

The Life and Death of
KING JOHN

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for

example, from *Henry V*: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

The events in *King John* take place in the thirteenth century, well before Shakespeare's other English history plays. After the death of John's brother, Richard I, John rules England.

John's young nephew, Arthur, has a claim to the throne and is supported by the French. At first, a proposed marriage between the French crown prince and John's niece, Blanche, calms Anglo-French tensions. Then the pope, in a dispute over recognizing an archbishop, excommunicates John and backs Arthur's claim.

After war erupts, John captures Arthur and orders his death. Arthur's guardian, Hubert, prepares to burn out Arthur's eyes, but then spares him. Arthur dies leaping from the prison wall. Arthur's mother Constance grieves inconsolably.

Meanwhile, French forces reach England. John submits to the pope to gain his aid. Rebellious English nobles join the French, but return to John when they learn the French prince plans to kill them. English forces under the bastard son of Richard I expel the French, but a monk poisons King John, whose son becomes Henry III.

Characters in the Play

JOHN, King of England, with dominion over assorted
Continental territories

QUEEN ELEANOR, King John's mother, widow of King Henry II

BLANCHE of Spain, niece to King John

PRINCE HENRY, son to King John

CONSTANCE, widow of Geoffrey, King John's elder brother

ARTHUR, Duke of Brittany, her son

KING PHILIP II of France

LOUIS THE DAUPHIN, his son

DUKE OF AUSTRIA (also called LIMOGES)

CHATILLION, ambassador from France to King John

COUNT MELUN

A FRENCH HERALD

CARDINAL PANDULPH, Papal Legate

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

The BASTARD, PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE, her son by King Richard I

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, her son by Sir Robert Faulconbridge

JAMES GURNEY, her servant

HUBERT, supporter of King John

EARL OF SALISBURY
EARL OF PEMBROKE
EARL OF ESSEX
LORD BIGOT

} *English nobles*

A CITIZEN of Angiers

PETER of Pomfret, a Prophet

An ENGLISH HERALD

EXECUTIONERS

English MESSENGER, French MESSENGER, Sheriff, Lords, Soldiers,
Attendants

ACT 1

Scene 1

Enter King John, Queen Eleanor, Pembroke, Essex, and Salisbury, with the Chatillion of France.

KING JOHN

FTLN 0001 Now say, Chatillion, what would France with us?

CHATILLION

FTLN 0002 Thus, after greeting, speaks the King of France

FTLN 0003 In my behavior to the majesty,

FTLN 0004 The borrowed majesty, of England here.

QUEEN ELEANOR

FTLN 0005 A strange beginning: “borrowed majesty”! 5

KING JOHN

FTLN 0006 Silence, good mother. Hear the embassy.

CHATILLION

FTLN 0007 Philip of France, in right and true behalf

FTLN 0008 Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey’s son,

FTLN 0009 Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

FTLN 0010 To this fair island and the territories, 10

FTLN 0011 To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

FTLN 0012 Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

FTLN 0013 Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

FTLN 0014 And put the same into young Arthur’s hand,

FTLN 0015 Thy nephew and right royal sovereign. 15

KING JOHN

FTLN 0016 What follows if we disallow of this?

CHATILLION

FTLN 0017 The proud control of fierce and bloody war,
FTLN 0018 To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

KING JOHN

FTLN 0019 Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
FTLN 0020 Controlment for controlment: so answer France. 20

CHATILLION

FTLN 0021 Then take my king's defiance from my mouth,
FTLN 0022 The farthest limit of my embassy.

KING JOHN

FTLN 0023 Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace.
FTLN 0024 Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France,
FTLN 0025 For ere thou canst report, I will be there; 25
FTLN 0026 The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
FTLN 0027 So, hence. Be thou the trumpet of our wrath
FTLN 0028 And sullen presage of your own decay.—
FTLN 0029 An honorable conduct let him have.
FTLN 0030 Pembroke, look to 't.—Farewell, Chatillion. 30

Chatillion and Pembroke exit.

QUEEN ELEANOR, *「aside to King John」*

FTLN 0031 What now, my son! Have I not ever said
FTLN 0032 How that ambitious Constance would not cease
FTLN 0033 Till she had kindled France and all the world
FTLN 0034 Upon the right and party of her son?
FTLN 0035 This might have been prevented and made whole 35
FTLN 0036 With very easy arguments of love,
FTLN 0037 Which now the manage of two kingdoms must
FTLN 0038 With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

KING JOHN, *「aside to Queen Eleanor」*

FTLN 0039 Our strong possession and our right for us.

QUEEN ELEANOR, *「aside to King John」*

FTLN 0040 Your strong possession much more than your right, 40
FTLN 0041 Or else it must go wrong with you and me—
FTLN 0042 So much my conscience whispers in your ear,
FTLN 0043 Which none but *「God」* and you and I shall hear.

Enter a Sheriff, [who speaks aside to Essex.]

ESSEX

FTLN 0044 My liege, here is the strangest controversy
 FTLN 0045 Come from the country to be judged by you 45
 FTLN 0046 That e'er I heard. Shall I produce the men?
 FTLN 0047 KING JOHN Let them approach. *[Sheriff exits.]*
 FTLN 0048 Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
 FTLN 0049 This [expedition's] charge.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge and Philip [Faulconbridge.]

FTLN 0050 What men are you? 50

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0051 Your faithful subject I, a gentleman,
 FTLN 0052 Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,
 FTLN 0053 As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge,
 FTLN 0054 A soldier, by the honor-giving hand
 FTLN 0055 Of Coeur de Lion knighted in the field. 55
 FTLN 0056 KING JOHN, *[to Robert Faulconbridge]* What art thou?

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0057 The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.

KING JOHN

FTLN 0058 Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
 FTLN 0059 You came not of one mother then, it seems.

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0060 Most certain of one mother, mighty king— 60
 FTLN 0061 That is well known—and, as I think, one father.
 FTLN 0062 But for the certain knowledge of that truth
 FTLN 0063 I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother.
 FTLN 0064 Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

QUEEN ELEANOR

FTLN 0065 Out on thee, rude man! Thou dost shame thy 65
 FTLN 0066 mother
 FTLN 0067 And wound her honor with this diffidence.

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0068 I, madam? No, I have no reason for it.
 FTLN 0069 That is my brother's plea, and none of mine,

FTLN 0070	The which if he can prove, he pops me out	70
FTLN 0071	At least from fair five hundred pound a year.	
FTLN 0072	Heaven guard my mother's honor and my land!	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 0073	A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,	
FTLN 0074	Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?	
	PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE	
FTLN 0075	I know not why, except to get the land.	75
FTLN 0076	But once he slandered me with bastardy.	
FTLN 0077	But whe'er I be as true begot or no,	
FTLN 0078	That still I lay upon my mother's head.	
FTLN 0079	But that I am as well begot, my liege—	
FTLN 0080	Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—	80
FTLN 0081	Compare our faces and be judge yourself.	
FTLN 0082	If old Sir Robert did beget us both	
FTLN 0083	And were our father, and this son like him,	
FTLN 0084	O, old Sir Robert, father, on my knee	
FTLN 0085	I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!	85
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 0086	Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!	
	QUEEN ELEANOR, <i>「aside to King John」</i>	
FTLN 0087	He hath a trick of Coeur de Lion's face;	
FTLN 0088	The accent of his tongue affecteth him.	
FTLN 0089	Do you not read some tokens of my son	
FTLN 0090	In the large composition of this man?	90
	KING JOHN, <i>「aside to Queen Eleanor」</i>	
FTLN 0091	Mine eye hath well examinèd his parts	
FTLN 0092	And finds them perfect Richard. <i>「To Robert</i>	
FTLN 0093	<i>Faulconbridge」</i> Sirrah, speak.	
FTLN 0094	What doth move you to claim your brother's land?	
	PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE	
FTLN 0095	Because he hath a half-face, like my father.	95
FTLN 0096	With half that face would he have all my land—	
FTLN 0097	A half-faced groat five hundred pound a year!	
	ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE	
FTLN 0098	My gracious liege, when that my father lived,	
FTLN 0099	Your brother did employ my father much—	

 PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0100 Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land. 100

FTLN 0101 Your tale must be how he employed my mother.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0102 And once dispatched him in an embassy

FTLN 0103 To Germany, there with the Emperor

FTLN 0104 To treat of high affairs touching that time.

FTLN 0105 Th' advantage of his absence took the King 105

FTLN 0106 And in the meantime sojourned at my father's;

FTLN 0107 Where how he did prevail I shame to speak.

FTLN 0108 But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores

FTLN 0109 Between my father and my mother lay,

FTLN 0110 As I have heard my father speak himself, 110

FTLN 0111 When this same lusty gentleman was got.

FTLN 0112 Upon his deathbed he by will bequeathed

FTLN 0113 His lands to me, and took it on his death

FTLN 0114 That this my mother's son was none of his;

FTLN 0115 An if he were, he came into the world 115

FTLN 0116 Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

FTLN 0117 Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,

FTLN 0118 My father's land, as was my father's will.

KING JOHN

FTLN 0119 Sirrah, your brother is legitimate.

FTLN 0120 Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him, 120

FTLN 0121 An if she did play false, the fault was hers,

FTLN 0122 Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands

FTLN 0123 That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,

FTLN 0124 Who as you say took pains to get this son,

FTLN 0125 Had of your father claimed this son for his? 125

FTLN 0126 In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

FTLN 0127 This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world;

FTLN 0128 In sooth he might. Then if he were my brother's,

FTLN 0129 My brother might not claim him, nor your father,

FTLN 0130 Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes: 130

FTLN 0131 My mother's son did get your father's heir;

FTLN 0132 Your father's heir must have your father's land.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0133 Shall then my father's will be of no force
FTLN 0134 To dispossess that child which is not his?

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0135 Of no more force to dispossess me, sir, 135
FTLN 0136 Than was his will to get me, as I think.

QUEEN ELEANOR

FTLN 0137 Whether hadst thou rather: be a Faulconbridge
FTLN 0138 And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
FTLN 0139 Or the reputed son of Coeur de Lion,
FTLN 0140 Lord of thy presence, and no land besides? 140

BASTARD

FTLN 0141 Madam, an if my brother had my shape
FTLN 0142 And I had his, Sir Robert's his like him,
FTLN 0143 And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
FTLN 0144 My arms such eel-skins stuffed, my face so thin
FTLN 0145 That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose, 145
FTLN 0146 Lest men should say "Look where three-farthings
FTLN 0147 goes,"
FTLN 0148 And, to his shape, were heir to all this land,
FTLN 0149 Would I might never stir from off this place,
FTLN 0150 I would give it every foot to have this face. 150
FTLN 0151 [I] would not be Sir Nob in any case.

QUEEN ELEANOR

FTLN 0152 I like thee well. Wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
FTLN 0153 Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
FTLN 0154 I am a soldier and now bound to France.

BASTARD

FTLN 0155 Brother, take you my land. I'll take my chance. 155
FTLN 0156 Your face hath got five hundred pound a year,
FTLN 0157 Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.—
FTLN 0158 Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

QUEEN ELEANOR

FTLN 0159 Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

BASTARD

FTLN 0160 Our country manners give our betters way. 160

FTLN 0161	KING JOHN	What is thy name?	
	BASTARD		
FTLN 0162		Philip, my liege, so is my name begun,	
FTLN 0163		Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.	
	KING JOHN		
FTLN 0164		From henceforth bear his name whose form thou	
FTLN 0165		bearest.	165
FTLN 0166		Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great.	
		<i>Philip kneels. King John dubs him a knight, tapping him on the shoulder with his sword.</i>	
FTLN 0167		Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.	
	BASTARD,	<i>rising, to Robert Faulconbridge</i>	
FTLN 0168		Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand.	
FTLN 0169		My father gave me honor, yours gave land.	
FTLN 0170		Now blessèd be the hour, by night or day,	170
FTLN 0171		When I was got, Sir Robert was away!	
	QUEEN ELEANOR		
FTLN 0172		The very spirit of Plantagenet!	
FTLN 0173		I am thy grandam, Richard. Call me so.	
	BASTARD		
FTLN 0174		Madam, by chance but not by truth. What though?	
FTLN 0175		Something about, a little from the right,	175
FTLN 0176		In at the window, or else o'er the hatch.	
FTLN 0177		Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,	
FTLN 0178		And have is have, however men do catch.	
FTLN 0179		Near or far off, well won is still well shot,	
FTLN 0180		And I am I, howe'er I was begot.	180
	KING JOHN,	<i>to Robert Faulconbridge</i>	
FTLN 0181		Go, Faulconbridge, now hast thou thy desire.	
FTLN 0182		A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—	
FTLN 0183		Come, madam,—and come, Richard. We must	
FTLN 0184		speed	
FTLN 0185		For France, for France, for it is more than need.	185
	BASTARD		
FTLN 0186		Brother, adieu, good fortune come to thee,	

FTLN 0187	For thou wast got i' th' way of honesty.	
	<i>All but Bastard exit.</i>	
FTLN 0188	A foot of honor better than I was,	
FTLN 0189	But many a many foot of land the worse.	
FTLN 0190	Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.	190
FTLN 0191	“Good den, Sir Richard!” “God-a-mercy, fellow!”	
FTLN 0192	An if his name be George, I'll call him “Peter,”	
FTLN 0193	For new-made honor doth forget men's names;	
FTLN 0194	'Tis too respective and too sociable	
FTLN 0195	For your conversion. Now your traveler,	195
FTLN 0196	He and his toothpick at my Worship's mess,	
FTLN 0197	And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,	
FTLN 0198	Why then I suck my teeth and catechize	
FTLN 0199	My pickèd man of countries: “My dear sir,”	
FTLN 0200	Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,	200
FTLN 0201	“I shall beseech you”—that is Question now,	
FTLN 0202	And then comes Answer like an absey-book:	
FTLN 0203	“O, sir,” says Answer, “at your best command,	
FTLN 0204	At your employment, at your service, sir.”	
FTLN 0205	“No, sir,” says Question, “I, sweet sir, at yours.”	205
FTLN 0206	And so, ere Answer knows what Question would,	
FTLN 0207	Saving in dialogue of compliment	
FTLN 0208	And talking of the Alps and Apennines,	
FTLN 0209	The Pyrenean and the river Po,	
FTLN 0210	It draws toward supper in conclusion so.	210
FTLN 0211	But this is worshipful society	
FTLN 0212	And fits the mounting spirit like myself;	
FTLN 0213	For he is but a bastard to the time	
FTLN 0214	That doth not 「smack」 of observation,	
FTLN 0215	And so am I whether I smack or no;	215
FTLN 0216	And not alone in habit and device,	
FTLN 0217	Exterior form, outward accouterment,	
FTLN 0218	But from the inward motion to deliver	
FTLN 0219	Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth,	
FTLN 0220	Which though I will not practice to deceive,	220

FTLN 0221 Yet to avoid deceit I mean to learn,
 FTLN 0222 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

FTLN 0223 But who comes in such haste in riding robes?
 FTLN 0224 What woman post is this? Hath she no husband
 FTLN 0225 That will take pains to blow a horn before her? 225
 FTLN 0226 O me, 'tis my mother.—How now, good lady?
 FTLN 0227 What brings you here to court so hastily?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0228 Where is that slave thy brother? Where is he
 FTLN 0229 That holds in chase mine honor up and down?

BASTARD

FTLN 0230 My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's son? 230
 FTLN 0231 Colbrand the Giant, that same mighty man?
 FTLN 0232 Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0233 "Sir Robert's son"? Ay, thou unreverent boy,
 FTLN 0234 Sir Robert's son. Why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert?
 FTLN 0235 He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou. 235

BASTARD

FTLN 0236 James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

GURNEY

FTLN 0237 Good leave, good Philip.

FTLN 0238 BASTARD "Philip Sparrow," James.

FTLN 0239 There's toys abroad. Anon I'll tell thee more.

James [Gurney] exits.

FTLN 0240 Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son. 240
 FTLN 0241 Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
 FTLN 0242 Upon Good Friday and ne'er broke his fast.
 FTLN 0243 Sir Robert could do well—marry, to confess—
 FTLN 0244 Could [he] get me. Sir Robert could not do it;
 FTLN 0245 We know his handiwork. Therefore, good mother, 245
 FTLN 0246 To whom am I beholding for these limbs?
 FTLN 0247 Sir Robert never holp to make this leg.

