**The life and death of King John.**

*Actus Primus, Scoena Prima .*

*Enter King John, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury , with the Chattylion of France.*

*King John.*
**N**Ow say *Chattillion*, what would *France* with us ?
*Chat.* Thus (after greeting) speakes the King
of France,
In my behaviour to the Majesty ,
The borrowed Majesty of *England* heere.
*Elea.* A strange beginning : borrowed Majesty?
*K.John.* Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.
*Chat. Philip of France,* in right and true bahalfe
Of thy deceased brother, *Geffreyes* sonne,
*Arthur Plantaginet,* laies most lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
To *Ireland, Poyctiers, Anjowe, Torayne, Maine,*
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which swaies usurpingly these severall titles,
And put the same into yong *Arthurs* hand ,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soveraigne.
*K.John.* What followes if we disallow of this?
*Chat.* The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,
To inforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,
*K.Jo.* Heere have we war for war,& bloud for bloud,
Controlement for controlement: so answer *France.*
*Chat.* then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie.
*K.John.* Beare mine to him,and so depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eies of *France ;*
For ere thou canst report, I will be there:
The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.
So hence :be thou the trumpet of our wrath ,
And sullen presage of your owne decay:
An honourable conduct let him have,
*Pembroke* looke too't. Farewell *Chattillion.*
*Exit Chat. and Pem.*
*Ele.* What now my sonne, have I not ever said
How that ambitions *Constance* would not cease
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her sonne.
This might have beene prevented, and made whole
With very easie arguments of love,
Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must
With fearefull bloudy issue arbitrate.
*K.John.* Our strong possession, and our right for us.
*Eli.* Your strong possessiõ much more then your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me ,
So much my conscience whispers in your eare,

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

*Enter a Sheriffe.*

*Essex.* My Liege, here is the strangest controversie
Come from the Country to be judg'd by you
That ere I heard: shall I produce the men ?
*K.John.* Let them approach :
Our Abbies and our Priories shall pay
This expeditious charge[.] what men are you?

*Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.*

*Philip.* Your faithfull subject,I a gentleman,
Borne in *Northamptonshire,* and eldest sonne
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge ,*
A Souldier by the Honor-giving-hand
Of *Cordelion,* Knighted in the field.
*K.John.* What art thou?
*Robert.* The son and heire to that same *Faulconbridge.*
*K.John.* Is that the elder,and art thou the heyre?
You came not of one mother then it seemes.
*Philip.* Most certain of one mother,mighty King,
That is well knowne ,and as I thinke one father :
But for the [cerraine] knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heaven, and to my mother ;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.
*Eli.* Out on thee rude man,y[u] dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.
*Phil.* I Madame ? No, I have no reason for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can prove, a pops me out,
At least from faire five hundred pound a yeere :
Heaven guard my mothers honor, and my Land.
*K.John.* A good blunt fellow:why being yonger born
Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?
*Phil.* I know not why,except to get the land:
But once he slanderd me with bastardy :
But where I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be Judge your selfe
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this sonne like him:
O old sir *Robert* Father, on my knee
I give heaven thankes I was not like to thee.
*K.John.* Why what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us here?
*Elen.* He hath a tricke of *Cordelions* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him :
Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne
In the large composition of this man?

*K.John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard*: sirra speake,
What doth move you to claime your brothers land*[?]*
*Philip.* Because he hath a half-face like my father
With halfe that face would he have all my land,
A halfe-fac'd [groat], five hundred pound a yeare?
*Rob.* My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.
*Phil.* Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.
*Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time :
Th'advantage of his absence tooke the King
And in the meane time sojourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did prevaile,I shame to speake:
But truth is truth,large length of seas and shores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speake himselfe
When this same lusty gentleman was got :
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers sonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the course of time :
Then good my Liedge let me have what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.
*K.John.* Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him :
And if she did play false, the fault was hers ,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives : tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne ,
Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his ,
Insooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world :
Insooth he might : then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him : this concludes,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,
Your fathers heyre must have your fathers land.
*Rob.* Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispossesse that childe which is not his.
*Phil.* Of no more force to dispossesse me sir ,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.
*Eli.* Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge ,*
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land :
Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion,*
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.
*Bast.* Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My armes,such eele-skins stuft, my face so thin ,
That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose,
Lest men should say looke where three farthings goes,
And to his shape where heyre to all this land,
Would I might never stirre from off this place ,
I would give it every foot to have this face :
It would not be sir nobbe in any case.
*Elinor.* I like the well:wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him,and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France.*
*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere,
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis deere:
Madam Ile follow you unto the death.

*Elinor.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
*Bast.* Our Country manners give our betters way.
*K.John.* What is thy name?
*Bast. Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun,
*Philip,* good old Sir *Roberts* wives eldest sonne.
*K.John.* From henceforth beare his name[,]
Whose forme thou bearest:
Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great,
Arise Sir *Richard,* and *Platagenet.*
*Bast.* Brother by th'mothers side, give me your hand ,
My father gave me honor, yours gave[-]land:
Now blessed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.
*Ele.* The very spirit of *Plantaginet :*
I am thy grandame *Richard,* call me so.
*Bast.* Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho ;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch :
Who dares not stirre by day,must walke by night ,
And have is have, how ever men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,
And I am I,how ere I was begot.
*K.John.* Goe, *Faulconbridge,* now hast thou thy desire,
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire :
Come Madam,and come *Richard*, we must speed
For *France*, for *France,* for it is more then need.
*Bast.* Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou was got i'th way of honesty.
*Exeunt all but bastard.*

*Bast.* A foot of Honor better than I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.
Well,now can I make any *Joane* a Lady,
Good den Sir *Richard,* Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George,* Ile call him *Peter;*
For new made honor doth forget mens names :
'Tis [two] respective, and too sociable
For your conversion,now your traveller,
Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,
And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,
Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries : my deare sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beseech you ; that is question now,
And then comes answer like an Absey booke :
O sir, sayes answer, at your best command ,
At your employment, at your service sir :
No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,
And so ere answer knowes what question would,
Saving in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines ,
The Perennean and the river *Poe ,*
It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.
But this is worshipfull society,
And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe ;
For he is but a bastard to the time
That doth not smoake of observation,
And so am I whether I smacke or no :
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement ;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practice to deceive,
Yet to avoid deceit I meane to learne;
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising :
But who comes in such haste in riding robes?

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

*Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.*

*Lady.* Where is that slave thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chase mine honour up and downe.
*Bast.* My brother *Robert,* old Sir *Roberts* sonne :
*Colbrand* the Gyant, that same mighty man,
Is it Sir *Roberts* sonne that you seeke so?
*Lady.* Sir *Roberts* sonne, I thou unreverend boy,
Sir *Roberts* sonne? why scorn’st thou at sir *Robert*?
He is Sir *Roberts* sonne, and so art thou.
*Bast. James Gournie,* wilt thou give us leave a while?
*Gour.* Good leave good *Philip.*
*Bast. Philip,* sparrow, *James,*
There’s toyes abroad,anon Ile tell thee more.
*Exit James.*
Madam, I was not old Sir *Roberts* sonne,
Sir *Robert* might have eat his part in me
Upon good Friday, and nere broke his fast :
Sir *Robert* could doe well, marrie to confesse
Could get me sir *Robert* could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes ?
Sir *Robert* never holpe to make this legge.
*Lady.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?
What meanes this scorne, thou most untoward knave?
*Bast.* Knight, knight good mither,Basilisco-like:
What, I am dub’d, I have it on my shoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* sonne,
I have disclaim’d Sir *Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone ;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Som proper man I hope, who was it mother?
*Lady.* Hast thou denied thy selfe a *Faluconbridge?*
*Bast.* As faithfully as I denie the devill.
*Lady. King Richard Cordelion* was thy father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduc’d
To make roome for him in my husbands bed :
Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,
That art the issue of my deere offence
Which was so strungly urg’d past my devence.
*Bast.* Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not wish a better father :
Some sinnes doe beare their priviledge on earth ,
And so doth yours : your fault, was not your follie ,
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose ,
Subjected tribute to commanding love,
Against whose furie and unmatched force,
The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand :
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts ,
May easily winne a womans: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father :
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, Ile send his soule to hell.
Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou had sayd him nay, it had beene sinne;
Who sayes it was, he lyes, I say twas not.

