The first Part of King Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Dead March.
Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France ; the Duke of Gloster,Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwicke, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Duke of Somerset.

Bedford.
Hung be ye heavens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandish your crystall Tresses in the Skie,
And with them scourge the bad revolting Stars,
That have consented unto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to live long,
England ne’re lost a King of so much worth.
Glost. England ne’re had a King untill his time:
Vertue he had, deserving to command,
His brandisht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes spred wider then a Dragons Wings :
His sparkling Eyes,repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and drove back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne,fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his Deeds exceed all speech:
He ne’re lift up his Hand,but conquered.
Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths dishonourable Victorie,
We with our stately presence glorifie,
Like Captives bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? shall we curse the Planets of Mishap,
That plotted thus our Glories overthrow?
Or shall we thinke the subtile-witted French,
Conjurers and Sorceerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verses have contriv’d his end.
Winch. He was a King, blest of the King of Kings.
Unto the French, the dreadfull Judgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his sight.
The Battailes of the Lord of Hosts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him so prosperous.
Glost. The Church? where is it?
Had not the Church-men pray’d,
His thred of Life had not so soone decay’d.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may over-awe.
Winch. Gloster, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookest to command the Prince and realme.
Thy Wife is prowd, she holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Glost. Name not Religion, for thou lov'st the Flesh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.
Bed. Cease, cease these Jarres, & rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on us;
In stead of Gold, wee'le offer up our Armes,
Since Armes avayle not,now that *Henry's* dead,
Posteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moistened eyes,Babes shall suck,
Our Ile be made a Nourish of salt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghost I invocate:
Prosper this Realme, keepe it from Civill Broyles,
Combat with adverse Planets in the Heavens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Sould will make,
Then *Julius Cesar,* or bright----

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honouraable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of losse, of slaughter, and discomfiture :
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes. Orleance,
Paris Guyfors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.
Bedf. What say'st thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarse?
Speake softly, or the losse of those great Townes
Will make him burst his Lead, and rise from death.
Glost. Is Paris lost? is Roan yeelded up?
If *Henry* were recalled to life againe,
These news would cause him once more yeeld the Ghost.
Exe. How were they lost? what trecherie was us'd?
Mess. No treacherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongst the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine severall Factions :
And whil'st a Field should be dispatcht and fought,
You are disputing of your Generals.
One would have lingring Warres, with little cost ;
Another would flye swift, but wanteth Wings :
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words,Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, English Nobilitie,
Let not slouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.
Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
These Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.
Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France :
Give me my steeled Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with these disgracefull wayling Robes ;
Wounds will I lent the French, in stead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermissive Miseries.

Enter

Enter to them another Messenger.

Mess. Lords view these Letters, full of bad mischance.
France is revolted from the English quite,
Except some petty Townes of no import.
The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes :
The Bastard of Orleance with him is joyn'd :
Reynold, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanson flyeth to his side. *Exit.*
Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whither shall we flye from this reproach ?
Glost. We will not flye, but to our enemies throates.
Bedford, if thou be slacke, Ile fight it out.
Bed. Gloster, why doubtst thou of my forwardnesse?
An Army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
Where with already France is over-run.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearse,
I must informe you of a dismall fight,
Betwixt the stout Lord *Talbot,* and the French.
Win. What? wherin *Talbot* overcame, is't so?
3.Mes. O no : wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrown:
The circumstance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thousand of the French
Was round incompassed, and set upon :
No leysure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to set before his Archers:
Instead whereof, sharpe Stakes plukt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keepe the Horsemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant *Talbot,* above humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he sent to Hell, and none durst stand him:
Here, there, and every where enrag'd, he flew.
The French exclaym'd, the Devill was in Armes,
All the whole Army stood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers spying his undaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot,* a *Talbot,* cry'd out amaine,
And rusht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir *John Falstaffe* had not play'd the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroake.
Hence grew the generall wrack and massacre :
Enclosed were they with their Enemies.
A base Wallon,to win the Dolphins grace,
Thrust *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe assembled strength,
Durst not presume to looke once in the face.
Bedf. Is *Talbot* slaine then? I will slay my selfe,
For living idly here, in pompe and ease,
Whil'st such a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.
3.Mess. O no, he lives, but is tooke Prisoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford:*
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or tooke likewise.
Bedf. His Ransome there is none but I shall pay.
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne shall be the Ransome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.

Faarwell my Masters, to my Taske will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feast withall.
Ten thousand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
3.Mess. So you had need, for Orleance is besieg'd,
The English Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
Since they so few, watch such a multitude.
Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* sworne :
Eyther to quell the Dolphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.
Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leave,
To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*
Glost. Ile to the Tower with all the hast I can,
To view th'Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclayme young *Henry* King.
Exit Gloster.
Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordayn'd his speciall Governor,
And for his safetie there Ile best devise. *Exit.*
Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out ; for me nothing remaines :
But long I will not be Jack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to send,
And sit at chiefest Sterne of publique Weale.
Exit.

Sound a Flourish.
Enter Charles,Alanson, and Reigneir, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true moving, even as in the Heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he shine upon the English side:
Now we are Victors, upon us he smiles.
What Towns of any moment,but we have?
At pleasure here we lye,neere Orleance :
Otherwhiles, the famisht English, like pale Ghosts,
Faintly beseige us one houre in a moneth.
Alan. They want their Porrege, & their fat Bul Beeves:
Eyther they must be dyeted like Mules,
And have their Provender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke,like drowned Mice.
*Reigneir.*Let's rayse the Siege: why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd *Salisbury,*
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men nor Money hath he to make Warre,
Charles. Sound,sound Alarum, we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me,
When he sees me goe back one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*
Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great losse.

Enter Charles, Alanson, and Reigneir.
Charles. Who ever say the like? what men have I?
Dogges,Cowards,Dastards : I would ne're have fled,
But that they left me 'midst my Enemies.
Reigneir. Salisbury is a desperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords,like Lyons wanting foode,
Doe rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alanson. Froysard, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Olivers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samsons* and *Goliasses*
It sendeth forth to skirmish : one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd Rascals, who would e're suppose,
They had such courage and audacitie?
Charles. Let's leave this towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them ; rather with their Teeth
The Walls thay'le teare downe, then forsake the Siege.
Reigneir. I thinke by some odde Gimmors or Device
Their Armes are set,like Clocks,still to strike on;
Else ne're could they hold out so as they doe:
By my consent, wee'le even let them alone.
Alanson: Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleance.

Bastard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I have newes for him.
Dolph. Bastard of Orleance,thrice welcome to us.
Bast. Me thinks your looks are sad,your chear appal'd.
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Vision sent to her from Heaven,
Ordayned is to rayse this tedious Siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France:
The spirit of deepe Prophecie she hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speake, shall I call her in? beleeve my words,
For they are certaine, and unfallible.
Dolph. Goe call her in: but first, to try her skill,
Reignier stand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Question her prowdly, let thy Lookes be sterne,
By this meanes shall we sound what skill she hath.

Enter Joane Puzel.

Reigneir. Faire Maide, is't thou wilt doe these wondrous feats?
Puzel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though never seene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In private will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and give us leave a while.
Reigneir. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.
Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit untrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate.
Loe, whilest I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat display'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Vision full of Majestie,
Will'd me to leave my base Vocation,
And free my Country from Calamitie:
Her ayde she promis'd, and assur'd successe.
In compleat Glory sheee reveal'd her selfe:
And whereas I was black and swart before,
With those cleare Rayes, which shee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I blest with, which you may see.

Aske me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Resolve on this,thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy Warlike Mate.
Dolph. Thou hast astonisht me with thy high termes:
Onely this proofe Ile of thy Valour make,
In single Combat thou shalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true,
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.
Puzel. I am prepar'd : here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each side,
The which at Touraine,in S.*Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I chose forth.
Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman,
Puzel. And while I live,Ile ne're flye from a man.
Here they fight and Joane de Puzel overcomes.
Dolph. Stay, stay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fightest with the Sword of *Debora.*
Puzel. Christs Mother helpes me, else I were too
weake.
Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy desire,
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.
Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant, and not Soveraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin sueth to thee thus.
Puzel. I must not yeeld to any rights of Love,
For my Profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke upon a recompence.
Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy prostrate
Thrall.
Reigneir. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.
Alans.Doubtlesse he shrives this woman to her smock.
Else ne're could he so long protract his speech.
Reigneir. Shall wee disturbe him, since hee keepes no meane?
Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? what devise you on?
Shall we give o're Orleance, or no?
Puzel. Why no, I say: distrustfull Recreants,
Fight till the last gaspe: Ile be your guard.
Dolph. What shee sayes, Ile confirme : wee'le fight
it out.
Puzel. Assign'd am I to be the English Scourge.
This night the Siege assuredly Ile rayse:
Expect Saint *Martins* summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I have entred into these Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge it selfe,
Till by broad spreading, it disperse to naught.
With *Henries* death, the English Circle ends,
Dispersed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that prowd insulting Ship,
Which *Caesar* and his fortune bare at once.
Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inspired with a Dove?
Thou with an Eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the Mother of Great *Constantine,*
Nor yet S. *Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus,* falne downe on the Earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough ?
Alanson. Leave off delayes, and let us rayse the
Siege.
Reigneir. Wo-

Reigneir. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honors,
Drive them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.