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0248 Hast thou conspirèd with thy brother too,
 FTLN 0249 That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine
 FTLN 0250 honor? 250
 FTLN 0251 What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

BASTARD

FTLN 0252 Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like.
 FTLN 0253 What, I am dubbed! I have it on my shoulder.
 FTLN 0254 But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son.
 FTLN 0255 I have disclaimed Sir Robert and my land. 255
 FTLN 0256 Legitimation, name, and all is gone.
 FTLN 0257 Then, good my mother, let me know my father—
 FTLN 0258 Some proper man, I hope. Who was it, mother?

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0259 Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

BASTARD

FTLN 0260 As faithfully as I deny the devil. 260

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0261 King Richard Coeur de Lion was thy father.
 FTLN 0262 By long and vehement suit I was seduced
 FTLN 0263 To make room for him in my husband's bed.
 FTLN 0264 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!
 FTLN 0265 「Thou」 art the issue of my dear offense, 265
 FTLN 0266 Which was so strongly urged past my defense.

BASTARD

FTLN 0267 Now, by this light, were I to get again,
 FTLN 0268 Madam, I would not wish a better father.
 FTLN 0269 Some sins do bear their privilege on Earth,
 FTLN 0270 And so doth yours. Your fault was not your folly. 270
 FTLN 0271 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
 FTLN 0272 Subjected tribute to commanding love,
 FTLN 0273 Against whose fury and unmatched force
 FTLN 0274 The aweless lion could not wage the fight,
 FTLN 0275 Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand. 275
 FTLN 0276 He that perforce robs lions of their hearts

「ACT 2」

Scene 「1」

Enter, before Angiers, 「at one side, with Forces,」 Philip King of France, Louis 「the」 Dauphin, Constance, Arthur, 「and Attendants; at the other side, with Forces,」 Austria, 「wearing a lion's skin.」

DAUPHIN

FTLN 0285 Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.—
FTLN 0286 Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,
FTLN 0287 Richard, that robbed the lion of his heart
FTLN 0288 And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
FTLN 0289 By this brave duke came early to his grave. 5
FTLN 0290 And, for amends to his posterity,
FTLN 0291 At our importance hither is he come
FTLN 0292 To spread his colors, boy, in thy behalf,
FTLN 0293 And to rebuke the usurpation
FTLN 0294 Of thy unnatural uncle, English John. 10
FTLN 0295 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

ARTHUR

FTLN 0296 God shall forgive you Coeur de Lion's death
FTLN 0297 The rather that you give his offspring life,
FTLN 0298 Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
FTLN 0299 I give you welcome with a powerless hand 15
FTLN 0300 But with a heart full of unstainèd love.
FTLN 0301 Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 0302 A noble boy. Who would not do thee right?

AUSTRIA, *['to Arthur']*

FTLN 0303	Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss	
FTLN 0304	As seal to this indenture of my love:	20
FTLN 0305	That to my home I will no more return	
FTLN 0306	Till Angiers and the right thou hast in France,	
FTLN 0307	Together with that pale, that white-faced shore,	
FTLN 0308	Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides	
FTLN 0309	And coops from other lands her islanders,	25
FTLN 0310	Even till that England, hedged in with the main,	
FTLN 0311	That water-walled bulwark, still secure	
FTLN 0312	And confident from foreign purposes,	
FTLN 0313	Even till that utmost corner of the West	
FTLN 0314	Salute thee for her king. Till then, fair boy,	30
FTLN 0315	Will I not think of home, but follow arms.	

CONSTANCE

FTLN 0316	O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,	
FTLN 0317	Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength	
FTLN 0318	To make a more requital to your love.	

AUSTRIA

FTLN 0319	The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords	35
FTLN 0320	In such a just and charitable war.	

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0321	Well, then, to work. Our cannon shall be bent	
FTLN 0322	Against the brows of this resisting town.	
FTLN 0323	Call for our chiefest men of discipline	
FTLN 0324	To cull the plots of best advantages.	40
FTLN 0325	We'll lay before this town our royal bones,	
FTLN 0326	Wade to the marketplace in Frenchmen's blood,	
FTLN 0327	But we will make it subject to this boy.	

CONSTANCE

FTLN 0328	Stay for an answer to your embassy,	
FTLN 0329	Lest unadvised you stain your swords with blood.	45
FTLN 0330	My lord Chatillion may from England bring	
FTLN 0331	That right in peace which here we urge in war,	
FTLN 0332	And then we shall repent each drop of blood	
FTLN 0333	That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.	

Enter Chatillion.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0334 A wonder, lady! Lo, upon thy wish 50
 FTLN 0335 Our messenger Chatillion is arrived.—
 FTLN 0336 What England says say briefly, gentle lord.
 FTLN 0337 We coldly pause for thee. Chatillion, speak.

CHATILLION

FTLN 0338 Then turn your forces from this paltry siege
 FTLN 0339 And stir them up against a mightier task. 55
 FTLN 0340 England, impatient of your just demands,
 FTLN 0341 Hath put himself in arms. The adverse winds,
 FTLN 0342 Whose leisure I have stayed, have given him time
 FTLN 0343 To land his legions all as soon as I.
 FTLN 0344 His marches are expedient to this town, 60
 FTLN 0345 His forces strong, his soldiers confident.
 FTLN 0346 With him along is come the Mother Queen,
 FTLN 0347 An *«Ate»* stirring him to blood and strife;
 FTLN 0348 With her her niece, the Lady Blanche of Spain;
 FTLN 0349 With them a bastard of the King's deceased. 65
 FTLN 0350 And all th' unsettled humors of the land—
 FTLN 0351 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
 FTLN 0352 With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens—
 FTLN 0353 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 FTLN 0354 Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs, 70
 FTLN 0355 To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
 FTLN 0356 In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
 FTLN 0357 Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er
 FTLN 0358 Did never float upon the swelling tide
 FTLN 0359 To do offense and scathe in Christendom. 75

Drum beats.

FTLN 0360 The interruption of their churlish drums
 FTLN 0361 Cuts off more circumstance. They are at hand,
 FTLN 0362 To parley or to fight, therefore prepare.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0363 How much unlooked-for is this expedition.

AUSTRIA

FTLN 0364 By how much unexpected, by so much 80
 FTLN 0365 We must awake endeavor for defense,
 FTLN 0366 For courage mounteth with occasion.
 FTLN 0367 Let them be welcome, then. We are prepared.

*Enter King [John] of England, Bastard, Queen
 [Eleanor,] Blanche, [Salisbury,] Pembroke, and others.*

KING JOHN

FTLN 0368 Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
 FTLN 0369 Our just and lineal entrance to our own. 85
 FTLN 0370 If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,
 FTLN 0371 Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
 FTLN 0372 Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0373 Peace be to England, if that war return
 FTLN 0374 From France to England, there to live in peace. 90
 FTLN 0375 England we love, and for that England's sake
 FTLN 0376 With burden of our armor here we sweat.
 FTLN 0377 This toil of ours should be a work of thine;
 FTLN 0378 But thou from loving England art so far
 FTLN 0379 That thou hast underwrought his lawful king, 95
 FTLN 0380 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 FTLN 0381 Outfacèd infant state, and done a rape
 FTLN 0382 Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
 FTLN 0383 Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face.

[He points to Arthur.]

FTLN 0384 These eyes, these brows, were molded out of his; 100
 FTLN 0385 This little abstract doth contain that large
 FTLN 0386 Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time
 FTLN 0387 Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.
 FTLN 0388 That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,
 FTLN 0389 And this his son. England was Geoffrey's right, 105
 FTLN 0390 And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God,
 FTLN 0391 How comes it then that thou art called a king,

CONSTANCE

FTLN 0418 There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

AUSTRIA

FTLN 0419 Peace! 135

FTLN 0420 BASTARD Hear the crier!

FTLN 0421 AUSTRIA What the devil art thou?

BASTARD

FTLN 0422 One that will play the devil, sir, with you,

FTLN 0423 An he may catch your hide and you alone.

FTLN 0424 You are the hare of whom the proverb goes, 140

FTLN 0425 Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard.

FTLN 0426 I'll smoke your skin-coat an I catch you right.

FTLN 0427 Sirrah, look to 't. I' faith, I will, i' faith!

BLANCHE

FTLN 0428 O, well did he become that lion's robe

FTLN 0429 That did disrobe the lion of that robe. 145

BASTARD

FTLN 0430 It lies as sightly on the back of him

FTLN 0431 As great Alcides' shoes upon an ass.—

FTLN 0432 But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back

FTLN 0433 Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

AUSTRIA

FTLN 0434 What cracker is this same that deafs our ears 150

FTLN 0435 With this abundance of superfluous breath?

「KING PHILIP」

FTLN 0436 Louis, determine what we shall do straight.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 0437 Women and fools, break off your conference.—

FTLN 0438 King John, this is the very sum of all:

FTLN 0439 England and Ireland, 「Anjou,」 Touraine, Maine, 155

FTLN 0440 In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.

FTLN 0441 Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

KING JOHN

FTLN 0442 My life as soon! I do defy thee, France.—

FTLN 0443 Arthur of Brittany, yield thee to my hand,

	KING JOHN	
FTLN 0474	Bedlam, have done.	190
FTLN 0475	CONSTANCE I have but this to say,	
FTLN 0476	That he is not only plaguèd for her sin,	
FTLN 0477	But God hath made her sin and her the plague	
FTLN 0478	On this removèd issue, plagued for her,	
FTLN 0479	And with her plague; her sin his injury,	195
FTLN 0480	Her injury the beadle to her sin,	
FTLN 0481	All punished in the person of this child	
FTLN 0482	And all for her. A plague upon her!	
	QUEEN ELEANOR	
FTLN 0483	Thou unadvisèd scold, I can produce	
FTLN 0484	A will that bars the title of thy son.	200
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 0485	Ay, who doubts that? A will—a wicked will,	
FTLN 0486	A woman's will, a cankered grandam's will.	
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 0487	Peace, lady. Pause, or be more temperate.	
FTLN 0488	It ill beseems this presence to cry aim	
FTLN 0489	To these ill-tunèd repetitions.—	205
FTLN 0490	Some trumpet summon hither to the walls	
FTLN 0491	These men of Angiers. Let us hear them speak	
FTLN 0492	Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.	

Trumpet sounds.

Enter [Citizens] upon the walls.

	CITIZEN	
FTLN 0493	Who is it that hath warned us to the walls?	
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 0494	'Tis France, for England.	210
FTLN 0495	KING JOHN England, for itself.	
FTLN 0496	You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—	
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 0497	You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,	
FTLN 0498	Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle—	

FTLN 0531 Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
 FTLN 0532 Son to the elder brother of this man,
 FTLN 0533 And king o'er him and all that he enjoys.
 FTLN 0534 For this downtrodden equity we tread 250
 FTLN 0535 In warlike march these greens before your town,
 FTLN 0536 Being no further enemy to you
 FTLN 0537 Than the constraint of hospitable zeal
 FTLN 0538 In the relief of this oppressèd child
 FTLN 0539 Religiously provokes. Be pleasèd then 255
 FTLN 0540 To pay that duty which you truly owe
 FTLN 0541 To him that owes it, namely, this young prince,
 FTLN 0542 And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear
 FTLN 0543 Save in aspect, hath all offense sealed up.
 FTLN 0544 Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent 260
 FTLN 0545 Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven,
 FTLN 0546 And with a blessèd and unvexed retire,
 FTLN 0547 With unbacked swords and helmets all unbruised,
 FTLN 0548 We will bear home that lusty blood again
 FTLN 0549 Which here we came to spout against your town, 265
 FTLN 0550 And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
 FTLN 0551 But if you fondly pass our proffered offer,
 FTLN 0552 'Tis not the roundure of your old-faced walls
 FTLN 0553 Can hide you from our messengers of war,
 FTLN 0554 Though all these English and their discipline 270
 FTLN 0555 Were harbored in their rude circumference.
 FTLN 0556 Then tell us, shall your city call us lord
 FTLN 0557 In that behalf which we have challenged it?
 FTLN 0558 Or shall we give the signal to our rage
 FTLN 0559 And stalk in blood to our possession? 275

CITIZEN

FTLN 0560 In brief, we are the King of England's subjects.
 FTLN 0561 For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

KING JOHN

FTLN 0562 Acknowledge then the King and let me in.

CITIZEN

FTLN 0563 That can we not. But he that proves the King,

FTLN 0564	To him will we prove loyal. Till that time	280
FTLN 0565	Have we rammed up our gates against the world.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 0566	Doth not the crown of England prove the King?	
FTLN 0567	And if not that, I bring you witnesses,	
FTLN 0568	Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's breed—	
FTLN 0569	BASTARD Bastards and else.	285
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 0570	To verify our title with their lives.	
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 0571	As many and as wellborn bloods as those—	
FTLN 0572	BASTARD Some bastards too.	
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 0573	Stand in his face to contradict his claim.	
	CITIZEN	
FTLN 0574	Till you compound whose right is worthiest,	290
FTLN 0575	We for the worthiest hold the right from both.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 0576	Then God forgive the sin of all those souls	
FTLN 0577	That to their everlasting residence,	
FTLN 0578	Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet	
FTLN 0579	In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king.	295
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 0580	Amen, amen.—Mount, chevaliers! To arms!	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 0581	Saint George, that swinged the dragon and e'er	
FTLN 0582	since	
FTLN 0583	Sits on 's horseback at mine hostess' door,	
FTLN 0584	Teach us some fence! 「 <i>To Austria.</i> 」 Sirrah, were I at	300
FTLN 0585	home	
FTLN 0586	At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,	
FTLN 0587	I would set an ox head to your lion's hide	
FTLN 0588	And make a monster of you.	
FTLN 0589	AUSTRIA Peace! No more.	305
	BASTARD	
FTLN 0590	O, tremble, for you hear the lion roar.	

KING JOHN, 「to his officers」

FTLN 0591 Up higher to the plain, where we'll set forth
FTLN 0592 In best appointment all our regiments.

BASTARD

FTLN 0593 Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.

KING PHILIP, 「to his officers」

FTLN 0594 It shall be so, and at the other hill 310
FTLN 0595 Command the rest to stand. God and our right!

They exit. 「Citizens remain, above.」

*Here, after excursions, enter the Herald of France, with
Trumpets, to the gates.*

FRENCH HERALD

FTLN 0596 You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
FTLN 0597 And let young Arthur, Duke of Brittany, in,
FTLN 0598 Who by the hand of France this day hath made
FTLN 0599 Much work for tears in many an English mother, 315
FTLN 0600 Whose sons lie scattered on the bleeding ground.
FTLN 0601 Many a widow's husband groveling lies
FTLN 0602 Coldly embracing the discolored earth,
FTLN 0603 And victory with little loss doth play
FTLN 0604 Upon the dancing banners of the French, 320
FTLN 0605 Who are at hand, triumphantly displayed,
FTLN 0606 To enter conquerors and to proclaim
FTLN 0607 Arthur of Brittany England's king and yours.

Enter English Herald, with Trumpet.

ENGLISH HERALD

FTLN 0608 Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells!
FTLN 0609 King John, your king and England's, doth approach, 325
FTLN 0610 Commander of this hot malicious day.
FTLN 0611 Their armors, that marched hence so silver bright,
FTLN 0612 Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
FTLN 0613 There stuck no plume in any English crest
FTLN 0614 That is removed by a staff of France. 330

FTLN 0615 Our colors do return in those same hands
 FTLN 0616 That did display them when we first marched forth,
 FTLN 0617 And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come
 FTLN 0618 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
 FTLN 0619 Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes. 335
 FTLN 0620 Open your gates, and give the victors way.
 「CITIZEN」
 FTLN 0621 Heralds, from off our towers we might behold
 FTLN 0622 From first to last the onset and retire
 FTLN 0623 Of both your armies, whose equality
 FTLN 0624 By our best eyes cannot be censurèd. 340
 FTLN 0625 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered
 FTLN 0626 blows,
 FTLN 0627 Strength matched with strength, and power
 FTLN 0628 confronted power.
 FTLN 0629 Both are alike, and both alike we like. 345
 FTLN 0630 One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
 FTLN 0631 We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their Powers (including the Bastard, Queen Eleanor, Blanche, and Salisbury; Austria, and Louis the Dauphin), at several doors.

KING JOHN

FTLN 0632 France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
 FTLN 0633 Say, shall the current of our right roam on,
 FTLN 0634 Whose passage, vexed with thy impediment, 350
 FTLN 0635 Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell
 FTLN 0636 With course disturbed even thy confining shores,
 FTLN 0637 Unless thou let his silver water keep
 FTLN 0638 A peaceful progress to the ocean?

