now deceive,  
[02:21:43] Since I must lose the use of all deceit?  
[02:21:47] Why should I then be false, since it is true  
[02:21:50] That I must die here and live hence by truth?  
[02:21:56] I say again, if Lewis do win the day,  
[02:21:59] He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours  
[02:22:02] Behold another day break in the east:  
[02:22:09] But even this night, whose black contagious breath  
[02:22:12] Already smokes about the burning crest  
[02:22:14] Of the old, feeble and day-wearied sun,  
[02:22:17] Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,  
[02:22:23] Paying the fine of rated treachery  
[02:22:26] Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,  
[02:22:28] If Lewis by your assistance win the day.  
[02:22:34] Commend me to one Hubert with your king:  
[02:22:39] The love of him, and this respect besides,  
[02:22:41] For that my grandsire was an Englishman,  
[02:22:45] Awakes my conscience to confess all this.  
[02:22:51] In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence  
[02:22:55] From forth the noise and rumour of the field,  
[02:23:00] Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts  
[02:23:03] In peace, and part this body and my soul  
[02:23:08] With contemplation and devout desires.  
[02:23:14] We do believe thee: and beshrew my soul  
[02:23:17] But I do love the favour and the form  
[02:23:19] Of this most fair occasion, by the which  
[02:23:22] We will untread the steps of damned flight,  
[02:23:25] And like a bated and retired flood,  
[02:23:26] Leaving our rankness and irregular course,  
[02:23:30] Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd  
[02:23:32] And cabby run on in obedience  
[02:23:35] Even to our ocean, to our great King John.  
[02:23:41] My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence;  
[02:23:43] For I do see the cruel pangs of death  
[02:23:45] Right in thine eye. Away, my friends! New flight;  
[02:23:50] And happy newness, that intends old right.  
[02:23:55] The sun of heaven methought was loath to set,  
[02:23:58] But stay'd and made the western welkin blush,  
[02:24:00] When English measure backward their own ground  
[02:24:02] In faint retire. O, bravely came we off,  
[02:24:06] When with a volley of our needless shot,  
[02:24:08] After such bloody toil, we bid good night;  
[02:24:11] And wound our tattering colours clearly up,  
[02:24:14] Last in the field, and almost lords of it!  
[02:24:17] Where is my prince, the Dauphin?  
[02:24:19] Here: what news?  
[02:24:21] The Count Melun is slain; the English lords  
[02:24:29] by his persuasion are again fall'n off,  
[02:24:35] And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,  
[02:24:38] Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands.  
[02:24:46] Ah, foul shrewd news! beshrew thy very heart!  
[02:24:54] I did not think to be so sad to-night

[02:24:56] As this hath made me. Who was he that said  
[02:25:02] King John did fly an hour or two before  
[02:25:04] The stumbling night did part our weary powers?  
[02:25:07] Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.  
[02:25:10] Well; keep good quarter and good care to-night:  
[02:25:15] The day shall not be up so soon as I,  
[02:25:17] To try the fair adventure of to-morrow.  
[02:25:39] Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.  
[02:25:42] A friend. What art thou?  
[02:25:44] Of the part of England.  
[02:25:46] Whither dost thou go?  
[02:25:47] What's that to thee? why may not I demand  
[02:25:49] Of thine affairs, as well as thou of mine?  
[02:25:51] Hubert, I think?  
[02:25:54] Thou hast a perfect thought:  
[02:25:56] I will upon all hazards well believe  
[02:25:57] Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.  
[02:26:00] Who art thou?  
[02:26:01] Who thou wilt: and if thou please,  
[02:26:04] Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think  
[02:26:06] I come one way of the Plantagenets.  
[02:26:09] Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeless night  
[02:26:13] Have done me shame: brave soldier, pardon me,  
[02:26:15] That any accent breaking from thy tongue  
[02:26:17] Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.  
[02:26:19] Come, come; sans compliment, what news abroad?  
[02:26:22] Why, here walk I in the black brow of night,  
[02:26:24] To find you out.  
[02:26:27] Brief, then; and what's the news?  
[02:26:29] O, my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
[02:26:32] Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible.  
