

HENRY VI, PART 1*A line-by-line translation***Act 1, Scene 1****Shakespeare**

Dead March. Enter the Funeral of KING HENRY the Fifth, attended on by Dukes of BEDFORD, Regent of France; GLOUCESTER, Protector; and EXETER, Earl of WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, Heralds, &c

BEDFORD

Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars
5 That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

GLOUCESTER

England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
10 His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies
Than mid-day sun fierce bent against their faces.
15 What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

EXETER

We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend,
20 And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What! shall we curse the planets of mishap
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
25 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurors and sorcerers, that afraid of him
By magic verses have contrived his end?

WINCHESTER

He was a king bless'd of the King of kings.
Unto the French the dreadful judgement-day
30 So dreadful will not be as was his sight.
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

GLOUCESTER

The church! where is it? Had not churchmen pray'd,
His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
35 None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

WINCHESTER

Glooucester, whate'er we like, thou art protector
And lookest to command the prince and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
40 More than God or religious churchmen may.

Shakescleare Translation

Funeral procession. The funeral of KING HENRY V takes place. The Duke of BEDFORD (acting as ruler of France), the Duke of GLOUCESTER (Protector), the Duke of EXETER, Earl of WARWICK, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, messengers and others enter with the funeral procession.

BEDFORD

The skies are covered with darkness, day has passed into night now! Comets, which announce change, you should move frantically through the sky and punish those that are responsible for Henry's death! King Henry V was too famous to grow old ¹. Never has England lost a better king.

¹ Henry V died at the age of 35.

GLOUCESTER

England has never had such a king before him. He was virtuous and good, a born leader. His sword shined, its light could blind men around him. His arms were wider than a dragon's wings. His bright eyes were so full of angry fire that his glare blinded and drove away his enemies. The fire in his eyes was brighter than the sun shining in his enemies' faces at noon. What else can I say? Words don't do his actions justice. He succeeded every time he set out to do something.

EXETER

We mourn dressed in black, but shouldn't we mourn by shedding blood ²? Henry is dead and will never live again. We are here around a wooden coffin, honoring the dishonest victory of death over our king. We are attached to the coffin like slaves bound to a chariot processing through the streets in triumph. What! Should we curse the planets that bring bad luck, because they planned to ruin our triumph? Or should we think that it was the crafty and clever French magicians and wizards that cast magic spells on him to end his life, because they were so afraid of him?

² Exeter believes they should mourn and honor Henry by going to war and through violence/bloodshed.

WINCHESTER

He was lucky because he was the best of kings ³. For the French, he was worse than the end of the world, they were so terrified to see him. He fought battles in the name of God and the prayers of the church made him successful.

³ Henry is described here as "the King of Kings," which was a name for Christ.

GLOUCESTER

The church! Where is the church? Wasn't it the churchmen who prayed ⁴ for his death? Men of the church only like a weak prince who they can control as if he were a school boy.

⁴ The churchmen "prayed" for Henry to lose his power, but Shakespeare may also be punning on "preyed."

WINCHESTER

Glooucester, let's consider you for a moment. You are the new king's protector and so you must guide the prince and rule the realm. Your wife is proud, she admires you more than God or churchmen might.

GLOUCESTER

Name not religion, for thou lovest the flesh,
And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

BEDFORD

55 Cease, cease these jars and rest your minds in peace:
Let's to the altar: heralds, wait on us:
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms:
Since arms avail not now that Henry's dead.
Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
And none but women left to wail the dead.
Henry the Fifth, thy ghost I invocate:
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils,
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
55 A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Caesar or bright--

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER

My honourable lords, health to you all!
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter and discomfiture:
60 Guinne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
Paris, Guysors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

BEDFORD

What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead and rise from death.

GLOUCESTER

65 Is Paris lost? Is Rouen yielded up?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

EXETER

How were they lost? What treachery was used?

MESSENGER

No treachery; but want of men and money.
70 Amongst the soldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintain several factions,
And whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals:
One would have lingering wars with little cost;
75 Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;
A third thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility!
Let not sloth dim your horrors new-begot:
80 Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;
Of England's coat one half is cut away.

EXETER

Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

BEDFORD

Me they concern; Regent I am of France.
85 Give me my steeled coat. I'll fight for France.
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,
To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger

GLOUCESTER

Do not call on religion. You love only objects and money
and sex and you only go to church during the year to pray
against your enemies.

BEDFORD

Stop, stop these arguments, you two and relax a little. Let's
get on with the funeral, messengers are waiting for us. We
will offer our weapons to the altar instead of gold, since
there is no use for weapons now that Henry is dead. Future
generations, years of misery await you, when babies will
only be fed by their mothers' tears. Our island will feed on
salty tears, and only women will be left to mourn the dead. I
call on your ghost, Henry the Fifth. Make this country rich
and keep it free of conflict. Fight with the planets in the sky
that try to prevent this! After all, your soul will transform
into a more famous star than Julius Caesar or shining—

A Messenger enters.

MESSENGER

Honorable lords, I wish you all well! I bring bad news to you
from France; news of loss, killings and absolute defeat. We
have lost Guinne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, Paris,
Guysors, and Poictiers.

BEDFORD

What are you saying? And why are you saying it before the
body of the dead Henry? Speak quietly, or else he might
break out of his lead-lined coffin and rise from the dead, if
he hears about the loss of those great towns.

GLOUCESTER

Has Paris been lost? And did Rouen surrender? If Henry
were brought back to life, that news would make him die
again.

EXETER

How were they lost? Was treason involved?

MESSENGER

No treason—there weren't enough men and we needed
more money. The soldiers were saying that you have
opposing groups here, and instead of sending out men to
fight, you are arguing about your generals. One general
wants to delay the war and save money. Another wants to
act quickly and fly, but has no wings to do so. A third one
thinks that peace can be brought about with deceitful
words and with no money spent at all. You have to wake up,
English aristocrats! Don't let your laziness cloud your vision
of these new horrors. The flower-de-luces ⁵ are cut out of
your coat of arms, so half of England's coat of arms is
already gone.

⁵ The Fleur-de-lis (lily of France) was part of the coat of arms of the King of England.

EXETER

If we didn't cry enough at this funeral, this news will surely
make us cry more.

BEDFORD

As Regent of France, I am concerned about this. Give me my
armor. I'll fight for France. Put away these shameful
mourning clothes! I will not cry for the miseries in France
but will instead fight for them and offer up my body.

Another Messenger enters.

MESSENGER

Lords, view these letters full of bad mischance.
 France is revolted from the English quite,
 Except some petty towns of no import:
 The Dauphin Charles is crowned king of Rheims;
 The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;
 Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his part;
 The Duke of Alencon flieith to his side.

95

EXETER

The Dauphin crowned king! All fly to him!
 O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

GLOUCESTER

We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats.
 Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

BEDFORD

Gloucester, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?
 An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,
 Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter another Messenger

MESSENGER

My gracious lords, to add to your laments,
 Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's hearse,
 I must inform you of a dismal fight
 Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the French.

WINCHESTER

What! Wherein Talbot overcame? Is't so?

MESSENGER

O, no; wherein Lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
 The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
 The tenth of August last this dreadful lord,
 Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
 Having full scarce six thousand in his troop.
 By three and twenty thousand of the French
 Was round encompassed and set upon.
 No leisure had he to enrank his men;
 He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
 Instead whereof sharp stakes pluck'd out of hedges
 They pitched in the ground confusedly,
 To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
 More than three hours the fight continued;
 Where valiant Talbot above human thought
 Enacted wonders with his sword and lance:
 Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
 Here, there, and every where, enraged he flew:
 The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
 All the whole army stood agazed on him:
 His soldiers spying his undaunted spirit
 A Talbot! A Talbot! Cried out amain
 And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
 Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
 If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the coward:
 He, being in the vaward, placed behind
 With purpose to relieve and follow them,
 Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
 Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
 Enclosed were they with their enemies:
 A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
 Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back,
 Whom all France with their chief assembled strength
 Durst not presume to look once in the face.

140

145

BEDFORD

Is Talbot slain? Then I will slay myself,
 For living idly here in pomp and ease,
 Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
 Unto his dastard foemen is betray'd.

MESSENGER

Lords, take a look at these letters which tell of horror.
 France is rebelling against the English, other than some
 small towns of no importance. The Dauphin 6 Charles is
 crowned king of Rheims and he is joined by the Bastard of
 Orleans. Reignier, Duke of Anjou is also with them, and the
 Duke of Alencon ran to support him.

6 "Dauphin" was the title given to the heir of the French throne during this time period.

EXETER

The Dauphin has been made king! And they all run to him!
 Oh, how can we escape this shame?

GLOUCESTER

We won't run, unless we run toward the throats of our
 enemies. Bedford, if you're too lazy, I will fight.

BEDFORD

Why do you doubt that I am ready to fight, Gloucester? In
 my mind, I imagine that I have already gathered an army
 and invaded France.

Another Messenger enters.

MESSENGER

Kind lords, I bring more sad news to add to your sorrows.
 While you were here, mourning King Henry's coffin and
 crying over him, there was a disastrous fight between the
 bold Lord Talbot and the French.

WINCHESTER

What? And Talbot lost this fight? Is that right?

MESSENGER

Oh no, I will tell you more about how Talbot was defeated.
 On the 10th of August, this frightening man left the
 blockade at Orleans. He had barely 6000 soldiers. They
 were completely surrounded by 23,000 French soldiers. He
 couldn't put his men back into battle formation. He wanted
 to put pikes in the ground in front of his archers to protect
 them from the enemy, but sharp spears attacked them from
 the hedges. So, they sank to the ground, confused, to try
 and keep the men on horses from breaking in. The fight
 continued for more than three hours, when brave Talbot,
 seemingly superhuman, carried out wonders with his sword
 and spear. He sent hundreds of men to hell and none dared
 to stand against him. He was flying around angrily, all over
 the place. "The devil is here!" cried the French. The whole
 army was looking at him, amazed. His soldiers were
 carefully watching his unbreakable spirit. "Talbot! Talbot!"
 they cried out with all their strength and hurried to the
 center of the battle. This is where the battle would have
 ended, if John Fastolfe had not been such a coward. He
 should have followed and helped them, since he was at the
 front of the troops. But instead he ran away like a coward
 and didn't even use his sword once. This is when the real
 ruin and massacre started—once they were surrounded by
 their enemies. A lowly Walloon 7 wanted to win the
 Dauphin's favor and so he thrust his spear into Talbot's
 back. Now all of France does not want to look Talbot in the
 face, not even after they have gathered all their strength.

7 At this time, the Walloons were the inhabitants of the area, known as the "Pays wallon" which is located in the south of Belgium, although they spoke French.

BEDFORD

Is Talbot dead? Then, I will kill myself, because being lazy
 and living in luxurious comfort, while such a noble leader is
 destroyed by his cowardly enemies, is betrayal.

MESSENGER

O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him and Lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd or took likewise.

BEDFORD

His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
150 I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his throne:
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
155 To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

MESSENGER

So you had need; for Orleans is besieged;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
160 The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

EXETER

Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
165 Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

BEDFORD

I do remember it; and here take my leave,
To go about my preparation.

Exit

GLOUCESTER

I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
170 To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

Exit

EXETER

To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor,
175 And for his safety there I'll best devise.

Exit

WINCHESTER

Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack out of office:
180 The king from Eltham I intend to steal
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

Exeunt

MESSENGER

Oh, no, he lives. But he is a prisoner, along with Lord Scales
and Lord Hungerford. The others were either killed or also
taken prisoner.

BEDFORD

I don't care how much I have to pay to get him out, I will pay
it. I'll drag the Dauphin from his throne and his crown will
be the price I pay to bring back my friend. I will exchange
four of their lords for one of ours. Goodbye, my lords, I need
to carry out this job. I will make fires in France, to celebrate
our holiday—Saint George's celebration  . I will take
10,000 soldiers with me and their bloody actions will shake
all of Europe.

 St. George's Day is the feast day of Saint George celebrated by the several nations, kingdoms, countries, and cities of which Saint George is the patron saint, including England.

MESSENGER

You should do that, since Orleans is surrounded. The
English army is becoming weak. The Earl of Salisbury needs
help. He can't stop his men from rebelling, since the few he
has left have to watch such a huge army.

EXETER

You should remember what you swore to Henry, lords.
Either we crush the Dauphin completely, or we make him
our obedient slave.

BEDFORD

I remember it and am leaving now to prepare.

*BEDFORD exits.***GLOUCESTER**

I'll go to the Tower, as fast as I can, to check out the state of
our weapons. And then I will announce that young Henry is
king.

*GLOUCESTER exits.***EXETER**

I will go to Eltham, where the young king is. I am his
guardian, after all and am in charge of his safety.

*EXETER exits.***WINCHESTER**

Each of you has somewhere to go and something to do. I
am the only one left out, there is nothing for me to do. But I
will not be like someone who has been told to leave his
rightful place. I am planning to steal the king from Eltham
and so assume the highest position from Exeter and control
the state.

BISHOP OF WINCHESTER exits.

Act 1, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Sound a flourish. Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, and REIGNIER, marching
with drum and Soldiers

CHARLES

Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late did he shine upon the English side;

Shakescleare Translation

A trumpet sounds. CHARLES, ALENCON, and REIGNIER,
enter, walking with drummers and Soldiers.

CHARLES

We still don't know the exact way in which Mars moves in
the heavens or on earth. Recently, he has shown favor to
the English, but now we have won and he seems to smile on

Now we are victors; upon us he smiles.
 5 What towns of any moment but we have?
 At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
 Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
 Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

ALENCON

They want their porridge and their fat bull-beeves:
 10 Either they must be dieted like mules
 And have their provender tied to their mouths
 Or piteous they will look, like drowned mice.

REIGNIER

Let's raise the siege: why live we idly here?
 Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear;
 15 Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
 And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
 Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

CHARLES

Sound, sound alarum! we will rush on them.
 Now for the honour of the forlorn French!
 20 Him I forgive my death that killeth me
 When he sees me go back one foot or fly.

Exeunt

Here alarum; they are beaten back by the English with great loss. Re-enter CHARLES, ALENCON, and REIGNIER

CHARLES

Who ever saw the like? What men have I!
 Dogs! cowards! dastards! I would ne'er have fled,
 But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

REIGNIER

25 Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
 He fighteth as one weary of his life.
 The other lords, like lions wanting food,
 Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

ALENCON

Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,
 30 England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
 During the time Edward the Third did reign.
 More truly now may this be verified;
 For none but Samsons and Goliases
 It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
 35 Lean, raw-boned rascals! who would e'er suppose
 They had such courage and audacity?

CHARLES

Let's leave this town; for they are hare-brain'd
 slaves,
 And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
 40 Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
 The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege.

REIGNIER

I think, by some odd gimmicks or device
 Their arms are set like clocks, stiff to strike on;
 Else ne'er could they hold out so as they do.
 45 By my consent, we'll even let them alone.

ALENCON

Be it so.

us. What important towns do we have? We are happily here near Orleans. Otherwise the starving English, looking like pale ghosts, would surround us slowly, in their weak state.

ALENCON

They only want to eat their porridge and beef. We must either feed them as if they were mules and have their animal food tied close to their mouths, or they will look miserable, like drowned mice.

REIGNIER

Let's increase our attacks. Why are we so lazy these days? We used to be scared of Talbot, but he is captured. The only one left is the crazy Salisbury and he is so impatient that he will probably lose his anger. Plus, he hasn't got any men or money to start a war.