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0639 England, thou hast not saved one drop of blood 355
 FTLN 0640 In this hot trial more than we of France,
 FTLN 0641 Rather lost more. And by this hand I swear
 FTLN 0642 That sways the earth this climate overlooks,

FTLN 0643 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,
 FTLN 0644 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we 360
 FTLN 0645 bear,
 FTLN 0646 Or add a royal number to the dead,
 FTLN 0647 Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss
 FTLN 0648 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

BASTARD, 「*aside*」

FTLN 0649 Ha, majesty! How high thy glory towers 365
 FTLN 0650 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!
 FTLN 0651 O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel,
 FTLN 0652 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs,
 FTLN 0653 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men
 FTLN 0654 In undetermined differences of kings. 370
 FTLN 0655 Why stand these royal fronts amazèd thus?
 FTLN 0656 Cry havoc, kings! Back to the stainèd field,
 FTLN 0657 You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits.
 FTLN 0658 Then let confusion of one part confirm
 FTLN 0659 The other's peace. Till then, blows, blood, and 375
 FTLN 0660 death!

KING JOHN

FTLN 0661 Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0662 Speak, citizens, for England. Who's your king?
 「CITIZEN」

FTLN 0663 The King of England, when we know the King.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0664 Know him in us, that here hold up his right. 380

KING JOHN

FTLN 0665 In us, that are our own great deputy
 FTLN 0666 And bear possession of our person here,
 FTLN 0667 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.
 「CITIZEN」

FTLN 0668 A greater power than we denies all this,
 FTLN 0669 And till it be undoubted, we do lock 385
 FTLN 0670 Our former scruple in our strong-barred gates,

FTLN 0671 Kings of our fear, until our fears resolved
 FTLN 0672 Be by some certain king purged and deposed.

BASTARD

FTLN 0673 By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,
 FTLN 0674 And stand securely on their battlements 390
 FTLN 0675 As in a theater, whence they gape and point
 FTLN 0676 At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
 FTLN 0677 Your royal presences, be ruled by me:
 FTLN 0678 Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,
 FTLN 0679 Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend 395
 FTLN 0680 Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.
 FTLN 0681 By east and west let France and England mount
 FTLN 0682 Their battering cannon chargèd to the mouths,
 FTLN 0683 Till their soul-fearing clamors have brawled down
 FTLN 0684 The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city. 400
 FTLN 0685 I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
 FTLN 0686 Even till unfencèd desolation
 FTLN 0687 Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
 FTLN 0688 That done, dissever your united strengths
 FTLN 0689 And part your mingled colors once again; 405
 FTLN 0690 Turn face to face and bloody point to point.
 FTLN 0691 Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
 FTLN 0692 Out of one side her happy minion,
 FTLN 0693 To whom in favor she shall give the day
 FTLN 0694 And kiss him with a glorious victory. 410
 FTLN 0695 How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
 FTLN 0696 Smacks it not something of the policy?

KING JOHN

FTLN 0697 Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,
 FTLN 0698 I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers
 FTLN 0699 And lay this Angiers even with the ground, 415
 FTLN 0700 Then after fight who shall be king of it?

BASTARD, *['to King Philip']*

FTLN 0701 An if thou hast the mettle of a king,
 FTLN 0702 Being wronged as we are by this peevish town,

FTLN 0703	Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,	
FTLN 0704	As we will ours, against these saucy walls,	420
FTLN 0705	And when that we have dashed them to the ground,	
FTLN 0706	Why, then, defy each other and pell-mell	
FTLN 0707	Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.	
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 0708	Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 0709	We from the west will send destruction	425
FTLN 0710	Into this city's bosom.	
FTLN 0711	AUSTRIA I from the north.	
FTLN 0712	KING PHILIP Our thunder from the south	
FTLN 0713	Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.	
	BASTARD, <i>aside</i>	
FTLN 0714	O, prudent discipline! From north to south,	430
FTLN 0715	Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.	
FTLN 0716	I'll stir them to it. — Come, away, away!	
	「CITIZEN」	
FTLN 0717	Hear us, great kings. Vouchsafe awhile to stay,	
FTLN 0718	And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league,	
FTLN 0719	Win you this city without stroke or wound,	435
FTLN 0720	Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds	
FTLN 0721	That here come sacrifices for the field.	
FTLN 0722	Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 0723	Speak on with favor. We are bent to hear.	
	「CITIZEN」	
FTLN 0724	That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanche,	440
FTLN 0725	Is near to England. Look upon the years	
FTLN 0726	Of Louis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.	
FTLN 0727	If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,	
FTLN 0728	Where should he find it fairer than in Blanche?	
FTLN 0729	If zealous love should go in search of virtue,	445
FTLN 0730	Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?	
FTLN 0731	If love ambitious sought a match of birth,	

FTLN 0732	Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady	
FTLN 0733	Blanche?	
FTLN 0734	Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,	450
FTLN 0735	Is the young Dauphin every way complete.	
FTLN 0736	If not complete of, say he is not she,	
FTLN 0737	And she again wants nothing, to name want,	
FTLN 0738	If want it be not that she is not he.	
FTLN 0739	He is the half part of a blessèd man,	455
FTLN 0740	Left to be finishèd by such as she,	
FTLN 0741	And she a fair divided excellence,	
FTLN 0742	Whose fullness of perfection lies in him.	
FTLN 0743	O, two such silver currents when they join	
FTLN 0744	Do glorify the banks that bound them in,	460
FTLN 0745	And two such shores to two such streams made one,	
FTLN 0746	Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,	
FTLN 0747	To these two princes, if you marry them.	
FTLN 0748	This union shall do more than battery can	
FTLN 0749	To our fast-closèd gates, for at this match,	465
FTLN 0750	With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,	
FTLN 0751	The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope	
FTLN 0752	And give you entrance. But without this match,	
FTLN 0753	The sea enragèd is not half so deaf,	
FTLN 0754	Lions more confident, mountains and rocks	470
FTLN 0755	More free from motion, no, not Death himself	
FTLN 0756	In mortal fury half so peremptory	
FTLN 0757	As we to keep this city.	
	<i>King Philip and Louis the Dauphin walk aside and talk.</i>	
FTLN 0758	BASTARD, <i>aside</i>	Here's a stay
FTLN 0759	That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death	475
FTLN 0760	Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth indeed	
FTLN 0761	That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and	
FTLN 0762	seas;	
FTLN 0763	Talks as familiarly of roaring lions	
FTLN 0764	As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs.	480

FTLN 0765	What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?	
FTLN 0766	He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke, and	
FTLN 0767	bounce.	
FTLN 0768	He gives the bastinado with his tongue.	
FTLN 0769	Our ears are cudgeled. Not a word of his	485
FTLN 0770	But buffets better than a fist of France.	
FTLN 0771	Zounds, I was never so bethumped with words	
FTLN 0772	Since I first called my brother's father Dad.	
	QUEEN ELEANOR, 「 <i>aside to King John</i> 」	
FTLN 0773	Son, list to this conjunction; make this match.	
FTLN 0774	Give with our niece a dowry large enough,	490
FTLN 0775	For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie	
FTLN 0776	Thy now unsured assurance to the crown	
FTLN 0777	That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe	
FTLN 0778	The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.	
FTLN 0779	I see a yielding in the looks of France.	495
FTLN 0780	Mark how they whisper. Urge them while their	
FTLN 0781	souls	
FTLN 0782	Are capable of this ambition,	
FTLN 0783	Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath	
FTLN 0784	Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,	500
FTLN 0785	Cool and congeal again to what it was.	
	「CITIZEN」	
FTLN 0786	Why answer not the double majesties	
FTLN 0787	This friendly treaty of our threatened town?	
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 0788	Speak England first, that hath been forward first	
FTLN 0789	To speak unto this city. What say you?	505
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 0790	If that the Dauphin there, thy princely son,	
FTLN 0791	Can in this book of beauty read "I love,"	
FTLN 0792	Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen.	
FTLN 0793	For 「Anjou」 and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,	
FTLN 0794	And all that we upon this side the sea—	510
FTLN 0795	Except this city now by us besieged—	

FTLN 0796	Find liable to our crown and dignity,	
FTLN 0797	Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich	
FTLN 0798	In titles, honors, and promotions,	
FTLN 0799	As she in beauty, education, blood,	515
FTLN 0800	Holds hand with any princess of the world.	
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 0801	What sayst thou, boy? Look in the lady's face.	
	DAUPHIN	
FTLN 0802	I do, my lord, and in her eye I find	
FTLN 0803	A wonder or a wondrous miracle,	
FTLN 0804	The shadow of myself formed in her eye,	520
FTLN 0805	Which, being but the shadow of your son,	
FTLN 0806	Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow.	
FTLN 0807	I do protest I never loved myself	
FTLN 0808	Till now infixèd I beheld myself	
FTLN 0809	Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.	525
	<i>「He」 whispers with Blanche.</i>	
	BASTARD, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 0810	“Drawn in the flattering table of her eye”?	
FTLN 0811	Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow	
FTLN 0812	And quartered in her heart! He doth espy	
FTLN 0813	Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,	
FTLN 0814	That hanged and drawn and quartered there should	530
FTLN 0815	be	
FTLN 0816	In such a love so vile a lout as he.	
	BLANCHE, <i>「aside to Dauphin」</i>	
FTLN 0817	My uncle's will in this respect is mine.	
FTLN 0818	If he see aught in you that makes him like,	
FTLN 0819	That anything he sees which moves his liking	535
FTLN 0820	I can with ease translate it to my will.	
FTLN 0821	Or if you will, to speak more properly,	
FTLN 0822	I will enforce it eas'ly to my love.	
FTLN 0823	Further I will not flatter you, my lord,	
FTLN 0824	That all I see in you is worthy love,	540
FTLN 0825	Than this: that nothing do I see in you,	

FTLN 0826 Though churlish thoughts themselves should be
 FTLN 0827 your judge,
 FTLN 0828 That I can find should merit any hate.

KING JOHN

FTLN 0829 What say these young ones? What say you, my 545
 FTLN 0830 niece?

BLANCHE

FTLN 0831 That she is bound in honor still to do
 FTLN 0832 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

KING JOHN

FTLN 0833 Speak then, Prince Dauphin. Can you love this lady?

DAUPHIN

FTLN 0834 Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love, 550
 FTLN 0835 For I do love her most unfeignedly.

KING JOHN

FTLN 0836 Then do I give Volquessen, Touraine, Maine,
 FTLN 0837 Poitiers and Anjou, these five provinces
 FTLN 0838 With her to thee, and this addition more:
 FTLN 0839 Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.— 555
 FTLN 0840 Philip of France, if thou be pleased withal,
 FTLN 0841 Command thy son and daughter to join hands.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0842 It likes us well.—Young princes, close your hands.

AUSTRIA

FTLN 0843 And your lips too, for I am well assured
 FTLN 0844 That I did so when I was first assured. 560

〔Dauphin and Blanche join hands and kiss.〕

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0845 Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates.
 FTLN 0846 Let in that amity which you have made,
 FTLN 0847 For at Saint Mary's Chapel presently
 FTLN 0848 The rites of marriage shall be solemnized.—
 FTLN 0849 Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 565
 FTLN 0850 I know she is not, for this match made up
 FTLN 0851 Her presence would have interrupted much.
 FTLN 0852 Where is she and her son? Tell me, who knows.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 0853 She is sad and passionate at your Highness' tent.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0854 And by my faith, this league that we have made 570

FTLN 0855 Will give her sadness very little cure.—

FTLN 0856 Brother of England, how may we content

FTLN 0857 This widow lady? In her right we came,

FTLN 0858 Which we, God knows, have turned another way

FTLN 0859 To our own vantage. 575

FTLN 0860 KING JOHN We will heal up all,

FTLN 0861 For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Brittany

FTLN 0862 And Earl of Richmond, and this rich, fair town

FTLN 0863 We make him lord of.—Call the Lady Constance.

FTLN 0864 Some speedy messenger bid her repair 580

FTLN 0865 To our solemnity. *Salisbury exits.* I trust we

FTLN 0866 shall,

FTLN 0867 If not fill up the measure of her will,

FTLN 0868 Yet in some measure satisfy her so

FTLN 0869 That we shall stop her exclamation. 585

FTLN 0870 Go we as well as haste will suffer us

FTLN 0871 To this unlooked-for, unprepared pomp.

All but the Bastard exit.

BASTARD

FTLN 0872 Mad world, mad kings, mad composition!

FTLN 0873 John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,

FTLN 0874 Hath willingly departed with a part; 590

FTLN 0875 And France, whose armor conscience buckled on,

FTLN 0876 Whom zeal and charity brought to the field

FTLN 0877 As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear

FTLN 0878 With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,

FTLN 0879 That broker that still breaks the pate of faith, 595

FTLN 0880 That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,

FTLN 0881 Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids—

FTLN 0882 Who having no external thing to lose

FTLN 0883 But the word "maid," cheats the poor maid of

FTLN 0884 that— 600

FTLN 0885 That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling Commodity,
FTLN 0886 Commodity, the bias of the world—
FTLN 0887 The world, who of itself is peisèd well,
FTLN 0888 Made to run even upon even ground,
FTLN 0889 Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias, 605
FTLN 0890 This sway of motion, this Commodity,
FTLN 0891 Makes it take head from all indifferency,
FTLN 0892 From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
FTLN 0893 And this same bias, this Commodity,
FTLN 0894 This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word, 610
FTLN 0895 Clapped on the outward eye of fickle France,
FTLN 0896 Hath drawn him from his own determined aid,
FTLN 0897 From a resolved and honorable war
FTLN 0898 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
FTLN 0899 And why rail I on this Commodity? 615
FTLN 0900 But for because he hath not wooed me yet.
FTLN 0901 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand
FTLN 0902 When his fair angels would salute my palm,
FTLN 0903 But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
FTLN 0904 Like a poor beggar raileth on the rich. 620
FTLN 0905 Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
FTLN 0906 And say there is no sin but to be rich;
FTLN 0907 And being rich, my virtue then shall be
FTLN 0908 To say there is no vice but beggary.
FTLN 0909 Since kings break faith upon Commodity, 625
FTLN 0910 Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee!

He exits.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

CONSTANCE, *to Salisbury*

FTLN 0911	Gone to be married? Gone to swear a peace?	
FTLN 0912	False blood to false blood joined? Gone to be friends?	
FTLN 0913	Shall Louis have Blanche and Blanche those	
FTLN 0914	provinces?	
FTLN 0915	It is not so. Thou hast misspoke, misheard.	5
FTLN 0916	Be well advised; tell o'er thy tale again.	
FTLN 0917	It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.	
FTLN 0918	I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word	
FTLN 0919	Is but the vain breath of a common man.	
FTLN 0920	Believe me, I do not believe thee, man.	10
FTLN 0921	I have a king's oath to the contrary.	
FTLN 0922	Thou shalt be punished for thus flighting me,	
FTLN 0923	For I am sick and capable of fears,	
FTLN 0924	Oppressed with wrongs and therefore full of fears,	
FTLN 0925	A widow, husbandless, subject to fears,	15
FTLN 0926	A woman naturally born to fears.	
FTLN 0927	And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,	
FTLN 0928	With my vexed spirits I cannot take a truce,	
FTLN 0929	But they will quake and tremble all this day.	
FTLN 0930	What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?	20
FTLN 0931	Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?	
FTLN 0932	What means that hand upon that breast of thine?	