[02:26:36] Show me the very wound of this ill news:  
[02:26:37] I am no woman, I'll not swoon at it.  
[02:26:39] The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:  
[02:26:43] I left him almost speechless; and broke out  
[02:26:46] To acquaint you with this evil, that you might  
[02:26:48] The better arm you to the sudden time,  
[02:26:49] Than if you had at leisure known of this.  
[02:26:53] How did he take it? who did taste to him?  
[02:26:55] A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,  
[02:26:59] Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king  
[02:27:02] Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.  
[02:27:06] Who didst thou leave to tend his majesty?  
[02:27:09] Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,  
[02:27:14] And brought Prince Henry in their company;  
[02:27:16] At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,  
[02:27:18] And they are all about his majesty.  
[02:27:22] Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,  
[02:27:28] And tempt us not to bear above our power!  
[02:27:32] I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
[02:27:35] Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;  
[02:27:39] These Lincoln Washes have devoured them;  
[02:27:43] Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.  
[02:27:48] Away before: conduct me to the king;  
[02:27:50] I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.  
[02:28:16] It is too late: the life of all his blood  
[02:28:19] Is touch'd corruptibly, and his pure brain,  
[02:28:23] Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,  
[02:28:26] Doth by the idle comments that it makes  
[02:28:28] Foretell the ending of mortality.

[02:28:31] His highness yet doth speak, and holds belief  
 [02:28:33] That, being brought into the open air,  
 [02:28:34] It would allay the burning quality  
 [02:28:37] Of that fell poison which assaileth him.  
 [02:28:41] Let him be brought into the orchard here.  
 [02:28:46] Doth he still rage?  
 [02:28:47] He is more patient  
 [02:28:50] Than when you left him; even now he sung.  
 [02:28:54] O vanity of sickness! fierce extremes  
 [02:28:55] In their continuance will not feel themselves.  
 [02:29:00] Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,  
 [02:29:02] Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now  
 [02:29:06] Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds  
 [02:29:10] With many legions of strange fantasies,  
 [02:29:13] Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,  
 [02:29:16] Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that death  
 [02:29:22] should sing.  
 [02:29:24] I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,  
 [02:29:27] Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,  
 [02:29:30] And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings  
 [02:29:33] His soul and body to their lasting rest.  
 [02:29:36] Be of good comfort, prince; for you are born  
 [02:29:38] To set a form upon that indigest  
 [02:29:40] Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.  
 [02:29:53] Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room;  
 [02:29:58] It would not out at windows nor at doors.  
 [02:30:04] There is so hot a summer in my bosom,  
 [02:30:08] That all my bowels crumble up to dust:  
 [02:30:12] I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen  
 [02:30:18] Upon a parchment, and against this fire  
 [02:30:24] Do I shrink up.  
 [02:30:26] How fares your majesty?  
 [02:30:29] Poison'd,--ill fare--dead, forsook, cast off:  
 [02:30:38] And none of you will bid the winter come  
 [02:30:41] To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,  
 [02:30:45] Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course  
 [02:30:49] Through my burn'd bosom, nor entreat the north  
 [02:30:53] To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips  
 [02:30:58] And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much,  
 [02:31:03] I beg cold comfort; and you are so strait  
 [02:31:09] And so ingrateful, you deny me that.  
 [02:31:12] O that there were some virtue in my tears,  
 [02:31:14] That might relieve you!  
 [02:31:16] The salt in them is hot.  
 [02:31:21] Within me is a hell; and there the poison  
 [02:31:28] Is as a fiend confined to tyrannize  
 [02:31:31] On unreprieveable condemned blood.  
 [02:31:38] O, I am scalded with my violent motion,  
 [02:31:41] And spleen of speed to see your majesty!  
 [02:31:44] O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye:  
 [02:31:50] The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd,  
 [02:31:57] And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail  
 [02:32:01] Are turned to one hair, one little thread:  
 [02:32:08] My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,  
 [02:32:13] Which holds but till thy news be uttered;  
 [02:32:18] And then all this thou seest is but a clod  
 [02:32:22] And module of confounded royalty.  