Dolph. Presently wee'le try : come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I trust, if shee prove false. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloster ,with his Serving-men.

Glost. I am come to survey the Tower this day;
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conveyance :
Where be these Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloster* that calls.

1.Warder. Who's there, that knocks so imperiously?

Glost.1.Man. It is the Noble Duke of Gloster.

2.Warder. Who ere he be, you may not be let in.

1.Man. Villaines, answer you so the Lord Protector?

1.Warder. The Lord protect him, so we answer him,
We doe no otherwise then wee are will'd.

Glost. Who willed you? or whose will stands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme but I :
Breake up the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghillGroomes?

Glosters men rush at the tower Gates, and Woodvile the Lieutenant speakes within.

Woodvile. What noyse is this? what Traytors have
wee here?

Glost. Lieutenant, is it you whose voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloster* that would enter.

Woodvile. Have patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Winchester forbids:
From him I have expresse commandment,
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

Glost. Faint-hearted *Woodvile,*prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Winchester,* that haughtie Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Soveraigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile shut thee out shortly.

Servingmen. Ope the Gates unto the Lord Protector,
Or wee'le burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, Winchester and his men in Tawney Coates.

Winchest. How now ambitious *Umpheir,* what meanes
this?

Glost. Piel'd Priest, doo'st thou command me to be
shut out?

Winch. I doe, thou most usurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.

Glost. Stand back thou manifest Conspirator,
Thou that contrived'st to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giv'st Whores Indulgences to sinne,
Ile canvas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Winch. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damascus, be thou cursed *Cain,*
To slay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.

Glost. I will not slay thee, but Ile drive thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile use, to carry thee out of this place.

Winch. Doe what thou dar'st, I beard thee to thy
face.

Glost. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priviledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Priest, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you soundly.
Under my feet I stampe thy Cardinalls Hat:

In spight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee up and downe.
Winch. Gloster, thou wilt answere this before the
Pope.
Glost. Winchester Goose, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them stay?
Thee Ile chafe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Glosters men beat out the Cardinalls men,
and enter in the hurly-burly the Maior
of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being supreme Magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should breake the Peace.
Glost. Peace Maior, thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford,* that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here distrayn'd the Tower to his use.
Winch. Here's *Gloster,* a Foe to Citizens,
One the still motions Warre, and never Peace,
O're-charging your free Purses with large Fines ;
That seekes to overthrow Religion,
Because he is Protector of the Realme ;
And would have Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne himselfe King, and supresse the Prince.
Glost. I will not answer thee with words, but blowes.
Here they skirmish againe.
Maior. Naught rests for me, in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open Proclamation.
Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canst cry:
All manner of men, assembled here in Armes this day, against Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command you, in his Highnesse Name, to rapayre to your severall dwelling places, and not to weare, handle, or use any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, upon paine of death.
Glost. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we shall meet, and breake our minds at large.
Winch. Gloster, wee'le meet to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this dayes worke.
Maior. Ile call for Clubs,if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Devill.
Glost. Maior farewell : thou doo'st but what thou
may'st.
Winch. Abhominable *Gloster,* guard thy Head,
For I intend to have it ere long. *Exeunt.*
Maior. See the Coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these Nobles should such stomacks beare,
I my selfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Master Gunner of Orleance, and
his Boy.
M.Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'st how Orleance is besieg'd,
And how the English have the Suburbs wonne.
Boy. Father I know, and oft have shot at them,
How e're unfortunate, I miss'd my ayme.
M.Gunner. But now thou shalt not . Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiefe Master Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I must doe to procure me grace:
The Princes espyals have informed me,
How the English, in the Suburbs close intrencht,
Went through a secret Gate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to over-peere the Citie,
And thence discover, how with most advantage
They may vex us with Shot or with Assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A Peece of Ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd,
And

And even these three dayes have I watcht,
If I could see them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, runne and bring me word,
And thou shalt finde me at the Governors. *Exit.*
Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile never trouble you, if I may spye them. *Exit.*

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, with others.

Salisb. Talbot, my life, my joy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Prisoner?
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?
Discourse I prithee on this Turrets top.
Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Prisoner,
Call'd the brave Lord *Ponton de Santrayle,*
For him was I exchang'd, and ransom'd.
But with a baser man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I disdaining, scorn'd, and craved death,
Rather then I would be so pil'd esteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
But O, the trecherous *Falstaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would excute,
If I now had him brought into my power.
Salisb. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffes and scornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique spectacle to all:
Here, sayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children so.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others flye,
None durst come neere, for feare of suddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not secure:
So great feare of my Name 'mongst them were spread,
That they suppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And spurne in pieces Posts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of chosen Shot I had,
That walkt about me every Minute while:
And if I did but stirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Salisb. I grieve to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here,through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie :
Let us looke in, the sight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargrane,* and Sir *William Glansdale,*
Let me have your expresse opinions,
Where is best place to make our Batt'ry next?
Gargrane: I thinke at the North Gate, for there stands Lords.
Glansdale. And I heere , at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.
Talb. For ought I see, this Citie must be famisht,
Or with light Skirmishes enfeebled. *Here they shot, and Salisbury falls downe.*
Salisb. O Lord have mercy on us, wretched sinners.
Gargrave. O Lord have mercy on me, wofull man.
Talb. What chance is this, that suddenly hath crost us?
Speake *Salisbury ;* at least, if thou canst, speake:

How far'st thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, ad thy Cheekes side struck off?
Accursed Tower, accursed fatall Hand,
That hath contriv'd this wofull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battailes, *Salisbury* o'recame:
Henry the Fift he first trayn'd to the Warres,
Whil'st any Trumpe did sound, or Drum struck up,
His Sword did ne're leave striking in the field.
Yet liv'st thou *Salisbury?* though thy speech doth fayle,
One Eye thou hast to looke to Heaven for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heaven be thou gracious to none alive,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.
Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargrave,*hast thou any life?
Speake unto *Talbot,* nay, Looke up to him.
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou shalt not dye whiles----
He beckens with his hand, and smiles on me:
As who should say, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the French.
Plantaginet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched shall France be onely in my Name.
Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.
What stirre is this? what tumult's in the Heavens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyse?
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. My Lord, my Lord, the French have gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one *Joane de Puzel* joyn'd,
A holy Prophetesse, new risen up,
Is come with a great Power, to rayse the Siege.
Here Salisbury lifteth himelfe up, and groanes.
Talb. Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be reveng'd.
Frenchmen, Ile be a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzel or *Pussel,* Dolphin or Dog-fish,
Your hearts Ile stampe out with my Horses heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
Convey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
And then wee'le try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.
Alarum. *Exeunt.*

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot pursueth the Dolphin,
and driveth him: Then enter Joane de Puzel,
driving Englishmen before her.
Then enter Talbot.
Talb. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English Troupes retyre, I cannot stay them.
A Woman clad in Armour chaseth them.
Enter Puzel.
Here, here shee comes. Ile have a bowt with thee:
Devill, or Devils Dam, Ile conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And straightway give thy Soule to him thou serv'st.
Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that must disgrace
thee. *Here they fight.*
Talb. Heavens, can you suffer Hell so to prevayle?
My brest Ile burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my Armes asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded Strumpet.
They fight againe.
Puzel. Talbot farwell,thy houre is not yet come,
I must goe Victuall Orleance forthwith:
A short Alarum: then enter the Towne
with Souldiers.

O're

O’re-take me if thou canst, I scorne thy strength.
Goe,goe, cheare up thy hungry-starved men,
Helpe *Salisbury* to make his Testament,
This Day is ours, as many more shall be. *Exit.*
Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe :
A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal,*
Drives back our troupes,and conquers as she lists :
So Bees with smoake, and Doves with noysome stench,
Are from their Hyves and Houses driven away.
They call’d us, for our fiercenesse, English Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne awat.
A short Alarum.
Hearke Countreymen, eyther renew the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat ;
Renounce your Soyle, give Sheepe in Lyons stead:
Sheepe run not halfe so trecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horse or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flye from your oft-subdued slaves.
Alarum. Here another Skirmish.
It will not be, retyre into your Trenches :
You all consented unto *Salisburies* death,
For none would strike a stroake in his revenge.
Puzel. is entred into Orleance,
In spight of us, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to dye with *Salisbury,*
The shame hereof, will make me hide my head.
Exit Talbot.
Alarum, Retreat, Flourish.

Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir,
Alanson, and Souldiers.