FTLN 0933	Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,	
FTLN 0934	Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?	
FTLN 0935	Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words?	25
FTLN 0936	Then speak again—not all thy former tale,	
FTLN 0937	But this one word, whether thy tale be true.	
SALISBURY		
FTLN 0938	As true as I believe you think them false	
FTLN 0939	That give you cause to prove my saying true.	
CONSTANCE		
FTLN 0940	O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,	30
FTLN 0941	Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,	
FTLN 0942	And let belief and life encounter so	
FTLN 0943	As doth the fury of two desperate men	
FTLN 0944	Which in the very meeting fall and die.	
FTLN 0945	Louis marry Blanche?—O, boy, then where art	35
FTLN 0946	thou?—	
FTLN 0947	France friend with England? What becomes of me?	
FTLN 0948	Fellow, be gone. I cannot brook thy sight.	
FTLN 0949	This news hath made thee a most ugly man.	
SALISBURY		
FTLN 0950	What other harm have I, good lady, done	40
FTLN 0951	But spoke the harm that is by others done?	
CONSTANCE		
FTLN 0952	Which harm within itself so heinous is	
FTLN 0953	As it makes harmful all that speak of it.	
ARTHUR		
FTLN 0954	I do beseech you, madam, be content.	
CONSTANCE		
FTLN 0955	If thou that bidd'st me be content wert grim,	45
FTLN 0956	Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,	
FTLN 0957	Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,	
FTLN 0958	Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,	
FTLN 0959	Patched with foul moles and eye-offending marks,	
FTLN 0960	I would not care; I then would be content,	50
FTLN 0961	For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou	

FTLN 0990	To solemnize this day the glorious sun	80
FTLN 0991	Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,	
FTLN 0992	Turning with splendor of his precious eye	
FTLN 0993	The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold.	
FTLN 0994	The yearly course that brings this day about	
FTLN 0995	Shall never see it but a holy day.	85
	CONSTANCE, <i>rising</i>	
FTLN 0996	A wicked day, and not a holy day!	
FTLN 0997	What hath this day deserved? What hath it done	
FTLN 0998	That it in golden letters should be set	
FTLN 0999	Among the high tides in the calendar?	
FTLN 1000	Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,	90
FTLN 1001	This day of shame, oppression, perjury.	
FTLN 1002	Or if it must stand still, let wives with child	
FTLN 1003	Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,	
FTLN 1004	Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crossed.	
FTLN 1005	But on this day let seamen fear no wrack;	95
FTLN 1006	No bargains break that are not this day made;	
FTLN 1007	This day, all things begun come to ill end,	
FTLN 1008	Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!	
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 1009	By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause	
FTLN 1010	To curse the fair proceedings of this day.	100
FTLN 1011	Have I not pawned to you my majesty?	
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 1012	You have beguiled me with a counterfeit	
FTLN 1013	Resembling majesty, which, being touched and tried,	
FTLN 1014	Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn.	
FTLN 1015	You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,	105
FTLN 1016	But now in arms you strengthen it with yours.	
FTLN 1017	The grappling vigor and rough frown of war	
FTLN 1018	Is cold in amity and painted peace,	
FTLN 1019	And our oppression hath made up this league.	
FTLN 1020	Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjured	110
FTLN 1021	kings!	

Enter Pandulph.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 1051 Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

PANDULPH

FTLN 1052 Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!
 FTLN 1053 To thee, King John, my holy errand is.
 FTLN 1054 I, Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal
 FTLN 1055 And from Pope Innocent the legate here, 145
 FTLN 1056 Do in his name religiously demand
 FTLN 1057 Why thou against the Church, our holy mother,
 FTLN 1058 So willfully dost spurn, and force perforce
 FTLN 1059 Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
 FTLN 1060 Of Canterbury, from that Holy See. 150
 FTLN 1061 This, in our foresaid Holy Father's name,
 FTLN 1062 Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1063 What earthy name to interrogatories
 FTLN 1064 Can ^{task} the free breath of a sacred king?
 FTLN 1065 Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name 155
 FTLN 1066 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
 FTLN 1067 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope.
 FTLN 1068 Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
 FTLN 1069 Add thus much more, that no Italian priest
 FTLN 1070 Shall tithes or toll in our dominions; 160
 FTLN 1071 But as we under ^{God} are supreme head,
 FTLN 1072 So, under Him, that great supremacy
 FTLN 1073 Where we do reign we will alone uphold
 FTLN 1074 Without th' assistance of a mortal hand.
 FTLN 1075 So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart 165
 FTLN 1076 To him and his usurped authority.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 1077 Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1078 Though you and all the kings of Christendom
 FTLN 1079 Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,

FTLN 1080	Dreading the curse that money may buy out,	170
FTLN 1081	And by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,	
FTLN 1082	Purchase corrupted pardon of a man	
FTLN 1083	Who in that sale sells pardon from himself,	
FTLN 1084	Though you and all the rest, so grossly led,	
FTLN 1085	This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish,	175
FTLN 1086	Yet I alone, alone do me oppose	
FTLN 1087	Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.	
	PANDULPH	
FTLN 1088	Then, by the lawful power that I have,	
FTLN 1089	Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicate;	
FTLN 1090	And blessèd shall he be that doth revolt	180
FTLN 1091	From his allegiance to an heretic;	
FTLN 1092	And meritorious shall that hand be called,	
FTLN 1093	Canonizèd and worshiped as a saint,	
FTLN 1094	That takes away by any secret course	
FTLN 1095	Thy hateful life.	185
FTLN 1096	CONSTANCE O, lawful let it be	
FTLN 1097	That I have room with Rome to curse awhile!	
FTLN 1098	Good father cardinal, cry thou "Amen"	
FTLN 1099	To my keen curses, for without my wrong	
FTLN 1100	There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.	190
	PANDULPH	
FTLN 1101	There's law and warrant, lady, for my curse.	
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 1102	And for mine, too. When law can do no right,	
FTLN 1103	Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.	
FTLN 1104	Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,	
FTLN 1105	For he that holds his kingdom holds the law.	195
FTLN 1106	Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong,	
FTLN 1107	How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?	
	PANDULPH	
FTLN 1108	Philip of France, on peril of a curse,	
FTLN 1109	Let go the hand of that arch-heretic,	
FTLN 1110	And raise the power of France upon his head	200
FTLN 1111	Unless he do submit himself to Rome.	

QUEEN ELEANOR

FTLN 1112 Look'st thou pale, France? Do not let go thy hand.

CONSTANCE

FTLN 1113 Look to that, devil, lest that France repent

FTLN 1114 And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.

AUSTRIA

FTLN 1115 King Philip, listen to the Cardinal. 205

BASTARD

FTLN 1116 And hang a calfskin on his recreant limbs.

AUSTRIA

FTLN 1117 Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,

FTLN 1118 Because—

FTLN 1119 BASTARD Your breeches best may carry them.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1120 Philip, what sayst thou to the Cardinal? 210

CONSTANCE

FTLN 1121 What should he say, but as the Cardinal?

DAUPHIN

FTLN 1122 Bethink you, father, for the difference

FTLN 1123 Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

FTLN 1124 Or the light loss of England for a friend.

FTLN 1125 Forgo the easier. 215

FTLN 1126 BLANCHE That's the curse of Rome.

CONSTANCE

FTLN 1127 O Louis, stand fast! The devil tempts thee here

FTLN 1128 In likeness of a new untrimmèd bride.

BLANCHE

FTLN 1129 The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,

FTLN 1130 But from her need. 220

CONSTANCE, *['to King Philip']*

FTLN 1131 O, if thou grant my need,

FTLN 1132 Which only lives but by the death of faith,

FTLN 1133 That need must needs infer this principle:

FTLN 1134 That faith would live again by death of need.

FTLN 1135 O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up; 225

FTLN 1136 Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1137 The King is moved, and answers not to this.

CONSTANCE, *['to King Philip']*

FTLN 1138 O, be removed from him, and answer well!

AUSTRIA

FTLN 1139 Do so, King Philip. Hang no more in doubt.

BASTARD

FTLN 1140 Hang nothing but a calfskin, most sweet lout. 230

KING PHILIP

FTLN 1141 I am perplexed and know not what to say.

PANDULPH

FTLN 1142 What canst thou say but will perplex thee more,

FTLN 1143 If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

KING PHILIP

FTLN 1144 Good reverend father, make my person yours,

FTLN 1145 And tell me how you would bestow yourself. 235

FTLN 1146 This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

FTLN 1147 And the conjunction of our inward souls

FTLN 1148 Married, in league, coupled, and linked together

FTLN 1149 With all religious strength of sacred vows.

FTLN 1150 The latest breath that gave the sound of words 240

FTLN 1151 Was deep-sworn faith, peace, amity, true love

FTLN 1152 Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;

FTLN 1153 And even before this truce, but new before,

FTLN 1154 No longer than we well could wash our hands

FTLN 1155 To clap this royal bargain up of peace, 245

FTLN 1156 *['God']* knows they were besmeared and overstained

FTLN 1157 With slaughter's pencil, where revenge did paint

FTLN 1158 The fearful difference of incensèd kings.

FTLN 1159 And shall these hands, so lately purged of blood,

FTLN 1160 So newly joined in love, so strong in both, 250

FTLN 1161 Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?

FTLN 1162 Play fast and loose with faith? So jest with heaven?

FTLN 1163 Make such unconstant children of ourselves

FTLN 1164 As now again to snatch our palm from palm,

FTLN 1165	Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage bed	255
FTLN 1166	Of smiling peace to march a bloody host	
FTLN 1167	And make a riot on the gentle brow	
FTLN 1168	Of true sincerity? O holy sir,	
FTLN 1169	My reverend father, let it not be so!	
FTLN 1170	Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose	260
FTLN 1171	Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest	
FTLN 1172	To do your pleasure and continue friends.	
PANDULPH		
FTLN 1173	All form is formless, order orderless,	
FTLN 1174	Save what is opposite to England's love.	
FTLN 1175	Therefore to arms! Be champion of our Church,	265
FTLN 1176	Or let the Church, our mother, breathe her curse,	
FTLN 1177	A mother's curse, on her revolting son.	
FTLN 1178	France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,	
FTLN 1179	A <i>chafed</i> lion by the mortal paw,	
FTLN 1180	A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,	270
FTLN 1181	Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.	
KING PHILIP		
FTLN 1182	I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.	
PANDULPH		
FTLN 1183	So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,	
FTLN 1184	And like a civil war sett'st oath to oath,	
FTLN 1185	Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow	275
FTLN 1186	First made to <i>God</i> , first be to <i>God</i> performed,	
FTLN 1187	That is, to be the champion of our Church!	
FTLN 1188	What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself	
FTLN 1189	And may not be performèd by thyself,	
FTLN 1190	For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss	280
FTLN 1191	Is not amiss when it is truly done;	
FTLN 1192	And being not done where doing tends to ill,	
FTLN 1193	The truth is then most done not doing it.	
FTLN 1194	The better act of purposes mistook	
FTLN 1195	Is to mistake again; though indirect,	285
FTLN 1196	Yet indirection thereby grows direct,	

FTLN 1197	And falsehood falsehood cures, as fire cools fire	
FTLN 1198	Within the scorched veins of one new-burned.	
FTLN 1199	It is religion that doth make vows kept,	
FTLN 1200	But thou hast sworn against religion	290
FTLN 1201	By what thou swear'st against the thing thou	
FTLN 1202	swear'st,	
FTLN 1203	And mak'st an oath the surety for thy truth	
FTLN 1204	Against an oath. The truth thou art unsure	
FTLN 1205	To swear swears only not to be forsworn,	295
FTLN 1206	Else what a mockery should it be to swear?	
FTLN 1207	But thou dost swear only to be forsworn,	
FTLN 1208	And most forsworn to keep what thou dost swear.	
FTLN 1209	Therefore thy later vows against thy first	
FTLN 1210	Is in thyself rebellion to thyself.	300
FTLN 1211	And better conquest never canst thou make	
FTLN 1212	Than arm thy constant and thy nobler parts	
FTLN 1213	Against these giddy loose suggestions,	
FTLN 1214	Upon which better part our prayers come in,	
FTLN 1215	If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know	305
FTLN 1216	The peril of our curses light on thee	
FTLN 1217	So heavy as thou shalt not shake them off,	
FTLN 1218	But in despair die under their black weight.	
	AUSTRIA	
FTLN 1219	Rebellion, flat rebellion!	
FTLN 1220	BASTARD Will 't not be?	310
FTLN 1221	Will not a calfskin stop that mouth of thine?	
	DAUPHIN	
FTLN 1222	Father, to arms!	
FTLN 1223	BLANCHE Upon thy wedding day?	
FTLN 1224	Against the blood that thou hast married?	
FTLN 1225	What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?	315
FTLN 1226	Shall braying trumpets and loud churlish drums,	
FTLN 1227	Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?	
	<i>She kneels.</i>	
FTLN 1228	O husband, hear me! Ay, alack, how new	
FTLN 1229	Is "husband" in my mouth! Even for that name,	

FTLN 1230 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce, 320
 FTLN 1231 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
 FTLN 1232 Against mine uncle.
 CONSTANCE, 「*kneeling*」

FTLN 1233 O, upon my knee
 FTLN 1234 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
 FTLN 1235 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom 325
 FTLN 1236 Forethought by heaven!
 BLANCHE, 「*to Dauphin*」

FTLN 1237 Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
 FTLN 1238 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?
 CONSTANCE

FTLN 1239 That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,
 FTLN 1240 His honor.—O, thine honor, Louis, thine honor! 330
 DAUPHIN, 「*to King Philip*」

FTLN 1241 I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,
 FTLN 1242 When such profound respects do pull you on.
 PANDULPH

FTLN 1243 I will denounce a curse upon his head.
 KING PHILIP, 「*dropping King John's hand*」

FTLN 1244 Thou shalt not need.—England, I will fall from
 FTLN 1245 thee. 335
 CONSTANCE, 「*rising*」

FTLN 1246 O, fair return of banished majesty!
 QUEEN ELEANOR

FTLN 1247 O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!
 KING JOHN

FTLN 1248 France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.
 BASTARD

FTLN 1249 Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,
 FTLN 1250 Is it as he will? Well, then, France shall rue. 340
 BLANCHE, 「*rising*」

FTLN 1251 The sun's o'er cast with blood. Fair day, adieu.
 FTLN 1252 Which is the side that I must go withal?
 FTLN 1253 I am with both, each army hath a hand,

FTLN 1254	And in their rage, I having hold of both,	
FTLN 1255	They whirl asunder and dismember me.	345
FTLN 1256	Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win.—	
FTLN 1257	Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose.—	
FTLN 1258	Father, I may not wish the fortune thine.—	
FTLN 1259	Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive.	
FTLN 1260	Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose.	350
FTLN 1261	Assurèd loss before the match be played.	
	DAUPHIN	
FTLN 1262	Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.	
	BLANCHE	
FTLN 1263	There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.	
	KING JOHN, <i>['to Bastard']</i>	
FTLN 1264	Cousin, go draw our puissance together.	
	<i>['Bastard exits.']</i>	
FTLN 1265	France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath,	355
FTLN 1266	A rage whose heat hath this condition,	
FTLN 1267	That nothing can allay, nothing but blood—	
FTLN 1268	The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.	
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 1269	Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn	
FTLN 1270	To ashes ere our blood shall quench that fire.	360
FTLN 1271	Look to thyself. Thou art in jeopardy.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1272	No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie!	
	<i>They exit.</i>	

Scene 2

*Alarums, excursions.**Enter Bastard with Austria's head.*

BASTARD

FTLN 1273	Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot.
FTLN 1274	Some airy devil hovers in the sky
FTLN 1275	And pours down mischief. Austria's head lie there,
FTLN 1276	While Philip breathes.

Enter 「King」 John, Arthur, Hubert.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1277 Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up. 5

FTLN 1278 My mother is assailèd in our tent

FTLN 1279 And ta'en, I fear.

FTLN 1280 BASTARD My lord, I rescued her.

FTLN 1281 Her Highness is in safety, fear you not.

FTLN 1282 But on, my liege, for very little pains 10

FTLN 1283 Will bring this labor to an happy end.

「They」 *exit*.

「Scene 3」

Alarums, excursions, retreat.

Enter 「King」 John, 「Queen」 Eleanor, Arthur, Bastard,
Hubert, Lords.

KING JOHN, 「to Queen Eleanor」

FTLN 1284 So shall it be. Your Grace shall stay behind

FTLN 1285 So strongly guarded. 「To Arthur.」 Cousin, look not sad.

FTLN 1286 Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will

FTLN 1287 As dear be to thee as thy father was.

ARTHUR

FTLN 1288 O, this will make my mother die with grief! 5

KING JOHN, 「to Bastard」

FTLN 1289 Cousin, away for England! Haste before,

FTLN 1290 And ere our coining see thou shake the bags

FTLN 1291 Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels

FTLN 1292 Set at liberty. The fat ribs of peace

FTLN 1293 Must by the hungry now be fed upon. 10

FTLN 1294 Use our commission in his utmost force.

BASTARD

FTLN 1295 Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back

FTLN 1296 When gold and silver becks me to come on.

FTLN 1297 I leave your Highness.—Grandam, I will pray,

FTLN 1360 Remember. *「He turns to Queen Eleanor.」* Madam, fare
 FTLN 1361 you well.
 FTLN 1362 I'll send those powers o'er to your Majesty.
 FTLN 1363 QUEEN ELEANOR My blessing go with thee. 80
 FTLN 1364 KING JOHN, *「to Arthur」* For England, cousin, go.
 FTLN 1365 Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
 FTLN 1366 With all true duty.—On toward Calais, ho!