*Exeunt.*

*Scoena Secunda.*

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

*Lewis.* Before *Angiers* well met brave *Austria,*
*Arthur* that great fore-runner of thy bloud,
*Richard* that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And fought the holy Warres in *Palestine,*
By this brave Duke came early to his grave :
And for amends to his posteritie,
At our importance hether he he come ,
To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the usurpation
Of thy unnaturall Uncle, English *John ,*
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hether.
*Arth.* God shall forgive you *Cordelions* death
The rather, that you give his off-spring life ,
Shadowing their right under your wings of warre:
I give you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
But with a heart full of unstained love,
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke.
*Lewis.* A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?
*Aust.* Upon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kisse,
As seale to this indenture of my love:
That to my home I will no more returne
Till *Angiers* ,and the right thou hast in *France,*
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Even till that *England* hedg'd in with in the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure
And confident from forreine purposes,
Even till that utmost corner of the West
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home,but follow Armes.
*Const.* O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till your strong hand shall helpe to give him strength,
To make a more requitall to your love.
*Aust.* The peace of heaven is theirs y[t] lift their swords
In such a just and charitable warre.
*King,* Well, then to worke our Cannon shall be bent
Against the browes of this resisting towne,
Call for our cheefest men of discipline ,
To cull the plots of best advantages :
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *French*-mens bloud,
But we wull make it subject to this boy.
*Con.* Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Left unadvis'd you staine your swords with bloud,
My Lord *Chattilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace which heere we urge in warre ,
And then we shall repent each drop of bloud ,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shedde.
*Enter Chattilion.*
*King.* A wonder Lady: lo upon thy wish
Our Messenger *Chattilion* is arriv'd,
What *England* saies, say breefely gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee, *Chatilion* speake,
*Chat.* Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,
And stirre them up against a mightier taske :
*England* impatient of your just demands,
Hath out himselfe in Armes, the adverse windes

Whose liesure I have staid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne ,
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident :
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife ,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine,*
With them a Basterd of the Kings deceast ,
And all th'unsetled humors of the Land,
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes ,
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes ,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs ,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere :
In briefe, a braver choyse of dauntlesse spirits
Then now the *English* bottomes have waft o're,
Did never flote upon the swelling tide,
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome :
The interruption of their churlish drums
Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand,
*Drum beats.*
To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.
*Kin.* How much unlook'd for, is this expedition.
*Aust.* By how much unexpected, by to much
We must awake indevor for defence ,
For courage mounteth with occasion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.*

*K.John.* Peace be to *France:* If France in peace permit
Our just and lineall entrance to our owne ;
If not, bleede *France,* and peace ascend to heaven.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.
*Fran.* Peace be to *England,* if that warre returne
From *France* to *England,* there to live in peace :
*England* we love, and for that *Englands* sake,
With burden of our armor heere we sweat:
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine ;
But thou from loving *England* art so farre,
That thou hast under-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the sequence of posterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Upon the maiden vertue of the Crowne :
Looke heere upon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his ;
This little abstract doth containe that large ,
Which died in *Geffrey:* and the hand of time ,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne ,
And this his sonne, *England* was *Geffreys* right,
And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God :
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in these temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-masterest ?
*K.John.* From whom hast thou this great commission
To draw my answer from thy Articles? (*France*,
*Fra.* Frō that supernal Judge that stirs good thoughts
In any beast of strong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and staines of right,
That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy ,
Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong ,
And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

*K.John.* Alack thou dost usurpe authoritie.
*Fran.* Excuse it is to beat usurping downe.
*Queen.* Who is it thou dost call usurper *France*?
*Const.* Let me make answer : thy usurping sonne.
*Queen.* Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,
That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.
*Con.* My bed was ever to thy sonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *John,* in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or devill to his damme ;
My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke
His father never was so true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother. (ther
*Queen.* Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy fa-
*Const.* There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.
*Aust.* Peace.
*Bast.* Heare the Cryer.
*Aust.* What the devill art thou?
*Bast.* One that wil play the devill sir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Proverb goes
Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile smoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't,yfaith I will, yfaith.
*Blan.* O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.
*Bast.* It lies as sightly on the backe of him
As great *Alcides* shooes upon an Asse:
But Asse, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.
*Aust.* What cracker is this same that deafes our eares
with this abundance of superfluous breath?
King *Lewis,* determine what we shall do strait.
*Lew.* Women & fooles, breake off your conference.
King *John,* this is the very summe of all:
*England* and *Ireland, Angiers,Toraine,Maine,*
In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee :
Wilt thou resigne them,and lay downe thy Armes?
*John.* My life as soone : I doe defie thee *France,*
*Arthur* of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deare love Ile give the more,
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win ;
Submit thee boy.
*Queen.* Come to thy grandame child.
*Cons.* Doe childe,go to yt grandame childe,
Give grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Give yt a plum,a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.
*Arthur.* Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (weepes.
*Qu.Mo.* His mother shames him so, poore boy hee
*Con.* Now shame upon you where she does or no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
Drawes those heaven-moving pearles frõ his poor eies,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
I, with these Christall beads heaven shall be brib'd
To doe him Justice, and revenge on you.
*Qu.* Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth.
*Con.* Thou monstrous Injurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me slanderer,thou and thine usurpe
The Dominations,Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy ; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee :

Thy

Thy sinnes are visited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sinne-conceiving wombe.
*John.* Bedlam have done.
*Con.* I have but this to say,
That he is not onely plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sinne : his injury
Her injurie the Beadle to her sinne,
All punish'd in the person of this childe,
And all for her, a plague upon her.
Que. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne.
*Con.* I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.
*Fra.* Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate,
It ill beseemes this presence to cry ay me
To these ill turned repetitions:
Some Trumpet summon thither to the walles
These men of Angiers, let us heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Johns.*

*Trumpet sounds.*
*Enter a Citizen upon the walles.*

*Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walles?
*Fra.* 'Tis France, for England.
*John.* England for it selfe :
You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects.
*Fra.* You loving men of Angiers, *Arthurs* subjects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
*John.* For our advantage, therefore heare us first :
These flagges of France that are advanced heere
Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to spit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles :
All preparation for a bloody siedge
And merciles proceeding, by these French.
Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates :
And but for our approach, those sleeping stones,
That as a waste doth girdle you about
By the compulsion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin dishabited, and wide havocke made
For bloody power to rush uppon your peace.
But on the sight of us your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To save unscratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,
And now insteed of bulletts wrapt in fire
To make a shaking fever in your walles,
They shoote but calme words, folded up in smoake,
To make a faithlesse errour in your eares,
Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizens,
And let us in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits
Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,
Craves harbourage within you Citie walles.
*France.* When I have saide, make answer to us both.
Loe in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands yong *Plantagenet,*
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,

And King ore him, and all that he enjoyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of hospitable zeale,
In the releefe of this oppressed childe,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up :
Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent
Against th'involuerable clouds of heaven,
And with a blessed and un-vext retyre,
With unhack'd swords, and Helmets all unbruis'd,
We will beare home that lustie blood againe,
Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,
Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference :
Then tell us, Shall you Citie call us Lord,
In that behalfe which we have challeng'd it?
Or shall we give the signall to our rage,
And stalke in blood to our possession?
*Cit.* In breefe, we are the King of Englands subjects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.
*John.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
*Cit.* That can we not : but he that proves the King
To him will we prove loyall,till that time
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.
*John.* Doth not the Crowne of England, proove the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witnesses
Twice fifteene thousand hearts of Englands breed.
*Bast.* Bastards and else.
*John.* To verifie our title with their lives.
*Fran.* As many and as well-borne bloods as those.
*Bast.* Some Bastards too.
*Fran.* Stand in his face to contradict his claime.
*Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
We for the worthiest hold the right from both.
*John.* Then God forgive the sinne of all those soules,
That to their everlasting residence,
Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.
*Fran.* Amen, Amen, mount Chevaliers to Armes.
*Bast.* Saint *George* that swindg'd the Dragon,
And ere since sit's on's horseback at mine Hostesse dore
Teach us some sence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,
I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide :
And make a monster of you.
*Aust.* Peace, no more.
*Bast.* O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.
*John.* Up higher to the plaine, where we'l set forth
In best appointment all our Regiments.
*Bast.* Speed then to take advantage of the field.
*Fra.* It shall be so, and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand, God and our right, *Exeunt*
*Heere after excursions Enter the Herald of France with Trumpers to the gates.*
*F. Her.* You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in,

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

*Enter English Herald with Trumpet.*

*E.Her.* Rejoyce you men of Angiers, ring your bels,
King *John,* your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot makicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence so silver bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood :
There stucke no plume in any English Crest,
That is removed by a staffe of France .
Our colours do returne in those same hands
That did dispay them when we first marcht forth :
And like a jolly troope of Huntsmen come
Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and give the Victors way.
*Hubert.*Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From first to last, the on-set and retyre
Of both [yonr] Armies, whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censured : (blowes :
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes have answerd
Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
power,
Both are alike, and both alike we like :
One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
We hold our Towne for neither : yet for both.