Puzel. Advance our waving Colours on the Walls,
Rescu’d is Orleance from the English.
Thus *Joane de Puzel* hath perform’d her word.
Dolph. Divinest Creature, *Astrea’s* Daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this successe?
Thy promises are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom’d, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Prophetesse,
Recover’d is the Towne of Orleance,
More blessed hap did ne’re befall our State.
Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towne?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
Alans. All France will be repleat with mirth and joy,
When they shall heare how we have play’d the men.
Dolph. ‘Tis *Joane,* not we, by whom the day is wonne :
For which, I will divide my Crowne with her,
And all the Priests and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in procession sing her endlesse prayse.
A statelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then *Rhodophe’s* or *Memphis* ever was.
In memorie of her, when she is dead,
Her Ashes, in an Urne more precious
Then the rich-jewel’d Coffer of *Darius,*
Transported, shall be at high Festivals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Joane de Puzel* shall be France’s Saint.
Come in, and let us Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.
Flourish. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyse or Souldier you perceive
Neere to the walles, by some apparant signe
Let us have knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Sent. Sergeant you shall. Thus are poore Servitors
(When others sleepe upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darknesse, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with scaling Ladders : Their Drummes beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy,*
By whose approach, the Regions of *Artoys, Wallon,* and *Picardy,* are friends to us:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting best to quittance their deceite,
Contriv'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.
Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Dispairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To joyne with Witches, and the help of Hell.
Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that *Puzell* whom they tearme so pure?
Tal. A Maid, they say.
Bed. A Maid? And be so martiall?
Bur. Pray God she prove not masculine ere long:
If underneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as she hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits.
God is our Fortresse, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarkes.
Bed. Ascend brave *Talbot,* we will follow thee.
Tal. Not altogether : Better farre I guesse,
That we do make our entrance severall wayes :
That if it chance the one of us do faile,
The other yet may rise against their force.
Bed. Agreed : Ile to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his grave.
Now *Salisbury,* for thee and for the right
Of English *Henry,* shall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.
Sent. Arme, arme, the enemb doth make assault.
Cry, S.George, A Talbot.

The French leape ore the walles in their shirts. Enter severall wayes, Bastard, Alanson, Reignier, halfe ready, and halfe unready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all unreadie so?
Bast. Unready? I and glad we scap'd so well.
Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.
Alan. Of all exploits since first I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

More

More venturous, or desperate then this.
Bast. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.
Reig. If not of Hell, the Heavens sure favour him.
Alans. Here commeth *Charles,* I marvell how he sped?

Enter Charles and Joane.

Bast. Tut, holy *Joane* was his defensive Guard.
Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withall,
Make us partakers of a little gayne,
That now our losse might be then times so much?
Joane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you have my Power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevayle,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,
This sudden Mischiefe never could have falne.
Charl. Duke of Alanson, this was your default,
That being captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.
Alans. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,
As that whereof I had the government,
We had not beene thus shamefully surproz'd.
Bast. Mine was secure.
Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.
Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,
I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?
Joane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,
How or which way ; 'tis sure they found some place,
But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there rests no other shift but this,
To gather our Souldiors, scatter'd and disperc't,
And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot : they flye, leaving their Clothes behind.

Sould. Ile be so bold to take what they have left :
The Cry of *Talbot* serves me for a Sword,
For I have loaden me with many Spoyles,
Using no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whose pitchy Mantle over-vayl'd the Earth.
Here sound Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*
Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbuty,*
And here advance it in the Market-Place,
The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.
Now have I pay'd my Vow unto his Soule:
For every drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may reade,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleance,
The trecherous manner of his mournefull death,
And what a terror he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloudy Massacre,
I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-come Champion, vertuous *Joane* of Acre,
Nor any of his false Confederates.
Bedf. ‘Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rows’d on the sudden from their drowsie Beds,
They did amongst the troupes of armed men,
Leape o’re the Walls for refuge in the field.
Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discerne,
For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar’d the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,
Like to a payre of loving Turtle-Doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
Wee’le follow them with all the power we have.

Enter A Messenger.

Mess. All hayle,my Lords: which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot,* for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?
Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?
Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of Overgne,
With modestie admiring thy Renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would’st vouchsafe
To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man,
Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.
Burg. Is it even so? Nay, then I see our Warres
Will turne onto a peacefull Comick sport,
When Ladyes crave to be encountred with.
You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.
Talb. Ne’re trust me then: for when a World of men
Could not prevayle with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Womans kindnesse over-rul’d:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your Honors beare me company?
Bedf. No,truly, ‘tis more then manners will:
And I have heard it sayd, Unbidden Guests
Are often welcommest when they are gone.
Talb. Well then,alone (since there’s no remedie)
I meane to prove this Ladyes courtesie.
Come hither Captaine, you perceive my minde.
Whispers.
Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.
Exeunt.

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge,
And when you have done so, bring the Keyes to me.
Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*
Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death,
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his achievements of no lesse account:
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir’d,
By Message crav’d, so is Lord *Talbot* come.
Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?
Mess. Madame, it is.
Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the *Talbot,* so much fear’d abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?
I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should have seene some *Hercules,*
A second *Hector*, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfe:
It cannot be, this weake and writhled shrimpe
Should strike such terror to his Enemies.
Talb. Madame, I have been bold to trouble you:
But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,
Ile sort some other time to visit you.
Count. What meanes he now?
Goe aske him, whithere he goes?
Mess. Stay my Lord *Talbot,* for my Lady craves,
To know the cause of your abrupt departure?
Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.
Enter Porter with Keyes.
Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.
Talb. Prisoner ? to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord.
And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs :
But now the substance shall endure the like,
And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,
That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres
Wasted our Countrey, slaine our Citizens,
And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captivate,
Talb. Ha,ha,ha.
Count. Laughest thou Wretch?
Thy mirth shall turne to moane.
Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,
To thinke, that you have ought but *Talbots* shadow,
Whereon to practise your severitie.
Count. Why? art not thou the man?
Talb. I am indeede.
Count. Then have I substance too.
Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here ;
For what you see, is but the smallest part,
And least proportion of Humanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,
Your Roofe were not sufficient to contayn't.
Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here :
How can these contrarieties agree?
Talb. That will I shew you presently.
Winds his Horne, Drummes strike up, a Peal of Ordenance: Enter Souldiors.
How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,
That *Talbot* is but shadow of himselfe?
These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and subverts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
Count. Victorious *Talbot,* pardon my abuse,
I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.
Talb. Be not dismay'd,faire Lady, nor misconter
The minde of *Talbot,* as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction doe I crave,

But onely with your patience, that we may
Taste of your Wine,and see what Cates you have,
For Souldiers stomacks alwayes serve them well.
Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feast so great a Warrior in my House. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset, Poole, and others.

Yorke. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this silence?
Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?
Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more convenient..
York. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th'error?
Suff. Faith I have beene a Truant in the Law,
And never yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then betweene us.
War. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,
Between two Girles, which hath the merryest eye,
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of Judgement:
But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.
York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som, And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So cleare, so shining, and so evident,T
hat it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.
York, Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth so speake,
In dumb significants proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And stands upon the honor of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.
Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.
War. I love no Colours : and without all colour
Of base insinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet.*
Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young *Somerset,*
And say withall, I thinke he held the right.
Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he upon whose side
The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Master *Vernon*, it is well objected :
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
York. And I.
Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,
Giving my Verdict on the white Rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off
Least bleeding, you doe paint the white Rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Vernon. If I,my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on, who else?
Lawyer. Un-

Lawyer. Unlesse my Studie and my Bookes be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In signe whereof, I pluck a white Rose too.
Yorke. Now *Somerset*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Rose in a bloody red.
York. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roses:
For pale they looke with feare, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. No *Plantgenet;*
'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our Roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confesse thy error.
Yorke. Hath not thy Rose a Canker, *Somerset?*
Som. Hath not thy Rose a Thorne, *Plantagenet?*
Yorke. I, sharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy consuming Canker eates his falsehood.
Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roses,
That shall maintaine what I have said is true,
Where false *Plantagenet* dare not be seene.
Yorke. Now by this Maiden Blossome in my hand,
I scorne thee and thy fashion, peevish Boy.
Suff. Turne not thy scornes this way, *Plantagenet.*
Yorke. Prowd *Poole,* I will, and scorne both him and thee.
Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away,away ,good *William de la Poole,*
We grace the Yeoman,by conversing with him.
Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'st him, *Somerset?*
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:
Spring Crestlesse Yeomen from so deepe a Root?
Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priviledge,
Or dust not for his craven heart say thus.
Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Ground in Chritendome.
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treason executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Trespas yet lives guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
Yorke. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treason, but no Taytor ;
And that Ile prove on better men then *Somerset,*
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Poole,* and you your selfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Looke to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou shalt finde us ready for thee still:
And know us by these Colours for thy Foes,
For these my friends in spight of thee shall weare.
Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Rose,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my Faction weare,
Untill it wither with me to my Grave,
Or flourish to the height of my Degree.
Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And so farwell, untill I meet thee next. *Exit.*
Som. Have with thee *Poole :* Farwell ambitious *Richard.* *Exit.*
Yorke. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it?
Warw. This blot that they object against your House,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,