CHARLES

Call our men to battle! We will hurry towards them. We fight for the honor of the hopeless French! I forgive whoever will kill me, when he sees that I step one foot back and run away.

CHARLES, ALENCON, and REIGNIER exit.

An alarm is heard. The French are overthrown by the English, suffering great losses. CHARLES, ALENCON, and REIGNIER re-enter.

CHARLES

Who has ever seen anything like this before? What kind of men do I have? Dogs! Cowards! I wouldn't have run away if they hadn't left me alone surrounded by my enemies.

REIGNIER

Salisbury is a desperate murderer. He fought as if he were tired of his own life. The other lords were like lions who want food—they hurried towards us. They were the hungry lions, we were the prey.

ALENCON

Our countryman, Froissart ¹, writes that England brought to life all Olivers and Rowlands ², during Edward the Third's rule. Now, we can confirm this is true, because England have sent out only Samsons and Goliases to fight. ³

¹ One English man for every ten French ones! Thin, skeleton-like villains ⁴! Who would have thought they had such courage and boldness?

¹ Froissart was a chronicler who, ironically, was the main source of inspiration for Elizabethan codes of chivalry, or knighthood.

² Alencon is saying that Edward III's reign bred only strong and noble warriors in England.

³ Samson and Goliath are biblical characters famed for their strength.

⁴ In the original, Shakespeare uses the term "rascals," which can mean both a "villain" and a thin, inferior deer in a herd.

CHARLES

Let's leave this town, because they are reckless villains. Hunger will make them even more eager. I have known them for a while. They would rather tear down the walls with their teeth than give up this attack.

REIGNIER

I think that by some mechanism or device their arms are like clocks. Their arms remain firm when you hit them. Otherwise, they could not last as long as they do now. I say, let's leave them alone.

ALENCON

Let's.

Enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Where's the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

CHARLES

Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

50 Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd:
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd, for succor is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a vision sent to her from heaven
55 Ordained is to raise this tedious siege
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome:
What's past and what's to come she can descry.
60 Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

CHARLES

Go, call her in.

Exit BASTARD OF ORLEANS

CHARLES

But first, to try her skill,
65 Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly; let thy looks be stern:
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath.

Re-enter the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, with JOAN LA PUCELLE

REIGNIER

Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?
70 Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amazed, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart.
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile.

REIGNIER

75 She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleased
To shine on my contemptible estate:
80 Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation
85 And free my country from calamity:
Her aid she promised and assured success:
In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays which she infused on me
90 That beauty am I bless'd with which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated:
My courage try by combat, if thou darest,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
95 Resolve on this, thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

The BASTARD OF ORLEANS enters.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Where is the Prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

CHARLES

You're very welcome, Bastard of Orleans.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

I think you look sad, and your face is pale. Did our recent loss cause this? Don't fear! Help is on its way. I bring a holy girl with me. She has been sent a vision from heaven by which God appointed her to end this battle and drive the English out of France. She is a prophet, even more powerful than the nine sibyls of old Rome ⁵ and she sees the past and the future. Tell me, should I ask her to come in? Believe the words I speak, because they are true and reliable.

⁵ The nine sibyls of Rome were women believed to be prophets by the ancient Greeks. They were supposedly granted divine inspiration from a God or deity.

CHARLES

Go, tell her to come in.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS exits.

CHARLES

But let's test how good she is first. Reignier, pretend that you are the Dauphin and sit in my place. Ask her proud questions and look harshly on her. This way, we can test her skills.

The BASTARD OF ORLEANS re-enters, with JOAN LA PUCELLE.

REIGNIER

Pretty girl, is it you who will perform these miraculous actions?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Reignier, do you think that you can deceive me? Where is the Dauphin? Come, come from behind. I know you well although I have never seen you before. Don't be surprised, you can't hide anything from me. I will talk to you alone. Stand back, you lords, and leave us for a while.

REIGNIER

For her first meeting, she plays her part well.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Dauphin, I am a shepherd's daughter, I am unintelligent and uneducated. But Heaven and the Virgin Mary have decided to shine on my low status. While I was taking care of my young lambs, and the sun's heat burned my cheeks, God's mother appeared to me in an impressive vision. She wanted me to leave my poor job and save my country from disaster. In her perfect glory, she promised me her help and said it was guaranteed that I would succeed. I was dark and ugly before but she made me beautiful, as you can see, with her bright rays. Ask me anything you want and I will answer it straight away. Test my courage in a fight, if you dare to and you will find that I am better at it than other women. If you agree, you will be lucky, because you can have me as your partner ⁶ in this war.

⁶ "Mate" in the original can mean both a "companion," or a "brother-in-arms" but it is also playing with the meaning of a "sexual partner."

CHARLES

Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms:
Only this proof I'll of thy valour make,
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
100 And if thou vanquishest, thy words are true;
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

I am prepared: here is my keen-edged sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's
105 churchyard,
Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

CHARLES

Then come, o' God's name; I fear no woman.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

And while I live, I'll ne'er fly from a man.

Here they fight, and JOAN LA PUCELLE overcomes

CHARLES

110 Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

CHARLES

Who'e'r helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me:
Impatiently I burn with thy desire;
115 My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,
Let me thy servant and not sovereign be:
'Tis the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

I must not yield to any rites of love,
120 For my profession's sacred from above:
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

CHARLES

Meantime look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

REIGNIER

My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

ALENCON

125 Doubtless he shrives this woman to her smock;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

REIGNIER

Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean?

ALENCON

He may mean more than we poor men do know:
These women are shrewd tempters with their tongues.

REIGNIER

130 My lord, where are you? What devise you on?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no?

CHARLES

I am amazed by your well-spoken words. I will only test
your courage in one fight with you. If you overcome me and
win, your words are true. If not, you lose all my trust.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

I am ready. Here is my sharp sword, decorated with five
flower-de-luces on each side. I picked this sword out of old
iron at Touraine, in Saint Katherine's churchyard.

CHARLES

Then let's do this, in God's name! I am not afraid of any
woman.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

And while I am alive, I will never run away from any man.

Now they fight and JOAN LA PUCELLE wins.

CHARLES

Stop, stop your hands! You are an [Amazon](#) ⁷ and you fight
with the sword of Deborah ⁸.

⁷ The Amazons were a mythical society of female warriors. They were known for being brutal, and only used men for breeding.

⁸ Deborah appears in the Old Testament as a prophetess who leads the Israelites in a fight against their oppressors.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

I would be too weak without the help of the Virgin Mary.

CHARLES

Whoever is it that helps you, it is you that must help me.
The same urge to fight that you feel now burns in me,
impatiently. You have conquered my heart and my hands.
You are excellent, Pucelle—if that is your name. Let me be
your servant instead of your ruler. The French Dauphin begs
you so.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

I must not give in to love, because my purpose is blessed
from the heavens. When I have frightened away all your
enemies, then I will think about a payment.

CHARLES

In the meantime, look with favor on your kneeling slave.

REIGNIER

I think my lord is talking too much.

ALENCON

He must be hearing her confession and offering her
forgiveness, otherwise he wouldn't speak for so long.

REIGNIER

Should we interrupt him, since he is taking so long?

ALENCON

He may know more than us poor men do. These women
can tempt with their sharp tongues.

REIGNIER

My lord, what are your intentions? What are you planning to
do? Should we abandon Orleans or not?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants!
Fight till the last gasp; I will be your guard.

CHARLES

What she says I'll confirm: we'll fight it out.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

135 Assign'd am I to be the English scourge.
This night the siege assuredly I'll raise:
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
Glory is like a circle in the water,
140 Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
With Henry's death the English circle ends;
Dispersed are the glories it included.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
145 Which Caesar and his fortune bare at once.

CHARLES

Was Mahomet inspired with a dove?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then.
Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
150 Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,
How may I reverently worship thee enough?

ALENCON

Leave off delays, and let us raise the siege.

REIGNIER

Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours;
Drive them from Orleans and be immortalized.

CHARLES

155 Presently we'll try: come, let's away about it:
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false.

Exeunt

JOAN LA PUCELLE

I say: "No!" you doubting cowards! You will fight until your last breath. I will be your guard.

CHARLES

I can confirm what she says. We will fight!

JOAN LA PUCELLE

I have been chosen to punish the English. I will start the attack tonight. Expect Saint Martin's summer ⁹ and calm days, now that I have come to fight in these battles. Glory is like a circle in the water, which never stops making itself bigger until by spreading widely it vanishes into nothing. The English circle ended with Henry's death and his glories will soon vanish. Now I am like that proud, mocking ship ¹⁰ that once carried Caesar and all his good luck.

⁹ This expression is similar to the modern day "Indian summer."

CHARLES

Was Mahomet inspired by a dove ¹¹? Then you are inspired by an eagle. Neither Helen ¹², the mother of the great Constantine, nor Saint Philip's daughters ¹³ were as good as you. Venus, you shining star, that has fallen onto the earth, how can I worship you properly?

¹¹ The Prophet Mahomet had a dove which he fed with wheat out of his ear. He used this to convince the Arabs that he was inspired by the Holy Ghost.

ALENCON

Let's not waste time and let's start the attack.

REIGNIER

Woman, do what you can to save our honor. Drive them away from Orleans and gain immortal fame.

CHARLES

Immediately, we'll try to do it. Come, let's go! I will trust no prophet if she turns out to be wrong.

All exit.

Act 1, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter GLOUCESTER, with his Serving-men in blue coats

GLOUCESTER

I am come to survey the Tower this day:
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.
Where be these warders, that they wait not here?
Open the gates; 'tis Gloucester that calls.

FIRST WARDER

5 [Within] Who's there that knocks so imperiously?

First Serving-Man

It is the noble Duke of Gloucester.

Shakescleare Translation

GLOUCESTER enters, followed by his servants in blue uniforms ¹.

¹ Blue coats was Gloucester's uniform and also the typical color of Elizabethan servants' uniforms.

GLOUCESTER

I came to have a look at the Tower today. Ever since Henry's death, I am afraid there is only trickery in the world. Where are the guards? Why aren't they waiting here? Open the gates, Gloucester calls you!

FIRST WARDER

[Inside] Who is knocking in such an arrogant manner?

First Serving-Man

It's the noble Duke of Gloucester.

SECOND WARDER

[*Within*] Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

First Serving-Man

Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

FIRST WARDER

[*Within*] The Lord protect him! so we answer him: We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

GLOUCESTER

Who willed you? Or whose will stands but mine?

- 10 There's none protector of the realm but I.
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize.
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

Gloucester's men rush at the Tower Gates, and WOODVILE the Lieutenant speaks within

WOODVILE

What noise is this? What traitors have we here?

GLOUCESTER

Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
15 Open the gates; here's Gloucester that would enter.

WOODVILE

Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment
That thou nor none of thine shall be let in.

GLOUCESTER

- 20 Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?
Thou art no friend to God or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.
25 Serving-Men Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER and his men in tawny coats

WINCHESTER

How now, ambitious Humphry! What means this?

GLOUCESTER

Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

WINCHESTER

- I do, thou most usurping proditor,
30 And not protector, of the king or realm.

GLOUCESTER

Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contrivedst to murder our dead lord;
Thou that givest whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

35

WINCHESTER

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

GLOUCESTER

- I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back:
40 Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth

SECOND WARDER

[*Inside*] I don't care who he is. You can't go in.

First Serving-Man

Villains, is that how you answer your lord protector?

FIRST WARDER

[*Inside*] Our answer is that the Lord will protect him. We only do what we are ordered.

GLOUCESTER

Who ordered you? Whose order should you follow apart from mine? I am the only protector of the kingdom. Open the gates, I can guarantee that it will be fine. Should I be made fun of by some boys who take care of the horses?

Gloucester's men run towards the Tower Gate and WOODVILE, the Lieutenant speaks from the inside.

WOODVILE

What is this noise? What traitors do we have here?

GLOUCESTER

Lieutenant, is it your voice that I hear? Open the gates. It's me, Gloucester, and I'd like to come in.

WOODVILE

Be patient, great duke. I can't open the gate because the Cardinal of Winchester forbids it. He gave me an order that neither you nor your men should be allowed inside.

GLOUCESTER

Woodvile, you coward! Does he mean more to you than I do? Arrogant Winchester, he is a proud ²priest. Henry, our last king, couldn't stand him! You are not a friend to God or to the king. Open the gates or I will have you thrown out immediately. Open the gates to your lord protector, servants. Or else we'll break them, if you aren't quick!

² "Prelate" means a senior clergyman, someone above an ordinary priest.

The Protector enters at the Tower Gates, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER and his men in yellow coats ³ also enter.

³ The color of the uniform worn by church officers.

WINCHESTER

What's going on, ambitious Humphry! What is the meaning of all this?

GLOUCESTER

You, bald priest, command me to be kept outside?

WINCHESTER

I do, you traitor! Yes, you are a traitor and not a protector of the king and the kingdom.

GLOUCESTER

Stand back! You are obviously scheming against me. You plotted to murder our dead lord, you allowed ⁴whores to sin. I'll watch you, in your cardinal's hat, if you carry on with your disrespect towards me.

⁴ Winchester gives whores "indulgences," which were official documents that could be bought from the Church. They granted absolution from sin.

WINCHESTER

No, you stand back! I will not move one inch. Imagine, if you want, that this is Damascus ⁵ and you are the cursed Cain, who will kill your brother Abel.

⁵ The city of Damascus has been suggested as the place where Cain murdered Abel.

GLOUCESTER

I won't kill you, but I will push you back. I'll use your red clothes to carry you out of here like a child.

I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

WINCHESTER

Do what thou darest; I beard thee to thy face.

GLOUCESTER

What! am I dared and bearded to my face?
Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue coats to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard,
I mean to tug it and to cuff you soundly:
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat:
In spite of pope or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

WINCHESTER

50 Gloucester, thou wilt answer this before the pope.

GLOUCESTER

Winchester goose, I cry, a rope! a rope!
Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.
Out, tawny coats! out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOUCESTER's men beat out WINCHESTER's men, and enter in the hurly- burly the Mayor of London and his Officers

MAYOR

55 Fie, lords! That you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace!

GLOUCESTER

Peace, mayor! Thou know'st little of my wrongs:
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here constrain'd the Tower to his use.

WINCHESTER

60 Here's Gloucester, a foe to citizens,
One that still motions war and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines,
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm,
65 And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king and suppress the prince.

GLOUCESTER

I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

Here they skirmish again

MAYOR

70 Naught rests for me in this tumultuous strife
But to make open proclamation:
Come, officer; as loud as e'er thou canst,
Cry.

OFFICER

75 All manner of men assembled here in arms this day
against God's peace and the king's, we charge and
command you, in his highness' name, to repair to
your several dwelling-places; and not to wear,
handle, or use any sword, weapon, or dagger,
henceforward, upon pain of death.

GLOUCESTER

Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law;
80 But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

WINCHESTER

Gloucester, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

WINCHESTER

Do what you wish but I will defy you.

GLOUCESTER

What? You challenge me and defy me? Attack, men, even though we are in a location where it's illegal to draw swords! Blue coats against brown. Priest, be careful with your beard, I plan on pulling it and handcuffing you. I will stamp on your cardinal's hat, even though to do so goes against the pope and the church. Here, I pull your cheeks and drag you up and down.

WINCHESTER

Gloucester, you will answer for this before the pope.