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

*John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the currant of our right rome on,
Whose passage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channell, and ore-swell
with course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
Unlesse thou let his silver Water, keepe
A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.
*Fra.* England thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
That swayes the earth this Climate over-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our just-borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainst whom these Armes wee
Or adde a royall number to the dead: (beare,
Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
*Bast.* Ha Majesty : how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire :
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with steele,
The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men
In undetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus :
Cry havocke kings, backe to the stained field
You equall Potents, fierie kindled spirits,
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.
*John.* Whose party do the Townsmen yet admit?

*Fra.* Speake Citizens for England, whose your king.
*Hub.* The king of England, when we know the king.
*Fra.* Know him in us, that heere hold up his right.
*John.* In Us, that are our owne great Deputie,
And beare possession of our Person heere,
Lord of our presence Angiers,and of you.
*Fra.* A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till it be undoubted, we do locke
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates :
Kings of our feare, untill our feares resolv'd
Be by some certaine king,purg'd and depos'd.
*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you
And stand securely on their battelments, (kings,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your industrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Jerusalem,
Be friends a-while, and both conjoyntly bend
Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By East and West let France and England mount
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their soule-fearing clamours have braul'd downe
The flinty ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'de play incessantly upon these Jades,
Even till unfenced desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar ayre :
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy Minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kisse him with a glorious victory :
How like you this wilde counsell mighty States,
Smackes it not something of the policie.
*John.* Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king of it?
*Bast.* And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke upon our selves, for heaven or hell.
*Fra.* Let it be so : say, where will you assault?
*John.* We from the West will send destruction
Into this Cities bosome.
*Aust.* I from the North.
*Fran.* Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.
*Bast.* O prudent discipline! From North to South:
Austria and France shoot in each others mouth.
Ile stirre them to it : Come, away, away.
*Hub.* Heare us great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay
And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,
Rescue those breathing lives to dye in beds,
That heere come sacrifices for the field.
Persever not, but heare me mighty kings.
*John.* Speake on with favour, we are bent to heare.
*Hub.* That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady *Blanch*
Is neere to England, looke upon the yeeres
Of *Lewes* the Dolphin, and that lovely maid.
If lustie love should go in quest of beautie,

Where

Where should he finde it fairer, then in *Blanch :*
If zealous love should go in search of vertue,
Where should he find it purer then in *Blanch*?
If love ambitious, fought a match of birth,
Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady *Blanch*?
Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin every way compleat,
If not compleat of, say he is not shee,
And she againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that she is not hee :
He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as shee,
And she a faire divided excellence,
Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.
O two such silver currents when they joyne
Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in :
And two such shores, to two such streames made one,
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
To these two Princes, if you marrie them:
This Union shall do more then batterie can
To our fast closed gates : for at this match,
With swifter spleene then powder can enforce
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance : but without this match,
The sea enraged is not halfe so deafe,
Lyons more confident, Mountines and rockes
More free from motion, no not death himselfe
In mortall furie halfe so peremptorie,
As we to keepe this Citie.
*Bast.* Heeres a stay,
That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.
What Cannoneere begot this lustie blood,
He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buffets better then a fist of France:
Zounds, I was never so bethumpt with words,
Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.
*Old Qu.* Son,list to this conjunction,make this match
Give with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye
Thy now unsur d assurance to the Crowne,
That you greene boy shall have no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promiseth a mightie fruite.
I see a yeelding in the lookes of France:
Marke how they whisper, urge them while their soules
Are capeable of this ambition,
Least zeale now melted by the windie breath
Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.
*Hub.*Why answer not the double Majesties,
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.
*Fra.* Speake England first,that hath bin forward first
To speak unto this Cittie : what say you?
*John.* If that the Dolphin there thy Princely sonne,
Can in this booke of beautie read, I love :
Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene:
For *Angiers,* and faire *Toraine Maine, Poyctiers,*
And all that we upon this side the Sea,
(Except this Cittie now by us besiedg'd)
[F*inde l]*iable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich

In titles, honors, and promotions,
As she in beautie, education blood,
Holdes hand with any Princesse of the world.
*Fra.* What sai'st thou boy? looke in the ladies face.
*Dol.* I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow :
I do protest I never lov'd my selfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.
*Whispers with Blanch.*
*Bast.* Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie
Himselfe loves traytor, this is pittie now ;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
In such a love, so vile a Lout as he.
*Blan.* My unckles will in this respect is mine,
If he see ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he see's which moves his liking,
I can with ease translate it to my will:
Or if you will, to speake more properly,
I will enforce it easlie to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I see in you is worthie love,
Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
Though churlish thoughts themselves should bee your Judge,
That I can finde, should merit any hate.
*John.* What saie these yong-ones? What say you my Neece?
*Blan.* That she is bound in honor still to do
What you in wisedome still vouchsafe to say.
*John.* Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you love this Ladie?
*Dol.* Nay aske me if I can refraine from love,
For I doe love her most unfainedly.
*John.* Then do I give *Volquessen, Toraine, Maine, Poyctiers,* and *Anjow,* these five Privinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne :
*Phillip* of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
Command thy sonne and [daughtet] to joyne hands.
*Fra.* It likes us well young Princes: close your hands
*Aust.* And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd,
That I did so when I was first assur'd.
*Fra.* Now Cittizens of Angires ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you have made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
The rights of Marriage shallbe solemniz'd.
Is not the Ladie *Constance* in this troope?
I know she is not for this match made up,
Her presence would have interrupted much.
Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes?
*Dol.* She is sad and passionate at your highnes Tent.
*Fra.* And by my faith, this league that we have made
Will give her sadnesse very little cure :
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, have turn d another way,
To our owne vantage.
*John.* We will heale up all,
For wee'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne
We

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

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

## *Actus Secundus*

*Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*

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

Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbandles, subject to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares ;
And though thou now confesse thou didst but jest
With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?
What meanes that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhewme,
Like a proud river peering ore his bounds?
Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words?
Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.
*Sal.* As true as I beleeve you thinke them false,
That give you cause to prove my saying true.
*Con.* Oh if thou teach me to beleeve this sorrow,
Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleefe, and life encounter so,
As doth the furie of two desperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
*Lewes* marry *Blaunch?* O boy, then where art thou?
*France* friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone : I cannot brooke thy sight,
This newes hath made thee a most ugly man.
*Sal.* What other harme have I good Lady done,
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?
*Con.* Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it,
*Ar.* I do beseech you Madam be content.
*Con.* If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
Ugly, and slandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightlesse staines,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I should not love thee : no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune joyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd , and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourely with thine Unckle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Soveraigntie,
And made his Majestie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *John*,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping *John* :
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne?
Eu*[n]*venom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-beare.
*Sal.* Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.
*Con.* Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will instruct my sorrowes to bee proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoope,
To me and to the state of my great greefe,
Let kings assemble : for my greefe's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it up : here I and sorrowes fit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

*Actus*

*Actus Tertius, Scoena prima.*

*Enter King John, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Austria, Constance.*

*Fran.* ‘Tis true (faire daughter) and this blessed day,
Ever in *France* shall be kept festivall :
To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist ,
Turning with splendor of his precious eye
That meager cloddy earth to glittering gold :
The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it, but a holy day.
*Const.* A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deserv’d? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the Kalender ?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
Or if it must stand still, let wives with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost :
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made ;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falshood change.
*Fra.* By heaven Lady, you shall have no cause
To curse the faire proceedings of this day :
Have I not pawn’d to you my Majesty?
*Const.* You have beguil’d me with a counterfeit
Resembling Majesty, which being touch’d and tride,
Proves valuelesse : you are forsworne,forsworne ,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies bloud,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:
Arme, arme, you heavens, against these perjur’d Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heavens)
Let not the howres of this ungodly day
Weare out the daies in Peace : but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord ‘twixt these perjur’d Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.
*Aust.* Lady *Constance,* peace.
*Const.* War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre :
O *Lymoges,* O *Austria,* thou dost shame
That bloudy spoyle : thou slave, thous wretch, y[u] coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side ;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do’st never fight
But when her humourous Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety : thou art perjur’d too,
And sooth’st up greatnesse. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
Upon my partie : thou cold blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side ?
Beene sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for shame,
And hang a Calves skin on those recreant limbes.
*Aus.* O that a man should speake those words to me.
*Phil.* And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant limbs.
*Aus.* Thou dar’st not say so villaine for thy life.