Call'd for the Truce of *Winchester* and *Gloucester:*
And if thou be not then created *Yorke,*
I will not live to be accounted *Warwicke.*
Mean time, in signall of my love to thee,
Against prowd *Somerset,* and *William Poole,*
Will I upon thy partie weare this Rose.
And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send betweene the Red-Rose and the White,
A thousand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
Yorke. Good Master *Vernon,* I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.
Ver. In your behalfe still will I weare the same.
Lawyer. And so will I.
Yorke. Thankes gentle.
Come, let us foure to Dinner: I dare say,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.
Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre,
and Jaylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here rest himselfe.
Even like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Imprisonment:
And these gray Locks, the Pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer.*
These Eyes,like Lampes, whose wasting Oyle is spent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, over-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pyth-lesse Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droupes his sappe-lesse Branches to the ground.
Yet are these Feet, whose strength-lesse stay is numme,
(Unable to support this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with desire to get a Grave,
As witting I now other comfort have.
But tell me,Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his Chamber,
And answer was return'd, that he will come.
Mort. Enough : my Soule shall then be satisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* first began to reigne,
Before whose Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then, hath *Richard* beene obscur'd,
Depriv'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Despaires,
Just Death, kinde Umpire of mens miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismisse me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard.
Keeper. My Lord, your loving Nephew now is come.
*Mor. Richard Plantagnet,*my friend, is he come?
Rich. I,Noble Unckle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your Nephew,late despised *Richard,* comes.
Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Bosome spend my latter gaspe.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly give one fainting isse.
And now declare sweet Stem from *Yorkes* great Stock,
Why didst thou say of late thou wert despis'd?
Rich. First

Rich. First, leane thine aged Back against mine Arme,
And in that ease,Ile tell thee my Disease.
This day in argument upon a Case,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerset* and me:
Among which tearmes, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbrayd me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie set barres before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Unckle, for my Fathers sake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet,*
And for Alliamce sake, declare the cause
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, lost his Head.
Mort. That cause (faire Nephew) that imprison'd me,
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathsome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was cursed Instrument of his decease.
Rich. Discover more at large what cause that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot guesse.
Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard, Edwards* Sonne,
The first begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Descent.
During whose Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
Finding his Usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the Throne.
The reason mov'd these Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remov'd,
Leaving no Heire begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage :
For by my Mother, I derived am
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,
From *John* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
But marke : as in this haughtie great attempt,
They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,
I lost my Libertie, and they their Lives.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fift
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne ;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous *Edmond Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Sister, that thy Mother was ;
Againe, in pitty of my hard distresse,
Levied an Army, weening to redeeme,
And have install'd me in the Diademe:
But as the rest, so fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers,*
In whom the Title rested, were supprest.
Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the last.
Mort. True; and thou seest, that I no Issue have,
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:
Thou art my Heire; the rest, I wish thee gather:
But yet be ware in thy studious care.
Rich. Thy grave admonishments prevayle with me:
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
Was nothing lesse then bloody Tyranny.
Mort. With silence,Nephew,,be thou pollitick,
Strong fixed is the House of *Lancaster*,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remov'd.
But now thy Unckle is removing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a setled place.
Rich. O Unckle, would some part of my young yeeres
Mught but redeeme the passage of your Age.

Mort. Thou do'st then wrong me, as [yt] slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou sorrow for my good,
Onely give order for my Funerall.
And so farewell, and faire by all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*
Rich. And Peace, no Warre,befall thy parting Soule.
In Prison hast thou spent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite over-past thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Councell in my Brest,
And what I doe imagine, let that rest.
Keepers convey him hence, and I my selfe
Will see his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit.*
Here dyes the duskie Torch of Mortimer,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner sort.
And for those Wrongs, those bitter Injuries,
Which *Somerset* hath offer'd to my House,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redresse.
And therefore haste I to the Parliament,
Eyther to be restored to my Blood,
Or make my will th'advantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flourish. Enter King, Exeter, Gloster,Winchester,Warwick, Somerset,Suffolk,Richard Plantagenet. Gloster offers to put up a Bill: Winchester snatches it, teares it.

Winch. Com'st thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, studiously devis'd?
Humfrey of Gloster, if thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Doe it without invention, suddenly,
As I with sudden, and extemporall speech,
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.
*Glo.*Presumptuous Priest, this place cōmands my patie[n]ce,
Or thou should'st finde thou hast dis-honor'd me.
Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outragious Crymes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the Methode of my Penne.
No Prelate, such is thy audacious wickednesse,
Thy lewd,pestiferous,and dissentious prancks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernitious Usurer,
Froward by nature,Enemie to Peace,
Lascivious, wanton, more then well beseemes
A man of thy Profession, and Degree.
And for thy Treacherie, what's more manifest?
In that thou layd'st a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge,as at the Tower.
Beside, I feare me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The King,thy Soveraigne, is not quite exempt
From envious mallice of thy swelling heart.
Winch. Gloster, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me: how am I so poore?
Or how haps it, I seeke not to advance
Or rayse my selfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
And for Dissention,who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be provok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is because no one should sway but hee,
No one, but hee, should be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breast,

And makes him rore these Accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good.
Glost. As good?
Thou Bastard of my Grandfather.
Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?
Glost. Am I not Protector, sawcie Priest?
Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Castle keepes,
And useth it, to patronage his Theft.
Winch. Unreverent *Glocester.*
Glost. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.
Winch. Rome shall remedie this.
Warw. Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your dutie to forbeare.
Som. I, see the Bishop be not over-borne:
Me thinkes my Lord should be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to such.
Warw. Me thinkes his Lordship should be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when hie holy State is toucht so neere.
Warw. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. Plantagenet I see must hold his tongue,
Least it be said, Speake Sirrha when you should:
Must your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Else would I have a fling at *Winchester.*
King. Unckles of *Gloster,* and of *Winchester,*
The speciall Watch-men of our English Weale,
I would prevayle, if Prayers might prevayle,
To joyne your hearts in love and amtie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two such Noble Peeres as ye should jarre?
Beleeve me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Civill dissention is a viperous Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A noyse within, Down with the Tawny-Coats.
King. What tumult's this?
Warw. An Uprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Bishops men.
A noyse again, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.
Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry,*
Pitty the Cittie of London, pitty us :
The Bishop, and the Duke of Glosters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Have fill'd their Pockets full of peeble stones;
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Doe pelt so fast at one anothers Pate,
That many have their giddy braynes knockt out :
Our Windowes are broke downe in every Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to shut our Shops.

Enter in skirmish with bloody Pates.
King. We charge you, on allegeance to our selfe,
To hold your slaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray Unckle *Gloster* mitigate this strife.
1.Serving. Nay,if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall to it with our Teeth.
2.Serving. Doe what ye dare, we are as resolute.
Skirmish againe.
Glost. You of my household,leave this peevish broyle,
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

3.Serv. My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Just, and upright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Majestie:
And ere tht we will suffer such a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be disgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wives and Children all will fight,
And have our bodyes slaughtred bu thy foes.
1.Serv. I,and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.
Begin againe.
Glost. Stay,stay, I say:
And if you love me, as you say you doe,
Let me perswade you to forbeare a while.
King. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who should be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who should study to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?
Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Winchester,*
Except you meane with obstinate repulse
To slay your Soveraigne, and destroy the Realme.
You see what Mischiefe, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Winch. He shall submit, or I will never yeeld.
Glost. Compassion on the King commands me stoupe,
Or I would see his heart out,ere the Priest
Should ever get that priviledge of me.
Warw. Behold my Lord of Winchester, the Duke
Hath banisht moodie discontented fury,
As by his smoothed Browes it doth appeare:
Why looke you still so sterne, and tragicall?
Glost. Here *Winchester,* I offer thee my Hand.
King. Fie Unckle *Beauford,* I have heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grevious sinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But prove a chiefe offendor in the same.
Warw. Sweet King: the Bishop hath a kindly gyrd:
For shame my Lord of Winchester relent;
What, shall a Child instruct you what to doe?
Winch. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yeeld to thee
Love for thy Love, and Hand for Hand I give.
Glost. I,but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and loving Countrymen,
This token serveth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our selves, and all our followers :
So helpe me God, as I dissemble not.
Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.
King. Oh loving Unckle, kinde Duke of Gloster;
How joyfull am I made by this Contract.
Away my Masters, trouble us no more,
But joyne in friendship, as your Lords have done.
1.Serv. Content,Ile to the Surgeons.
2.Serv. And so will I.
3.Serv. And I will see what Physick the Taverne af-
fords. *Exeunt.*
Warw. Accept this Scrowle, most gracious Soveraigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet,*
We doe exhibite to your Majestie.
Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick:for sweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke every circumstance,
You have great reason to doe *Richard* right,
Especially for those occasions
At Eltam Place I told your Majestie.
King. And

King. And those occasions, Unckle, were of force:
Therefore my loving Lords, our pleasure is,
That *Richard* be restored to his Blood.
Warw. Let *Richard* be restored to his Blood,
So shall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.
Winch. As will the rest, so willeth *Winchester.*
King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the House of *Yorke.*
From whence you spring, by Lineall Descent.
Rich. Thy humble servant vowes obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.
King. Stoope then, and set your Knee against my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that dutie done,
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke:*
Rise *Richard,* Like a true *Plantagenet,*
And rise created Princely Duke of *Yorke.*
Rich. And so thrive *Richard,* as thy foes may fall,
And as my dutie springs, so perish they,
That grudge one thought against your Majesty.
All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke.*
Som. Perish base Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke.*
Glost. Now will it best availe your Majestie,
To crosse the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
The presence of a King engenders love
Amongst his Subjects, and his loyall Friends,
As it dis-animates his Enemies.
King. When *Gloster* sayes the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counsaile cuts off many Foes.
Glost. Your Ships alreadie are in readinesse.
Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exe. I,we may march in England,or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue:
This late dissention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes under fained ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last breake out into a flame,
As festred members rot byt by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinewes fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
Which in the time of *Henry*, nam'd the Fift,
Was in the mouth of every suching Babe,
That *Henry* borne at Monmouth should winne all,
And *Henry* borne at Windsor, loose all:
Which is so plaine, that *Exeter* doth wish,
His dayes may finish, ere that haplesse time. *Exit.*

Scoena Secunda.