GLOUCESTER

Winchester, you goose ! Bring me a rope, a rope! Fight them here! Why do you let them stay? I'll chase after you, you wolf in sheep's skin. Leave, brown coats! Leave, you hypocrite!

 "Winchester goose" means a client of prostitutes.

Here GLOUCESTER's men beat WINCHESTER'S men. In the middle of this uproar, the MAYOR of London and his Officers enter.

MAYOR

Ugh, lords! How could you, as the supreme magistrates , so disgracefully break the peace?

 The term magistrate is used to refer to any officer who administers the law.

GLOUCESTER

Calm down, mayor. You don't know how badly I've been treated. Here we have Beaufort, who doesn't respect God or the king. He took over the Tower for his own use.

WINCHESTER

Here we have Gloucester, an enemy to the people. He still promotes war instead of peace, and charges you high taxes. He wants to eliminate religion because he is the protector of the kingdom and wants weapons from the Tower, so he can crown himself king and crush the prince.

GLOUCESTER

I won't answer you with words, but with my sword.

They fight again.

MAYOR

All that remains for me to do in this disorderly conflict is give a statement. Come, officer, and scream as loud as you can.

OFFICER

We order every armed man gathered here today against God's peace and the king's, to go back to your homes, in the name of his highness. Don't wear, handle or use any sword, weapon, or dagger from now on, or you will be punished with death.

GLOUCESTER

Cardinal, I will not break the law. But we shall meet and share our thoughts.

WINCHESTER

Gloucester, we will meet, for sure. I will have your blood for this day's work.

MAYOR

I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

GLOUCESTER

85 Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou mayst.

WINCHESTER

Abominable Gloucester, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long.

Exeunt, severally, GLOUCESTER and WINCHESTER with their Servants

MAYOR

See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, these nobles should such stomachs bear!

90 I myself fight not once in forty year.

Exeunt

MAYOR

I will call for weapons, if you won't go away. This cardinal is more disdainful than the devil.

GLOUCESTER

Goodbye, Mayor. You are only doing what you have to.

WINCHESTER

Hateful Gloucester, watch out for your head because I intend to have it soon.

GLOUCESTER and WINCHESTER exit separately, with their servants.

MAYOR

Now make sure the coast is clear and then we will leave.
Good God, these noble lords have such a bad temper! I myself have not fought in forty years.

MAYOR exits.

Act 1, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Enter, on the walls, a Master Gunner and his Boy

MASTER GUNNER

Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.

BOY

Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.

MASTER-GUNNER

5 But now thou shalt not. Be thou ruled by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espials have informed me
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
10 Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city,
And thence discover how with most advantage
They may vex us with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
15 A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have placed;
And even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them.
Now do thou watch, for I can stay no longer.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;

20 And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

Exit

BOY

Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Exit

*Enter, on the turrets, SALISBURY and TALBOT, GLANSDALE,
GARGRAVE, and others*

SALISBURY

Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!
25 How wert thou handled being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be released?

Shakescleare Translation

A MASTER GUNNER and his BOY enter on the walls of the city of Orléans, France.

MASTER GUNNER

Sir, you know that Orleans was attacked, and that the English won in the outskirts of the city.

BOY

Father, I know and I kept shooting at them. But it is unfortunate that my aim was off.

MASTER-GUNNER

But now you won't miss. Let me tell you what to do. I am the chief master-gunner of this town and I must do something to gain honor. The prince's spies have told me how the English, in the outskirts fortified nearby, are able to go through a secret framework of iron bars to overlook the city from that tower over there. From there, they have an advantage and so they realized how they may surprise us with guns, or with an attack. To stop them from doing this, I put a cannon against it, and I watched these last three days, to see if I could see them. Now you watch them, because I can't stay any longer. If you see any of them, run and tell me. You will find me at the governor's.

MASTER-GUNNER exits.

BOY

I promise you, father, do not worry. I won't trouble you if I see them.

BOY exits.

SALISBURY and TALBOT, GLANSDALE, GARGRAVE and others enter in the towers.

SALISBURY

Talbot—my life, my joy, you have returned again! How did they treat you while you were prisoner? Or, how were you

Discourse, I prithee, on this turret's top.

TALBOT

The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him was I exchanged and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far
Once in contempt they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death,
Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desired.
But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

SALISBURY

Yet tell'st thou not how thou wert entertain'd.

TALBOT

With scoffs and scorns and contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produced they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame:
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they supposed I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walked about me every minute-while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a linstock

SALISBURY

I grieve to hear what torments you endured,
But we will be revenged sufficiently
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I count each one
and view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions
Where is best place to make our battery next.

GARGRAVE

I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.

GLANSDALE

And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

TALBOT

For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeeble'd.

Here they shoot. SALISBURY and GARGRAVE fall

SALISBURY

O Lord, have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

GARGRAVE

O Lord, have mercy on me, woful man!

released? Tell me, please, while we stand on the top of this tower.

TALBOT

The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner who, the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailles. I was exchanged for him. But they would have exchanged me for a man of lower birth if I hadn't mocked them for it and said that I wished to die instead. In short, I was exchanged as I desired it. But, oh, the treasonous Fastolfe breaks my heart. I would kill him with my bare hands, if he was brought in front of me now.

SALISBURY

But you didn't tell us how you were treated.

TALBOT

They mocked me and laughed at me and teased me constantly. They paraded me through the market place, to be a public spectacle to everyone. "Here is the terror of the French," they said, "The scarecrow that scares our children." Then I broke away from the officers that led me and dug stones out of the ground with my nails, so I could throw them at the people who came to embarrass me. My terrifying appearance made people run away. They didn't want to come near me for fear that I would kill them. They didn't think I could be contained by their iron walls. Even my name scared them, and they thought that I could bend the bars of steel and kick the unbreakable posts into pieces. That is why I had a guard assigned to me, who walked around me at every minute. If I so much as moved slightly out of my bed, they were ready to shoot me in the heart.

The BOY enters with a stick 

 A "linstock" is a forked stick for holding the gunner's lighted match.

SALISBURY

It makes me sad to hear the horrors you went through. But we will get our revenge. It is now dinner time in Orleans. Here, through this gate, I see them all and see how the Frenchmen are reinforcing their troops. Let us look inside, you'll be delighted by what you see.

[To GARGRAVE and GLANSDALE] Sir Thomas Gargrave and Sir William Glansdale, give me your considered opinions on the best place for our next assault.

GARGRAVE

I think at the north gate, because that's where the lords stand.

GLANSDALE

And I think here, at the barrier  of the bridge.

 "Bulwark" is a fortification made out of stone.

TALBOT

From what I can see, this city must be starving. Or it has been weakened from the small battles.

They shoot. SALISBURY and GARGRAVE fall.

SALISBURY

Oh god, pity us, miserable sinners!

GARGRAVE

Oh god, pity me, lamentable man!

TALBOT

What chance is this that suddenly hath cross'd us?
 75 Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak:
 How fairest thou, mirror of all martial men?
 One of thy eyes and thy cheek's side struck off!
 Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand
 That hath contrived this woful tragedy!
 80 In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
 Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
 Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
 His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.
 Yet livest thou, Salisbury? Though thy speech doth
 85 fail,
 One eye thou hast, to look to heaven for grace:
 The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.
 Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
 If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!
 90 Bear hence his body; I will help to bury me.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
 Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
 Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
 Thou shalt not die whiles—
 95 He beckons with his hand and smiles on me.
 As who should say 'When I am dead and gone,
 Remember to avenge me on the French.'
 Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
 Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
 100 Wretched shall France be only in my name.

Here an alarum, and it thunders and lightens

TALBOT

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
 Whence cometh this alarum and the noise?

Enter a Messenger

MESSENGER

My lord, my lord, the French have gathered head:
 The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,
 105 A holy prophetess new risen up,
 Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

Here SALISBURY lifteth himself up and groans

TALBOT

Hear, hear how dying Salisbury doth groan!
 It irks his heart he cannot be revenged.
 Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
 110 Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
 Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
 And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.
 Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
 And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. Exeunt

TALBOT

What just happened here? Speak, Salisbury, at least if you can. How are you, model of all soldiers? One of your eyes and a side of your cheek has been shot off! Curse that tower! Curse that deadly hand that brought this miserable tragedy! Salisbury won thirteen battles. He first trained Henry the Fifth for war. As long as he heard the sound of the trumpet or the drum, his sword never stopped fighting in the field. Do you still live, Salisbury? Although you cannot speak, you still have one eye, to look to heaven for grace. The sun looks on all the world with just one eye. Heaven, don't be kind to anyone alive, if Salisbury needs your mercy! Carry his body, I will help to bury it. Sir Thomas Gargrave, are you still alive? Speak to Talbot, no, look up at him too! Salisbury, you can cheer yourself up with this comfort, you will not die while—he gestures with his hand and smiles at me, as if he wants to say: "When I am dead and gone, remember to take revenge on the French for me." Plantagenet, I will, and like Nero ³ I will play on the lute, watching towns burn. France will be distressed at the mere sound of my name.

³ Nero was a Roman emperor who is said to have "fiddled while Rome burned."

An alarm sounds. There is thunder and lightning.

TALBOT

What disorder is this? What disturbance is in the heavens?
 Where does this alarm and noise come from?

A Messenger enters.

MESSENGER

My lord, my lord, the French have raised an army! The Dauphin has joined with one called Joan la Pucelle. She is a holy prophetess, newly discovered. She is coming with a great power to end this blockade.

SALISBURY lifts himself up and moans.

TALBOT

Can you hear how the dying Salisbury moans? It distresses him that he cannot be revenged. Frenchmen, I'll be like a Salisbury to you. Whore or maiden, ⁴ dolphin ⁵ or dogfish, I will crush your hearts with the heels of my horse. I'll make a swamp out of your mixed brains. Bear Salisbury to the tent for me and then we'll attempt what these cowardly French only dare.

⁴ "Pucelle" or "puzzel" were terms that took on the meaning of "whore" or "prostitute," although it actually meant "virgin."

⁵ "Dauphin" would have been pronounced identically to "dolphin."

Alarm sounds. All exit.

Act 1, Scene 5

Shakespeare

Here an alarum again: and TALBOT pursueth the DAUPHIN, and driveth him: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them then re-enter TALBOT

TALBOT

Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
 Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them:
 A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Shakescleare Translation

An alarm sounds again. TALBOT is chasing after the DAUPHIN. Then, JOAN LA PUCELLE enters, driving Englishmen in front of her. She exits after them and then TALBOT re-enters.

TALBOT

Where is my strength, my courage and my spirit? Our English troops are leaving, I can't make them stay. A woman dressed in armor is chasing them away.

*Re-enter JOAN LA PUCELLE***TALBOT**

Here, here she comes. I'll have a bout with thee;
 Devil or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
 Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
 And straightway give thy soul to him thou servest.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

10

*Here they fight***TALBOT**

Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
 My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage
 And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder.
 But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

*They fight again***JOAN LA PUCELLE**

15 Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
 I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

*A short alarum; then enter the town with soldiers***JOAN LA PUCELLE**

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
 Go, go, cheer up thy hungry-starved men;
 20 Help Salisbury to make his testament:
 This day is ours, as many more shall be.

*Exit***TALBOT**

My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;
 I know not where I am, nor what I do;
 A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
 25 Drives back our troops and conquers as she lists:
 So bees with smoke and doves with noisome stench
 Are from their hives and houses driven away.
 They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
 Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

*A short alarum***TALBOT**

30 Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
 Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
 Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
 Or horse or oxen from the leopard,
 35 As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

*Alarum. Here another skirmish***TALBOT**

It will not be: retire into your trenches:
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.
 Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
 40 In spite of us or aught that we could do.
 O, would I were to die with Salisbury!
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

*Exit TALBOT. Alarum; retreat; flourish**JOAN LA PUCELLE re-enters.***TALBOT**

Here she comes. I'll fight with you. Be you devil or devil's mother, I'll defeat you. I will draw blood from you, you are a witch and will give your soul to whoever it is you serve.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Come, come, it is only me that must shame you!

*They fight.***TALBOT**

Heavens, how can you let hell win? My chest will burst from straining my courage and my arms will crack in two from my shoulders. But I will punish this noble-minded whore.

*They fight again.***JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Goodbye, Talbot. Your hour hasn't come yet. I must go to Orleans at once to supply them with provisions.

*A short alarm sounds, then they enter the town with soldiers.***JOAN LA PUCELLE**

Catch up with me if you can, I laugh at your "strength." Go, go! Cheer up your hungry men, help Salisbury give his final statement. This victory is ours and many more will be too!

*JOAN LA PUCELLE exits.***TALBOT**

My thoughts are spinning like the wheel of a potter. I don't know where I am or what I'm doing. A witch, using fear and not force like Hannibal, drives back our troops and she conquers as she pleases. We are like bees being driven away from their hives with smoke, or doves with disgusting stink from their houses. They called us English dogs because of our fierceness. Now, like puppies we are running away, crying.

*A short alarm sounds.***TALBOT**

Listen, countrymen! Either carry on fighting or tear the lions out of England's coat of arms, give up your land, provide sheep in their place. But even sheep don't run half as cowardly from the wolf, or horse, or oxen from the leopard, as you now run from slaves that you have frequently overcome in the past.

*Alarm sounds. Another fight.***TALBOT**

This is not how it will be. Go back to your trenches. You all allowed Salisbury to die because none of you would fight to revenge him. Pucelle has entered Orleans, in spite of us or our best efforts. Oh, if only I could have died with Salisbury! This shame will make me hide my face.

 *Hannibal was a renowned general of Carthage from the third century.*
TALBOT exits. Alarm sounds, retreat and trumpets.

Act 1, Scene 6

Shakespeare

Enter, on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENCON, and Soldiers

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Advance our waving colours on the walls;
Rescued is Orleans from the English
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

CHARLES

Divinest creature, Astraea's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

REIGNIER

Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

ALENCON

All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

CHARLES

'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which I will divide my crown with her,
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall in procession sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear
Than Rhodope's or Memphis' ever was:
In memory of her when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Denis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in, and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory.

Flourish. Exeunt

Shakescleare Translation

*JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENCON, and
Soldiers enter on the walls.*

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Raise our military flags on the walls! Orleans is rescued
from the English and so Joan la Pucelle has carried out her
promise.

CHARLES

You, most heavenly creature! Astraea¹'s daughter! How
shall I honor you for your success? Your promises are like
Adonis' gardens², that bloomed one day and ripened the
day after. France, you should celebrate your glorious
prophetess! The town of Orleans is recovered. Our fortune
has never been better.

¹ Astraea was the Greek goddess of justice.

² Adonis' garden was a garden in Greek mythology that was known for its incredibly quick growth and flowering.

REIGNIER

Why are the bells not ringing through the town? Dauphin,
command the citizens to light bonfires and eat and have a
banquet in the streets, to celebrate the joy that God has
given us.

ALENCON

All of France will be full of merriment and joy, when they
hear how we have performed our role as soldiers.

CHARLES

It is Joan and not us who won this day. For her actions, I will
share my crown with her and all the priests in my kingdom
shall sing her endless praise through the streets. I'll build
more magnificent pyramids for her than Rhodope's of
Memphis³ ever were. In memory of her when she is
dead, her ashes will be stored in an urn more precious than
the rich jewel of Darius.⁴ They will be presented at
important festivals before the kings and queens of France.
We will no longer pray to "Saint Denis"⁵ but Joan la
Pucelle will be the new saint of France. Come in, and let us
banquet in royal fashion, after this golden day of victory.