*Phil.*And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant limbs.
*John.* We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe.
*Enter Pandulph.*
*Fra*. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.
*Pan.* Haile you annointed deputies of heaven;
To thee King *John* my holy errand is :
I *Pandulph,* of faire *Millane* Cardinall ,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiously demand
Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully dost spurne ; and force perforce
Keepe *Stephen Langton* chosen Arshbishop
Of *Canturbury* from that holy Sea :
This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
Pope *Innocent,* I doe demand of thee.
*John.* What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can tast the free breath of a sacred King?
Thous canst not (Cardinall) devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an answere, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England,*
Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions :
But as we, under heaven, are supreme head,
So under him that great supremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone uphold
Without th'assistance of a mortall hand :
So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
To him and his usurp'd authoritie.
*Fra.* Brother of *England,* you blaspheme in this.
*John.* Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom
Are led so grossely by this medling Priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And by the merit of viled gold, drosse, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that sale sels pardon from himselfe :
Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,
This jugling witchcraft with revennue cherish,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
*Pand.* Then by the lawfull power that I have,
Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
From his Allegeance to an heretique,
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hatefull life.
*Con.* O lawfull let it be
That I have roome with *Rome* to curse a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curses ; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.
*Pan.* There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curse.
*Cons.* And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong :
Law cannot give my childe his kingdome heere ;
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law:
Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?
*Pand. Philip* of *France,* on perill of a curse,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique ,
And reaise the power of France upon his head,
Unlesse he doe submit himselfe to *Rome*.
*Elea.* Look'st thou pale *France?* do not let go thy hand.
*Con.* Looke to that Devill, lest that *France* repent,
And

And by disjoyning hands hell lose a soule.
*Aust.* King *Philip,* listen to the Cardinall.
*Bast.* And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant limbs.
*Aust.* Well ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
Because,
*Bast.* Your breeches best may carry them.
*John. Philip,* what saist thou to the Cardinall?
*Con.* What should he say, but as the Cardinall?
*Dolph.* Bethinke you father, for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome ,*
Or the light losse of *England,* for a friend:
Forgoe the easier.
*Bla.* That s the curse of *Rome.*
*Con.* O *Lewis,* stand fast, the devill tempts thee heere
In likenesse of a new untrimmed Bride.
*Bla.* The Lady *Constance* speakes not from her faith,
But from her need.
*Con.* Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely lives but by the death of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would live againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts up,
Keepe my need up, and faith is trodden downe.
*John.* The king is movd,and answers not to this.
*Con.* O be remov'd from him, and answere well.
*Aust.* Doe so king *Philip,* hang no more in doubt.
*Bast.*Hang nothing but a Calves skin most sweet lout.
*Fra.* I am perplext,and know not what to say.
*Pan.* What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee more?
If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?
*Fra.* Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?
This royall hand and mine are newly knit ,
And the conjunction of our inward soules
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
With all religous strength of sacred vowes,
The latest breath that gave the sound of words
Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true love
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selves,
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer then we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine up of peace,
Heaven knowes they were besmear'd and over-staind
With slaughters pencill : where revenge did paint
The fearefull difference of incensed kings :
And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud?
So newly joyn'd in love? so strong in both,
Unyoke this seysure, and this kinde regreete?
Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
Make such unconstant children of our selves
As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:
Un-sweare faith sworne, and on the marriage bed
Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true sincerity? O holy Sir
My reverend father, let it not be so ;
Out of your grace, devist, ordaine, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.
*Pand.* All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,
Save what is opposite to *Englands* love.
Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
Of let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
A mothers curse, on her revolting sonne:
*France,* thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue,
A cased Lion by the mortall paw,

A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.
*Fra.* I may dis-joyne my hand, but not my faith.
*Pand.* So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a civill warre setst oath to oath,
Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
That is to be the Champion of our Church,
What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,
And may not be performed by thy selfe,
For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,
Is not amisse when it is truely done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then most done not doing it:
The better Act of purposes mistooke,
Is to mistake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd:
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou hast sworne against religion:
By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth ,
Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
To sweare, sweares onely not to be forsworne,
Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?
But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworn,
And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,
Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first,
Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe :
And better conquest never canst thou make ,
Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts
Against these giddy loose suggestions:
Upon which better part, our prayrs come in,
If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
The perill of our curses light on thee
So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off
But in despaire, dye under their blacke weight.
*Aust.* Rebellion, flat rebellion.
*Bast.* Wil't not be?
Will not a Calves-skin stop that mouth of thine?
*Daul.* Father,to Armes.
*Blanch.* Upon thy wedding day?
Against the blood that thou hast married?
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums [.]
Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?
O husband heare me : aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth ? even for that name
Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce ;
Upon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Against mine Uncle.
*Const.* O, upon my knee made hard with kneeling,
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin,*
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heaven.
*Blan.* Now shall I see thy love, what motive may
Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?
*Con.* That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, *Lewis* thine Honor.
*Dolph.* I muse your Majesty doth seeme so cold,
When such profound respects doe pull you on?
*Pand.* I will denounce a curse upon his head.
*Fra.* Thou shalt not need. *England,* I will fall frō thee.
*Const.* O faire returne of banish'd Majestie.
*Elea.* O foule revolt of French inconstancy.
*Eng. France,* y$^{u}$ shalt rue this houre within this houre.

*Bast.*

*Bast.* Old Time the clocke setter, y[t] bald sexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.
*Bla.* The Sun's orecast with bloud : faire day adieu,
Which is the side that I must goe withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whurle a-sunder, and dismember mee.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne.
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose:
Father, I may not wish the fortune thine :
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive :
Who-ever wins, on that side shall I lose :
Assured losse,before the match be plaid.
*Dolph.* Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
*Bla.* There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.
*John. Cosen,* goe draw our puisance together,
*France,* I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whose heat hath this condition ;
That nothing can allay,nothing but blood,
The blood and deerest valued bloud of *France.*
*Fra.* Thy rage shall burne thee up, & thou shalt turne
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire :
Looke to thy selfe, thou art in jeopardie.
*John.* No more then he that threats. To Armes le'ts hie.
*Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Secunda.*

*Allarums, Excursions : Enter Bastard with Austria's head.*

*Bast.* Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery Devill hovers in the skie,
And pour's downe mischiefe. *Austrias* head lye there,
*Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.*
While *Philip* brathes.
*John. Hubert,* keepe this boy : *Philip* make up,
My Mother is assayled in our Tent,
And tane I feare.
*Bast.* My Lord I rescued her ,
Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not :
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end. *Exit.*

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

*John.* So shall it be : your Grace shall stay behinde
So strongly guarded : Cosen, looke not sad,
Thy Grandame loves thee, and thy Unkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.
*Arth.* O this will make my mother die with griefe.
*John.* Cosen a way for *England,* haste before,
And ere our comming see thou shake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, imprisoned angells
Set at libertie : the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon :
Use our Commission in his utmost force.
*Bast.* Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver becks me to come on.
I leave your highnesse : Grandame, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your faire safety : so I kisse your hand.
*Ele.* Farewell gentle Cosen.