They exit.

Scene *「4」*

*Enter 「King Philip of」 France, 「Louis the」 Dauphin,
 Pandulph, Attendants.*

KING PHILIP

FTLN 1367 So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
 FTLN 1368 A whole armada of convicted sail
 FTLN 1369 Is scattered and disjointed from fellowship.

PANDULPH

FTLN 1370 Courage and comfort. All shall yet go well.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 1371 What can go well when we have run so ill? 5
 FTLN 1372 Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
 FTLN 1373 Arthur ta'en prisoner? Divers dear friends slain?
 FTLN 1374 And bloody England into England gone,
 FTLN 1375 O'erbearing interruption, spite of France?

DAUPHIN

FTLN 1376 What he hath won, that hath he fortified. 10
 FTLN 1377 So hot a speed, with such advice disposed,
 FTLN 1378 Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
 FTLN 1379 Doth want example. Who hath read or heard
 FTLN 1380 Of any kindred action like to this?

KING PHILIP

FTLN 1381 Well could I bear that England had this praise, 15
 FTLN 1382 So we could find some pattern of our shame.

Enter Constance, 「with her hair unbound.」

FTLN 1383	Look who comes here! A grave unto a soul,	
FTLN 1384	Holding th' eternal spirit against her will	
FTLN 1385	In the vile prison of afflicted breath.—	
FTLN 1386	I prithee, lady, go away with me.	20
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 1387	Lo, now, now see the issue of your peace!	
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 1388	Patience, good lady. Comfort, gentle Constance.	
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 1389	No, I defy all counsel, all redress,	
FTLN 1390	But that which ends all counsel, true redress.	
FTLN 1391	Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,	25
FTLN 1392	Thou odoriferous stench, sound rottenness,	
FTLN 1393	Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,	
FTLN 1394	Thou hate and terror to prosperity,	
FTLN 1395	And I will kiss thy detestable bones	
FTLN 1396	And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows,	30
FTLN 1397	And ring these fingers with thy household worms,	
FTLN 1398	And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,	
FTLN 1399	And be a carrion monster like thyself.	
FTLN 1400	Come, grin on me, and I will think thou smil'st,	
FTLN 1401	And buss thee as thy wife. Misery's love,	35
FTLN 1402	O, come to me!	
FTLN 1403	KING PHILIP O fair affliction, peace!	
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 1404	No, no, I will not, having breath to cry.	
FTLN 1405	O, that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!	
FTLN 1406	Then with a passion would I shake the world	40
FTLN 1407	And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy	
FTLN 1408	Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,	
FTLN 1409	Which scorns a modern invocation.	
	PANDULPH	
FTLN 1410	Lady, you utter madness and not sorrow.	
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 1411	Thou art ¹ not ¹ holy to belie me so.	45
FTLN 1412	I am not mad. This hair I tear is mine;	

FTLN 1444	And father cardinal, I have heard you say	
FTLN 1445	That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.	
FTLN 1446	If that be true, I shall see my boy again;	80
FTLN 1447	For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,	
FTLN 1448	To him that did but yesterday suspire,	
FTLN 1449	There was not such a gracious creature born.	
FTLN 1450	But now will canker sorrow eat my bud	
FTLN 1451	And chase the native beauty from his cheek,	85
FTLN 1452	And he will look as hollow as a ghost,	
FTLN 1453	As dim and meager as an ague's fit,	
FTLN 1454	And so he'll die; and, rising so again,	
FTLN 1455	When I shall meet him in the court of heaven	
FTLN 1456	I shall not know him. Therefore never, never	90
FTLN 1457	Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.	
	PANDULPH	
FTLN 1458	You hold too heinous a respect of grief.	
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 1459	He talks to me that never had a son.	
	KING PHILIP	
FTLN 1460	You are as fond of grief as of your child.	
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 1461	Grief fills the room up of my absent child,	95
FTLN 1462	Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,	
FTLN 1463	Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,	
FTLN 1464	Remembers me of all his gracious parts,	
FTLN 1465	Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;	
FTLN 1466	Then, have I reason to be fond of grief?	100
FTLN 1467	Fare you well. Had you such a loss as I,	
FTLN 1468	I could give better comfort than you do.	
	<i>〔She unbinds her hair.〕</i>	
FTLN 1469	I will not keep this form upon my head	
FTLN 1470	When there is such disorder in my wit.	
FTLN 1471	O Lord! My boy, my Arthur, my fair son,	105
FTLN 1472	My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,	
FTLN 1473	My widow-comfort and my sorrows' cure!	<i>She exits.</i>

KING PHILIP

FTLN 1474 I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her.
He exits, 「with Attendants.」

DAUPHIN

FTLN 1475 There's nothing in this world can make me joy.
 FTLN 1476 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, 110
 FTLN 1477 Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
 FTLN 1478 And bitter shame hath spoiled the sweet 「world's」
 FTLN 1479 taste,
 FTLN 1480 That it yields naught but shame and bitterness.

PANDULPH

FTLN 1481 Before the curing of a strong disease, 115
 FTLN 1482 Even in the instant of repair and health,
 FTLN 1483 The fit is strongest. Evils that take leave
 FTLN 1484 On their departure most of all show evil.
 FTLN 1485 What have you lost by losing of this day?

DAUPHIN

FTLN 1486 All days of glory, joy, and happiness. 120

PANDULPH

FTLN 1487 If you had won it, certainly you had.
 FTLN 1488 No, no. When Fortune means to men most good,
 FTLN 1489 She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
 FTLN 1490 'Tis strange to think how much King John hath lost
 FTLN 1491 In this which he accounts so clearly won. 125
 FTLN 1492 Are not you grieved that Arthur is his prisoner?

DAUPHIN

FTLN 1493 As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

PANDULPH

FTLN 1494 Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
 FTLN 1495 Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit.
 FTLN 1496 For even the breath of what I mean to speak 130
 FTLN 1497 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
 FTLN 1498 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 FTLN 1499 Thy foot to England's throne. And therefore mark:
 FTLN 1500 John hath seized Arthur, and it cannot be
 FTLN 1501 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins, 135

FTLN 1502	The misplaced John should entertain an hour,	
FTLN 1503	One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.	
FTLN 1504	A scepter snatched with an unruly hand	
FTLN 1505	Must be as boisterously maintained as gained.	
FTLN 1506	And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place	140
FTLN 1507	Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.	
FTLN 1508	That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall.	
FTLN 1509	So be it, for it cannot be but so.	
	DAUPHIN	
FTLN 1510	But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?	
	PANDULPH	
FTLN 1511	You, in the right of Lady Blanche your wife,	145
FTLN 1512	May then make all the claim that Arthur did.	
	DAUPHIN	
FTLN 1513	And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.	
	PANDULPH	
FTLN 1514	How green you are and fresh in this old world!	
FTLN 1515	John lays you plots. The times conspire with you,	
FTLN 1516	For he that steeps his safety in true blood	150
FTLN 1517	Shall find but bloody safety, and untrue.	
FTLN 1518	This act so evilly borne shall cool the hearts	
FTLN 1519	Of all his people and freeze up their zeal,	
FTLN 1520	That none so small advantage shall step forth	
FTLN 1521	To check his reign but they will cherish it.	155
FTLN 1522	No natural exhalation in the sky,	
FTLN 1523	No scope of nature, no distempered day,	
FTLN 1524	No common wind, no customèd event,	
FTLN 1525	But they will pluck away his natural cause	
FTLN 1526	And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,	160
FTLN 1527	Abortives, presages, and tongues of heaven,	
FTLN 1528	Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.	
	DAUPHIN	
FTLN 1529	Maybe he will not touch young Arthur's life,	
FTLN 1530	But hold himself safe in his prisonment.	
	PANDULPH	
FTLN 1531	O, sir, when he shall hear of your approach,	165

FTLN 1532 If that young Arthur be not gone already,
 FTLN 1533 Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
 FTLN 1534 Of all his people shall revolt from him
 FTLN 1535 And kiss the lips of unacquainted change,
 FTLN 1536 And pick strong matter of revolt and wrath 170
 FTLN 1537 Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
 FTLN 1538 Methinks I see this hurly all on foot;
 FTLN 1539 And, O, what better matter breeds for you
 FTLN 1540 Than I have named! The bastard Faulconbridge
 FTLN 1541 Is now in England ransacking the Church, 175
 FTLN 1542 Offending charity. If but a dozen French
 FTLN 1543 Were there in arms, they would be as a call
 FTLN 1544 To train ten thousand English to their side,
 FTLN 1545 Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
 FTLN 1546 Anon becomes a mountain. O noble dauphin, 180
 FTLN 1547 Go with me to the King. 'Tis wonderful
 FTLN 1548 What may be wrought out of their discontent,
 FTLN 1549 Now that their souls are topful of offense.
 FTLN 1550 For England, go. I will whet on the King.
 DAUPHIN
 FTLN 1551 Strong reasons makes strange actions. Let us go. 185
 FTLN 1552 If you say ay, the King will not say no.

They exit.

ACT 4

Scene 1

Enter Hubert and Executioners, [with irons and rope.]

HUBERT

FTLN 1553 Heat me these irons hot, and look thou stand
FTLN 1554 Within the arras. When I strike my foot
FTLN 1555 Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
FTLN 1556 And bind the boy which you shall find with me
FTLN 1557 Fast to the chair. Be heedful. Hence, and watch.

5

EXECUTIONER

FTLN 1558 I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

HUBERT

FTLN 1559 Uncleanly scruples fear not you. Look to 't.

[Executioners exit.]

FTLN 1560 Young lad, come forth. I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

ARTHUR

FTLN 1561 Good morrow, Hubert.

FTLN 1562 HUBERT Good morrow, little prince.

10

ARTHUR

FTLN 1563 As little prince, having so great a title

FTLN 1564 To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

HUBERT

FTLN 1565 Indeed, I have been merrier.

FTLN 1566 ARTHUR Mercy on me!

FTLN 1567	Methinks nobody should be sad but I.	15
FTLN 1568	Yet I remember, when I was in France,	
FTLN 1569	Young gentlemen would be as sad as night	
FTLN 1570	Only for wantonness. By my christendom,	
FTLN 1571	So I were out of prison and kept sheep,	
FTLN 1572	I should be as merry as the day is long.	20
FTLN 1573	And so I would be here but that I doubt	
FTLN 1574	My uncle practices more harm to me.	
FTLN 1575	He is afraid of me, and I of him.	
FTLN 1576	Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?	
FTLN 1577	No, indeed, is 't not. And I would to heaven	25
FTLN 1578	I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.	
	HUBERT, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 1579	If I talk to him, with his innocent prate	
FTLN 1580	He will awake my mercy, which lies dead.	
FTLN 1581	Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.	
	ARTHUR	
FTLN 1582	Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale today.	30
FTLN 1583	In sooth, I would you were a little sick	
FTLN 1584	That I might sit all night and watch with you.	
FTLN 1585	I warrant I love you more than you do me.	
	HUBERT, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 1586	His words do take possession of my bosom.	
	<i>「He shows Arthur a paper.」</i>	
FTLN 1587	Read here, young Arthur. (<i>「Aside.」</i>) How now,	35
FTLN 1588	foolish rheum?	
FTLN 1589	Turning despiteous torture out of door?	
FTLN 1590	I must be brief lest resolution drop	
FTLN 1591	Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.—	
FTLN 1592	Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?	40
	ARTHUR	
FTLN 1593	Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.	
FTLN 1594	Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?	
	HUBERT	
FTLN 1595	Young boy, I must.	

FTLN 1596	ARTHUR	And will you?	
FTLN 1597	HUBERT	And I will.	45
	ARTHUR		
FTLN 1598		Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,	
FTLN 1599		I knit my handkercher about your brows—	
FTLN 1600		The best I had, a princess wrought it me—	
FTLN 1601		And I did never ask it you again;	
FTLN 1602		And with my hand at midnight held your head,	50
FTLN 1603		And like the watchful minutes to the hour	
FTLN 1604		Still and anon cheered up the heavy time,	
FTLN 1605		Saying “What lack you?” and “Where lies your	
FTLN 1606		grief?”	
FTLN 1607		Or “What good love may I perform for you?”	55
FTLN 1608		Many a poor man’s son would have lien still	
FTLN 1609		And ne’er have spoke a loving word to you;	
FTLN 1610		But you at your sick service had a prince.	
FTLN 1611		Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,	
FTLN 1612		And call it cunning. Do, an if you will.	60
FTLN 1613		If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,	
FTLN 1614		Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes—	
FTLN 1615		These eyes that never did nor never shall	
FTLN 1616		So much as frown on you?	
FTLN 1617	HUBERT	I have sworn to do it.	65
FTLN 1618		And with hot irons must I burn them out.	
	ARTHUR		
FTLN 1619		Ah, none but in this Iron Age would do it.	
FTLN 1620		The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,	
FTLN 1621		Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears	
FTLN 1622		And quench this fiery indignation	70
FTLN 1623		Even in the matter of mine innocence;	
FTLN 1624		Nay, after that, consume away in rust	
FTLN 1625		But for containing fire to harm mine eye.	
FTLN 1626		Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?	
FTLN 1627		An if an angel should have come to me	75
FTLN 1628		And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,	

FTLN 1629	I would not have believed him. No tongue but	
FTLN 1630	Hubert's.	
FTLN 1631	HUBERT <i>「stamps his foot and calls」</i> Come forth.	
	<i>「Enter Executioners with ropes, a heated iron, and a brazier of burning coals.」</i>	
FTLN 1632	Do as I bid you do.	80
	ARTHUR	
FTLN 1633	O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out	
FTLN 1634	Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.	
	HUBERT	
FTLN 1635	Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.	
	<i>「He takes the iron.」</i>	
	ARTHUR	
FTLN 1636	Alas, what need you be so boist'rous-rough?	
FTLN 1637	I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.	85
FTLN 1638	For <i>「God's」</i> sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!	
FTLN 1639	Nay, hear me, Hubert! Drive these men away,	
FTLN 1640	And I will sit as quiet as a lamb.	
FTLN 1641	I will not stir nor wince nor speak a word	
FTLN 1642	Nor look upon the iron angrily.	90
FTLN 1643	Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,	
FTLN 1644	Whatever torment you do put me to.	
	HUBERT, <i>「to Executioners」</i>	
FTLN 1645	Go stand within. Let me alone with him.	
	EXECUTIONER	
FTLN 1646	I am best pleased to be from such a deed.	
	<i>「Executioners exit.」</i>	
	ARTHUR	
FTLN 1647	Alas, I then have chid away my friend!	95
FTLN 1648	He hath a stern look but a gentle heart.	
FTLN 1649	Let him come back, that his compassion may	
FTLN 1650	Give life to yours.	
FTLN 1651	HUBERT Come, boy, prepare yourself.	
	ARTHUR	
FTLN 1652	Is there no remedy?	100

FTLN 1704	Was once superfluous. You were crowned before,	
FTLN 1705	And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off,	5
FTLN 1706	The faiths of men ne'er stainèd with revolt;	
FTLN 1707	Fresh expectation troubled not the land	
FTLN 1708	With any longed-for change or better state.	
SALISBURY		
FTLN 1709	Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,	
FTLN 1710	To guard a title that was rich before,	10
FTLN 1711	To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,	
FTLN 1712	To throw a perfume on the violet,	
FTLN 1713	To smooth the ice or add another hue	
FTLN 1714	Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light	
FTLN 1715	To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,	15
FTLN 1716	Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.	
PEMBROKE		
FTLN 1717	But that your royal pleasure must be done,	
FTLN 1718	This act is as an ancient tale new told,	
FTLN 1719	And, in the last repeating, troublesome,	
FTLN 1720	Being urgèd at a time unseasonable.	20
SALISBURY		
FTLN 1721	In this the antique and well-noted face	
FTLN 1722	Of plain old form is much disfigurèd,	
FTLN 1723	And like a shifted wind unto a sail,	
FTLN 1724	It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,	
FTLN 1725	Startles and frights consideration,	25
FTLN 1726	Makes sound opinion sick and truth suspected	
FTLN 1727	For putting on so new a fashioned robe.	
PEMBROKE		
FTLN 1728	When workmen strive to do better than well,	
FTLN 1729	They do confound their skill in covetousness,	
FTLN 1730	And oftentimes excusing of a fault	30
FTLN 1731	Doth make the fault the worse by th' excuse,	
FTLN 1732	As patches set upon a little breach	
FTLN 1733	Discredit more in hiding of the fault	
FTLN 1734	Than did the fault before it was so patched.	