³ Rhodope was a Greek courtesan who was thought to have constructed a pyramid in Egypt when she wed a King of Memphis.

⁴ Darius was the King of Persia. He was overthrown by Alexander the Great.

⁵ Saint Denis is the patron saint of France.

Trumpets sound. All exit.

Act 2, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter a Sergeant of a band with two Sentinels

SERGEANT

Sirs, take your places and be vigilant:
If any noise or soldier you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

FIRST SENTINEL

Sergeant, you shall.

Exit Sergeant

Shakescleare Translation

A SERGEANT enters with two Watchmen.

SERGEANT

Sirs, take your places and be on your guard. If you hear any
noise or see a soldier near the walls, give us an obvious sign
so we—at the court of guard—know what's happening.

FIRST SENTINEL

Sergeant, you will know it.

SERGEANT exits.

FIRST SENTINEL

Thus are poor servitors,
When others sleep upon their quiet beds,
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain and cold.

10

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and Forces, with scaling-ladders, their drums beating a dead march

TALBOT

Lord Regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Wallon and Picardy are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day caroused and banqueted:
Embrace we then this opportunity
As fitting best to quittance their deceit
Contrived by art and baleful sorcery.

15

BEDFORD

Coward of France! How much he wrongs his fame,
Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches and the help of hell!

20

BURGUNDY

Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle whom they term so pure?

TALBOT

A maid, they say.

BEDFORD

25 A maid! and be so martial!

BURGUNDY

Pray God she prove not masculine ere long,
If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour as she hath begun.

TALBOT

Well, let them practise and converse with spirits:
30 God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

BEDFORD

Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

TALBOT

Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
35 That, if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

BEDFORD

Agreed: I'll to yond corner.

BURGUNDY

And I to this.

TALBOT

40 And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.
Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

SENTINELS

Arm! Arm! The enemy doth make assault!

Cry: 'St. George,' 'A Talbot.'

FIRST SENTINEL

And so poor servants have to watch in darkness, in rain and cold, while others sleep quietly in their beds.

TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY enter, with soldiers with ladders  *. Their drums are playing a funeral march.*

 "Scaling-ladders" were used by soldiers to climb town walls.

TALBOT

Lord Regent and doubtful Burgundy, thanks to your efforts, the regions of Artois, Wallon, and Picardy are our allies. Frenchmen are carefree on this happy night, since they partied the whole day and had a feast. We should therefore take this opportunity to repay their trickery, which was enacted by magic and deadly witchcraft.

BEDFORD

French coward  ! He hurts his own reputation by not trusting in his own ability and instead enlisting witches and accepting help from hell!

 The "coward of France" refers to the Dauphin.

BURGUNDY

Traitors never have company. But who is that Pucelle, of whom they all speak of as being so virtuous?

TALBOT

A simple girl, they say.

BEDFORD

A girl! And she is a warrior!

BURGUNDY

Let's pray to God that she does not turn out to be a man soon, if under the military banner of the French she wore armor from the very beginning.

TALBOT

Well, let them scheme and talk with devilish spirits. God is our protection. Let us, in his conquering name, remove their hard barriers.

BEDFORD

Rise, brave Talbot and we will follow you.

TALBOT

Let's not go all together. I think it may be better if we all enter from different directions. That way, if one of us fails, the others may still fight against them.

BEDFORD

I agree. I'll go to that corner over there.

BURGUNDY

And I'll go to this one.

TALBOT

And here will Talbot climb, or die. Now, Salisbury, for you and for the right of English Henry, you will see tonight how much I am bound in duty to both of you.

SENTINELS

Arm yourself! The enemy is attacking!

They cry: "Saint George!" "Talbot!"

The French leap over the walls in their shirts. Enter, several ways, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, and REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready

ALENCON

How now, my lords! What, all unready so?

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

45 Unready! Ay, and glad we 'scaped so well.

REIGNIER

'Twas time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber-doors.

ALENCON

Of all exploits since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
50 More venturous or desperate than this.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

I think this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

REIGNIER

If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

ALENCON

Here cometh Charles: I marvel how he sped.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Tut, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

55

Enter CHARLES and JOAN LA PUCELLE

CHARLES

Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?
Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so much?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

60 Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend!
At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,
65 This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

CHARLES

Duke of Alencon, this was your default,
That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

ALENCON

Had all your quarters been as safely kept
70 As that whereof I had the government,
We had not been thus shamefully surprised.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Mine was secure.

REIGNIER

And so was mine, my lord.

CHARLES

75 And, for myself, most part of all this night,
Within her quarter and mine own precinct
I was employ'd in passing to and fro,
About relieving of the sentinels:
Then how or which way should they first break in?

The French jump over the walls in their shirts. The BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, and REIGNIER enter through different ways, half dressed.

ALENCON

What's going on, my lords? What?! Are you not ready?

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Not ready indeed! We're glad that we managed to escape.

REIGNIER

It is time that we wake up and leave our beds, since we hear alarms at the doors to our rooms.

ALENCON

I have never heard of a plan more reckless or desperate than this, ever since I first fought in battle myself.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

I think this Talbot is a demon from hell.

REIGNIER

If he isn't from hell, the heavens favor him, for sure.

ALENCON

Here comes Charles! I wonder how it went for him.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Oh please, holy Joan was his defensive guard.

CHARLES and JOAN LA PUCELLE enter.

CHARLES

Is this your magic, you deceitful woman? Did you at first falsely encourage us with your magic, give us a little victory, so that our loss now might be ten times as bad?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Why is Charles angry with his friend!? Is my power supposed to work all the time? Should I always be victorious, whether I am sleeping or awake, will you blame it all on me? Careless soldiers! If your watch had been better, this sudden attack would have never happened.

CHARLES

Duke of Alencon, this is your fault. You were the captain of the watch tonight and you carry the responsibility for what happened.

ALENCON

70 If all the rooms had been as guarded as they were when I was in charge, we wouldn't have been so disgracefully surprised.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Mine was guarded.

REIGNIER

And so was mine, my lord.

CHARLES

I myself, for most of this night, was in her rooms and in my own area of control, I was moving to and from, concerned about relieving the guards. Then, how or where did they first break in?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Question, my lords, no further of the case,
How or which way: 'tis sure they found some place
But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.
And now there rests no other shift but this;
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispersed,
And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying 'A Talbot! a Talbot!' They fly, leaving their clothes behind

SOLDIER

I'll be so bold to take what they have left.
The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;
For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

Exit

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Do not question this case any longer, my lords. It doesn't matter how they did this. What is certain is that they found a place that wasn't guarded enough and that is where they attacked. And now we have no other strategy but this: let's gather all our soldiers, who have been spread all over, and let's make new plans about how to hurt our enemy.

Alarm sounds. An English Soldier enters, shouting "A Talbot! A Talbot!" They run away, leaving their clothes behind.

SOLDIER

I'll be so bold to take what they have left. The call of Talbot alone acts as my sword. I am burdened with many stolen goods from this war and I use no other weapon but his name.

All exit.

Act 2, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain, and others

BEDFORD

The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

Retreat sounded

TALBOT

Bring forth the body of old Salisbury,
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.
Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
10 There hath at least five Frenchmen died tonight.
And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
15 Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engraved the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful death
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
20 I muse we met not with the Dauphin's grace,
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,
Nor any of his false confederates.

BEDFORD

'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Roused on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
25 They did amongst the troops of armed men
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

BURGUNDY

Myself, as far as I could well discern
For smoke and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scared the Dauphin and his trull,
30 When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger

Shakescleare Translation

TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Captain and others enter.

BEDFORD

The day is almost here and the night, whose black cloak covered the earth, has passed. Sound the trumpets to signal retreat and end our chase.

The trumpets signal retreat.

TALBOT

Bring forward the body of old Salisbury and display it here in the market square, which is the center of this cursed town. I have now fulfilled the vow that I made to him. For every drop of his spilled blood, I killed at least five Frenchmen tonight. And from now on, people will see the death that happened in his name. I will put up a tomb, in the main temple, where his corpse will be placed. On the tomb, where everyone may read it, the destruction of Orleans will be engraved—it will remind people of the treasonous manner in which he died and what a terror he was to France. But, lords, in our bloody massacre, I am surprised we didn't meet the Dauphin's grace—his newly arrived champion, the "virtuous" Joan of Arc, or any of his other false accomplices.

BEDFORD

People think, Lord Talbot, that when the fight began, they rose suddenly from their sleepy beds, and among the troops of armed men, they jumped over the walls to find shelter in the field.

BURGUNDY

As far as I could tell, by looking through the smoke and dark vapors of the night, I am sure I scared the Dauphin and his whore, when they came quickly running, hand in hand, like a pair of loving turtle-doves that couldn't be separated during the day night. After we sort out everything here, we'll follow them with all the military force we have.

A Messenger enters.

MESSENGER

35 All hail, my lords! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

TALBOT

Here is the Talbot: who would speak with him?

MESSENGER

The virtuous lady, Countess of Auvergne,
40 With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldest vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies,
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

BURGUNDY

45 Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

TALBOT

Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men
50 Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled:
And therefore tell her I return great thanks,
And in submission will attend on her.
Will not your honours bear me company?

BEDFORD

55 No, truly; it is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

TALBOT

Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
60 Come hither, captain.

Whispers

TALBOT

You perceive my mind?

CAPTAIN

I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

65

Exeunt

MESSENGER

Greetings, my lords! Which one of this princely group do you call the warrior Talbot? His actions are praised throughout all of France!

TALBOT

Here is that Talbot. Who would like to speak with him?

MESSENGER

The virtuous lady Countess of Auvergne, who modestly admires your fame. In my name she begs you, great lord, if you would agree to visit the poor castle where she lives, so she can brag that she saw the man whose glory is announced throughout the entire world.

BURGUNDY

Is it? Well, then, I see that our wars turn into nothing more than amusing entertainment, when ladies want to meet with us. My lord, you shouldn't disrespect her kind offer.

TALBOT

Don't ever trust me then, since where many men could not succeed with their rhetorical skills, a woman's kindness did! And therefore, tell her that I thank her greatly and I will obediently visit her. Will you come with me so I have company, my lords?

BEDFORD

No, really, it is not polite for us to do so. And I hear it's said that guests who are not invited are often the most welcomed once they are gone.

TALBOT

Well, then, since there's no alternative, I will test this Lady's politeness. Come here, Captain.

TALBOT whispers to the Captain.

TALBOT

Do you understand my intention?

CAPTAIN

I do, my lord, and I mean to act correspondingly to it.

All exit.

Act 2, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter

COUNTESS

Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

PORTER

Madam, I will.

Exit.

COUNTESS

5 The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit

Shakescleare Translation

The COUNTESS of Auvergne and her Porter enter.

COUNTESS

Porter, remember what task I have set you. When you have done it, bring the keys back to me.

PORTER

I will, madam.

Porter exits.

COUNTESS

The plot is in place. If everything works out correctly, I will be as famous as Queen Tomyris after the death of Cyrus  .

 Queen Tomyris revenged the murder of her son by slaying the Persian king Cyrus. She then filled a

As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
 Great is the rumor of this dreadful knight,
 And his achievements of no less account:
 10 Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
 To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT

MESSENGER

Madam,
 According as your ladyship desired,
 By message craved, so is Lord Talbot come.

COUNTESS

15 And he is welcome. What! Is this the man?

MESSENGER

Madam, it is.

COUNTESS

Is this the scourge of France?
 Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad
 20 That with his name the mothers still their babes?
 I see report is fabulous and false:
 I thought I should have seen some Hercules,
 A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
 And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
 25 Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf!
 It cannot be this weak and writhed shrimp
 Should strike such terror to his enemies.

TALBOT

Madam, I have been bold to trouble you;
 But since your ladyship is not at leisure,
 30 I'll sort some other time to visit you.

COUNTESS

What means he now? Go ask him whither he goes.

MESSENGER

Stay, my Lord Talbot; for my lady craves
 To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

TALBOT

35 Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
 I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with keys

COUNTESS

If thou be he, then thou art a prisoner.

TALBOT

Prisoner! To whom?

COUNTESS

40 To me, blood-thirsty lord;
 And for that cause I trained thee to my house.
 Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
 For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
 But now the substance shall endure the like,
 45 And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
 That hast by tyranny these many years
 Wasted our country, slain our citizens
 And sent our sons and husbands captive.

TALBOT

Ha, ha, ha!

COUNTESS

50 Laughest thou, wretch? Thy mirth shall turn to moan.

The rumors about this dreadful knight are great and his achievements are also worth mentioning. Willingly would my eyes and ears see and hear to give their opinion of these exceptional reports of him.

wineskin (a bag made out of animal skin to hold wine) with blood and placed her victim's head inside of it.

A Messenger and TALBOT enter.

MESSENGER

Madam, as your ladyship wanted, and desired by my message, here comes Lord Talbot.

COUNTESS

And he is welcome. What! Is *this* the man?

MESSENGER

Madam, it is him.

COUNTESS

Is this the person who causes fear in France? Is this the Talbot that is so feared all around the world that mothers hush their babies with his name? I can see that the report was only a false fantasy. I thought I would see a Hercules, a second Hector! ² I expected to see his stern expression and his large, powerfully built legs and arms. But, unfortunately, this is only a child! A feeble dwarf! It can't be that this weak and twisted shrimp brings so much terror to his enemies.

² Hector was the most celebrated warrior of Troy in the Trojan War.

TALBOT

Madam, I have been a bit forward, to come and bother you here. But since your ladyship doesn't find this convenient, I'll find some other time to come visit you.

COUNTESS

What does he mean now? Go ask him where he is going.

MESSENGER

Stay, my lord Talbot! My Lady wishes to know the reason for your sudden departure.

TALBOT

Well, because she is under a misconception. I'm leaving to guarantee that Talbot is here.

Porter re-enters, with keys.

COUNTESS

If you are him, then you are a prisoner.

TALBOT

Prisoner! To whom?

COUNTESS

To me, you blood-thirsty lord. That is why I lured you to my house. For a long time, your image has been a slave to me, because your picture hangs in my gallery. But now you are here in the flesh, and I will chain your legs and arms, that have with cruelty for many years exhausted our country and killed our citizens and captured our sons and husbands.

TALBOT

Hahaha!

COUNTESS

Villain, why do you laugh? Your joy will turn to moaning.

TALBOT

I laugh to see your ladyship so fond
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow
Whereon to practise your severity.

COUNTESS

Why, art not thou the man?

TALBOT

55 I am indeed.

COUNTESS

Then have I substance too.

TALBOT

No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceived, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
60 And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain't.

COUNTESS

This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?

TALBOT

That will I show you presently.

Winds his horn. Drums strike up: a peal of ordnance. Enter soldiers

TALBOT

How say you, madam? Are you now persuaded
70 That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,
Razeth your cities and subverts your towns
And in a moment makes them desolate.

COUNTESS

75 Victorious Talbot! Pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruted
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry that with reverence
80 I did not entertain thee as thou art.

TALBOT

Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me;
85 Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only, with your patience, that we may
Taste of your wine and see what cates you have;
For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

COUNTESS

With all my heart, and think me honoured
90 To feast so great a warrior in my house.

Exeunt

TALBOT

I laugh because I see your ladyship is foolish to think that
you have anything but Talbot's shadow on which to
practice your cruelty.

COUNTESS

Why, are you not him?

TALBOT

I am indeed.