*John.* Coz, farewell.
*Ele.* Come hether little kinsman,harke, a worde.
*John.* Come hether *Hubert.* O my gentle *Hubert,*
We owe thee much : within this wall of flesh
There is a soule counts thee her Creditor ,
And with advantage meanes to pay thy love :
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosome, deerely cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
But I will fit it with some better tune.
By heaven *Hubert*, I am almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee:
*Hub.* I am much bounden to your Majesty.
*John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,
But thou shalt have:and creepe time nere so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to say, but let it goe :
The Sunne is in the heaven, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To give me audience : If the mid-night bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzie race of night :
If this same were a Church-yard where we stand ,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs ;
Or if that surly spirit malancholy
Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heavy, thicke,
Which else runnes tickling up and downe the veines,
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,
A passion hatefull to my purposes :
Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
Without eyes, eares, and harmefull sound of words :
Then, in despight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts :
But (ah) I will not, yet I love thee well ,
And by my troth I thinke thou lov'st me well.
*Hub.* So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my Act,
By heaven I would doe it.
*John.* Doe not I know thou wouldst?
Good *Hubert, Hubert, Hubert* throw thine eye
On yon young boy : Ile tell the what my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And wheresoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me : dost thou understand me ?
Thou art his keeper.
*Hub.* And Ile keepe him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty.
*John.* Death,
*Hub.* My Lord.
*John.* A grave.
*Hub.* He shall not live.
*John.* Enough.
I could be merry now, *Hubert,* I love thee.
Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee :
Remember : Madam, Fare you well,
Ile send those powers o're to your Majesty.
*Ele.* My blessing goe with thee.
*John.* For *England* Cosen, goe.
*Hubert* shall be your man, attend on you
With al true duetie : On toward *Cailice,* hoa.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena*

*Scoena Tertia.*

*Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.*

*Fra.* So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted saile
Is scattered and dis-joyn'd from fellowship.
*Pand.* Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.
*Fra.* What can goe well, when we have runne so ill?
Are we not beaten ? Is not *Angiers* lost?
*Arthur* tane prisoner? divers deere friends slaine?
And bloudy *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption spight of *France?*
*Dol.* What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example : who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?
*Fra.* Well could I beare that *England* had this praise,
So we could finde some patterne of our shame:
*Enter Constance.*
Looke who comes heere? a grave unto a soule,
Holding th'eternall spirit against her will,
In the vilde prison of afflicted breath :
I prethee Lady goe away with me.
*Con.* Lo; now: now see the issue of your peace.
*Fra.* Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Constance.*
*Con.* No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse.
But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse :
Death, death, O amiable, lovely death ,
Thou odoriferous stench : sound rottennesse,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night ,
Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,
And I will kisse thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
And ring these fingers with thy houshold wormes ,
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust ,
And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe ;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smil'st,
And busse thee as thy wife : Miseries Love,
O come to me.
*Fra.* O faire affliction, peace.
*Con.* No, no, I will not, having breath to cry :
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world.
And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which scornes a moderne Invocation.
*Pand*. Lady, you utter madnesse, and not sorrow.
*Con.* Thou art holy to belye me so,
I am not mad : this haire I teare is mine ,
My name is *Constance,* I was *Geffreyes* wife,
Yong *Arthur* is my sonne, and he is lost :
I am not mad, I would to heaven I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe :
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall,)
For, being not mad, but sensible of greefe,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe:
If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,

Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he ;
I am not mad : too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie.
*Fra.* Binde up thos tresses : O what love I note
In the faire multitude of those her haires;
Where but by chance a silver drop hath falne,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiery fiends
Doe glew themselves in sociable griefe,
Like true, inseparable, faithfull loves,
Sticking together in calamitie.
*Con.* To *England,* if you will.
*Fra.* Binde up your haites.
*Con.* Yes that I will : and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,
As they have given these hayres their libertie ;
But now I envie at their libertie ,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poore childe is a prisoner.
And Father Cardinall, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven :
If that be true, I shall see my boy againe ;
For since the birth of *Caine*, the first male-childe
To him that did but yesterday suspire ,
There was not such a gracious creature borne :
But now will Canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost ,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte
And so hee'll dye : and rising so againe,
When I shall meet him in the Court of heaven
I shall not know him : therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.
*Pand.* You hold too heynous a respect of grefe.
*Const.* He talkes to me that never had a sonne.
*Fra.* You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe.
*Con.* Greefe fils the roome up of my absent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes up and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words ,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme ;
Then, have I reason to be fond of griefe?
Fareyouwell : had you such a losse as I,
I could give better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my witte :
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire sonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world :
My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure. *Exit.*
*Fra.* I feare some out-rage, and Ile follow her. *Exit.*
*Dol.* There's nothing in this world can make me joy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowsie man;
And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste,
That it yeelds nought but shame and bitternesse.
*Pand.* Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repaire and health,
The fit is strongest: Evils that take leave
On their departure,most of all shew evill:
What have you lost by losing of this day?
*Dol.* All daies of glory, joy, ad happinesse.
*Pan.* If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,
Shee lookes upon them with a threatning eye:
'Tis strange to thinke how much King *John* hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearely wonne:

Are

Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner?
*Dol.* As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
*Pan.* Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.
Now heare me speake with a propheticke spirit :
For even the breath of what I meane to speake,
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:
*John* hath seiz'd *Arthur,* and it cannot be,
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
The mis-plac'd-*John* should entertaine an houre,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
A Scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vilde hold to stay him up:
That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but so.
*Dol,* But what shall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall?
*Pan.* You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.
*Dol.* And loose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.
*Pan.* How green you are, and fresh in this old world?
*John* layes you plots : the times conspire with you,
For he that steepes his safetie in true blood,
Shall finde but bloodie safety, and untrue.
This Act so evilly borne shall coole the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeale,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.
No naturall exhalation in the skie,
No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,
No common winde, no customed event,
But they will plucke away his naturall cause,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,
Abbortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.
*Dol.* May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,
But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.
*Pan.* O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,
If that yong *Arthur* be not gone alreadie,
Even at that newes he dies : and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kisse the lippes of unacquainted change,
And picke strong matter of revolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of *John.*
Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot ;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Then I have nam'd. The Bastard *Falconbridge*
Is now in England ransacking the Church,
Offending Charity : If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traine ten thousand English to their side ;
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their discontent,
Now that their soules are topfull of offence,
For England go ; I will whet on the King.
*Dol.* Strong reasons makes strange actions:let us go,
If you say I, the King will not say no. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hubert and Executioners.*

*Hub.* Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
Within the Arras : when I strike my foot
Upon the bosome of the ground, rush forth
And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me
Fast to the chaire : be heedfull : hence, and watch.
*Exec.* I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.
*Hub.* Uncleanly scruples feare not you : looke too't.
Yong Lad come forth ; I have to say with you.

*Enter Arthur.*

*Ar.* Good morrow *Hubert.*
*Hub.* Good morrow, little Prince.
*Ar.* As little Prince, having so great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be : you are sad.
*Hub.* Indeed I have beene merrier.
*Art.* 'Mercie on me:
Me thinkes no body should be sad but I :
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night
Onely for wantonnesse : by my Christendome,
So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe
I should be as merry as the day is long :
And so I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Unckle practices more harme to me :
He is affraid of me, and I of him :
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes* sonne ?
No in deede is't not : and I would to heaven
I were your sonne, so you would love me, Hubert:
*Hub.* If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.
*Ar.* Are you sicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,
Insooth I would you were a little sicke,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more then you do me.
*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosome.
Reade heere yong *Arthur.* How now foolish rheume?
Turning dispitious torture out of doore?
I must be breefe, least resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.
Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?
*Ar.* Too fairely *Hubert,* for so foule effect,
Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?
*Hub.* Yong Boy, I must.
*Art.* And will you?
*Hub.* And I will.
*Art.* Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
(The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me)
And I did never aske it you againe :
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time ;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?
O[r] what good love may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans fonne would have lyen still,
And nere have spoke a loving word to you:
But you, at your sicke service had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my love was craftie love,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall
So much as frowne on you.
*Hub.* I have sworne to do it:
And with hot Irons must I burne them out.
*Ar.* Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it :
The Irone of it selfe, though heat read hot,
Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume a way in rust,
But for contining fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more stubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell should have come to me,
And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
I would not have beleev'd him : no tongue but *Huberts.*
*Hub*. Come forth : Do as I bid you do.
*Art.* O save me *Hubert,* save me: my eyes are out
Even with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.
*Hub.* Give me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.
*Art.* Alas, what neede you be so boistrous rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone still :
For heaven sake *Hubert* let me not be bound :
Nay heare me *Hubert,* drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.
I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,
Nor looke upon the Iron angerly :
Thrust but these men away , and Ile forgive you,
What ever torment you do put me too.
*Hub.* Go stand within : let me alone with him.
*Exec.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.
*Art.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
*Hub.* Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.
*Art.* Is there no remedie ?
*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.
*Art.* O heaven: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a dust,a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious sense :
Then feeling what small things are boysterous there,
Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible.
*Hub.* Is this your promise ? Go too, hold your toong
*Art. Hubert,* the utterance of a brace of tongues,
Must needes want pleading for a paire of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue : let me not *Hubert,*
Or *Hubert,* if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to looke on you.
Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,
And would not harme me.
*Hub.* I can heate it, Boy.
*Art.* No, in good sooth : the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserved extreames : See else your selfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heaven, hath blowne his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it Boy.
*Art.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert:*
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes :
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Master that doth tarre him on.