Enter Pucell disguis'd, with foure Souldiors with Sacks upon their backs.

Pucell. These are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollicy must make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talke like the vulgar sort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we finde the slouthfull Watch but weake,
Ile by a signe give notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks shall be a meane to sack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers over Roan,
Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*
Watch. Che la.
Pucell. Peasauns la pouure gens de Fraunce,
Poore Market folkes that come to sell their Corne.
Watch. Enter,goe in,the Market Bell is rung.
Pucell. No Roan, Ile shake thy Bulwarkes to the
ground. *Exeunt*

Enter Charles,Bastard,Alanson.

Charles. Saint *Dennis* blesse this happy Stratageme,
And once againe we'le sleepe secure in Roan.
Bastard, Here entred *Pucell*, and her Practisants :
Now she is there, how will she specifie?
Here is the best and safest passage in.
Reig. By thrusting our a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once discern'd, shewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weaknesse) which she entred.

Enter Pucell on the top, thrusting out a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That joyneth Roan unto her Countreymen,
But burning fatall to the *Talbonites.*
Bastard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret stands.
Charles. Now shine it like a Commet of Revenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reig. Deferre no time, delayes have dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, presently
And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarum.*

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excursion.

*Talb.*France, thou shalt rue this Treason with thy teares,
If *Talbot* but survive thy Trecherie.
Pucell that Witch,that damned Sorceresse,
Hath wrought his Hellish Mischiefe unawares,
That hardly we escap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

An Alarum : Excursions. Bedford brought in sicke in a Chayre.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without : within, Pucell, Charles. Bastard,and Reigneir on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will fast,
Before hee'le buy againe at such a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taste?
Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and shamelesse Curtizan,
I trust ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curse the Harvest of that Corne.
Charles. Your Grace may starve (perhaps) before that time.
Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, revenge this Treason.
Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre.
Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all despight,
Incompas'd with thy lustfull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardise a man halfe dead?
Damsell, Ile have a bowt with you againe,
Or else let *Talbot* perish with this shame.
Pucell. Are ye so hot,Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whisper together in counsell.

God speed the Parliament: who shall be the Speaker?

Talb. Dare yee come forth,and meet us in the field?
Pucell. Belike your Lordship takes us then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.
Talb. I speake not to that rayling *Hecate,*
But unto thee *Alanson,* and the rest.
Will ye,like Souldiors, come and fight it out?
Alans. Seignior no.
Talb. Seignior hang: base Muleters of France,
Like Pesant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take up Armes, like Gentlemen.
Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get us from the Walls
For *Talbot* meanes no goodnesse by his Lookes.
God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
That wee are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*
Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be *Talbots* greatest fame.
Vow *Burgonie,* by honor of thy House,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
And I, as sure as English *Henry* lives,
And as his Father here was Conqueror :
As sure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great *Cordelions* Heart was buryed;
So sure I sweare, to get the towne, or dye.
Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy
Vowes.
Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford : Come my Lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sicknesse, and for crasie age.
Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe.
Burg. Couragious *Bedford,* let us now perswade you.
Bedf. Not to be gone from hence : for once I read,
That stout *Pendragon,* in his Litter sick,
Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.
Me thinkes I should revive the Souldiors hearts,
Because I ever found the as my selfe.
Talb. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast,
Then be it so : Heavens keepe old *Bedford* safe.
And now no more adoe, brave *Burgonie,*
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting Enemie. *Exit.*

An Alarum; Excursions. Enter Sir John Falstaffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir *John Falstaffe,* in such haste?
Falst. Whither away? to save my selfe by flight,
We are like to have the overthrow againe.
Capt. What? will you flye, and leave Lord *Talbot?*
Falst. I, all the *Talbots* in wht World, to save my life.
Exit.
Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee. *Exit.*

Retreat. Excursions. Pucell, Alanson, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heaven please,
For I have seene our Enemies overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to save themselves.
Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Bergonie, and the rest.

Talb. Lost, and recovered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Bergonie :*
Yet Heavens have glory for this Victorie.
Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot, Burgonie*
Inshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.
Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucel* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is asleepe.
Now where's the Bastards braves, and *Charles his* glikes?
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe,
That such a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the Towne,
Placing therein some expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
Butg. What wills Lord *Talbot,* pleaseth *Burgonie.*
Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A braver Souldier never couched Launce,
A gentler Heart did never sway in Court.
But Kings and mightiest Potentates must die,
For that's the end of humane miserie. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Bastard, Alanson, Pucell.

Pucell. Dismay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock sweepe along his tayle,
Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the rest will be but rul'd.
Charles. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One sudden Foyle shall never breed distrust.
Bastard. Search out thy wit for secret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
Alans. Wee'le set thy Statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc't like a blessed Saint.
Employ thee then, sweet Virgin, for our good.
Pucell. Then thus it must be, this doth *Joane* devise:
By faire perswasions, mixt with sugred words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leave the *Talbot,* and to follow us.
Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for *Henryes* Warriours,
Nor should that Nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our Provinces.
Alans. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have Title of an Earledome here.
Pucell. Your honors shall perceive how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drumme sounds a farre off.

Hearke, by the sound of Drumme you may perceive
Their Powers are marching into Paris-ward.

Here sound an English March.

Theere goes the *Talbot,* with his Colours spred,
And all the Troupes of English after him.

French

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in favor makes him lagge behined.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets sound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Who craves a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countrey-man.

Burg. What say'st thou *Charles?* for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speake *Pucell,* and enchaunt him with thy words.

Pucell. Brave *Burgonie,* undoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid speake to thee.

Burg. Speake on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And see the Cities and the Townes defac't,
By wasting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth close his tender-dying Eyes.
See, see the pining Maladie of France :
Behold the Wounds, the most unnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy selfe hast given her wofull Brest.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that helpe :
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Bosome,
Should grieve thee more then streames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a floud of Teares,
And wash away thy Countries stayned Spots.

Burg. Either she hath bewitcht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucell. Besides, all French and France exclaimes on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.
Who joyn'st thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not trust thee, but for profits sake?
When *Talbot* hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that Instrument of Ill,
Who then, but English *Henry,* will be Lord,
And thou be thrust out, like a Fugitive?
Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
And was he not in England Prisoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemie,
They set him free, without his Rasnome pay'd,
In spight of *Burgonie* and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy Countreymen,
And joyn'st with them will be thy slaughter-men.
Come,come,returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the rest will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquished :
These haughtie wordes of hers
Have batt'red me like roaring Cannon-shot,
And made me almost yeeld upon my knees.
Forgive me Countrey, and sweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell *Talbot,* Ile no longer trust thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-gaine.

Charles. Welcome brave Duke, thy friendship makes us fresh.

Bastard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breasts.

Alans. Pucell hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let us on,my Lords,
And joyne our Powers,
And seeke how we may prejudice the Foe. *Exeunt.*

Scoena Quarta.

Enter the King,Gloucester,Winchester,Yorke,Suffolke, Somerset, Warwicke, Exeter : To them, with his Souldiors, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arrivall in this Realme,
I have a while given Truce unto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soveraigne.
In signe whereof, this Arme,that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience,fiftie Fortresses,
Twelve Cities, and seven walled Townes of strength,
Beside five hundred Prisoners of esteeme ;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highnesse feet:
And with submissive loyaltie of heart
Ascribes the Glory of his Conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your Grace.
King. Is this the Lord *Talbot,*Unckle *Gloucester,*
That hath so long beene resident in France?
Glost. Yes, if it please your Majestie, my Liege.
King. Welcome brave Captaine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father said,
A stouter Champion never handled Sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithfull service, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet never have you tasted our Reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as Thanks,
Because till now, we never saw your face.
Therefore stand up, and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.
Senet. Flourish. Exeunt.