COUNTESS

Then I have the body too.

TALBOT

No, no, I am only a shadow of myself. You are misled, my
essence is not here, because what you see is only the
smallest part and the smallest portion of humankind.
Madam, I tell you, if the whole body 3 were here, since it is
of such large height, your roof would not be enough to
contain it.

3 "Frame" means the structure, for example the body, or the army, both of which are applicable here.

COUNTESS

This is a fellow who likes riddles as the occasion requires.
He is here and yet he is not here. How can those two
contradictions work together?

TALBOT

I will show you that immediately.

TALBOT blows his horn. The drums begin to play the ringing of artillery. Soldiers enter.

TALBOT

What do you say, madam? Are you not persuaded that
Talbot is only a shadow of himself? These are his
substances, ligaments, arms and strength, with which he
imprisons your rebellious necks, wipes out your cities and
destroys your towns and in only a moment turns them into
ruins.

COUNTESS

Victorious Talbot! Excuse my delusion. I see that you are no
less than the stories reported and in fact even more, as I can
see from your shape. Let my assumptions not provoke your
anger, as I am sorry that I didn't receive you as you
deserved, with admiration.

TALBOT

Don't alarm yourself, fair lady. Don't misinterpret Talbot's
mind, as you already did mistake the outside form of his
body. What you have done hasn't insulted me, and I don't
wish any other satisfaction; only that we may, if you give us
permission, taste your wine and see what delicacies you
have because soldiers' appetites are always happy to taste
them.

COUNTESS

I will do so with all my heart and I will be honored to offer
food to such a great warrior in my house.

All exit.

Act 2, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Shakescleare Translation

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer

PLANTAGENET

Great lords and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

SUFFOLK

Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The garden here is more convenient.

PLANTAGENET

5 Then say at once if I maintain'd the truth;
Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

SUFFOLK

Faith, I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

SOMERSET

10 Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then, between us.

WARWICK

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper:
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
15 Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgement;
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

PLANTAGENET

Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
20 The truth appears so naked on my side
That any purblind eye may find it out.

SOMERSET

And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining and so evident
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

PLANTAGENET

25 Since you are tongue-tied and so loath to speak,
In dumb significant signs proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
30 From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

SOMERSET

Let him that is no coward nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

WARWICK

I love no colours, and without all colour
35 Of base insinuating flattery
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

SUFFOLK

I pluck this red rose with young Somerset
And say withal I think he held the right.

VERNON

40 Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK and WARWICK, and RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON and a Lawyer.

PLANTAGENET

What do you mean by this silence, great lords and gentlemen? Do none of you dare to answer in the name of truth?

SUFFOLK

We were too loud inside the Temple hall, so here in the garden is more convenient.

PLANTAGENET

Then tell me immediately if I told the truth, or to put it another way: was the argumentative Somerset wrong?

SUFFOLK

It is true that I have been negligent in the law, and never could adapt my will to it, and instead I adapt the law onto my will.

SOMERSET

My lord of Warwick, decide, then between us.

WARWICK

Between two hawks, which flies to the higher point?
Between two dogs, which has the deeper bark? Between two swords' blades, which has the better quality? Between two horses, which carries himself best? Between two girls, which has the prettier eye? Maybe I have a naive sense of judgement, but in these precise, sharp, fine distinctions of the law, I'm no smarter than a jackdaw.

PLANTAGENET

Tut tut! Here is a courteous reluctance to be involved. The truth looks so obvious from where I'm standing that anyone, even someone partially blind, could discover it.

SOMERSET

And from where I'm standing, it is so well dressed, so clear, shining and evident that it could shine through a blind man's eye.

PLANTAGENET

Since you are unable to express yourself clearly and hate to speak, show us your thoughts in dumb signs. Let him—a true-born gentleman who values the honor of his birth—pluck a white rose with me from this bush here, if he thinks that I have spoken the truth.

SOMERSET

Let him that is no coward or flatterer, but who dares to tell the real truth, pluck a red rose with me, from this thorn.

WARWICK

I don't love any color and without all colors of lowly subtle flattery, I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

SUFFOLK

I pluck this red rose with young Somerset and I will also say that I think he is in the right.

VERNON

Stop, lords and gentlemen and don't pluck any more, until you agree that whichever side has the fewest roses taken from the tree, shall admit to the other that he is right.

SOMERSET

Good Master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

PLANTAGENET

45 And I.

VERNON

Then for the truth and plainness of the case.
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

SOMERSET

Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
50 Lest bleeding you do paint the white rose red
And fall on my side so, against your will.

VERNON

If I my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt
And keep me on the side where still I am.

SOMERSET

55 Well, well, come on: who else?

LAWYER

Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you:

To SOMERSET

LAWYER

In sign whereof I pluck a white rose too.

PLANTAGENET

60 Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

SOMERSET

Here in my scabbard, meditating that
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

PLANTAGENET

Meantime your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
65 The truth on our side.

SOMERSET

No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear but anger that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

PLANTAGENET

70 Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

SOMERSET

Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

PLANTAGENET

Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

SOMERSET

Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
75 That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

PLANTAGENET

Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy fashion, peevish boy.

SOMERSET

Good master Vernon, that's a good argument that you bring forward. If I have the fewest, I submit in silence.

PLANTAGENET

As will I.

VERNON

Then, for the sake of the truth and the plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and pure blossom here, by which I give a verdict on the white rose side.

SOMERSET

Don't prick your finger as you pluck it off, or else your bleeding may paint the white rose red and put you on my side, against your will.

VERNON

If I bleed for my opinion, my lord, opinion shall be the doctor to my wound and keep me on the side I was on before.

SOMERSET

Well, well, come on! Anyone else?

LAWYER

Unless my studies and my books were incorrect, the argument you believed in was wrong.

Lawyer says to SOMERSET.

LAWYER

As a sign of that, I also pluck a white rose.

PLANTAGENET

Somerset, where is your argument now?

SOMERSET

Here, in the sheath of my sword, thinking on that which shall dye your white rose a bloody red.

PLANTAGENET

In the meantime, your cheeks imitate our roses, since they look white with fear, as they can see that the truth is on our side.

SOMERSET

No, Plantagenet. It is not with fear but with anger that your cheeks blush out of pure shame, which imitates *our* roses. And yet your tongue will not admit that you're wrong.

PLANTAGENET

Does not your rose have a canker  , Somerset?

 A "canker" is a parasitic worm that kills plants.

SOMERSET

Does not your rose have a thorn, Plantagenet?

PLANTAGENET

Ah yes, sharp and piercing to maintain its truth, while your hungry canker eats all its falsehood.

SOMERSET

Well, I'll find friends who will wear my bleeding roses and they shall maintain that what I have said is true, where the dishonest Plantagenet doesn't dare to be seen.

PLANTAGENET

Now, by this pure blossom in my hand, I shall mock you and your fashion of wearing a red rose, you foolish boy.

SUFFOLK

Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

PLANTAGENET

80 Proud Pole, I will, and scorn both him and thee.

SUFFOLK

I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

SOMERSET

Away, away, good William de la Pole!
We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

WARWICK

Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward King of England:
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

PLANTAGENET

He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

SOMERSET

90 By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom.
Was not thy father, Richard Earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
95 Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And, till thou be restored, thou art a yeoman.

PLANTAGENET

My father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
100 And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Pole and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
105 Look to it well and say you are well warn'd.

SOMERSET

Ah, thou shalt find us ready for thee still;
And know us by these colours for thy foes,
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.

PLANTAGENET

110 And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever and my faction wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

SUFFOLK

Go forward and be choked with thy ambition!
115 And so farewell until I meet thee next.

Exit

SOMERSET

Have with thee, Pole. Farewell, ambitious Richard.

Exit

PLANTAGENET

How I am braved and must perforce endure it!

WARWICK

120 This blot that they object against your house
Shall be wiped out in the next parliament

SUFFOLK

Don't point your mockery this way, Plantagenet.

PLANTAGENET

Proud Pole ², I will and mock both him and you.

² "Pole" was Suffolk's family name.

SUFFOLK

I'll throw the mockery back down your throat.

SOMERSET

Let's go away, good William de la Pole! We favor the gentleman by talking to him.

WARWICK

Now, by God's will, you do him wrong, Somerset. His grandfather was Lionel Duke of Clarence, third son to the third Edward King of England. Do yeomen without a heraldic base to their family tree come from such a line?

PLANTAGENET

He relies on the fact that this is a privileged place ³, but does not, since he has a heart of a coward, say so.

³ In "the palace's privilege," it was illegal to draw weapons.

SOMERSET

I'll keep to my word on any plot on the ground in the Christian land, by him that made me. Wasn't your father, Richard Earl of Cambridge, executed for treason in the days of our last king? And because of this treason, are you not stained, corrupted and excluded from the ancient aristocracy? His sin still lives in your blood, full of guilt. And until you are reinstated ⁴, you are only a servant.

⁴ If he were to "be restored", he would have his title and property returned to him.

PLANTAGENET

My father was arrested, not stained. He was condemned to die for treason, but he was no traitor. And I'll prove that to men better than you, Somerset, given the opportunity. Your supporter Pole and yourself, I will make sure to remember so I can punish you for your opinion. Beware of it and don't say that you weren't warned.

SOMERSET

Ah, you will find out that we'll be ready for you and you'll know us by the colors of your enemies, because we *will* wear these in spite of you.

PLANTAGENET

And I swear by my soul that I will wear this pale and angry rose as a badge ⁵ of my blood-drinking hate forever, until it goes with me to my grave, or grow to the highest point of my rank.

⁵ A badge was known as a "cognizance" as people would wear them on their sleeves to indicate who they served.

SUFFOLK

Go ahead and suffocate on your ambition! And so, goodbye, until I see you next time.

SUFFOLK exits.

SOMERSET

I will go with you, Pole. Goodbye, ambitious Richard.

SOMERSET exits.

PLANTAGENET

Now I am insulted and must therefore bear it!

WARWICK

This claim that they bring forward to accuse your house will be eliminated in the next parliament. Make peace between

Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloucester;
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
125 Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset and William Pole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose:
And here I prophesy: this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple-garden,
130 Shall send between the red rose and the white
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

PLANTAGENET

Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

VERNON

In your behalf still will I wear the same.

LAWYER

135 And so will I.

PLANTAGENET

Thanks, gentle sir.
Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

Exeunt

Winchester and Gloucester, and if you will not be named York, then I won't live to be called Warwick. In the meantime, as a sign of my love for you, against the proud Somerset and William Pole, I will wear the rose of your side. I predict that this argument here today, the forming of two opposing sides in the Temple garden, will send a thousand people between the red rose and the white, to death and deadly night.

PLANTAGENET

Good master Vernon, I thank you that you would pluck a flower in my name.

VERNON

In your name I will continue to wear it.

LAWYER

And so will I.

PLANTAGENET

Thanks, gentlemen. Come, let's go to dinner. I dare say that this argument will draw blood some other day.

All exit.

Act 2, Scene 5

Shakespeare

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair, and Gaolers

MORTIMER

Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment.
5 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;
10 Weak shoulders, overborne with burthening grief,
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground;
Yet are these feet, whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,
15 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?

FIRST GAOLER

Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber;
20 And answer was return'd that he will come.

MORTIMER

Enough: my soul shall then be satisfied.
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
25 This loathsome sequestration have I had:
And even since then hath Richard been obscured,
Deprived of honour and inheritance.
But now the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
30 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence:
I would his troubles likewise were expired,

Shakescleare Translation

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair, and Wardens.

MORTIMER

You kind caretakers of my weak body, let the dying Mortimer rest here alone. It's as if I were a man just dragged from the rack, so my arms and legs suffer from the long imprisonment. And these gray hairs, the messengers of death, are like Nestor¹'s, aged with the weight of sorrow. They symbolize the end of Edmund Mortimer. These eyes are like lamps whose dying oil has run out, they grow dark, as they are burning out. These weak shoulders are overburdened with overwhelming grief, and my feeble arms look like the dried up climbing plant that hangs down its weak branches to the ground. But these feet, whose powerless support is paralyzed, unable to support this body, are flying fast with a desire to find a grave for themselves. I have no other comfort, as far as I know. But, do you know if my nephew will come, warden?

 Nestor was an elderly, wise Greek soldier in the mythical Trojan War.

FIRST GAOLER

My lord, Richard Plantagenet will come. We sent a message to the Temple, to his room and he responded saying that he will come.

MORTIMER

Enough! I will soon be satisfied, then. He is a poor gentleman. He was almost as wronged as I was. Since Henry Monmouth² began to rule—I was powerful before he was—I have been in this disgusting prison. And ever since then, Richard has been overshadowed, denied his honor and inheritance. But now the judge of all despair and death, the kind referee who decides on men's miseries, sends me away with sweet release here. I wish Richard's troubles would disappear like mine, so that he might get back what he lost.

 Henry Monmouth is a nickname for Henry V because he was born in a town called Monmouth.

That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET

FIRST GAOLER

My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

MORTIMER

Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?

PLANTAGENET

35 Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly used,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

MORTIMER

Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me when my lips do touch his cheeks,
40 That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despised?

PLANTAGENET

First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
45 This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me;
Among which terms he used his lavish tongue
And did upbraid me with my father's death:
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
50 Else with the like I had requited him.
Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

MORTIMER

55 That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me
And hath detain'd me all my flowering youth
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his decease.

PLANTAGENET

Discover more at large what cause that was,
60 For I am ignorant and cannot guess.

MORTIMER

I will, if that my fading breath permit
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Deposed his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
65 The first-begotten and the lawful heir,
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavor'd my advancement to the throne:
70 The reason moved these warlike lords to this
Was, for that--young King Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body--
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
75 From Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark: as in this haughty attempt
80 They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth,
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke, did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then derived
85 From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
Marrying my sister that thy mother was,
Again in pity of my hard distress

RICHARD PLANTAGENET enters.

FIRST GAOLER

My lord, your loving nephew is here.

MORTIMER

Is Richard Plantagenet, my friend here?

PLANTAGENET

Yes, great uncle, so lowly treated. Your nephew Richard,
who is recently hated by others, is here.

MORTIMER

Point my arms towards him so I may hug his neck, and
breath my last breath on his chest. Oh, tell me when my lips
touch his cheeks, so I may give my last weak kiss to him in
kinship. And now tell me, you sweet stem of York's lineage,
why did you say that you were recently hated by others?

PLANTAGENET

First, rest your old back against my arm, and when I am
relaxed, I will tell you of my sickness. Today, in an argument
over the truth, Somerset and I exchanged some words,
during which he used some excessive language and so used
my father's death to accuse me. This disgrace left me
speechless, otherwise I would have answered him similarly.
Therefore, good uncle, in honor of my father and the true
Plantagenet, tell me why my father the Earl of Cambridge
lost his head.

MORTIMER

The reason, my good nephew, that imprisoned me and
confined me in all of my young days in this horrible
dungeon, here to die, was a cursed aftermath of your
father's death.

PLANTAGENET

Tell me more of the reason, because I know nothing of it
and can't guess what it may be.