All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office : onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking uses.
*Hub.* Well, see to live : I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treasure that thine Unckle owes,
Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,
With this same very Iron, to burne them out.
*Art.* O now you looke like *Hubert.* All this while
You were disguis'd.
*Hub.* Peace : no more. Adieu,
Your Unckle must not know but you are dead.
Ile fill these dogged Spies with false feports :
And, pretty childe, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
*Art.* O heaven ! I thanke you *Hubert.*
*Hub.* Silence, no more ; go closely in with mee,
Much danger do I undergo for thee. *Exeunt.*

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*Scena Secunda.*

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*Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.*
*John.* Heere once againe we sit : once against crown'd
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.
*Pem.* This once again (but that your Hignes pleas'd)
Was once superfluous : you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere stained with revolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.
*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before ;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly ;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the yce, or adde another hew
Unto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To seeke the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wastefull, and ridiculous excesse.
*Pem.* But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.
*Sal.* In this Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a shifted winde unto a saile,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights consideration :
Makes sound opinion sicke, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.
*Pem.* When Workemen strive to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in covetousnesse,
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse :
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredite more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.
*Sal.* To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell : but it pleas'd your Highnes
To over-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.
*John.*

*Joh.* Some reasons of this double Corronation
I have possest you with, and thinke them strong.
And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare
I shall indue you with : Meane time, but aske
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requests.
*Pem.* Then I , as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for my selfe, and them : but chiefe of all
Your safety : for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th'infranchisement of *Arthur,* whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
The steppes of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not have this
To grace occasions : let it be our suite,
That you have bid us aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale : he have his liberty.
*Enter Hubert.*
*John.* Let it be so : I do commit his youth
To your direction : *Hubert,* What newes with you?
*Pem.* This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Lives in his eye : that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,
And I do fearefully beleeve 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.
*Sal.* The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpose and his conscience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes set :
His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.
*Pem.* And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childes death.
*John.* We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give, is living,
The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels us *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.
*Sal.* Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.
*Pem.* Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke :
This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.
*Joh.* Why do you bend such solemne browes on me?
Thinke you'l beare the Sheeres of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
*Sal.* It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis shame
That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it ;
So thrive it in your game, and so farewell.
*Pem.* Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe,
His little kingdome of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while :
This must not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt. *Exeunt*
*Jo.* They burn in indignation : I repent : *Enter Mes.*
There is no sure foundation set on blood:

No certaine life atchiev'd by others death :
A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I have seene inhabite in those cheekes?
So fould a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
Poure downe thy weather : how goes all in France?
*Mes.* From France to England, never such a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriv'd.
*Joh.* On where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France,
And she not heare of it?
*Mes.* My Liege, her eare
Is stopt with dust : the first of Aprill di'de
Your noble mother ; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie di'de
Three dayes before : but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard : if true, or false I know not.
*John*. With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occasion :
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd
My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Estate in France?
Under whose conduct came those powres of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed heere?
*Mes.* Under the Dolphin.
*Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.*
*Joh.* Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill-tydings : Now? What sayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not seeke to stuffe
My head with more ill newes : for it is full.
*Bast.* But if you be a-feard to heare the worst,
Then let the worst un-heard, fall on your head.
*John.* Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft of the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.
*Bast.* How I have sped among the Clergy men,
The summes I have collected shall sxpresse :
But as I travail'd hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantasied,
Possest with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,
That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
Your Highnes should deliver up your Crowne.
*John.* Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
*Pet.* Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.
*John. Hubert,* away with him : imprison him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
I shall yeeld up my Crowne, let him be hang'd
Deliver him to safety, and returne,
For I must use thee. O my gentle Cosen,
Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriv'd?
*Bast.* The *French*(my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it:
Besides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisburie*
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And other more, going to seeke the grave
Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your
*John.* Gentle kinsman, go (suggestion.
And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,

I have a way to winne their loves againe :
Bring them before me.
*Bast.* I will seeke them out.
*John.* Nay, but make haste : the better foote before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of stout invasion.
Be Mercurie, set feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought ) from them, to me againe.
*Bast.* The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.*Exit*
*John.* Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Go after him : for he perhaps shall neede
Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.
*Mes.* With all my heart, my Liege.
*John.* My mother dead?
*Enter Hubert.*
*Hub.* My Lord, they say five Moones were seene to
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about (night:
The other foure, in wondrous motion.
*Joh.* Five Moones?
*Hub.* Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
Do prophesie upon it dangerously :
Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the eare.
And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist,
Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
The whilst his Iron did on the Anvile coole,
With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feete,
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, unwash'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.
*Jo.* Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares?
Why urgest thou so oft yong *Arthurs* death?
Thy hand hath murdred him : I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.
*H.* No had (my Lord?) why did you not provoke me?
*John.* It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To understand a Law ; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Majesty, when perchance it frownes
More upon humor, then advis'd respect.
*Hub.* Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.
*Joh.* Oh, when the last accompt twixt heaven & earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witnesse against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou beene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,
This murther had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie :
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death:
And thou, to be endeered to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

*Hub.* My Lord.
*Joh.* Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made a paause
When I spake darkely, what I purposed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words :
Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,
And those thy feares, might have wrought feares in me.
But, thou didst understand me by my signes,
And didst in signes againe parley with sinne,
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently, thy ruce hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more:
My Nobles leave me, and my State is braved,
Even at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres;
Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,
This kingdome,, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hostilitie, and civill tumult reignes
Betweene my conscience, and my Cosins death.
*Hub.* Arme you against your other enemies:
Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you.
Yong *Arthur* is alive : This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood,
Within this bosome, never entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fayrer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.
*John.* Doth *Arthur* live ? O hast thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the Comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule immaginarie eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, answer not ; but to my Closset bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient hast,
I conjure thee but slowly : run more fast. *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Tertia.*

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

*Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.*
*Sal.* Lords, I will meet him at S. *Edmondsbury,*
It is our safetie, and we must embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.
*Pem.* Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?
*Sal.* The Count *Meloone,* a Noble Lord of France,
Whose private with me of the Dolphines love,
Is much more generall, then these lines import.
*Big.*

*Big.* To morrow morning let us meete him then.
*Sal.* Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes journey (Lords) or ere we meete.
*Enter Bastard.*
*Bast.* Once more to day well met, distemper'd Lords,
The King by me requests your presence straight:
*Sal.* The king hath dispossest himselfe of us,
We will not lyne his thin-bestained cloake
With our pure Honors : nor attend the foote
That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes.
Returne, and tell him so : we know the worst.
*Bast.* What ere you thinke, good words I thinke
were best.
*Sal.* Our greefes, and not our manners reason now.
*Bast.* But there is little reason in your greefe.
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.
*Pem.* Sir, sir; impatience hath his priviledge.
*Bast.* 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans else.
*Sal.* This is the prison: What is he lyes heere?
*P.* Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.
*Sal.* Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
*Big.* Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a grave,
Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.
*Sal.* Sir *Richard,* what thinke you? you have beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or do you almost thinke, although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this object
Forme such another? This is the very top,
The heighth, the Crest : or Crest unto the Crest
Of murthers Armes : This is the bloodiest shame,
The wildest Savagery, the vildest stroke
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
Presented to the teares of soft remorse.
*Pem.* All murthers past, do stand excus'd in this:
And this so sole, and so unmatcheable,
Shall give a holinesse, a puritie,
To the yet unbegotten sinne of times;
And prove a deadly blood-shed, but a jest,
Exampled by this heynous spectacle.
*Bast.* It is a damned, and bloody worke,
The gracelesse action of a heavy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand.
*Sal.* If that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kinde of light, what would ensue:
It is the shamefull worke of *Huberts* hand,
The practice, and the purpose of the king :
From whose obedience I forbid my soule,
Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow :
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor conversant with Ease, and Idlenesse,
Till I have set a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worship of Revenge.
*Pem.Big.* Our soules religiously confirme thy words.
*Enter Hubert.*
*Hub.* Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,
*Arthur* doth live, the king hath sent for you.
*Sal.* O he is bold, and blushes not at death,
Avant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone. (the Law?
*Hu.* I am no villaine. *Sal.* Must I rob
*Bast.* Your sword is bright sir, put it up againe.
*Sal.* Not till I sheath it in a murtherers skin.