Manet Vernon and Basset.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were so hot at Sea,
Disgracing of these Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke,
Dar'st thou maintaine the former words thou spak'st?
Bass. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your sawcie Tongue,
Against my Lord the Duke of Somerset.
Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.
Bass. Why, what is he? as good a man as *Yorke.*
Vern. Hearke ye: not so: in witnesse take ye that.
Strikes him.
Bass. Villaine, thou knowest
The Law of Armes is such,
That who so drawes a Sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this Blow should broach thy dearest Bloud.
But Ile unto his Majistie, and crave,
I may have libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou shalt see,Ile meet thee to thy cost.
Vern. Well miscreant,Ile be there as soone as you,
And after meete you, sooner then you would.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Glocester,Winchester,Yorke,Suffolke, Somerset,Warwicke, Talbot, and Governor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Bishop set the Crowne upon his head.
Win. God Save King *Henry* of that name the sixt.
Glo. Now Governour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Esteeme none Friends, but such as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practises against his State :
This shall ye do, so helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soveraigne, as I rode fromCalice,
To hast unto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th'Duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee :
I vow'd (base Knight) when I did meete the next,
To teare the Garter from thy Cravens legge,
Which I have done, because (unworthily)
Thou was't installed in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely *Henry,* and the rest:
This Dastard, at the battel of *Poictiers,*
When (but in all) I was sixe thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trustie Squire, did run away.
In which assault, we lost twelve hundred men.
My selfe, and divers Gentlemen beside,
Were there surpriz'd, and taken prisoners.
Then judge (great Lords) if I have done amisse:
Or whether that such Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?
Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beseeming any common man ;
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.
Tal. When first this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth ;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres :
Not fearing Death, nor shrinking for Distresse,
But alwayes resolute, in most extreames.
He then, that is not furnish'd in this fort,
Doth but usurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this most Honourable Order,
And should (if I were worthy to be Judge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,
That doth presume to boast of Gentle blood.
K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee on paine of death.
And no Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our Unckle Duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chang'd
his Stile?
No more but plaine and bluntly? (*To the King.)*
Hath he forgot he is his Soveraigne?
Or doth this churlish Superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's heere? *I have upon especiall cause,*
Mov'd with compassion of my Countries wracke,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Os such as your oppression feedes upon,

Forsaken your pernitious Faction,
And joyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
O monstrousTreachery : Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?
King. What? doth my Unckle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.
King. Is that the worst this Letter doth containe?
Glo. It is the worst, and all (my Lord) he writes.
King. Why then Lord *Talbot* there shal talke with him,
And give him chasticement for this abuse.
How say you (my Lord) are you not content?
Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes. But [yt] I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have bene employd.
King. Then gather strength, and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brooke his Treason,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.
Tal. I go my Lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.
Enter Vernon and Bassit.
Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soveraigne.
Bas. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.
Yorke. This is my Servant, heare him Noble Prince.
Som. And this is mine (sweet *Henry)* favour him.
King. Be patient Lords, and give them leave to speak.
Say Gentlemen, what makes ou thus exclaime,
And wherefore crave you Combate? Or with whom?
Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.
Bas. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.
King. What is that wrong, whereof you both complain
First let me know, and then Ile answer you.
Bas. Crossing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow heere with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the Rose I weare.
Saying, the sanguine colour of the Leaves
Did represent my Masters blushing cheekes:
When stubbornly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine question in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him:
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthinesse,
I crave the benefit of Law of Armes.
Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he seeme with forged queint conceite
To set a glosse upon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was provok'd by him,
And he first tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the palenesse of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintnesse of my Masters heart.
Yorke. Will not this malice Somerset be left?
Som. Your private grudge my Lord of York, will out.
Though ne're so cunningly you smother it.
King. Good Lord, what madnesse rules in braine-sicke men,
When for so slight and fribolous a cause,
Such factious aemulations shall arise?
Good Cosins both of Yorke and Somerset,
Quiet your selves (I pray) and be at peace.
Yorke. Let this dissention first be tried by fight,
And then your Highnesse shall command a Peace.
Som. The quarrell toucheth none by us alone,
Betwixt our selves let us decide it then.
Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerset.
Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas.

Bass. Confirme it so, mine honourable Lord.
Glo. Confirme it so ?Confounded by your strife,
And perish ye with your audacious prate,
Presumptuous vassals, are you not asham'd
With this immodest clamorous outrage,
To trouble and disturbe the King, and Us?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their perverse Objections :
Much lesse to take occasion from their mouthes,
To raise a mutiny betwixt your selves.
Let me perswade you take a better course.
Exet. It greeves his Highnesse,
Good my Lords, be Friends.
King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cause.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wavering Nation:
If they perceyve dissention in our lookes,
And that within our selves we disagree;
How will their grudging stomackes be provok'd
To wilfull Disobedience, and Rebell?
Beside, What infamy will there arise,
When Forraigne Princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henries* Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the Realme of France?
Oh thinke upon the Conquest of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let us not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me by Umper in this doubtfull strife:
I see no reason if I weare this Rose,
That any one should therefore be suspitious
I more incline to Somerset, than Yorke:
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbray'd me with my Crowne,
Because (forsooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your discretions better can perswade,
Then I am able to instruct or teach:
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace, and love.
Cosin of Yorke, we institute your Grace
To be our Regent in these parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your Troopes of horsemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subjects, sonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerefully together, and digest
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respit, will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be presented by your Victories,
With *Charles. Alanson,* and that Trtaiterous rout.
Exeunt. Manet Yorke,Warwick,Exeter,Vernon.
War. My Lord of Yorke, I promise you the King
Prettily (me though) did play the Orator.)
Yorke. And so he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerset.
War. Tush, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare presume (sweet Prince) he thought no harme.
York. And if I wish he did. But let it rest,
Other affayres must now be managed. *Exeunt.*
Flourish. Manet Exeter.
Exet. Well didst thou *Richard* to suppresse thy voice:
For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I feare we should have seene decipher'd there

More rancorous spight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd:
But howsoere, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of Nobilitie,
This shouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'Tis much when Scepters are in Childrens hands :
But more, when Envy breeds unkinde devision.
There comes the ruine, there begins confusion. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme,
before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall unto the Wall. *Sounds.*
Enter Generall aloft.
English *John Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
Servant in Armes to *Harry* King of England.
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
Be humble to us, call my Soveraigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subjects,
And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne upon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, eeven with the earth,
Shall lay your stately, and ayre-braving Towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.
Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On us thou canst not enter but by death:
For I protest we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the snares of Warre to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are squadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
And no way canst thou turne thee for redresse,
But death doth front thee with apparant spoyle,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face:
Ten thousand French have tane the Sacrament,
To ryve their dangerous Artillerie
Upon no Christian soule but English *Talbot:*
Loe, there thou standst a breathing valiant man
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
This is the latest Glorie of thy praise,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For ere the Glasse that now begins to runne,
Finish the processe of his sandy houre,
These eyes that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see the withered, bloody, pale, and dead.
Drum ararre off.
Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heavy Musicke to thy timorous soule,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit.*
Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie:
Out some light Horsemen, and peruse their Wings.
O negligent and heedlesse Discipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be English Deere, be then in blood.
Not Rascall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And desperate Stagges,
Turne

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards stand aloofe at bay:
Sell every man his life as deere as mine,
And they shall finde deere Deere of us my Friends.
God, and S.*George, Talbot* and Englands right,
Prosper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Messenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.

Yorke. Are not the speedy scouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Mess. They are retur'd my Lord, and give it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot* as he march'd along.
By your espyals were discovered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which joyn'd with him, and made their march for (Burdeaux
Yorke. A plague upon that Villaine Somerset,
That thus delayes my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity:
If he miscarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Messenger.
2.Mes. Thou Princely Leader of our English strength,
Never so needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the rescue of the Noble *Talbot,*
Who now is girdled with a waste of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim destruction :
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
Else farwell *Talbot,* France, and England's honor.
Yorke. O God, that Somerset who in proud heart
Doth stop my Cornets, were in *Talbots* place,
So should wee save a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeyting a Traitor, and a Coward :
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remisse Traitors sleepe.
Mes. O send some succour to the distrest Lord.
Yorke. He dies, we loose: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France smiles : We loose, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerset.
Mes. Then God take mercy on brave *Talbots* soule,
And on his Sonne yong *John,* who two houres since,
I met in travaile towerd his warlike Father;
This seven yeeres did not *Talbot* see his sonne,
And now they meete where both their lives are done.
Yorke. Alas, what joy shall noble *Talbot* have,
To bid his yong sonne welcome to his Grave:
Away, vexation almost stoppes my breath,
That sundred friends greete in the houre of death,
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot ayde the man.
Maine,Bloys,Poytiers, and *Toures*, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay. *Exit*
Mes. Thus while the Vulture of sedition,
Feedes in the bosome of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to losse :
The Conquest of our scarse-cold Conqueror,
That ever-living man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other crosse,
Lives, Honours,Lands, and all, hurrie to losse.