MORTIMER

I will tell you, if my weak breath will allow me and death
doesn't come for me before I finish my story. Henry the
fourth, grandfather to our current king, removed his cousin
Richard, Edward's son ³, from the throne. Richard was the
first-born and the lawful heir of King Edward, the third in
that line. During Henry the Fourth's rule, the Percies ⁴ of
the north thought that his wrongful takeover of the throne
was unfair, so they tried to put me on the throne. These
warriors were encouraged to do so because young King
Richard was removed from the throne, and he left no heirs
behind, so I was the next in line thanks to my birth and
family. Thanks to my mother I come from Lionel Duke of
Clarence, the third son of King Edward, while he comes
from John of Gaunt and is only the fourth of that line of
heroes. But pay attention, now. In this proud attempt to put
me on the throne as the rightful heir, I lost all my freedom
and they lost their lives. After this, Henry the Fifth
succeeded his father Bolingbroke ⁵ and ruled. At the same
time, your father, the Earl of Cambridge, who came from
the line of the famous Edmund Langley, Duke of York,
married my sister, your mother. Again, feeling sorry for my
sadness, he led an army, wanting to restore my position
and put the crown on my head. But, the good lord fell, like
the others did, and was beheaded. And so the Mortimers,
who were once favored, were suppressed.

³ Richard, Edward's son is Richard II, son to Edward III. His removal from the throne is depicted in Shakespeare's "Richard II."

⁴ The Percies, in Henry IV Parts 1 and 2, fought for the Mortimer claim to the throne.

⁵ Bolingbroke was the name by which Henry IV was known before he became the king.

Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem:
90 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the tide rested, were suppress'd.

PLANTAGENET

Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

MORTIMER

True; and thou seest that I no issue have
95 And that my fainting words do warrant death;
Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

PLANTAGENET

Thy grave admonishments prevail with me:
But yet, methinks, my father's execution
100 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

MORTIMER

With silence, nephew, be thou politic:
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And like a mountain, not to be removed.
But now thy uncle is removing hence:
105 As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a settled place.

PLANTAGENET

O, uncle, would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!

MORTIMER

Thou dost then wrong me, as that slaughterer doth
110 Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good;
Only give order for my funeral:
And so farewell, and fair be all thy hopes
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war!

Dies

PLANTAGENET

115 And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast;
And what I do imagine let that rest.
120 Keepers, convey him hence, and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

Exeunt Gaolers, bearing out the body of MORTIMER

PLANTAGENET

Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Choked with ambition of the meaner sort:
And for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
125 Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house:
I doubt not but with honour to redress;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

Exit

PLANTAGENET

And you, my lord, are the last of the Mortimers.

MORTIMER

That's true. And you know that I have no son and that my failing words signal death. You are my heir, I want you to regain all the rest but be careful and pay close attention.

PLANTAGENET

Your serious warnings have convinced me. But I still think that my father's execution was nothing but bloody tyranny.

MORTIMER

Be quiet, nephew, when you speak so sensibly. The house of Lancaster is standing strong and won't be easily moved, they are like a mountain. But now your uncle is dying here, as princes do in their courts when they are sick from staying in the same place all the time.

PLANTAGENET

Oh uncle, if only some part of my youth could be transferred to you to make up for your old age!

MORTIMER

Then you would wrong me, like the murderer who gives you many wounds even when one would be enough to kill you. Don't mourn me, but mourn for the good in me. I only want you to make arrangements for my funeral, and so goodbye! I hope that your life is successful in both peace and war!

MORTIMER dies.

PLANTAGENET

And let peace, not war rest on your departed soul! You have spent your crusade in prison and lived your last days as a loner. Well, I will lock his advice in my chest and what I do with it will remain a secret. Wardens, take him away from here and I personally will make sure his burial is better than his life was.

Gaolers exit, carrying the body of MORTIMER out.

PLANTAGENET

The flickering torch of Mortimer dies here. He was suffocating with ambition that was fitting of less noble people. And as for the wrongs and those bitter wounds which Somerset directed at my family, I will, doubt you not, answer honorably. And therefore I hurry to the parliament, either to be restored to my rightful position or to turn my unfavorable situation into an advantage.

RICHARD exits.

Act 3, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Shakescleare Translation

Flourish. Enter KING HENRY VI, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOUCESTER offers to put up a bill; BISHOP OF WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it

Trumpet sounds. Enter KING HENRY VI, EXETER, GLOUCESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOUCESTER attempts to present a list of accusations, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

WINCHESTER

Comest thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devised,
Humphrey of Gloucester? If thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
5 Do it without invention, suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

WINCHESTER

Do you come with carefully planned statements, with written pamphlets that you carefully created, Humphrey of Gloucester? If you want to accuse me or plan to interrupt my command, do it without these made up reasons. Do it spontaneously, like I plan to spontaneously and unprepared answer what you can't object to.

GLOUCESTER

Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.

- 10 Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forged, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
- 15 Thy lewd, pestiferous and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Forward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
- 20 A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London bridge as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
- 25 The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

GLOUCESTER

You arrogant priest! This place obliges me to endure it or else you would find out just how much you have dishonored me. And although I have already put forward in writing the manner of your shameful and shocking crimes, do not think that I have invented them or that I am not able to repeat what I have written down, word for word. No, priest, your wickedness is reckless, your low, poisonous, and argumentative wicked actions are proof of your pride. You are the most destructive moneylender, stubborn by nature, enemy to peace, lustful and careless—more than a man of your profession and status should be. And as for your treason, what more evidence do you need? You laid a trap to kill me, both at London Bridge and at the Tower. Also, I worry that if your thoughts were closely examined, the king, your ruler, would not be entirely excluded from the jealous cruelty of your arrogant heart.

WINCHESTER

Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious or perverse,
30 As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do?—except I be provoked.

- 35 No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
- It is not that that hath incensed the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
- No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast
- 40 And makes him roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know I am as good--

WINCHESTER

Gloucester, I dare you. Lords, listen to my reply to him. If I were greedy, ambitious or stubborn, as he described me, why am I so poor? Or why do I not try to rise above my status, but instead keep my low position? And in a disagreement, who prefers peace more than I do—unless I am provoked? No, my good lords, this is not what offends him. It is not this that made the duke angry. It is because he believes no one but him should rule, no one but him should be around the king. *That's* what causes thunder in his chest and makes him scream these accusations at us. But he shall know that I am as good—

GLOUCESTER

As good!
Thou bastard of my grandfather!

GLOUCESTER

As good!? You are a bastard of my grandfather! 

 Winchester was the illegitimate son of the Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt.

WINCHESTER

Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
45 But one imperious in another's throne?

GLOUCESTER

Yes, my lord, but what are you if not one acting like a king in someone else's throne?

GLOUCESTER

Am I not protector, saucy priest?

GLOUCESTER

Am I not the protector, you insolent priest?

WINCHESTER

And am not I a prelate of the church?

WINCHESTER

Am I not the representative of the church?

GLOUCESTER

Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps
And useth it to patronage his theft.

GLOUCESTER

Yes, you are like a criminal who lives in a castle and uses it to protect what he stole.

WINCHESTER

50 Unreverent Gloucester!

GLOUCESTER

Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

WINCHESTER

Rome shall remedy this.

WARWICK

Roam thither, then.

SOMERSET

55 My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

WARWICK

Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

SOMERSET

Methinks my lord should be religious
And know the office that belongs to such.

WARWICK

60 Methinks his lordship should be humbler;
it fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

SOMERSET

Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

WARWICK

State holy or unhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his grace protector to the king?

PLANTAGENET

65 [Aside] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,
Lest it be said 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;
Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

KING HENRY VI

Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
70 I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O, what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
75 Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.

A noise within, 'Down with the tawny-coats!'

KING HENRY VI

What tumult's this?

WARWICK

An uproar, I dare warrant,
80 Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

A noise again, 'Stones! stones!' Enter Mayor

MAYOR

O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,

WINCHESTER

You are not worthy of respect, Gloucester!

GLOUCESTER

You are worthy of respect, when it comes to your spiritual
function but not your life.

WINCHESTER

Rome ² shall fix this.

. ² By "Rome," Winchester means the Pope.

WARWICK

Wander over there ³, then.

. ³ Playing on the similarity between the words "Rome" and "roam," Rome was also a common destination for holy pilgrimages.

SOMERSET

My lord, it is your duty to refrain yourself.

WARWICK

Yes, the bishop should not be overruled.

SOMERSET

I think my lord should be religious and know that the office
belongs to such religious persons.

WARWICK

I think his lordship should be more modest, a priest should
not beg so much.

SOMERSET

Yes, especially when his holy status is so closely concerned.

WARWICK

Holy or unholy status, who cares about that? Isn't his grace
the protector to the king?

PLANTAGENET

[To himself] I see that a Plantagenet must remain quiet
unless they would say "Speak, sir, when you should. Why
must your daring judgement interrupt the lords' talk?"
Otherwise, I would attack Winchester with my words.

KING HENRY VI

Uncles Gloucester and Winchester, you are the special men
who watch over our commonwealth. I would successfully
persuade you, with the help of my prayers, to join your
hearts in love and friendship. Oh, it is a scandal to our
crown that two good lords should argue! Believe me, my
lords, even my youth recognizes that civil disagreement is
like a poisonous snake that chews the insides of the
commonwealth.

A noise from the inside: "Down with the brown coats" ⁴ !

. ⁴ "Tawny-coats" refers to the church officers and the followers of Winchester.

KING HENRY VI

What noise is that?

WARWICK

I'd say it is a hubbub that began as a result of the bitterness
of the bishop's men.

Another noise: "Stones, stones!" MAYOR enters.

MAYOR

Oh, my good lords, and virtuous Henry! Feel sorry for the
city of London, feel sorry for us! The bishop and the Duke of
Gloucester's men, who have recently been forbidden from

Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones
And banding themselves in contrary parts
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:
Our windows are broke down in every street
90 And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter Serving-men, in skirmish, with bloody pates

KING HENRY VI

We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaughtering hands and keep the peace.
Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

FIRST SERVING-MAN

95 Nay, if we be forbidden stones,
We'll fall to it with our teeth.

SECOND SERVING-MAN

Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

Skirmish again

GLOUCESTER

You of my household, leave this peevish broil
And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

THIRD SERVING-MAN

100 My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty:
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
105 To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight
And have our bodies slaughtered by thy foes.

FIRST SERVING-MAN

Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

Begin again

GLOUCESTER

110 Stay, stay, I say!
And if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

KING HENRY VI

O, how this discord doth afflict my soul!
Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
115 My sighs and tears and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace.
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

WARWICK

Yield, my lord protector; yield, Winchester;
120 Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sovereign and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace except ye thirst for blood.

WINCHESTER

He shall submit, or I will never yield.

GLOUCESTER

Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

carrying weapons, have filled their pockets with small stones. They formed groups of the two opposing parties and threw the stones at each others' heads so that many of their mad brains were knocked out of them. In every street, our windows are broken and we were so afraid of them that we had to close our shops.

The servants enter, fighting and with bloody heads.

KING HENRY VI

We command you, based on your loyalty to us, to stop your murdering hands and to maintain peace. Please, uncle Gloucester, calm down this fight.

FIRST SERVING-MAN

No! If we are forbidden from using stones, we will fight with our own teeth!

SECOND SERVING-MAN

Do what you want! We are determined.

They fight again.

GLOUCESTER

Those of you who are from my house, leave this foolish and unusual fight behind.

Third Serving-man

My lord, we know that your grace is a good fair man and that only the king has a higher royal birth than you do. And before we allow such a prince, such a kind father to the commonwealth to be disgraced by someone of a low status, we and our wives and children will *all* fight and have ourselves killed by your enemies.

FIRST SERVING-MAN

Yes! And the trimmings of our nails will prepare a battle for us when we are dead.

They begin to fight again.

GLOUCESTER

Stay, stay, I say! And if you love me as much as you say you do, let me persuade you to stop for a while.

KING HENRY VI

Oh, how this disorder upsets my soul! Lord Winchester, can you watch me sigh and cry and not soften at the sight of it? Who will be sympathetic if not you? Or who will work towards peace, if holy churchmen take pleasure in fights?

WARWICK

Surrender, my lord protector, and surrender Winchester. Or do you mean to kill your king and destroy the country with your stubborn refusal? If you see what evil and murder have occurred here because of your hatred, then be at peace and stop your thirst for blood.

WINCHESTER

He should obey, otherwise I will never surrender.

GLOUCESTER

The king's kindness makes me bow. Otherwise I would keep fighting against him before the priest would have an advantage over me.

WARWICK

Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke
 130 Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
 As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
 Why look you still so stern and tragical?

GLOUCESTER

Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

KING HENRY VI

Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach
 135 That malice was a great and grievous sin;
 And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
 But prove a chief offender in the same?

WARWICK

Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.
 For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent!
 140 What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

WINCHESTER

Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;
 Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.

GLOUCESTER

[Aside] Ay, but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.--
 See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
 145 This token serveth for a flag of truce
 Betwixt ourselves and all our followers:
 So help me God, as I dissemble not!

WINCHESTER

[Aside] So help me God, as I intend it not!

KING HENRY VI

O, loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,
 150 How joyful am I made by this contract!
 Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
 But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

FIRST SERVING-MAN

I'll to the surgeon's.

SECOND SERVING-MAN

And so will I.

THIRD SERVING-MAN

155 And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

Exeunt Serving-men, Mayor, & c

WARWICK

Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign,
 Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
 We do exhibit to your majesty.

GLOUCESTER

Well urged, my Lord of Warwick: or sweet prince,
 160 And if your grace mark every circumstance,
 You have great reason to do Richard right;
 Especially for those occasions
 At Eltham Place I told your majesty.

KING HENRY VI

And those occasions, uncle, were of force:
 Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
 165 That Richard be restored to his blood.

WARWICK

Let Richard be restored to his blood;
 So shall his father's wrongs be recompensed.

WARWICK

Look, my lord of Winchester, the duke has let go of his
 anger, as you can tell by looking at his calm expression. Why
 do you still look so strict and full of sorrow, though?

GLOUCESTER

Winchester, here. I offer you my hand.

KING HENRY VI

Shame on you, uncle Beaufort! I've heard you preach that
 evil was a great and dreadful sin and you still won't live
 according to what you preach, but instead turn into the
 sinner yourself?

WARWICK

Sweet king, the bishop has been told off enough 5. Shame
 on you, my lord of Winchester, give up! What, will a child
 instruct you what to do?

5 A "gird" typically means a taunt,
 so is used here in a rather
 contradictory manner. Warwick might
 mean it is an appropriate retort.

WINCHESTER

Well, Duke of Gloucester, I surrender to you. I give you my
 hand for your hand and my love for your love.

GLOUCESTER

[To himself] Yes, but I fear that you don't mean this and do
 it with an empty heart. See, my friends and loving
 countrymen, this sign that represents a flag of peace
 between us and our followers. God help me, I am not
 pretending!

WINCHESTER

[To himself] God help me, I didn't mean it!

KING HENRY VI

Oh, loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester! I am so happy
 about this agreement! Go away now, my masters. Don't
 make any more problems but make friends with one
 another, as your lords have done here.

FIRST SERVING-MAN

I am happy about this. I'll go to the surgeon.

SECOND SERVING-MAN

And so will I.

THIRD SERVING-MAN

And I will see what type of medicine the pub might offer.

The servants, MAYOR and company exit.

WARWICK

Accept this document, my most gracious king. It shows the
 right of Richard Plantagenet.

GLOUCESTER

Good timing, Lord of Warwick. Sweet prince, if you consider
 every detail, you have good reason to treat Richard well,
 especially for those reasons I told your majesty about at
 Eltham Palace 6.

6 Eltham Palace is located in the
 London borough of Greenwich. It was
 Henry IV's favorite palace, and often
 used for Christmas celebrations.