*Hub.* Stand backe Lord Salsbury, stand backe I say
By heaven, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours.
I would not have you (Lord) forget your selfe,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Least I, by marking of your rage, forget
your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.
*Big.* Out dunghill : dar'st thou brave a Nobleman?
*Hub.* Not for my life : But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperor.
*Sal.* Thou art a Murtherer.
*Hub.* Do not prove me so :
Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false,
Not truely speakes : who speakes not truly, Lies.
*Pem.* Cut him to peeces.
*Bast.* Keepe the peace, I say.
*Sal.* Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge.*
*Bast.* Thou wer't better gaul the divell Salsbury.
If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,
Or teach thy hastie spleene to do me shame,
Ile strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or Ile so maule you and your tosting-Iron,
That you shall thinke the divell is come from hell.
*Big.* What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge?*
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?
*Hub.* Lord *Bigot,* I am none.
*Big.* Who kill'd this Prince?
*Hub.* 'Tis not an houre since I left him well :
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weepe
My date of life out, for his sweete lives losse.
*Sal.* Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanie is not without such rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it seems
Like Rivers of remorse and innocencie.
Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre
Th'uncleanly favours of a Slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.
*Big.* Away, toward *Burie,* to the Dolphin there.
*P.* There tel the king, he may inquire us out. *Ex Lords.*
*Ba.* Here's a good world:knew you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,
(If thou didst this deed of death) art y[u] damn'd *Hubert,*
*Hub* Do but heare me sir.
*Bast.* Ha? Ile tell the what.
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,
Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer :
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.
*Hub.* Upon my soule.
*Bast.* If thou didst but consent
To this most cruell Act : do but dispaire,
And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred
That ever Spider twisted from her wombe
Will serve to strangle thee : A rush will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,
Put but a little water in a spoone,
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enought to stifle such a villaine up.
I do suspect thee very greevously.
*Hub.* If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,
Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enought to torture me:
I left him well.
*Bast.* Go, beare him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How easie dost thou take all *England* up,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heaven : and England now is left
To tug and scamble, and to part by th'teeth
The un-owed interest of proud swelling State :
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majesty,
Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
Now Powers from home, and discontents at home
Meet in one line : and vast confusion waites
As doth a Raven on a sicke-falne beast,
The iminent decay of wrested pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with speed : Ile to the King:
A thousand businesses are briefe in hand,
And heaven it selfe doth frowne upon the Land. *Exit.*

*Actus Quartus, Scoena prima.*

*Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.*

*K.John.* Thus have I yeelded up into your hand
The Circle of my glory.
*Pan.* Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soveraigne greatnesse and authoritie.
*John.* Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French,*
And from his holinesse use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd :
Our discontented Counties doe revolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the love of soule
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royalty ;
This inundation of mistempred humor ,
Rests by you onely to be qualified.
Then pause not : for the present time's so sicke ,
That present medcine must be ministred,
Or overthrow incureable ensues.
*Pand.* It was my breath that blew this Tempest up.
Upon you stubborne usage of the Pope:
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,
And make faire weather in your blustrung land :
On this Ascention day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*
*John.* Is this Ascension day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascension day at noone,
My Crowne I should give off? even so I have:
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But (heav'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.
*Enter Bastard.*
*Bast.* All Kent hath yeelded : nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle : London hath receiv'd
Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy:
And wilde amazement hurries up and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends.
*John*. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong *Arthur* was alive?

*Bast.* They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty Casket, where the Jewell of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd,and tane away.
*John.* That villaine *Hubert* told me he did live.
*Bast.* So on my soule he did, for ought he knew :
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?
Be great in act, as you have beene in thought:
Let not the world see feare and sad distrust
Governe the motion of a kinglye eye:
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner,and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror : So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.
Away, and glister like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldnesse and aspiring confidence:
What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O let it not be said : forrage, and runne
To meet displeasure farther from the dores ,
And grapple with him ere he come so nye.
*John.* The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I have made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.
*Bast.* Oh inglorious league:
Shall we upon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders, and make comprimise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To Armes Invasive ? Shall a beardlesse boy,
A cockred-silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warre-like soyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idlely spred,
And finde no checke ? Let us my Liege to Armes :
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace ;
Or if he doe, let it at least be said
They saw we had a purpose of defence.
*John.* Have thou the ordering of this present time.
*Bast.* Away then with good courage : yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe. *Exeunt.*

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*Scoena Secunda.*

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*Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pembroke, Bigot, Souldiers.*

*Dol.* My Lord *Melloone,* let this be coppied out,
And keepe it safe for our remembrance:
Reture the president to these Lords againe,
That having our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, perusing ore these notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inviolable.
*Sal.* Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare
A voluntary zeale, and an un-urg'd Faith
To your proceedings : yet beleeve me Prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of Time
Should seeke a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
And heale the inveterate Canker of one wound,

By

By making many: Oh it grieves my soule,
That I must draw this mettle from my side
To be a widdow-maker : oh, and there
Where honourable rescue, and defence
Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury.*
But such is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Physicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of sterne Injustice, and confused wrong :
And is't not pitty, (oh my grieved friends )
That we, the sonnes and children of this Isle,
Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,
Wherein we step after a stranger, march
Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
Her Enemies rankes? I must withdraw, and weepe
Upon the spot of this inforced cause,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours heere :
What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remove,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
And cripple thee unto a Pagan shore,
Where these two Christian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.
*Dolp.* A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
And great affections wrastling in thy bosome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility :
Oh, what a noble combat hast sought
Between compulsion, and a brave respect :
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe ,
That silverly doth progresse on thy cheekes :
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation :
But this effusion of such manly drops,
This showre, blowne up by tempest of the soule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then I had seene the vaultie top of heaven
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift up thy brow (renowned *Salisburie )*
And with a great heart heave away this storme :
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
That never saw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossipping :
Come, come ; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe
Into the purse of rich prosperity
As *Lewis* himselfe : so (Nobles) shall you all,
That knit your sinewes to the strength of mine.
*Enter Pandulpho.*
And even there, methinkes an Angell spake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heaven,
And on our actions set the name of right
With holy breath.
*Pand.* Haile noble Prince of *France*:
The next is this : King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himselfe to *Rome,* his spirit is come in,
That so stood out against the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome :
Therfore thy threatning Colours now winde up,
And tame the savage spirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion fostered up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
And be no further harmefull then in shewe.
*Dol.* Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe:

I am too high-borne to be proportied
To be a secondary at controll,
Or usefull serving-man, and Instrument
To any Soveraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chastiz'd kingdome and my selfe,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that same weake-winde, which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this Land ,
Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart.
And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made
His peace with *Rome?* what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong *Arthur,* claime this Land for mine ,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,
Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome?*
Am I *Romes* slave ? What penny hath *Rome* borne ?
What men provided ? What munition sent
To under-prop this Action? Is't not I
That under-goe this ßcharge ? Who else but I,
And such as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre?
Have I not heard these Islanders shout out
*Vive le Roy*, as I have bank'd their Townes?
Have I not heere the best Cards for the game
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And shall I now give ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my soule it never shall be said.
*Pand.* You looke but on the out-side of this worke.
*Dol.* Out-side or in-side, I will not returne
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre ,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
To out-looke Conquest, and to winne renowne
Even in the jawes of danger, and of death:
What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon us?
*Enter Bastard.*
*Bast.* Accoding to the faire-play of the world,
Let me have audience : I am sent to speake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learne how you have dealt for him :
And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
*Pand*. The *Dolphin* is too wilfull opposite
And will not temporize with my intreaties :
He flatly saies, hee ll not lay downe his Armes.
*Bast.* By all the bloud that ever fury breath'd,
The youth saies well. Now heare our *English* King,
For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reason to he should,
This apish and unmannerly approach,
This harness'd Maske, and unadvised Revell,
This un-heard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,
The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the strength, even at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To dive like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crowch in litter of your stable plankes,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd up in chests and truncks,
To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,
Even