Enter Somerset with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot,*
Too rashly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a sally of the very Towne
Be buckled with : the over-daring *Talbot*
Hath sullied all his glosse of former Honor
By this unheedfull,desperate, wilde adventure :
Yorke set him on to fight, and dye in shame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.
Cap. Heere is Sir *William Lucie,* who with me
Set fro our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.
Som. How now Sir *William,* whether were you sent?
Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & sold L.*Talbot,*
Who ring'd about with bold adversitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerset,
To beate assayling death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drope bloody swet from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in advantage lingring lookes for rescue,
You his false hopes, the trust of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthlesse emulation:
Let not your private discord keepe away
The levied succours that should lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld up his life unto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Bastard, *Charles, Burgundie,*
Alanson, Reignard, compasse him about,
And *Talbot* perisheth by your default.
Som. Yorke set him on, Yorke should have sent him ayde.
Luc. And Yorke as fast upon your Grace exclaimes,
Swearing that you with-hold his levied hoast,
Collected for this expidition.
Som. York lyes: He might have sent, & had the Horse:
I owe him little Dutie, and lesse Love,
And take foule scorne to fawne on him by sending.
Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot:*
Never to England shall he beare his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your strife.
Som. Come go, I will dispatch the Horsemen strait:
Within sixe houres, they will be at his ayde.
Lu. Too late comes rescue, he is tane or slaine,
For flye he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would *Talbot* never though he might.
Som. If he be dead, brave *Talbot* then adieu.
Lu. His Fame lives in the world . His Shame in you.
Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong *John Talbot,* I did send for thee
To tutor thee in strategems of Warre,
That *Talbots* name might be in thee reviv'd,
When saplesse Age, and weake unable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now thou art come unto a Feast of death,
A terrible and unavoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my swiftest horse,
And Ile direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
John. Is my name *Talbot?* and am I your Sonne?
Shall

And shall I flye? O, if you love my Mother,
Dishonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Bastard, and a Slave of me:
The World will say, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That basely fled, when Noble *Talbot* stood.
Talb. Flye, to revenge my death, if I be slaine.
John. He that flyes so, will ne're returne againe.
Talb. If we both stay, we both are sure to dye.
John. Then let me stay, and Father do you flye:
Your losse is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknowne, no losse is knowne in me.
Upon my death, the French can little boast ;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stayne the Honor you have wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit have done.
You fled for Vantage, every one will sweare:
But if I bow, they'le say it was for feare.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first howre I shrinke and run away:
Here on mu knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, preserv'd with Infamie.
Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?
John. I rather then Ile shame my Mothers Wombe.
Talb. Upon my Blessing I command thee goe.
John. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.
Talb. Part of thy Father may be sav'd in thee.
ohn. No part of him, but will be shame in mee.
Talb. Thou never hadst Renowne, nor canst not lose it.
John. Yes, your renowned Name: shall flight abuse it?
Talb. Thy Fathers charge shal cleare thee from [yt] staine.
John. You cannot witnesse for me, being slaine.
If Death be so apparant, then both flye.
Talb. And leave my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my Youth be guiltie of such blame?
No more can I be severed from your side,
Then can your selfe, your selfe in twaine divide:
Stay,goe,doe what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my Father dye.
Talb. Then here I take my leave of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipse thy Life this afternoone:
Come,side by side, together live and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heaven flye. Exit.

Alarum : Excursions, wherein Talbots Sonne is hemm'd about, and Talbot rescues him.

Talb. Saint *George,* and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *John Talbot?* pawse, and take thy breath,
I gave the Life, and rescu'd thee from Death.
John. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, despight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.
Talb. When frō the *Dolphins* Crest thy Sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowd desire
Of bold-fac't Victorie, Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanson,Orleance,Burgundie,*
And from the Pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The irefull Bastard *Orleance,* that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly shed

Some of his Bastard blood, amd in disgrace
Bespoke him thus: Contaminated, base,
And mis-begotten blood, I spill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from *Talbot,* my brave Boy.
Here purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not wearie, *John?* How do'st thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the Battaile,Boy,and flie,
Now thou art seal'd the Sonne of Chivalrie?
Flye,to revenge my death when I am dead,
The help of one stands me in little stead.
Oh,too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small Boat.
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I shall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I stay,
'Tis but the shortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Households Name,
My Deaths Revenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt flye away.
John. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me smart,
These words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry Life, and stay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horse that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the pesant Boyes of France,
To be Shames scorne, and subject of Mischance.
Surely, by all the Glorie you have wonne,
And if I flye, I am not *Talbots* Sonne.
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to *Talbot,* dye at *Talbots* foot.
Talb. Then follow thou thy desp'rate Syre of Creet,
Thou *Icarus,* thy Life to me is sweet :
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers side,
And commendable prov'd let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot?* where is valiant *John?*
Triumphant Death, smear'd with Captivitie,
Young *Talbots* Valour makes me smile at thee.
When he perceiv'd me shrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandishht over mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and sterne Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant stood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and assayl'd of none,
Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustring Battaile of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His over-mounting Spirit ; and there di'de
My *Icarus,* my Blossome, in his pride.

Enter with John Talbot. borne.
Serv. O my deare Lord, Loe where your Sonne is borne.
Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
Anon from thy insulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy despight shall scape Mortalitie.

O

O thou whose wounds become hard favoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Brave death by speaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine hima Frenchman, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My spirit can lo longer beare these harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I have what I would have,
Now my old armes are yong *John Talbots* grave. *Dyes*

Enter Charles,Alenson,Burgundie,Bastard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the yong whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.
Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquisht by a Maide.
But with a proud Majesticall high scorne
He answer'd thus : Yong *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtlesse he would have made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inherced in the armes
Of the most bloody Nursser of his harmes.
Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.
Enter Lucie.
Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to survey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Washford,Waterford,* and *Valence,*
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Urchinfeld,*
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere,* Lord *Verdon* of *Alton,*
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingefeld,* Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffeild,*
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge,*
Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George,*
Worthy S. *Michael,* and the *Golden Fleece,*
Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
Puc. Heere's a silly stately stile indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis?*
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,

It would amaze the prowdest of you all.
Give me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And give them Buriall,as beseemes their worth.
Pucell. I thinke this upstart is old *Talbots* Ghost,
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him have him, to keepe them here,
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their ashes shal
be reard
A Phoenix that shall make all France affear'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what [yu] wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* slaine. *Exit.*

Scena secunda.

SENNET

Enter King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Have you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?
Glo. I have my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue unto your Excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on every side.
King. I marry Unckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and unnaturall,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.
Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to *Charles*,
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.
King. Marriage Unckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliane with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Embassadors, and as you please,
So let them have their answeres every one:
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Winchester* install'd,
And call'd unto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceive, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did sometime prophesie[.]
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.
King. My Lords Ambassadors, your severall suites
Have bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable :
And therefore are we certainly resolv'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,
Which

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I have inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.
King. In argument and proofe of which contract,
Beare her this Jewell, pledge of my affection.
And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*
Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receive
The summe of money which I promised
Should be delivered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these grave Ornaments.
Legat. I will attend upon your Lordships leysure.
Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
Humfrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be over-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt*

Scoena Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy,Alanson, Bastard,
Reignier, and Jone.

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping spirits:
'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turne again unto the warlike French.
Alan, Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.
Puzel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to us,
Else ruine combate with their Pallaces.
Enter Scout.
Scout. Successe unto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.
Char. What tiding send our Scouts?I prethee speak.
Scout. The English Army that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoyn'd in one,
And meanes to give you battell presently.
Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.
Bur. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.
Puzel. Of all base passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles,* it shall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Jone de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
And ye choise spirits that admonish me,
And give me signes of future accidents. *Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Under the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.
Enter Fiends.
This speedy and quicke appearance argues proofe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regious under earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.
They walke and speake not.
Oh hold me not with silence over-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit :
So you do condiscend to helpe me now.
They hang their heads.
No hope to have redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.
They shake their heads.
Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soule ; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England give the French the foyle.
They depart.
See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

Excursions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to hand. French flye.

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I have you fast,
Unchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the divels grace.
See how the ugly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with *Circe,* she would change my shape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be:
Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on *Charles,* and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd
By bloudy hands, in sleeping on your beds.
Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy tongue.
Puc. I prethee give me leave to curse awhile.
Yorke, Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.
Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Gazes on her.
O fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reverend hands,
I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.
Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.
Be not effended Natures myracle,
Thou art alotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets save,
Oh stay:

Keeping them prisoner underneath his wings:
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going.*
Oh stay : I have no power to let her passe,
My hand would free her, but my heart sayes no.
As playes the Sunne upon the glassie streames,
Twinkling another counterfetted beame,
So seemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woo her, yet I dare not speake:
Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye *De la Pole,* disable not thy selfe:
Hast not a Tongue? Is she not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans sight?
I : Beauties Princely Majesty is such,
Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be so,
What ransome must I pay before I passe?
For I perceive I am thy prisoner.
Suf. How canst thou tell she will deny thy suite,
Before thou make a triall of her love?
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? What ransom must I pay?
Suf. She's beautiful ; and therefore to be Wooed :
She is a Woman ; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at [randon] : sure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a dispensation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.
Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret.* For whom?
Why for my King: Tush, that's a woodden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is some Carpenter.
Suf. Yet so my fancy may bre satisfied,
And peace established betweene these Realmes.
But there remaines a scruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Anjou* and *Mayne,* yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will scorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leysure?
Suf. It shall be so, disdaine they ne're so much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I have a secret to reveale.
Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he seems a knight
And will not any way dishonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French,
And then I need not crave his curtesie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, give me hearing in a cause.
Mar. Tush, women have bene captivate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you so?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo.*
Suf. Say gentle Princesse, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave, in base servility :
For Princes should be free.
Suf. And so shall you,
If happy Englands Royal King be free.
Mar. Why what concernes his freedome unto mee?
Suf. Ile undertake to make the *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And set a precious Crowne upon thy head,
If thou wilt condiscend to be my------
Mar. What?