SALISBURY

FTLN 1735 To this effect, before you were new-crowned, 35
 FTLN 1736 We breathed our counsel; but it pleased your
 FTLN 1737 Highness
 FTLN 1738 To overbear it, and we are all well pleased,
 FTLN 1739 Since all and every part of what we would
 FTLN 1740 Doth make a stand at what your Highness will. 40

KING JOHN

FTLN 1741 Some reasons of this double coronation
 FTLN 1742 I have possessed you with, and think them strong;
 FTLN 1743 And more, more strong, 「when」 lesser is my fear,
 FTLN 1744 I shall endue you with. Meantime, but ask
 FTLN 1745 What you would have reformed that is not well, 45
 FTLN 1746 And well shall you perceive how willingly
 FTLN 1747 I will both hear and grant you your requests.

PEMBROKE

FTLN 1748 Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
 FTLN 1749 To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
 FTLN 1750 Both for myself and them, but chief of all 50
 FTLN 1751 Your safety, for the which myself and them
 FTLN 1752 Bend their best studies, heartily request
 FTLN 1753 Th' enfranchisement of Arthur, whose restraint
 FTLN 1754 Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
 FTLN 1755 To break into this dangerous argument: 55
 FTLN 1756 If what in rest you have in right you hold,
 FTLN 1757 Why then your fears, which, as they say, attend
 FTLN 1758 The steps of wrong, should move you to mew up
 FTLN 1759 Your tender kinsman and to choke his days
 FTLN 1760 With barbarous ignorance and deny his youth 60
 FTLN 1761 The rich advantage of good exercise.
 FTLN 1762 That the time's enemies may not have this
 FTLN 1763 To grace occasions, let it be our suit
 FTLN 1764 That you have bid us ask, his liberty,
 FTLN 1765 Which for our goods we do no further ask 65
 FTLN 1766 Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
 FTLN 1767 Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1768 Let it be so. I do commit his youth
FTLN 1769 To your direction.

Enter Hubert.

FTLN 1770 Hubert, what news with you? 70
〔King John and Hubert talk aside.〕

PEMBROKE

FTLN 1771 This is the man should do the bloody deed.
FTLN 1772 He showed his warrant to a friend of mine.
FTLN 1773 The image of a wicked heinous fault
FTLN 1774 Lives in his eye. That close aspect of his
FTLN 1775 *〔Doth〕* show the mood of a much troubled breast, 75
FTLN 1776 And I do fearfully believe 'tis done
FTLN 1777 What we so feared he had a charge to do.

SALISBURY

FTLN 1778 The color of the King doth come and go
FTLN 1779 Between his purpose and his conscience,
FTLN 1780 Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set. 80
FTLN 1781 His passion is so ripe it needs must break.

PEMBROKE

FTLN 1782 And when it breaks, I fear will issue thence
FTLN 1783 The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

KING JOHN, *〔coming forward with Hubert〕*

FTLN 1784 We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
FTLN 1785 Good lords, although my will to give is living, 85
FTLN 1786 The suit which you demand is gone and dead.
FTLN 1787 He tells us Arthur is deceased tonight.

SALISBURY

FTLN 1788 Indeed, we feared his sickness was past cure.

PEMBROKE

FTLN 1789 Indeed, we heard how near his death he was
FTLN 1790 Before the child himself felt he was sick. 90
FTLN 1791 This must be answered either here or hence.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1792 Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?

FTLN 1793	Think you I bear the shears of destiny?	
FTLN 1794	Have I commandment on the pulse of life?	
	SALISBURY	
FTLN 1795	It is apparent foul play, and 'tis shame	95
FTLN 1796	That greatness should so grossly offer it.	
FTLN 1797	So thrive it in your game, and so farewell.	
	PEMBROKE	
FTLN 1798	Stay yet, Lord Salisbury. I'll go with thee	
FTLN 1799	And find th' inheritance of this poor child,	
FTLN 1800	His little kingdom of a forcèd grave.	100
FTLN 1801	That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,	
FTLN 1802	Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!	
FTLN 1803	This must not be thus borne; this will break out	
FTLN 1804	To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.	
	<i>¶ Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords ¶ exit.</i>	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1805	They burn in indignation. I repent.	105
FTLN 1806	There is no sure foundation set on blood,	
FTLN 1807	No certain life achieved by others' death.	
	<i>Enter Messenger.</i>	
FTLN 1808	A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood	
FTLN 1809	That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?	
FTLN 1810	So foul a sky clears not without a storm.	110
FTLN 1811	Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?	
	MESSENGER	
FTLN 1812	From France to England. Never such a power	
FTLN 1813	For any foreign preparation	
FTLN 1814	Was levied in the body of a land.	
FTLN 1815	The copy of your speed is learned by them,	115
FTLN 1816	For when you should be told they do prepare,	
FTLN 1817	The tidings comes that they are all arrived.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1818	O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?	
FTLN 1819	Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,	

FTLN 1820	That such an army could be drawn in France	120
FTLN 1821	And she not hear of it?	
FTLN 1822	MESSENGER My liege, her ear	
FTLN 1823	Is stopped with dust. The first of April died	
FTLN 1824	Your noble mother. And as I hear, my lord,	
FTLN 1825	The Lady Constance in a frenzy died	125
FTLN 1826	Three days before. But this from rumor's tongue	
FTLN 1827	I idly heard. If true or false, I know not.	
	KING JOHN, <i>aside</i>	
FTLN 1828	Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!	
FTLN 1829	O, make a league with me till I have pleased	
FTLN 1830	My discontented peers. What? Mother dead?	130
FTLN 1831	How wildly then walks my estate in France!—	
FTLN 1832	Under whose conduct came those powers of France	
FTLN 1833	That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?	
	MESSENGER	
FTLN 1834	Under the Dauphin.	
FTLN 1835	KING JOHN Thou hast made me giddy	135
FTLN 1836	With these ill tidings.	

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

FTLN 1837	<i>To Bastard.</i> Now, what says the world	
FTLN 1838	To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff	
FTLN 1839	My head with more ill news, for it is full.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 1840	But if you be afeard to hear the worst,	140
FTLN 1841	Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1842	Bear with me, cousin, for I was amazed	
FTLN 1843	Under the tide, but now I breathe again	
FTLN 1844	Aloft the flood and can give audience	
FTLN 1845	To any tongue, speak it of what it will.	145
	BASTARD	
FTLN 1846	How I have sped among the clergymen	
FTLN 1847	The sums I have collected shall express.	

FTLN 1848 But as I traveled hither through the land,
 FTLN 1849 I find the people strangely fantasied,
 FTLN 1850 Possessed with rumors, full of idle dreams, 150
 FTLN 1851 Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
 FTLN 1852 And here's a prophet that I brought with me
 FTLN 1853 From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
 FTLN 1854 With many hundreds treading on his heels,
 FTLN 1855 To whom he sung in rude harsh-sounding rhymes 155
 FTLN 1856 That ere the next Ascension Day at noon,
 FTLN 1857 Your Highness should deliver up your crown.

KING JOHN, *「to Peter」*

FTLN 1858 Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?

PETER

FTLN 1859 Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1860 Hubert, away with him! Imprison him. 160
 FTLN 1861 And on that day at noon, whereon he says
 FTLN 1862 I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged.
 FTLN 1863 Deliver him to safety and return,
 FTLN 1864 For I must use thee. *「Hubert and Peter exit.」*

FTLN 1865 O my gentle cousin, 165
 FTLN 1866 Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?

BASTARD

FTLN 1867 The French, my lord. Men's mouths are full of it.
 FTLN 1868 Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury
 FTLN 1869 With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
 FTLN 1870 And others more, going to seek the grave 170
 FTLN 1871 Of Arthur, whom they say is killed tonight
 FTLN 1872 On your suggestion.

FTLN 1873 KING JOHN Gentle kinsman, go
 FTLN 1874 And thrust thyself into their companies.
 FTLN 1875 I have a way to win their loves again. 175
 FTLN 1876 Bring them before me.

FTLN 1877 BASTARD I will seek them out.
 KING JOHN

FTLN 1878 Nay, but make haste, the better foot before!

FTLN 1879 O, let me have no subject enemies
 FTLN 1880 When adverse foreigners affright my towns 180
 FTLN 1881 With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
 FTLN 1882 Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
 FTLN 1883 And fly like thought from them to me again.

BASTARD

FTLN 1884 The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.

He exits.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1885 Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman. 185
 FTLN 1886 「To Messenger.」 Go after him, for he perhaps shall
 FTLN 1887 need
 FTLN 1888 Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
 FTLN 1889 And be thou he.

FTLN 1890 MESSENGER With all my heart, my liege. 190
 「Messenger exits.」

FTLN 1891 KING JOHN My mother dead!

Enter Hubert.

HUBERT

FTLN 1892 My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight—
 FTLN 1893 Four fixèd, and the fifth did whirl about
 FTLN 1894 The other four in wondrous motion.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1895 Five moons! 195

FTLN 1896 HUBERT Old men and beldams in the streets
 FTLN 1897 Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
 FTLN 1898 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,
 FTLN 1899 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
 FTLN 1900 And whisper one another in the ear, 200
 FTLN 1901 And he that speaks doth grip the hearer's wrist,
 FTLN 1902 Whilst he that hears makes fearful action
 FTLN 1903 With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
 FTLN 1904 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 FTLN 1905 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool, 205

FTLN 1906	With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,	
FTLN 1907	Who with his shears and measure in his hand,	
FTLN 1908	Standing on slippers which his nimble haste	
FTLN 1909	Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,	
FTLN 1910	Told of a many thousand warlike French	210
FTLN 1911	That were embattled and ranked in Kent.	
FTLN 1912	Another lean, unwashed artificer	
FTLN 1913	Cuts off his tale and talks of Arthur's death.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1914	Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?	
FTLN 1915	Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?	215
FTLN 1916	Thy hand hath murdered him. I had a mighty cause	
FTLN 1917	To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.	
	HUBERT	
FTLN 1918	No had, my lord! Why, did you not provoke me?	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1919	It is the curse of kings to be attended	
FTLN 1920	By slaves that take their humors for a warrant	220
FTLN 1921	To break within the bloody house of life,	
FTLN 1922	And on the winking of authority	
FTLN 1923	To understand a law, to know the meaning	
FTLN 1924	Of dangerous majesty, when perchance it frowns	
FTLN 1925	More upon humor than advised respect.	225
	HUBERT, [<i>showing a paper</i>]	
FTLN 1926	Here is your hand and seal for what I did.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1927	O, when the last accopt twixt heaven and Earth	
FTLN 1928	Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal	
FTLN 1929	Witness against us to damnation!	
FTLN 1930	How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds	230
FTLN 1931	Make deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,	
FTLN 1932	A fellow by the hand of nature marked,	
FTLN 1933	Quoted, and signed to do a deed of shame,	
FTLN 1934	This murder had not come into my mind.	
FTLN 1935	But taking note of thy abhorred aspect,	235

FTLN 1936	Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,	
FTLN 1937	Apt, liable to be employed in danger,	
FTLN 1938	I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;	
FTLN 1939	And thou, to be endeared to a king,	
FTLN 1940	Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.	240
FTLN 1941	HUBERT My lord—	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1942	Hadst thou but shook thy head or made a pause	
FTLN 1943	When I spake darkly what I purposèd,	
FTLN 1944	Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,	
FTLN 1945	As bid me tell my tale in express words,	245
FTLN 1946	Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break	
FTLN 1947	off,	
FTLN 1948	And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me.	
FTLN 1949	But thou didst understand me by my signs	
FTLN 1950	And didst in signs again parley with sin,	250
FTLN 1951	Yea, without stop didst let thy heart consent	
FTLN 1952	And consequently thy rude hand to act	
FTLN 1953	The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.	
FTLN 1954	Out of my sight, and never see me more.	
FTLN 1955	My nobles leave me, and my state is braved,	255
FTLN 1956	Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers.	
FTLN 1957	Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,	
FTLN 1958	This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,	
FTLN 1959	Hostility and civil tumult reigns	
FTLN 1960	Between my conscience and my cousin's death.	260
	HUBERT	
FTLN 1961	Arm you against your other enemies.	
FTLN 1962	I'll make a peace between your soul and you.	
FTLN 1963	Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine	
FTLN 1964	Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,	
FTLN 1965	Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.	265
FTLN 1966	Within this bosom never entered yet	
FTLN 1967	The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,	
FTLN 1968	And you have slandered nature in my form,	

FTLN 1969 Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
 FTLN 1970 Is yet the cover of a fairer mind 270
 FTLN 1971 Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1972 Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
 FTLN 1973 Throw this report on their incensèd rage,
 FTLN 1974 And make them tame to their obedience.
 FTLN 1975 Forgive the comment that my passion made 275
 FTLN 1976 Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind,
 FTLN 1977 And foul imaginary eyes of blood
 FTLN 1978 Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
 FTLN 1979 O, answer not, but to my closet bring
 FTLN 1980 The angry lords with all expedient haste. 280
 FTLN 1981 I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast.

They exit.

Scene 3

Enter Arthur on the walls, 「dressed as a shipboy.」

ARTHUR

FTLN 1982 The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
 FTLN 1983 Good ground, be pitiful and hurt me not.
 FTLN 1984 There's few or none do know me. If they did,
 FTLN 1985 This shipboy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
 FTLN 1986 I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it. 5
 FTLN 1987 If I get down and do not break my limbs,
 FTLN 1988 I'll find a thousand shifts to get away.
 FTLN 1989 As good to die and go as die and stay.

「He jumps.」

FTLN 1990 O me, my uncle's spirit is in these stones.
 FTLN 1991 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones. 10

「He」 dies.

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury 「with a letter,」 and Bigot.

SALISBURY

FTLN 1992 Lords, I will meet him at Saint Edmundsbury;

FTLN 1993	It is our safety, and we must embrace	
FTLN 1994	This gentle offer of the perilous time.	
	PEMBROKE	
FTLN 1995	Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?	
	SALISBURY	
FTLN 1996	The Count Melun, a noble lord of France,	15
FTLN 1997	Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love	
FTLN 1998	Is much more general than these lines import.	
	BIGOT	
FTLN 1999	Tomorrow morning let us meet him, then.	
	SALISBURY	
FTLN 2000	Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be	
FTLN 2001	Two long days' journey, lords, or ere we meet.	20
<i>Enter Bastard.</i>		
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2002	Once more today well met, distempered lords.	
FTLN 2003	The King by me requests your presence straight.	
	SALISBURY	
FTLN 2004	The King hath dispossessed himself of us.	
FTLN 2005	We will not line his thin bestainèd cloak	
FTLN 2006	With our pure honors, nor attend the foot	25
FTLN 2007	That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks.	
FTLN 2008	Return, and tell him so. We know the worst.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2009	Whate'er you think, good words I think were best.	
	SALISBURY	
FTLN 2010	Our griefs and not our manners reason now.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2011	But there is little reason in your grief.	30
FTLN 2012	Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.	
	PEMBROKE	
FTLN 2013	Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2014	'Tis true, to hurt his master, no man's else.	

SALISBURY

FTLN 2015 This is the prison.

「*He sees Arthur's body.*」

FTLN 2016 What is he lies here? 35

PEMBROKE

FTLN 2017 O Death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

FTLN 2018 The Earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

SALISBURY

FTLN 2019 Murder, as hating what himself hath done,

FTLN 2020 Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

BIGOT

FTLN 2021 Or when he doomed this beauty to a grave, 40

FTLN 2022 Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

SALISBURY, 「*to Bastard*」

FTLN 2023 Sir Richard, what think you? You have beheld.

FTLN 2024 Or have you read or heard, or could you think,

FTLN 2025 Or do you almost think, although you see,

FTLN 2026 That you do see? Could thought, without this object, 45

FTLN 2027 Form such another? This is the very top,

FTLN 2028 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

FTLN 2029 Of murder's arms. This is the bloodiest shame,

FTLN 2030 The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke

FTLN 2031 That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage 50

FTLN 2032 Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

PEMBROKE

FTLN 2033 All murders past do stand excused in this.