KING HENRY VI

And those reasons, uncle, were convincing. Therefore, my
 loving lords, it is our pleasure that Richard shall be given his
 property and titles back.

WARWICK

Let Richard have his rights back, so that his father's wrongs
 will be repaid.

WINCHESTER

As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

KING HENRY VI

170 If Richard will be true, not that alone
But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

PLANTAGENET

175 Thy humble servant vows obedience
And humble service till the point of death.

KING HENRY VI

Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;
And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
Rise Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
180 And rise created princely Duke of York.

PLANTAGENET

And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!
And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

ALL

Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

SOMERSET

185 [Aside] Perish, base prince, ignoble Duke of York!

GLOUCESTER

Now will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France:
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,
190 As it disanimates his enemies.

KING HENRY VI

When Gloucester says the word, King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

GLOUCESTER

Your ships already are in readiness.

Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but EXETER

EXETER

195 Ay, we may march in England or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers
Burns under feigned ashes of forged love
And will at last break out into a flame:
200 As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy
Which in the time of Henry named the Fifth
205 Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;
That Henry born at Monmouth should win all
And Henry born at Windsor lose all:
Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

Exit

WINCHESTER

And all the rest, Winchester wants it that way.

KING HENRY VI

If Richard is truthful, I will give him not only that but also all
the inheritance that rightfully belongs to the family of York,
from where his bloodline began.

PLANTAGENET

Your poor servant swears that he will be obedient and I
offer my lowly service until the day I die.

KING HENRY VI

Bow then and put your knee against my foot. As a reward,
with this brave sword of York, I give you a title. Richard,
stand up, like a true Plantagenet and rise as the newly titled
Duke of York.

PLANTAGENET

And so Richard prospers while your enemies fall! And as it is
my duty, so those that have even one hateful thought
against your majesty will die!

ALL

Welcome, high prince, the powerful Duke of York!

SOMERSET

[To himself] Die, lowly prince, dishonorable Duke of York!

GLOUCESTER

Now it may be good time for your majesty to travel across
the sea and be crowned in France. The king's presence
brings about love among his people and his loyal friends,
and it discourages his enemies.

KING HENRY VI

Wherever Gloucester will tell me to go, I will go. Friendly
advice helps you get rid of many enemies.

GLOUCESTER

Your ships are ready.

*Trumpet calls signalling a procession. All exit apart from
EXETER.*

EXETER

Ah, yes, we may go to fight in England or in France, but we
can't predict what will happen afterwards. This recent
disagreement that has grown between the lords burns
under ashes of false love and will finally turn into a flame!
Like rotten arms and legs slowly decompose, until bones
and ligaments fall apart, so this lowly and malicious
disorder will spread. And now I am afraid of that the deadly
prophecy which was spread around during Henry the Fifth's
reign and heard from the mouth of every new born
baby; that Henry born at Monmouth ⁷ should win it all
while Henry born at Windsor ⁸ should lose it all. It is so
clear that Exeter wishes that his days may end before that
unlucky time.

⁷ Henry born at Monmouth is Henry V.

⁸ Henry born at Windsor is Henry VI.

EXETER exits.

Act 3, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE disguised, with four Soldiers with sacks upon their backs

JOAN LA PUCELLE

These are the city gates, the gates of Rouen,
Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;
Talk like the vulgar sort of market men
5 That come to gather money for their corn.
If we have entrance, as I hope we shall,
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

FIRST SOLDIER

10 Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock.

Knocks

WATCH

[Within] Qui est la?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

15 Paysans, pauvres gens de France;
Poor market folks that come to sell their corn.

WATCH

Enter, go in; the market bell is rung.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Now, Rouen, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground.

Exeunt

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, REIGNIER, and forces

CHARLES

20 Saint Denis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Here enter'd Pucelle and her practisants;
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

REIGNIER

25 By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her meaning is,
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE on the top, thrusting out a torch burning

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Behold, this is the happy wedding torch
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites!

Exit

Shakescleare Translation

JOAN LA PUCELLE enters, masked, with four Soldiers with bags on their backs.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

These are the gates of the city Rouen, through which, according to our strategy, we must make an opening to get into. Be careful how you construct your sentences and what words you use. Talk like the commoners, like the people at markets who come to collect money for their wheat. If we enter, and I really hope we do, and if we find that the lazy guards are weak, I'll give a sign to our friends that Charles the Dauphin can confront them.

FIRST SOLDIER

Our bags will be used to attack the city and we'll be lords and rulers of Rouen. And so, I'll knock.

The First Soldier knocks.

WATCH

[Inside] Who is there?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Peasants, the poor people of France. Poor market people who come here to sell their wheat.

WATCH

Go in, then. *The market bell*  is ringing.

 *The market bell was rung just before dawn to signal the opening of the market.*

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Now I will destroy your walls, Rouen.

JOAN LA PUCELLE exits.

CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, REIGNIER, and forces enter.

CHARLES

Bless this happy plan, Saint Denis! And once again, we'll sleep safely in Rouen.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Pucelle and her conspirators  entered the city here. Now that she's in the city, how will she let us know the safest and best way to get in?

 *The word "practisants" is likely unique to this instance, which adds to its sinister connotations.*

REIGNIER

By signaling a burning torch from that tower over there, so we will recognize what she means. No entrance is as weakly guarded as the one she entered.

JOAN LA PUCELLE enters on the upper level, signalling a burning torch.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Look! This is the happy wedding torch  that joined Rouen and its countrymen but now it burns a deadly fire to Talbot and his men.

 *"Wedding torch" refers to the torch carried in images of the Greek/Roman god of marriage Hymen.*

JOAN LA PUCELLE exits.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

CHARLES

Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

40

Alarum. Exeunt

An alarum. Enter TALBOT in an excursion

TALBOT

France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escaped the pride of France.

45

Exit

An alarum: excursions. BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair. Enter TALBOT and BURGUNDY without: within JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, and REIGNIER, on the walls

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate:
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste?

BURGUNDY

50 Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

CHARLES

Your grace may starve perhaps before that time.

BEDFORD

O, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason!

JOAN LA PUCELLE

55 What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

TALBOT

Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age
60 And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

65

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Are ye so hot, sir? yet, Pucelle, hold thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

65

The English whisper together in council

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

See, noble Charles, the torch of our friend! The burning
torch is over there at that tower.

CHARLES

Now it shines like a comet of revenge , it predicts the fall
of all our enemies!

 Such an image was believed to be
a sign of vengeance.

REIGNIER

Let's not waste time, wasting time has dangerous
consequences. Enter the city and immediately scream "The
Dauphin!" and then kill all the guards.

Alarm sounds. They exit.

*Another alarm sounds. TALBOT enters among others
fighting.*

TALBOT

France, you will regret this treason with your tears, if Talbot
survives your betrayal. The witch Pucelle, that cursed
sorceress has brought this evil mischief so unexpectedly on
us, that we barely escaped the French.

TALBOT exits.

*An alarm sounds. A chaos of battle. BEDFORD is brought in
sick in a chair. TALBOT and BURGUNDY enter on the main
stage. JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES, BASTARD OF ORLEANS,
ALENCON, and REIGNIER enter on the walls.*

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Good morning, you fine young gentlemen! Do you want
wheat instead of bread? I think the Duke of Burgundy would
rather starve than buy food again at that cost. It was full of
weeds, do you like the taste of it?

BURGUNDY

Make fun of me as much as you want, you disgusting devil
and shameless prostitute! Trust me, I will soon choke you
with your own weapon and I'll make sure that you regret
the outcome of your actions.

CHARLES

Your king will starve before that will happen.

BEDFORD

Oh, you should let actions and not words revenge this
treason!

JOAN LA PUCELLE

What are you going to do, good man with the grey beard?
Break a spear in two and fight in a tournament with it until
you die?

TALBOT

You dirty demon from France and witch filled with hate! You
are surrounded by your passionate lovers! Do you think it's
appropriate for you to mock his incredible age and insult a
half dead man by talking of him being a coward? Girl, I'll
fight you again. If I don't then I will die of shame.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Are you so hot-tempered, sir?  And still, Pucelle, be calm,
if Talbot is only like a thunder now, then it will be followed
by rain.

 Joan is mocking Talbot, picking
up on his use of the word "bout,"
which could also mean a sexual
encounter.

The English whisper and discuss together.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

God speed the parliament! who shall be the speaker?

TALBOT

Dare ye come forth and meet us in the field?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Belye your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

TALBOT

I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alencon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?

ALENCON

Signior, no.

TALBOT

Signior, hang! base muleters of France!
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Away, captains! let's get us from the walls;
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here.

Exeunt from the walls

TALBOT

And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame!
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France,
Either to get the town again or die:
And I, as sure as English Henry lives
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Coeur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die.

BURGUNDY

My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

TALBOT

But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place,
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

BEDFORD

Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Rouen
And will be partner of your weal or woe.

BURGUNDY

Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

BEDFORD

Not to be gone from hence; for once I read
That stout Pendragon in his litter sick
Came to the field and vanquished his foes:
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

TALBOT

Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford safe!
And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

JOAN LA PUCELLE

God, hurry up the parliament! Who will be the speaker?

TALBOT

Do you come forward and meet us in battle?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

It looks like your lordship thinks we are idiots! He thinks
we're going to try our luck.

TALBOT

I don't want to speak to that swearing Hecate ⁶, but to
you, Alencon, and the rest of you. Will you, like soldiers,
come and fight us?

⁶ Hecate, in classical mythology, was the goddess of light and the underworld.

ALENCON

No, we won't, my lord.

TALBOT

Hang then, "my lord!" Lowly French mule-drivers! They
stand near the walls like peasant boy servants and don't
dare to grasp their weapons and fight like gentlemen.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Stand back, captains! Go away from the walls! It looks like
Talbot doesn't mean us well. God be with you, my lord! We
only came to tell you that we are here.

JOAN LA PUCELLE exits from the walls.

TALBOT

And we will be where you are, very soon. Or otherwise
Talbot will be most famous for his disgrace.

*[To BURGUNDY] Swear to me, Burgundy, on the honor of
your family, that you will regain the town or die, even
though you are still injured by the public abuse you
endured in France. As sure as King Henry lives, and that his
father was a hero, and as sure that the great Cour-de-lion's
heart ⁷ was buried here in this town we lost. I swear to
conquer this town or die!*

⁷ Richard Cour-de-lion was Richard I of England. He was known as "the Lionheart" because he allegedly fought and killed a lion, before taking its heart. He had his own heart buried in the town of Rouen.

BURGUNDY

My promise is as sure as yours.

TALBOT

But, before we go, look towards this dying prince—the
brave Duke of Bedford. My lord, come! We will carry you to a
nicer place than this; a place better suited to your sickness
and your weak old age.

BEDFORD

Lord Talbot, don't dishonor me. I will sit here, on the walls
of Rouen and will also swear, like you did, in the name of
happiness or misery.

BURGUNDY

Brave Bedford, please let us change your mind!

BEDFORD

I won't leave this place. I read somewhere that the strong
Pendragon ⁸ was carried onto the battle field in his sick
bed and killed all his enemies. I think that I should renew
the hearts of our soldiers, because I feel so similar to them.

⁸ Here Bedford is referring to Uther Pendragon, who was the father of the legendary King Arthur.

TALBOT

The spirit coming from your dying chest is unbreakable!
Then, let it be so. Keep the old Bedford safe, heavens! And

But gather we our forces out of hand
110 And set upon our boasting enemy.

Exeunt all but BEDFORD and Attendants

An alarum: excursions. Enter FASTOLFE and a Captain

CAPTAIN

Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

FASTOLFE

Whither away! to save myself by flight:
We are like to have the overthrow again.

CAPTAIN

What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

FASTOLFE

Ay,
115 All the Talbots in the world, to save my life!

Exit

CAPTAIN

Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee!

Exit

Retreat: excursions. JOAN LA PUCELLE, ALENCON, and CHARLES fly

BEDFORD

Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven please,
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

BEDFORD dies, and is carried in by two in his chair

An alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the rest

TALBOT

125 Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy:
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

BURGUNDY

Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart and there erects
130 Thy noble deeds as valour's monuments.

TALBOT

Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
gleeks?
135 What, all amort? Rouen hangs her head for grief
That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
140 For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

BURGUNDY

What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy.

TALBOT

But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:

now, no more fuss. Brave Burgundy, let's gather our soldiers immediately and march towards our bragging enemy.

All exit apart from BEDFORD and Servants.

An alarm sounds. Soldiers fighting. FASTOLFE and a Captain enter.

CAPTAIN

Where are you going in such a hurry, Sir John Fastolfe?

FASTOLFE

Which way! I have to save myself by running away because it seems like we're about to be defeated again.

CAPTAIN

What! You will run away and leave Lord Talbot?

FASTOLFE

Yes. I will leave all the Talbots in the world to save my life!

FASTOLFE exits.

CAPTAIN

That knight is such a coward! I hope bad luck follows him.

Captain exits.

They withdraw. Fighting again. JOAN LA PUCELLE, ALENCON, and CHARLES run away.

BEDFORD

Now, my quiet soul, please die when heaven tells you to, because I have seen our enemies conquered. What does the trust or strength of a foolish man mean? Those who recently challenged us with their mockery are relieved and want to run away to save themselves.

BEDFORD dies and is carried away by two men in his chair.

An alarm sounds. TALBOT, BURGUNDY and the others re-enter.

TALBOT

We have both lost and won in only one day! This is a double honor, Burgundy. But we must thank heavens for this victory!

BURGUNDY

Talbot—our warrior and leader—Burgundy will keep you in his heart like a saint and there will build a monument to your bravery and all your great acts.

TALBOT

Thanks, kind duke. But where is Pucelle now? I think her old trusted spirit ⁹ is asleep. Where is the laughter of the Bastard and Charles' jokes now? What? Are they all depressed now? Rouen lowers her head in grief that such a courageous company ran away. Now we will establish order in the town. We'll place some experienced officers here and then go to Paris to meet the king, because that's where young Henry and his dukes are.

⁹ A "familiar" is a spirit associated with witches, often taking on the form of a small animal.

BURGUNDY

Whatever Talbot wants to do, Burgundy agrees to.

TALBOT

But before we go, let's not forget the kind Duke of Bedford who has recently died. Let's arrange a funeral for him here in Rouen. A braver soldier has never risen his spear in an

A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery.

Exeunt

attack and a gentler heart never ruled over the court than he. But even kings and the most powerful rulers must die one day, as that's the end of human misery.

All exit.

Act 3, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and forces

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but ruled.

5

CHARLES

We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence:
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

10

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

ALENCON

We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

15

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions mix'd with sugar'd words
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us.

20

CHARLES

Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

ALENCON

25 For ever should they be expelled from France
And not have title of an earldom here.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Your honours shall perceive how I will work
To bring this matter to the wished end.

Drum sounds afar off

JOAN LA PUCELLE

30 Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

*Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass over at a distance,
TALBOT and his forces*

Shakescleare Translation

CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENCON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and the army enter.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Princes, don't despair over this unpredictable event. And don't grieve that they took back Rouen. Caring about it won't help us, but will make it even worse, for the things that have happened cannot be changed. Let the excited Talbot celebrate his victory, like a peacock  swinging his tail around, for a while. We'll tear his feathers and take away his tail , so long as the Dauphin and the rest of you follow my advice.