Suf. His love.
Mar. I am unworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I unworthy am
To woe so faire a Dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice my selfe.
How say you Madam, are ye so content?
Mar. And if my Father please, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Castle walles,
Wee'l crave a parley, to conferre with him.
Sound. Enter Reignier on the Walles.
See *Reignier* see, thy daughter prisoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and unapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes ficklenesse.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Consent, and for thy Honor give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine have wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her easie held imprisonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes.
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face or faine.
Reig. Upon thy Princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets sound. Enter Reignier.

Reig. Welcome brave Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Anjou* what your Honor pleases.
Suf. Thankes *Reignier,* happy for so sweet a Childe.
Fit to be made companion with a King :
What answer makes your Grace unto my suite?
Reig. Since thou dost daigne to woe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of such a Lord:
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Anjou,*
Free from oppression, or the stroke of Warre,
My daughter shall be *Henries*, if he please.
Suf. That is her ransome, I deliver her,
And those to Counties I will undeertake
Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputy unto that gracious King,
Give thee her hand for signe of plighted faith.
Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee Kingly thankes,
Because this is in Trafficke of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Atturney in this case.
Ile over then to England with this newes.
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier,* set this Diamond safe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reign. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wishes, praise & praiers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of *Margaret.* *She is going.*
Suf. Farwell sweet Madam: but hearke you *Margaret,*
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Servant, say to him.
Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestie directed,

But

But Madame, I must trouble you againe,
No loving Token to his Majestie ?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the King.
Suf. And this withall. *Kisse her.*
Mar. That for thy selfe, I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my selfe : but *Suffolke* stay.
Thou mayest not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and ugly Treasons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praise.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that surmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguish Art,
Repeate their semblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'st to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou mayest bereave him of his wits with wonder. *Exit.*

Enter Yorke, Warwicke,Shepheard,Pucell.
Yor. Bring forth that Sorceresse condemn'd to burne.
Shep. Ah *Jone,* this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Have I fought every Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Must I behold thy timelesse cruell death :
Ah *Jone,* sweet daughter *Jone,* Ile die with thee.
Pucel. Decrepit Miser, base ignoble Wretch,
I am descended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords,and please you, 'tis not so
I did beget her, all the Parish knowes :
Her Mother liveth yet, can testifie
She was the first fruite of my Bach'ler-ship.
War. Gracelesse, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.
Shep. Fye *Jone,* that thou wilt be so obstacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Jone.*
Pucell. Pezant avaunt. You have suborn'd this man
Of purpose, to obscure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a Noble to the Priest,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my blessing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not stoope? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativitie : I would the Milke
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'st her brest,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy sake.
Or else, when thou didst keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wish some ravenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doest thou deny thy Father, cursed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
Yorke. Take her away, for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. First let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But issued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, chosen from above,
By inspiration of Celestiall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your lustes,
Stain'd with the guiltlesse blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand Vices:
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compasse Wonders, but by helpe of divels.

No misconceyved, *Jone* of [*Aire*] hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaste, and immaculate in very thought,
Whose Maiden-blood thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heaven.
Yorke. I,I : away with her to execution.
War. And hearke ye sirs: because she is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow :
Place barrelles of pitch upon the fatall stake,
That so her torture may be shortned.
Puc. Will nothing turne your unrelenting hearts?
Then *Jone* discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to by thy priviledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now heaven forfend, the holy Maid with child?
War. The greatest miracle that ere ye wrought.
Is all your strict precisenesse come to this?
Yorke. She and the Dolphin have bin jugling.
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well go too, we'll have no Bastards live,
Especially since *Charles* must Father it.
Puc. You are deceyv'd, my childe is none of his,
It was *Alanson* that injoy'd my love.
Yorke. Alanson tht notorious Machevile?
It dyes, and if it had a thousand lives.
Puc. Oh give me leave, I have deluded you,
'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that prevayl'd.
War. A married man, that's most intollerable.
Yor. Why here's a Gyrle: I think she knowes not wel
(There were so many) whom she ay accuse.
War. It's signe she hath beene liberall and free.
Yor, And yet forsooth she is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Use no intreaty, for it is in vaine.
Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leave my curse.
May never glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Upon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darknesse, and the gloomy shade of death
Inviron you, till Mischeefe and Dispaire,
Drive you to break you necks, or hang your selves. *Exit*

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and consume to ashes,
Thou fowle accursed minister of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do greete your Excellence
With Letters of Commission from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Christendome,
Mov'd with remorse of these out-ragious broyles,
Have earnestly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt ouf Nation, and the aspyring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about some matter.
Yorke. Is all our travell turn'd to this effect,
After the slaughter of so many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell have beene overthrowne,
And sold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the Townes,
By Treason, Falshood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered:
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foresee with greefe
The utter losse of all the Realme of France.
War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It shall be with such strict and severe Covenants,
As little shall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alancon, Bastard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your selves,
What the conditions of that league must be.
Yorke. Speake Winchester, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow passage of my poyson'd voyce,
By sight of these our balefull enemies.
Win. Charles. and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* gives consent,
Of meere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your Countrie of distressfull Warre,
And suffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You shall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles,* upon condition thou wilt sweare
To pay him tribute, and submit thy selfe,
Thou shalt be plac'd as Viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy Regall dignity.
Alan. Must he be then as shadow of himselfe?
Adorne his temples with a Coronet,
And yet in substance and authority,
Retaine but priviledge of a private man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonlesse.
Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am possest
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the rest un-vanquisht,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambassador, Ile rather keepe
That which I have, than coveting for more
Be cast from possibility of all.
Yorke. Insulting *Charles,* hast thou by secret meanes
Us'd intercession to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'st thou aloofe upon Comparison.
Either accept the Title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant Warres.
Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cavill in the course of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not finde like opportunity.
Alan. To say the truth it is your policie,
To save your Subjects from such massacre
And ruthlesse slaughters as are dayly seene
By our proceeding in Hostility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleasure serves.
War. How sayst thou *Charles?*
Shall our Condition stand?
Char. It Shall:
Onely reserv'd, you claime no interest
In any of our Townes of Garrison.
Yor. Then sweare Allegeance to his Majesty,
As thou art Knight, never to disobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now dismisse your Army when ye please:
Hang up your Ensignes, let your Drummes be still,
For heere we entertaine a solemne peace. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King,
Glocester ,and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare description (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath astonish'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loves setled passions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempestuous gustes
Provokes the mightiest Hulke against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her Renowne,
Either to suffer Shipwracke, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her Love.
Suf. Tush my good Lord, this superficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The cheefe perfections of that lovely Dame,
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And which is more, she is not so Divine,
So full repleate with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlinesse of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaste intents,
To Love, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.
King. And otherwise, will *Henry* ne're presume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, give consent,
That *Marg'ret* may be Englands Royall Queene.
Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sinne.
You know (my Lord) your Highnesse is betroath'd
Unto another Lady of esteeme,
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the Listes
By reason of his Adversaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is unequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Gloucester. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more then that?
Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.
Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Jerusalem,
And of such great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.
Glo. And so the Earle of Arminacke may doe.
Because he is neere Kinsman unto *Charles.*
Exet. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where *Reignier* sooner will receyve, than give.
Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Disgrace not so your King,
That he should be so abject, base and poore,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect Love.
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to seeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthlesse Pezants bargaine for their Wives,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ship :
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Must

Must be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, since he affects her most,
Most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
An Age of discord and continuall strife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth blisse,
And is a patterne of Celestiall peace.
Whom should we match with *Henry* being a King,
But *Margaret,* that is daughter to a King:
Her peerlesse feature, joyned with her birth,
Approves her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit,
(More then in women commonly is seene)
Will answer our hope in issue of a King.
For *Henry,* sonne unto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of so high resolve,
(As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in love.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That *Margaret* shall be Queene and none but shee.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell: but this I am assur'd,

I feel such sharpe dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am sicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore shipping, poste my Lord to France,
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchsafe to come
To crosse the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King *Henries* faithfull and announted Queene.
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone I say, for till you do returne,
I rest perplexed with a thousand Cares.
And you (good Unckle) banish all offence:
If you do censure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sodaine execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my greefe. *Exit.*

Glo. I greefe I feare me, both at first and last.
Exit Glocester.

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath prevail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did:
Margaret shall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit.*

F I N I S.