FTLN 2034 And this, so sole and so unmatchable,

FTLN 2035 Shall give a holiness, a purity,

FTLN 2036 To the yet unbegotten sin of times 55

FTLN 2037 And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,

FTLN 2038 Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

BASTARD

FTLN 2039 It is a damnèd and a bloody work,

FTLN 2040 The graceless action of a heavy hand,

FTLN 2041 If that it be the work of any hand. 60

FTLN 2066	I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,	85
FTLN 2067	Nor tempt the danger of my true defense,	
FTLN 2068	Lest I, by marking of your rage, forget	
FTLN 2069	Your worth, your greatness, and nobility.	
	BIGOT	
FTLN 2070	Out, dunghill! Dar'st thou brave a nobleman?	
	HUBERT	
FTLN 2071	Not for my life. But yet I dare defend	90
FTLN 2072	My innocent life against an emperor.	
	SALISBURY	
FTLN 2073	Thou art a murderer.	
FTLN 2074	HUBERT Do not prove me so.	
FTLN 2075	Yet I am none. Whose tongue soe'er speaks false,	
FTLN 2076	Not truly speaks. Who speaks not truly, lies.	95
	PEMBROKE, <i>「drawing his sword」</i>	
FTLN 2077	Cut him to pieces.	
FTLN 2078	BASTARD, <i>「drawing his sword」</i> Keep the peace, I say.	
	SALISBURY	
FTLN 2079	Stand by, or I shall gall you, Faulconbridge.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2080	Thou wert better gall the devil, Salisbury.	
FTLN 2081	If thou but frown on me, or stir thy foot,	100
FTLN 2082	Or teach thy hasty spleen to do me shame,	
FTLN 2083	I'll strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,	
FTLN 2084	Or I'll so maul you and your toasting-iron	
FTLN 2085	That you shall think the devil is come from hell.	
	BIGOT	
FTLN 2086	What wilt thou do, renownèd Faulconbridge?	105
FTLN 2087	Second a villain and a murderer?	
	HUBERT	
FTLN 2088	Lord Bigot, I am none.	
FTLN 2089	BIGOT Who killed this prince?	
	HUBERT	
FTLN 2090	'Tis not an hour since I left him well.	
FTLN 2091	I honored him, I loved him, and will weep	110
FTLN 2092	My date of life out for his sweet life's loss.	

「He weeps.」

SALISBURY

FTLN 2093 Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
 FTLN 2094 For villainy is not without such rheum,
 FTLN 2095 And he, long traded in it, makes it seem
 FTLN 2096 like rivers of remorse and innocency. 115
 FTLN 2097 Away with me, all you whose souls abhor
 FTLN 2098 Th' uncleanly savors of a slaughterhouse,
 FTLN 2099 For I am stifled with this smell of sin.

BIGOT

FTLN 2100 Away, toward Bury, to the Dauphin there.

PEMBROKE

FTLN 2101 There, tell the King, he may inquire us out. 120

Lords exit.

BASTARD

FTLN 2102 Here's a good world! Knew you of this fair work?
 FTLN 2103 Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
 FTLN 2104 Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
 FTLN 2105 Art thou damned, Hubert.
 FTLN 2106 HUBERT Do but hear me, sir. 125
 FTLN 2107 BASTARD Ha! I'll tell thee what.
 FTLN 2108 Thou 'rt damned as black—nay, nothing is so black—
 FTLN 2109 Thou art more deep damned than Prince Lucifer.
 FTLN 2110 There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
 FTLN 2111 As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child. 130

HUBERT

FTLN 2112 Upon my soul—

FTLN 2113 BASTARD If thou didst but consent
 FTLN 2114 To this most cruel act, do but despair,
 FTLN 2115 And if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
 FTLN 2116 That ever spider twisted from her womb 135
 FTLN 2117 Will serve to strangle thee; a rush will be a beam
 FTLN 2118 To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drown thyself,
 FTLN 2119 Put but a little water in a spoon
 FTLN 2120 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 FTLN 2121 Enough to stifle such a villain up. 140
 FTLN 2122 I do suspect thee very grievously.

HUBERT

FTLN 2123 If I in act, consent, or sin of thought
 FTLN 2124 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
 FTLN 2125 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
 FTLN 2126 Let hell want pains enough to torture me. 145
 FTLN 2127 I left him well.

BASTARD Go, bear him in thine arms.

FTLN 2129 I am amazed, methinks, and lose my way
 FTLN 2130 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.

[*Hubert takes up Arthur's body.*]

FTLN 2131 How easy dost thou take all England up! 150
 FTLN 2132 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 FTLN 2133 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
 FTLN 2134 Is fled to heaven, and England now is left
 FTLN 2135 To tug and scramble and to part by th' teeth
 FTLN 2136 The unowed interest of proud-swelling state. 155

FTLN 2137 Now for the bare-picked bone of majesty
 FTLN 2138 Doth doggèd war bristle his angry crest
 FTLN 2139 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace.
 FTLN 2140 Now powers from home and discontents at home
 FTLN 2141 Meet in one line, and vast confusion waits, 160
 FTLN 2142 As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,
 FTLN 2143 The imminent decay of wrested pomp.

FTLN 2144 Now happy he whose cloak and cincture can
 FTLN 2145 Hold out this tempest. Bear away that child,
 FTLN 2146 And follow me with speed. I'll to the King. 165
 FTLN 2147 A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
 FTLN 2148 And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[*They*] exit, [*with Hubert carrying Arthur's body.*]

FTLN 2168 But since you are a gentle convertite, 20
 FTLN 2169 My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
 FTLN 2170 And make fair weather in your blust'ring land.
 FTLN 2171 On this Ascension Day, remember well:
 FTLN 2172 Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
 FTLN 2173 Go I to make the French lay down their arms. 25
He exits, 「with Attendants.」

KING JOHN

FTLN 2174 Is this Ascension Day? Did not the prophet
 FTLN 2175 Say that before Ascension Day at noon
 FTLN 2176 My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
 FTLN 2177 I did suppose it should be on constraint,
 FTLN 2178 But, 「God」 be thanked, it is but voluntary. 30

Enter Bastard.

BASTARD

FTLN 2179 All Kent hath yielded. Nothing there holds out
 FTLN 2180 But Dover Castle. London hath received
 FTLN 2181 Like a kind host the Dauphin and his powers.
 FTLN 2182 Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
 FTLN 2183 To offer service to your enemy; 35
 FTLN 2184 And wild amazement hurries up and down
 FTLN 2185 The little number of your doubtful friends.

KING JOHN

FTLN 2186 Would not my lords return to me again
 FTLN 2187 After they heard young Arthur was alive?

BASTARD

FTLN 2188 They found him dead and cast into the streets, 40
 FTLN 2189 An empty casket where the jewel of life
 FTLN 2190 By some damned hand was robbed and ta'en away.

KING JOHN

FTLN 2191 That villain Hubert told me he did live!

BASTARD

FTLN 2192 So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
 FTLN 2193 But wherefore do you droop? Why look you sad? 45
 FTLN 2194 Be great in act, as you have been in thought.

FTLN 2195	Let not the world see fear and sad distrust	
FTLN 2196	Govern the motion of a kingly eye.	
FTLN 2197	Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;	
FTLN 2198	Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow	50
FTLN 2199	Of bragging horror. So shall inferior eyes,	
FTLN 2200	That borrow their behaviors from the great,	
FTLN 2201	Grow great by your example and put on	
FTLN 2202	The dauntless spirit of resolution.	
FTLN 2203	Away, and glister like the god of war	55
FTLN 2204	When he intendeth to become the field.	
FTLN 2205	Show boldness and aspiring confidence.	
FTLN 2206	What, shall they seek the lion in his den	
FTLN 2207	And fright him there? And make him tremble there?	
FTLN 2208	O, let it not be said! Forage, and run	60
FTLN 2209	To meet displeasure farther from the doors,	
FTLN 2210	And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 2211	The legate of the Pope hath been with me,	
FTLN 2212	And I have made a happy peace with him,	
FTLN 2213	And he hath promised to dismiss the powers	65
FTLN 2214	Led by the Dauphin.	
FTLN 2215	BASTARD O inglorious league!	
FTLN 2216	Shall we upon the footing of our land	
FTLN 2217	Send fair-play orders and make compromise,	
FTLN 2218	Insinuation, parley, and base truce	70
FTLN 2219	To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,	
FTLN 2220	A cockered silken wanton, brave our fields	
FTLN 2221	And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,	
FTLN 2222	Mocking the air with colors idly spread,	
FTLN 2223	And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms!	75
FTLN 2224	Perchance the Cardinal cannot make your peace;	
FTLN 2225	Or if he do, let it at least be said	
FTLN 2226	They saw we had a purpose of defense.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 2227	Have thou the ordering of this present time.	

FTLN 2254	And is 't not pity, O my grievèd friends,	
FTLN 2255	That we, the sons and children of this isle,	25
FTLN 2256	Was born to see so sad an hour as this,	
FTLN 2257	Wherein we step after a stranger, march	
FTLN 2258	Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up	
FTLN 2259	Her enemies' ranks? I must withdraw and weep	
FTLN 2260	Upon the spot of this enforcèd cause,	30
FTLN 2261	To grace the gentry of a land remote,	
FTLN 2262	And follow unacquainted colors here.	
FTLN 2263	What, here? O nation, that thou couldst remove,	
FTLN 2264	That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,	
FTLN 2265	Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyself	35
FTLN 2266	And 「grapple」 thee unto a pagan shore,	
FTLN 2267	Where these two Christian armies might combine	
FTLN 2268	The blood of malice in a vein of league,	
FTLN 2269	And not to spend it so unneighborly. 「He weeps.」	
DAUPHIN		
FTLN 2270	A noble temper dost thou show in this,	40
FTLN 2271	And great affections wrestling in thy bosom	
FTLN 2272	Doth make an earthquake of nobility.	
FTLN 2273	O, what a noble combat hast 「thou」 fought	
FTLN 2274	Between compulsion and a brave respect!	
FTLN 2275	Let me wipe off this honorable dew	45
FTLN 2276	That silverly doth progress on thy cheeks.	
FTLN 2277	My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,	
FTLN 2278	Being an ordinary inundation,	
FTLN 2279	But this effusion of such manly drops,	
FTLN 2280	This shower, blown up by tempest of the soul,	50
FTLN 2281	Startles mine eyes and makes me more amazed	
FTLN 2282	Than had I seen the vaulty top of heaven	
FTLN 2283	Figured quite o'er with burning meteors.	
FTLN 2284	Lift up thy brow, renownèd Salisbury,	
FTLN 2285	And with a great heart heave away this storm.	55
FTLN 2286	Commend these waters to those baby eyes	
FTLN 2287	That never saw the giant world enraged,	
FTLN 2288	Nor met with fortune other than at feasts	

FTLN 2289 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
 FTLN 2290 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deep 60
 FTLN 2291 Into the purse of rich prosperity
 FTLN 2292 As Louis himself.—So, nobles, shall you all,
 FTLN 2293 That knit your sinews to the strength of mine.
 FTLN 2294 And even there, methinks, an angel spake.

Enter Pandulph.

FTLN 2295 Look where the holy legate comes apace 65
 FTLN 2296 To give us warrant from the hand of 「God,」
 FTLN 2297 And on our actions set the name of right
 FTLN 2298 With holy breath.

FTLN 2299 PANDULPH Hail, noble prince of France.
 FTLN 2300 The next is this: King John hath reconciled 70
 FTLN 2301 Himself to Rome; his spirit is come in
 FTLN 2302 That so stood out against the holy Church,
 FTLN 2303 The great metropolis and See of Rome.
 FTLN 2304 Therefore thy threat'ning colors now wind up,
 FTLN 2305 And tame the savage spirit of wild war 75
 FTLN 2306 That, like a lion fostered up at hand,
 FTLN 2307 It may lie gently at the foot of peace
 FTLN 2308 And be no further harmful than in show.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 2309 Your Grace shall pardon me; I will not back.
 FTLN 2310 I am too high-born to be propertied, 80
 FTLN 2311 To be a secondary at control,
 FTLN 2312 Or useful servingman and instrument
 FTLN 2313 To any sovereign state throughout the world.
 FTLN 2314 Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars
 FTLN 2315 Between this chastised kingdom and myself 85
 FTLN 2316 And brought in matter that should feed this fire;
 FTLN 2317 And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out
 FTLN 2318 With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
 FTLN 2319 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 FTLN 2320 Acquainted me with interest to this land, 90
 FTLN 2321 Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart.

FTLN 2322	And come you now to tell me John hath made	
FTLN 2323	His peace with Rome? What is that peace to me?	
FTLN 2324	I, by the honor of my marriage bed,	
FTLN 2325	After young Arthur claim this land for mine.	95
FTLN 2326	And now it is half conquered, must I back	
FTLN 2327	Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?	
FTLN 2328	Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne?	
FTLN 2329	What men provided? What munition sent	
FTLN 2330	To underprop this action? Is 't not I	100
FTLN 2331	That undergo this charge? Who else but I,	
FTLN 2332	And such as to my claim are liable,	
FTLN 2333	Sweat in this business and maintain this war?	
FTLN 2334	Have I not heard these islanders shout out	
FTLN 2335	" <i>Vive le Roi</i> " as I have banked their towns?	105
FTLN 2336	Have I not here the best cards for the game	
FTLN 2337	To win this easy match played for a crown?	
FTLN 2338	And shall I now give o'er the yielded set?	
FTLN 2339	No, no, on my soul, it never shall be said.	
	PANDULPH	
FTLN 2340	You look but on the outside of this work.	110
	DAUPHIN	
FTLN 2341	Outside or inside, I will not return	
FTLN 2342	Till my attempt so much be glorified	
FTLN 2343	As to my ample hope was promised	
FTLN 2344	Before I drew this gallant head of war	
FTLN 2345	And culled these fiery spirits from the world	115
FTLN 2346	To outlook conquest and to win renown	
FTLN 2347	Even in the jaws of danger and of death.	
	[<i>A trumpet sounds.</i>]	
FTLN 2348	What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?	

Enter Bastard.

BASTARD

FTLN 2349	According to the fair play of the world,	
FTLN 2350	Let me have audience. I am sent to speak,	120
FTLN 2351	My holy lord of Milan, from the King.	

FTLN 2352	I come to learn how you have dealt for him,	
FTLN 2353	And, as you answer, I do know the scope	
FTLN 2354	And warrant limited unto my tongue.	
	PANDULPH	
FTLN 2355	The Dauphin is too willful-opposite	125
FTLN 2356	And will not temporize with my entreaties.	
FTLN 2357	He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2358	By all the blood that ever fury breathed,	
FTLN 2359	The youth says well! Now hear our English king,	
FTLN 2360	For thus his royalty doth speak in me:	130
FTLN 2361	He is prepared—and reason too he should.	
FTLN 2362	This apish and unmannerly approach,	
FTLN 2363	This harnessed masque and unadvisedè revel,	
FTLN 2364	This unheard sauciness and boyish troops,	
FTLN 2365	The King doth smile at, and is well prepared	135
FTLN 2366	To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,	
FTLN 2367	From out the circle of his territories.	
FTLN 2368	That hand which had the strength, even at your door,	
FTLN 2369	To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,	
FTLN 2370	To dive like buckets in concealèd wells,	140
FTLN 2371	To crouch in litter of your stable planks,	
FTLN 2372	To lie like pawns locked up in chests and trunks,	
FTLN 2373	To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out	
FTLN 2374	In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake	
FTLN 2375	Even at the crying of your nation's crow,	145
FTLN 2376	Thinking this voice an armèd Englishman—	
FTLN 2377	Shall that victorious hand be feebled here	
FTLN 2378	That in your chambers gave you chastisement?	
FTLN 2379	No! Know the gallant monarch is in arms,	
FTLN 2380	And like an eagle o'er his aerie towers	150
FTLN 2381	To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—	
FTLN 2382	And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,	
FTLN 2383	You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb	
FTLN 2384	Of your dear mother England, blush for shame!	
FTLN 2385	For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids	155

FTLN 2386 Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
 FTLN 2387 Their thimbles into armèd gauntlets change,
 FTLN 2388 Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
 FTLN 2389 To fierce and bloody inclination.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 2390 There end thy brave and turn thy face in peace. 160
 FTLN 2391 We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well.
 FTLN 2392 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 FTLN 2393 With such a brabblèr.

FTLN 2394 PANDULPH Give me leave to speak.
 BASTARD

FTLN 2395 No, I will speak. 165
 FTLN 2396 DAUPHIN We will attend to neither.
 FTLN 2397 Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
 FTLN 2398 Plead for our interest and our being here.