Even at the crying o your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,
That in your Chambers gave you chasticement?
No : know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,
To sowsse annoyance that comes neere his Nest;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,
you bloudy Nero's, ripping up the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: blush for shame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maides,
Like *Amazons,* come tripping after drummes :
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.
*Dol.* There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou cans't out-scold us : Far thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be spent
With such a brabler.
*Pan.* Give me leave to speake.
*Bast.* No, I will speake.
*Dol.* We will attend to neyther :
Strike up the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our interest, and our being heere.
*Bast.* Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out ;
And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And even at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That shall reveerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder : for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike *John*: and in his fore-head sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.
*Dol.* Strike up our drummes, to finde this danger out.
*Bast.* And thou shalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt
*Exeunt.*

## *Scoena Tertia.*

*Alarums. Enter John and Hubert.*

*John.* How goes the day with us? oh tell me *Hubert.*
*Hub.* Badly I feare ; how fares your Majesty?
*John.* This Feaver that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavie on me : oh, my heart is sicke.
*Enter a Messenger.*
*Mes.* My Lord : your valiant kinsman *Falconbridge,*
Desires your Majestie to leave the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go.
*John.* Tell him toward *Swinsted*, to the Abbey there.
*Mes.* Be of good comfort: for the great supply,
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themselves.
*John.* Aye me, this tyrant Feaver burnes mee up,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinsted*: to my Litter straight,
Weaknesse possesseth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Quarta.*

*Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.*

*Sal.* I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.
*Pem.* Up once againe : put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry : we miscarry too.
*Sal.* That misbegotten divell *Falconbridge,*
In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.
*Pem.* They say King *John* sore sick, hath left the field.

*Enter Meloon wounded.*

*Mel.* Lead me to the Revolts of England heere.
*Sal.* When we were happie, we had other names.
*Pem.* It is the Count *Meloone.*
*Sal.* Wounded to death.
*Mel.* Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
Unthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home againe discarded faith,
Seeke out King *John*, and fall before his feete:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads : Thus hath he sworne,
And I with him, and many moe with mee,
Upon the Alter at S. *Edmondsbury,*
Even on that Altar, where we swore to you
Deere Amity, and everlasting love.
*Sal.* May this be possible? May this be true?
*Mel.* Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe
Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must loose the use of all deceite?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must dye heere, and live hence, by Truth?
I say again, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forsworne, if ere those eyes or yours
Behold another day breake in the East :
But even this night, whose blacke contagious breath
Already smoakes about the burning Crest
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives:
If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert,* with your King;
The love of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandsire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my soule
With contemplation, and devout desires.
*Sal.* We do beleeve thee, and beshrew my soule,
But I do love the favour, and the forme
Of this most faire occasion, by the which
We will untread the steps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leaving our ranknesse and irregular course,
Stoope lowe within those bounds we have ore-look'd,
And calmely run on in obedience
Even to our Ocean, to our great King *John.*
My arme shall give thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

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

*Scena Quinta.*

*Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.*

*Dol.* The Sun of heaven (me thought) was loth to set;
But staid, and made the Westerne Welkin blush,
When English measure backward their owne ground
In faint Retire : O bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our *[n]*eedlesse shot,
After such bloody toile, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tottring colours clearly up,
Last in the field, and almost Lords of it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?
*Dol.* Heere : what newes ?
*Mes.* The Count *Meloone* is slaine: the English Lords
By his perswasion, are again falne off,
And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
Are cast away, and sunke on *Goodwin* sands.
*Dol.* Ah fowle, shrew'd newes. Beshrew thy very
I did not thinke to be so sad to night (hart :
As this hath made me. Who was he that said
King *John* did flie an houre or two before
The stumbling night did part our wearie powres?
*Mes.* Who ever spoke it, it is true my Lord.
*Dol.* Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day shall not be up so soone as I,
To try the faire adventure of to morrow. *Exeunt*

*Scena Sexta.*

*Enter Bastard and Hubert, severally.*

*Hub.* Whose there ? Speake hoa, speake quickely, or
I shoote.
*Bast.* A Friend. What art thou?
*Hub.* Of the part of England.
*Bast.* Whether doest thou go?
*Hub.* What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
As well as thou of mine?
*Bast. Hubert,* I thinke.
*Hub.* Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well beleeve
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue o well:
Who art thou?
*Bast.* Who thou wilt : and if thou please
Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*
*Hub.* Unkinde remembrance : thou, & endles night,
Have done me shame : Brave Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.
*Bast.* Come, come : sans complement, What newes
abroad?
*Hub.* Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

*Bast.* Breefe then : and what's the newes?
*Hub.* O my sweet sir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.
*Bast.* Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not sound at it.
*Hub.* The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evill, that you might
The better arme you to the sodaine time,
Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.
*Bast.* How did he take it? Who did taste to him?
*Hub.* A Monke I tell you, a resolved villaine
Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King
Yet speakes, and peradventure may recover.
*Bast.* Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?
*Hub.* Why know you not? The Lords are all come
backe,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their companie,
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majestie.
*Bast.* With-hold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to beare above our power.
Ile tell the *Hubert,* halfe my power this night
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide,
These Lincolne-Washes have devoured them,
My selfe, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead,or ere I come. *Exeunt*

*Scena Septima.*

*Enter Prince Henry, Salisburie, and Bigot.*
*Hen.* It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly : and his pure braine
(Which some suppose the soules frail dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.
*Enter Pembroke.*
*Pem.* His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poison which assayleth him.
*Hen.* Let him be brought into the Orchard heere :
Doth he still rage?
*Pem.* He is more patient
Then when you left him ; even now he sung.
*Hen.* Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themselfes.
Death having praide upon the outward parts
Leaves them invisible, and his seige is now
Against the wind, the which he prickes and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'Tis strangy y[t] death shold sing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull himne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailety sings
His soule and body to their lasting rest.
*Sal.* Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To set a forme upon that indigest
Which he hath left so shapelesse and so rude.
*John brought in.*
*John.* I marrie, now my soule hath elbow roome,
It

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a summer in my bosome,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust :
I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen
Upon a Parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrinke up.
*Hen.* How fares your Majesty?
*Joh.* Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw ;
Nor let my kingdomes Rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosome : nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I begge cold comfort : and you are so straight
And so ingratefull, you deny me that.
*Hen.* O that there were some vertue in my teares,
That might releeve you.
*John.* The salt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On unrepreevable condemned blood.
*Enter Bastard.*
*Bast.* Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
And spleene of speed, to see your Majesty.
*John.* O Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the shrowds wherewith my life should faile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire :
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be uttered,
And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.
*Bast.* The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heaven he knowes how we shall answer him.
For in a night the best part of my powre,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the *Washes* all unwarly,
Devoured by the unexpected flood.
*Sal.* You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord : but now a King, now thus.
*Hen.* Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King[,] and now is clay?
*Bast.* Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of revenge,
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heaven,

As it on earth hath bene thy servant still.
Now, now you Starres, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly returne with me againe.
To push destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:
Straight let us seeke, or straight we shall be sought,
The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles.
*Sal.* It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest,
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this warre.
*Bast.*He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selves well sinew'd to our defence.
*Sal.* Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall,
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast
To consummate this businesse happily.
*Bast.* Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall waite upon your Fathers Funerall.
*Hen.* At Worster must his bodie be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.
*Bast.* Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull services
And true subjection everlastingly.
*Sal.* And the like tender of our love wee make
To rest without a spot for evermore.
*Hen.* I have a kind soule, that would give thankes,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.
*Bast.* Oh let us pay the time : but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our greefes.
This England never did, nor never shall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shocke them : Naught shall make us rue,
If England to it selfe, do rest but true. *Exeunt.*