 [02:32:27] The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,  
 [02:32:30] Where God He knows how we shall answer him;  
 [02:32:33] For in a night the best part of my power,

[ 02 : 32 : 34 ] As I upon advantage did remove,  
[ 02 : 32 : 36 ] Were in the Washes all unwarily  
[ 02 : 32 : 37 ] Devoured by the unexpected flood.  
[ 02 : 32 : 47 ] You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.  
[ 02 : 32 : 52 ] My liege! my lord! but now a king, now thus.  
[ 02 : 32 : 58 ] Even so must I run on, and even so stop.  
[ 02 : 33 : 05 ] What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,  
[ 02 : 33 : 10 ] When this was now a king, and now is clay?  
[ 02 : 33 : 17 ] Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind  
[ 02 : 33 : 22 ] To do the office for thee of revenge,  
[ 02 : 33 : 23 ] And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,  
[ 02 : 33 : 27 ] As it on earth hath been thy servant still.  
[ 02 : 33 : 36 ] Now, now, you stars that move in your right spheres,  
[ 02 : 33 : 40 ] Where be your powers? show now your mended faiths,  
[ 02 : 33 : 43 ] And instantly return with me again,  
[ 02 : 33 : 44 ] To push destruction and perpetual shame  
[ 02 : 33 : 46 ] Out of the weak door of our fainting land.  
[ 02 : 33 : 48 ] Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;  
[ 02 : 33 : 51 ] The Dauphin rages at our very heels.  
[ 02 : 33 : 52 ] It seems you know not, then, so much as we:  
[ 02 : 33 : 55 ] The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,  
[ 02 : 33 : 58 ] Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,  
[ 02 : 33 : 59 ] And brings from him such offers of our peace  
[ 02 : 34 : 03 ] As we with honour and respect may take,  
[ 02 : 34 : 05 ] With purpose presently to leave this war.  
[ 02 : 34 : 08 ] He will the rather do it when he sees  
[ 02 : 34 : 10 ] Ourselves well sinewed to our defence.  
[ 02 : 34 : 11 ] Nay, it is in a manner done already;  
[ 02 : 34 : 14 ] For many carriages he hath dispatch'd  
[ 02 : 34 : 15 ] To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel  
[ 02 : 34 : 17 ] To the disposing of the cardinal:  
[ 02 : 34 : 19 ] With whom yourself, myself and other lords,  
[ 02 : 34 : 22 ] If you think meet, this afternoon will post  
[ 02 : 34 : 25 ] To consummate this business happily.  
[ 02 : 34 : 31 ] Let it be so: and you, my noble prince,  
[ 02 : 34 : 37 ] With other princes that may best be spared,  
[ 02 : 34 : 38 ] Shall wait upon your father's funeral.  
[ 02 : 34 : 42 ] At Worcester must his body be interr'd;  
[ 02 : 34 : 45 ] For so he will'd it.  
[ 02 : 34 : 47 ] Thither shall it then:  
[ 02 : 34 : 49 ] And happily may your sweet self put on  
[ 02 : 34 : 51 ] The lineal state and glory of the land!  
[ 02 : 34 : 55 ] To whom with all submission, on my knee  
[ 02 : 34 : 58 ] I do bequeath my faithful services  
[ 02 : 35 : 01 ] And true subjection everlastingly.  
[ 02 : 35 : 04 ] And the like tender of our love we make,  
[ 02 : 35 : 06 ] To rest without a spot for evermore.  
[ 02 : 35 : 09 ] I have a kind soul that would give you thanks  
[ 02 : 35 : 12 ] And knows not how to do it but with tears.  
[ 02 : 35 : 15 ] O, let us pay the time but needful woe,  
[ 02 : 35 : 18 ] Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.  
[ 02 : 35 : 21 ] This England never did, nor never shall,  
[ 02 : 35 : 25 ] Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
[ 02 : 35 : 27 ] But when it first did help to wound itself.  
[ 02 : 35 : 31 ] Now these her princes are come home again,  
[ 02 : 35 : 33 ] Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
[ 02 : 35 : 34 ] And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,  
[ 02 : 35 : 37 ] If England to itself do rest but true.