BASTARD

FTLN 2399 Indeed, your drums being beaten will cry out,
 FTLN 2400 And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start 170
 FTLN 2401 An echo with the clamor of thy drum,
 FTLN 2402 And even at hand a drum is ready braced
 FTLN 2403 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine.
 FTLN 2404 Sound but another, and another shall,
 FTLN 2405 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear 175
 FTLN 2406 And mock the deep-mouthed thunder. For at hand,
 FTLN 2407 Not trusting to this halting legate here,
 FTLN 2408 Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,
 FTLN 2409 Is warlike John, and in his forehead sits
 FTLN 2410 A bare-ribbed Death, whose office is this day 180
 FTLN 2411 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 2412 Strike up our drums to find this danger out.
 BASTARD

FTLN 2413 And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt.

They exit.

Scene 3

Alarums. Enter [King] John and Hubert.

KING JOHN

FTLN 2414 How goes the day with us? O, tell me, Hubert.

HUBERT

FTLN 2415 Badly, I fear. How fares your Majesty?

KING JOHN

FTLN 2416 This fever that hath troubled me so long

FTLN 2417 Lies heavy on me. O, my heart is sick.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

FTLN 2418 My lord, your valiant kinsman, Faulconbridge, 5

FTLN 2419 Desires your Majesty to leave the field

FTLN 2420 And send him word by me which way you go.

KING JOHN

FTLN 2421 Tell him toward Swinstead, to the abbey there.

MESSENGER

FTLN 2422 Be of good comfort, for the great supply

FTLN 2423 That was expected by the Dauphin here 10

FTLN 2424 Are wracked three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.

FTLN 2425 This news was brought to Richard but even now.

FTLN 2426 The French fight coldly and retire themselves.

KING JOHN

FTLN 2427 Ay me, this tyrant fever burns me up

FTLN 2428 And will not let me welcome this good news. 15

FTLN 2429 Set on toward Swinstead. To my litter straight.

FTLN 2430 Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

They exit.

Scene 4

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

SALISBURY

FTLN 2431 I did not think the King so stored with friends.

 PEMBROKE

FTLN 2432 Up once again. Put spirit in the French.

FTLN 2433 If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

SALISBURY

FTLN 2434 That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,

FTLN 2435 In spite of spite, alone upholds the day.

5

PEMBROKE

FTLN 2436 They say King John, sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun, wounded, [led by a Soldier.]

MELUN

FTLN 2437 Lead me to the revolts of England here.

SALISBURY

FTLN 2438 When we were happy, we had other names.

PEMBROKE

FTLN 2439 It is the Count Melun.

FTLN 2440 SALISBURY Wounded to death.

10

MELUN

FTLN 2441 Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold.

FTLN 2442 Unthread the rude eye of rebellion

FTLN 2443 And welcome home again discarded faith.

FTLN 2444 Seek out King John and fall before his feet,

FTLN 2445 For if the French be lords of this loud day,

15

FTLN 2446 He means to recompense the pains you take

FTLN 2447 By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,

FTLN 2448 And I with him, and many more with me,

FTLN 2449 Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury,

FTLN 2450 Even on that altar where we swore to you

20

FTLN 2451 Dear amity and everlasting love.

SALISBURY

FTLN 2452 May this be possible? May this be true?

MELUN

FTLN 2453 Have I not hideous death within my view,

FTLN 2454 Retaining but a quantity of life,

FTLN 2455 Which bleeds away even as a form of wax

25

FTLN 2456 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?

FTLN 2457	What in the world should make me now deceive,	
FTLN 2458	Since I must lose the use of all deceit?	
FTLN 2459	Why should I then be false, since it is true	
FTLN 2460	That I must die here and live hence by truth?	30
FTLN 2461	I say again, if Louis do win the day,	
FTLN 2462	He is forsworn if e'er those eyes of yours	
FTLN 2463	Behold another daybreak in the East.	
FTLN 2464	But even this night, whose black contagious breath	
FTLN 2465	Already smokes about the burning crest	35
FTLN 2466	Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied sun,	
FTLN 2467	Even this ill night your breathing shall expire,	
FTLN 2468	Paying the fine of rated treachery	
FTLN 2469	Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,	
FTLN 2470	If Louis by your assistance win the day.	40
FTLN 2471	Commend me to one Hubert with your king;	
FTLN 2472	The love of him, and this respect besides,	
FTLN 2473	For that my grandsire was an Englishman,	
FTLN 2474	Awakes my conscience to confess all this.	
FTLN 2475	In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence	45
FTLN 2476	From forth the noise and rumor of the field,	
FTLN 2477	Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts	
FTLN 2478	In peace, and part this body and my soul	
FTLN 2479	With contemplation and devout desires.	
	SALISBURY	
FTLN 2480	We do believe thee, and beshrew my soul	50
FTLN 2481	But I do love the favor and the form	
FTLN 2482	Of this most fair occasion, by the which	
FTLN 2483	We will untread the steps of damnèd flight,	
FTLN 2484	And like a bated and retirèd flood,	
FTLN 2485	Leaving our rankness and irregular course,	55
FTLN 2486	Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlooked	
FTLN 2487	And calmly run on in obedience	
FTLN 2488	Even to our ocean, to our great King John.	
FTLN 2489	My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,	
FTLN 2490	For I do see the cruel pangs of death	60

FTLN 2491 Right in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight,
 FTLN 2492 And happy newness, that intends old right.
They exit, 「assisting Melun.」

Scene 5

Enter 「Louis, the」 Dauphin and his train.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 2493 The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,
 FTLN 2494 But stayed and made the western welkin blush,
 FTLN 2495 When English 「measured」 backward their own
 FTLN 2496 ground
 FTLN 2497 In faint retire. O, bravely came we off, 5
 FTLN 2498 When with a volley of our needless shot,
 FTLN 2499 After such bloody toil, we bid good night
 FTLN 2500 And wound our tott'ring colors clearly up,
 FTLN 2501 Last in the field and almost lords of it.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER

FTLN 2502 Where is my prince, the Dauphin? 10

FTLN 2503 DAUPHIN Here. What news?

MESSENGER

FTLN 2504 The Count Melun is slain. The English lords,
 FTLN 2505 By his persuasion, are again fall'n off,
 FTLN 2506 And your supply, which you have wished so long,
 FTLN 2507 Are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands. 15

DAUPHIN

FTLN 2508 Ah, foul, shrewd news. Beshrew thy very heart!
 FTLN 2509 I did not think to be so sad tonight
 FTLN 2510 As this hath made me. Who was he that said
 FTLN 2511 King John did fly an hour or two before
 FTLN 2512 The stumbling night did part our weary powers? 20

MESSENGER

FTLN 2513 Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 2514 Well, keep good quarter and good care tonight.
 FTLN 2515 The day shall not be up so soon as I
 FTLN 2516 To try the fair adventure of tomorrow.

They exit.

Scene 6

Enter Bastard and Hubert, severally.

HUBERT

FTLN 2517 Who's there? Speak ho! Speak quickly, or I shoot.

BASTARD

FTLN 2518 A friend. What art thou?

FTLN 2519 HUBERT Of the part of England.

BASTARD

FTLN 2520 Whither dost thou go?

FTLN 2521 HUBERT What's that to thee? 5

「BASTARD」

FTLN 2522 Why may not I demand of thine affairs

FTLN 2523 As well as thou of mine? Hubert, I think?

FTLN 2524 HUBERT Thou hast a perfect thought.

FTLN 2525 I will upon all hazards well believe

FTLN 2526 Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well. 10

FTLN 2527 Who art thou?

FTLN 2528 BASTARD Who thou wilt. An if thou please,

FTLN 2529 Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think

FTLN 2530 I come one way of the Plantagenets.

HUBERT

FTLN 2531 Unkind remembrance! Thou and endless night 15

FTLN 2532 Have done me shame. Brave soldier, pardon me

FTLN 2533 That any accent breaking from thy tongue

FTLN 2534 Should 'scape the true acquaintance of mine ear.

BASTARD

FTLN 2535 Come, come. Sans compliment, what news abroad?

	HUBERT	
FTLN 2536	Why, here walk I in the black brow of night	20
FTLN 2537	To find you out.	
FTLN 2538	BASTARD Brief, then; and what's the news?	
	HUBERT	
FTLN 2539	O my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,	
FTLN 2540	Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2541	Show me the very wound of this ill news.	25
FTLN 2542	I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.	
	HUBERT	
FTLN 2543	The King, I fear, is poisoned by a monk.	
FTLN 2544	I left him almost speechless, and broke out	
FTLN 2545	To acquaint you with this evil, that you might	
FTLN 2546	The better arm you to the sudden time	30
FTLN 2547	Than if you had at leisure known of this.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2548	How did he take it? Who did taste to him?	
	HUBERT	
FTLN 2549	A monk, I tell you, a resolvèd villain,	
FTLN 2550	Whose bowels suddenly burst out. The King	
FTLN 2551	Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.	35
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2552	Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?	
	HUBERT	
FTLN 2553	Why, know you not? The lords are all come back,	
FTLN 2554	And brought Prince Henry in their company,	
FTLN 2555	At whose request the King hath pardoned them,	
FTLN 2556	And they are all about his Majesty.	40
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2557	Withhold thine indignation, mighty 'God,']	
FTLN 2558	And tempt us not to bear above our power.	
FTLN 2559	I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,	
FTLN 2560	Passing these flats, are taken by the tide.	
FTLN 2561	These Lincoln Washes have devourèd them.	45
FTLN 2562	Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.	

FTLN 2563 Away before. Conduct me to the King.
 FTLN 2564 I doubt he will be dead or ere I come.

They exit.

Scene 7

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

PRINCE HENRY

FTLN 2565 It is too late. The life of all his blood
 FTLN 2566 Is touched corruptibly, and his pure brain,
 FTLN 2567 Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house,
 FTLN 2568 Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
 FTLN 2569 Foretell the ending of mortality. 5

Enter Pembroke.

PEMBROKE

FTLN 2570 His Highness yet doth speak, and holds belief
 FTLN 2571 That being brought into the open air
 FTLN 2572 It would allay the burning quality
 FTLN 2573 Of that fell poison which assaileth him.

PRINCE HENRY

FTLN 2574 Let him be brought into the orchard here. 10
Bigot exits.

FTLN 2575 Doth he still rage?

FTLN 2576 PEMBROKE He is more patient
 FTLN 2577 Than when you left him. Even now he sung.

PRINCE HENRY

FTLN 2578 O vanity of sickness! Fierce extremes
 FTLN 2579 In their continuance will not feel themselves. 15
 FTLN 2580 Death, having preyed upon the outward parts,
 FTLN 2581 Leaves them invisible, and his siege is now
 FTLN 2582 Against the *mind,* the which he pricks and wounds
 FTLN 2583 With many legions of strange fantasies,
 FTLN 2584 Which in their throng and press to that last hold 20

FTLN 2585 Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that Death should
 FTLN 2586 sing.
 FTLN 2587 I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
 FTLN 2588 Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
 FTLN 2589 And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings 25
 FTLN 2590 His soul and body to their lasting rest.

SALISBURY

FTLN 2591 Be of good comfort, prince, for you are born
 FTLN 2592 To set a form upon that indigest
 FTLN 2593 Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

「*King*」 *John brought in, 「attended by Bigot.*」

KING JOHN

FTLN 2594 Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room. 30
 FTLN 2595 It would not out at windows nor at doors.
 FTLN 2596 There is so hot a summer in my bosom
 FTLN 2597 That all my bowels crumble up to dust.
 FTLN 2598 I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen
 FTLN 2599 Upon a parchment, and against this fire 35
 FTLN 2600 Do I shrink up.

FTLN 2601 PRINCE HENRY How fares your Majesty?

KING JOHN

FTLN 2602 Poisoned—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off,
 FTLN 2603 And none of you will bid the winter come
 FTLN 2604 To thrust his icy fingers in my maw, 40
 FTLN 2605 Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
 FTLN 2606 Through my burned bosom, nor entreat the North
 FTLN 2607 To make his bleak winds kiss my parchèd lips
 FTLN 2608 And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much.
 FTLN 2609 I beg cold comfort, and you are so strait 45
 FTLN 2610 And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

PRINCE HENRY

FTLN 2611 O, that there were some virtue in my tears
 FTLN 2612 That might relieve you!

FTLN 2613 KING JOHN The salt in them is hot.
 FTLN 2614 Within me is a hell, and there the poison 50

FTLN 2615 Is, as a fiend, confined to tyrannize
 FTLN 2616 On unreprievable, condemnèd blood.

Enter Bastard.

BASTARD

FTLN 2617 O, I am scalded with my violent motion
 FTLN 2618 And spleen of speed to see your Majesty.

KING JOHN

FTLN 2619 O cousin, thou art come to set mine eye. 55
 FTLN 2620 The tackle of my heart is cracked and burnt,
 FTLN 2621 And all the shrouds wherewith my life should sail
 FTLN 2622 Are turnèd to one thread, one little hair.
 FTLN 2623 My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
 FTLN 2624 Which holds but till thy news be utterèd, 60
 FTLN 2625 And then all this thou seest is but a clod
 FTLN 2626 And module of confounded royalty.

BASTARD

FTLN 2627 The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
 FTLN 2628 Where 「God」 He knows how we shall answer him.
 FTLN 2629 For in a night the best part of my power, 65
 FTLN 2630 As I upon advantage did remove,
 FTLN 2631 Were in the Washes all unwarily
 FTLN 2632 Devourèd by the unexpected flood.

「King John dies.」

SALISBURY

FTLN 2633 You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
 FTLN 2634 My liege! My lord!—But now a king, now thus. 70

PRINCE HENRY

FTLN 2635 Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
 FTLN 2636 What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
 FTLN 2637 When this was now a king and now is clay?

BASTARD

FTLN 2638 Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind
 FTLN 2639 To do the office for thee of revenge, 75
 FTLN 2640 And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
 FTLN 2641 As it on Earth hath been thy servant still.—

FTLN 2642	Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,	
FTLN 2643	Where be your powers? Show now your mended	
FTLN 2644	faiths	80
FTLN 2645	And instantly return with me again	
FTLN 2646	To push destruction and perpetual shame	
FTLN 2647	Out of the weak door of our fainting land.	
FTLN 2648	Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought;	
FTLN 2649	The Dauphin rages at our very heels.	85
SALISBURY		
FTLN 2650	It seems you know not, then, so much as we.	
FTLN 2651	The Cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,	
FTLN 2652	Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,	
FTLN 2653	And brings from him such offers of our peace	
FTLN 2654	As we with honor and respect may take,	90
FTLN 2655	With purpose presently to leave this war.	
BASTARD		
FTLN 2656	He will the rather do it when he sees	
FTLN 2657	Ourselves well-sinewèd to our defense.	
SALISBURY		
FTLN 2658	Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,	
FTLN 2659	For many carriages he hath dispatched	95
FTLN 2660	To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel	
FTLN 2661	To the disposing of the Cardinal,	
FTLN 2662	With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,	
FTLN 2663	If you think meet, this afternoon will post	
FTLN 2664	To consummate this business happily.	100
BASTARD		
FTLN 2665	Let it be so.—And you, my noble prince,	
FTLN 2666	With other princes that may best be spared,	
FTLN 2667	Shall wait upon your father's funeral.	
PRINCE HENRY		
FTLN 2668	At Worcester must his body be interred,	
FTLN 2669	For so he willed it.	105
FTLN 2670	BASTARD Thither shall it, then,	
FTLN 2671	And happily may your sweet self put on	
FTLN 2672	The lineal state and glory of the land,	

FTLN 2673 To whom with all submission on my knee
 FTLN 2674 I do bequeath my faithful services 110
 FTLN 2675 And true subjection everlastingly. *「He kneels.」*

SALISBURY

FTLN 2676 And the like tender of our love we make
 FTLN 2677 To rest without a spot forevermore.
「Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot kneel.」

PRINCE HENRY

FTLN 2678 I have a kind soul that would give *「you」* thanks
 FTLN 2679 And knows not how to do it but with tears. 115
「They rise.」

BASTARD

FTLN 2680 O, let us pay the time but needful woe,
 FTLN 2681 Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.
 FTLN 2682 This England never did nor never shall
 FTLN 2683 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
 FTLN 2684 But when it first did help to wound itself. 120
 FTLN 2685 Now these her princes are come home again,
 FTLN 2686 Come the three corners of the world in arms
 FTLN 2687 And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,
 FTLN 2688 If England to itself do rest but true.
They exit, 「bearing the body of King John.」