 1 Peacocks are symbols of pride.

 2 Meaning they will take away his followers and his strength.

CHARLES

We have been guided by you until now and have not once mistrusted your magical powers. One unexpected defeat won't make us stop believing in you.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Think of some surprise strategies and we will make you famous around the world.

ALENCON

We'll put up a statue of you in some holy place. And we'll worship you like a blessed saint. Do your best, sweet virgin, for our sake.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Then it must be so. Joan plans to persuade the Duke of Burgundy with sweet words and convince him to leave Talbot and follow us instead.

CHARLES

Ah, my darling! If we could do that, there would be no place for Henry's warriors in France. And England would not show off in front of us, but instead would be removed from our provinces.

ALENCON

They should be expelled from France forever and not hold any title here.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Your honors will observe how I plan to carry this out until we achieve what we want.

Drums are heard from far away.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Listen! That sound of the drum tells us that their armies are marching towards Paris.

The sound of an English procession is heard here. The army and TALBOT enter and walk across in a distance.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

35

French march. Enter BURGUNDY and forces

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

Trumpets sound a parley

CHARLES

40 A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

BURGUNDY

Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

BURGUNDY

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

CHARLES

Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

45 Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

BURGUNDY

Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defaced
50 By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.
As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
55 Which thou thyself hast given her woful breast.
O, turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.
One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:
60 Return thee therefore with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

BURGUNDY

Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who joint'st thou with but with a lordly nation
That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
70 Who then but English Henry will be lord
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe?
And was he not in England prisoner?
75 But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free without his ransom paid,

JOAN LA PUCELLE

There goes Talbot, carrying his flags, and all the English
soldiers are following after him.

French procession. BURGUNDY and his army enter.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Now at the back comes the duke and his luck makes him
fall behind, which is good for us. Ask to negotiate and we'll
talk to him.

Trumpets sound for a negotiation.

CHARLES

We want to negotiate with the Duke of Burgundy!

BURGUNDY

Who wants to negotiate with Burgundy?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

The prince Charles of France, your countryman.

BURGUNDY

What do you have to say to me, Charles? See, I am walking
towards you now.

CHARLES

Pucelle, speak and bewitch  him with your words.

 Charles' rhetoric furthers the
notion that Joan is a witch who
possesses magical powers.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Brave Burgundy, you are the unquestionable hope of
France! Stay here and let me—your lowly servant girl speak
to you.

BURGUNDY

Speak then. But don't speak too much.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Look at your country, look at fruitful France and see that the
cities and towns are destroyed by the destructive ruin of its
cruel enemy. Look at the wasting French disease as if you
were a mother looking at her poor baby when death is
closing his young dying eyes. See the wounds, the most
unnatural wounds, which you yourself have given her
miserable breasts. Oh, turn your sharp sword in another
direction! Attack those who hurt and don't hurt those who
help. One drop of blood from your country's breasts should
make you more miserable than rivers of foreign blood.
Return with a flood of tears and wash away the staining
spots of your country.

BURGUNDY

She has either charmed me with her words or nature
suddenly makes me regret everything.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Also, all the French and France accuse you, they are
doubting your birth and the legitimacy of your lineage. And
you join a proud nation that only trusts you for the sake of
profit? Once Talbot has set up a base in France and made
you into that tool of destruction, who but the English Henry
will be lord and you will be cast away like a refugee! Let's
use an example. Do you remember your enemy the Duke of
Orleans? Wasn't he prisoner in England? But when they
heard that he was your enemy, they let him go and they
didn't pay for his release, despite Burgundy and all his
friends. Can you see, then, that you fight against your
countrymen, and when you join with them they will
become your murderers. Come here! Come back, come

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See, then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen
And joint'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.
80 Come, come, return; return, thou wandering lord:
Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

BURGUNDY

I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.
85 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen,
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours:
So farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

[Aside] Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!

CHARLES

90 Welcome, brave duke! thy friendship makes us fresh.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

ALENCON

Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

CHARLES

Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers,
95 And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

Exeunt

back, you restless lord. Charles and the others will welcome you into their arms.

BURGUNDY

I am defeated. Her arrogant words have beaten me like a loud shot from a cannon. They made me almost fall down onto my knees. Forgive me, my country and my sweet countrymen! And lords, accept this sincere kind embrace. My army is yours. So, goodbye Talbot! I don't trust you anymore.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

[To herself] He's like a Frenchman! He turns and then turns again.

CHARLES

Welcome, brave duke! Your friendship renews us.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

And it makes us feel new courage in our chests.

ALENCON

Pucelle has played her part in this splendidly. She deserves a golden crown.

CHARLES

Let's go now, my lords. And let's combine our powers and find out how we may damage the enemy.

All exit.

Act 3, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Enter KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER, VERNON BASSET, and others. To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT

Shakescleare Translation

KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER, VERNON BASSET, and others enter. TALBOT walks towards them with his Soldiers.

TALBOT

My gracious prince, and honourable peers,
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
5 In sign, whereof, this arm, that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities and seven walled towns of strength,
Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet,
10 And with submissive loyalty of heart
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got
First to my God and next unto your grace.

Kneels

TALBOT

My kind prince, and honest lords! I have heard about your arrival in this country and so I have made peace for a while in my wars, so I can pay my respects to my king. I show you a sign of my respects here—this arm that regained fifty fortresses, twelve cities and seven powerful towns surrounded by a wall. On top of that, we have taken five hundred prisoners of high rank. I let my sword fall before your highness' feet and with the obedient loyalty of my heart, I give credit first to my God and then to your grace, for the glory of my victory.

TALBOT kneels.

KING HENRY VI

Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

KING HENRY VI

Uncle Gloucester, is this the Lord Talbot, that has been in France for so long?

GLOUCESTER

15 Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

GLOUCESTER

Yes, if you are happy with that, my lord.

KING HENRY VI

Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!
When I was young, as yet I am not old,
I do remember how my father said
A stouter champion never handled sword.
20 Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:
25 Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

Sennet. Flourish. Exeunt all but VERNON and BASSET

VERNON

Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
30 In honour of my noble Lord of York:
Darest thou maintain the former words thou spakest?

BASSET

Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.

VERNON

35 Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

BASSET

Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

VERNON

Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

Strikes him

BASSET

Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such
40 That whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.
But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.

VERNON

45 Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

Exeunt

KING HENRY VI

Brave captain and victorious lord, welcome! When I was young—not that I am old now—I remember how my father used to say 1 that a bolder champion had never held a sword than you. Ever since then, we have been convinced that this is true because of your faithful service and your efforts in war. And yet you've never been rewarded, and we have never thanked you for all you've done, because we have never seen your face until now. Therefore, stand up and for these good actions, we make you Earl of Shrewsbury. Take your place in our procession.

1 Henry VI was nine months old when his father died, so if he truly remembers this, it speaks to a mystical power.

A triumphant trumpet sounds. All exit apart from VERNON and BASSET.

VERNON

Now, sir! You were so angry when we were at sea, insulting the colors of the badge that I wear in the name of my kind Lord of York. Do you stand by the words you spoke then?

BASSET

Yes, sir, I dare as much as you dare to defend the jealous barking of your insolent tongue that spoke against my lord, the Duke of Somerset.

VERNON

Boy, I honor your lord for what he's worth.

BASSET

Why? What is he worth? He is as good a man as York.

VERNON

Listen, I don't think so. Take this from me!

VERNON hits BASSET.

BASSET

You're a villain! You know the law of weapons here. Whoever uses a sword, must die immediately or else I would use mine and make your dearest blood flow. But I'll go to his majesty and request permission to revenge what you've done to me. When you see me next, I'll repay you for this.

VERNON

Well, you villain! I'll be there as soon as you will. And afterwards, I'll meet you sooner than you would meet me.

VERNON and BASSET exit.

Act 4, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Enter KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the Governor, of Paris, and others

GLOUCESTER

Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

WINCHESTER

God save King Henry, of that name the sixth!

Shakescleare Translation

KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EXETER, the Governor of Paris, and others enter.

GLOUCESTER

Put the crown on his head, lord bishop.

WINCHESTER

God save King Henry! He is the sixth one with that name.

GLOUCESTER

Now, governor of Paris, take your oath,
That you elect no other king but him;
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,
And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practises against his state:
This shall ye do, so help you righteous God!

5

*Enter FASTOLFE***FASTOLFE**

My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the Duke of Burgundy.

10

TALBOT

Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg,

15

*Plucking it off***TALBOT**

Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.
Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest
20 This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
When but in all I was six thousand strong
And that the French were almost ten to one,
Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:
25 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself and divers gentlemen beside
Were there surprised and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;
Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
30 This ornament of knighthood, yea or no.

20

25

30

GLOUCESTER

To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeming any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain and a leader.

TALBOT

When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
35 Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.
40 He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order,
And should, if I were worthy to be judge,
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
45 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

35

40

45

KING HENRY VI

Stain to thy countrymen, thou hear'st thy doom!
Be packing, therefore, thou that wast a knight:
Henceforth we banish thee, on pain of death.

*Exit FASTOLFE***KING HENRY VI**

50 And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

50

GLOUCESTER

What means his grace, that he hath changed his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly, 'To the king'!
55 Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?

GLOUCESTER

Now, governor of Paris, make a promise, that you accept no other king but him. Consider no other friends but his friends and your enemies should be those who plot to harm him. You shall do this! God be with you!

*FASTOLFE enters.***FASTOLFE**

I came from Calais to hurry to your coronation, my gentle king, and I was given this letter from the Duke of Burgundy. It's addressed to you.

TALBOT

Shame on you and the Duke of Burgundy! I swore to you when I last met you, lowly knight, that I would pull off the knight's garter, that ribbon, from your coward's leg.

*TALBOT pulls the garter off.***TALBOT**

I've done this because you don't deserve such high status. Prince Henry and the rest of you, excuse me. During the [battle of Patay](#) 1, this coward, when I was alone among six thousand men and the French had a ten to one advantage, this "reliable" attendant 2 ran away from me before we even attacked. In that battle we lost twelve hundred men and myself and some other gentlemen were unexpectedly taken prisoner. Great lords, judge then, if what I did was wrong and if cowards like him should be allowed to wear this symbol of knighthood. Yes or no?

1 The Battle of Patay was part of the Hundred Years War between the French and English that resulted in a major victory for France.

2 "Trusty squire" is being used condescendingly and sarcastically by Talbot.

GLOUCESTER

To be honest, that crime is shameful and doesn't suit any ordinary man, let alone a knight, a captain, and a leader!

TALBOT

When the order of the Garters was first set up, my lords, knights of that order were of noble birth, they were virtuous and good and had courage. These knights rose in honor through the wars, they weren't scared of death and they didn't run away from hardship. They were always determined in difficult situations. He, who does not possess those qualities, assumes the precious name of knight falsely. He pollutes this most honorable order and if I could decide what to do with him, his position would be lowered, and he would become a person of very low birth who only thinks he can brag about his highborn blood.

KING HENRY VI

Do you hear the judgement? Your countrymen will be marked by this! Therefore, go pack your things. You were once a knight but now we cast you out and if you return, you'll die.

*FASTOLFE exits.***KING HENRY VI**

And now, my lord protector, read the letter that the Duke of Burgundy sent us.

GLOUCESTER

What does he mean, why has he changed his form of address? Does he say nothing more than a simple "To the king"? Has he forgotten that Henry is his king? Or does this

Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?
What's here?

Reads

GLOUCESTER

'I have, upon especial cause,
50 Moved with compassion of my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of France.'
65 O monstrous treachery! can this be so,
That in alliance, amity and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

KING HENRY VI

What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

GLOUCESTER

He doth, my lord, and is become your foe.

KING HENRY VI

70 Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

GLOUCESTER

It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

KING HENRY VI

Why, then, Lord Talbot there shall talk with him
And give him chastisement for this abuse.
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

TALBOT

75 Content, my liege! yes, but that I am prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

KING HENRY VI

Then gather strength and march unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason
And what offence it is to flout his friends.

TALBOT

80 I go, my lord, in heart desiring still
You may behold confusion of your foes.

Exit

Enter VERNON and BASSET

VERNON

Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign.

BASSET

And me, my lord, grant me the combat too.

YORK

85 This is my servant: hear him, noble prince.

SOMERSET

And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him.

KING HENRY VI

Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.
Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

VERNON

90 With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

blunt address mean that his good intentions have changed?
What do we have here?

GLOUCESTER reads.

GLOUCESTER

"I have moved away from the ruin of my country, as well as
the pathetic complaints that encourage your oppression. I
have abandoned your destructive group and joined
Charles, the true King of France." Oh, this is terrible treason!
How can there be such trickery among what should be
unity, friendship and promises?

KING HENRY VI

My uncle Burgundy rebels against me?

GLOUCESTER

He does, my lord. And now he is your enemy.

KING HENRY VI

Is anything worse written in this letter?

GLOUCESTER

That is the worst that he writes, my lord.

KING HENRY VI

Well, then, you will talk with him, Talbot and punish him for
this betrayal. What do you say to that, my lord? Are you not
happy about it?

TALBOT

Happy, my king! Yes! It's only that I would have liked to
have begged to do what you have ordered.

KING HENRY VI

Gather all your men and meet him immediately. Let him see
how badly we think of his treason and how he insulted us
by mocking his friends.

TALBOT

My lord, I am off! With all my heart I hope that you may see
the destruction of your enemies.

TALBOT exits.

VERNON and BASSET enter.

VERNON

My gracious king, give me permission to fight in a duel.

BASSET

My lord, grant me permission too.

YORK

This is my servant. Listen to what he has to say, kind prince.

SOMERSET

And this is my servant. Sweet Henry, give him what he
wants.

KING HENRY VI

Lords, be patient and let them speak. Gentlemen, tell me
what makes you ask for this? And why do you want to fight
or with whom do you want to fight?

VERNON

With him, because he has harmed me, my lord.

BASSET

And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

KING HENRY VI

What is that wrong whereof you both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

BASSET

Crossing the sea from England into France,
95 This fellow here, with envious carping tongue;
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
100 About a certain question in the law
Argued betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
105 I crave the benefit of law of arms.

VERNON

And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provoked by him;
110 And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

YORK

Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

SOMERSET

Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
115 Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

KING HENRY VI

Good Lord, what madness rules in brainsick men,
When for so slight and frivolous a cause
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
120 Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

YORK

Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

SOMERSET

The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

YORK

125 There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

VERNON

Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

BASSET

Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

GLOUCESTER

Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!
And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
130 Presumptuous vassals, are you not ashamed
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
135 Much less to take occasion from their mouths

BASSET

And I want to fight with him, because he has harmed me.

KING HENRY VI

What is the cause of this wrongdoing, that you both
complain about? Tell me about it first and then I'll reply to
your request.

BASSET

While I was traveling across the sea from England to France,
this hateful and critical man who stands before you accused
me about the rose that I wear. He said that the blood-red
color of the petals looked like the blushing cheeks of my
master. He stubbornly rejected the truth about the question
of succession that had been discussed between himself and
the Duke of York. He used vulgar and degrading words. In
order to prove him wrong and to defend the name of my
lord, I wish to challenge him to a duel.

VERNON

And that's my request too, kind lord. Although he gives an
attractive interpretation of his daring plan, using false and
cunning rhetoric. You should know, my lord, that *I* was
provoked by *him*. He started objecting to my badge first,
saying that the white color of this flower revealed my
master's cowardly heart.

YORK

Won't you stop this hate, Somerset?

SOMERSET

Your personal resentment will end, although you won't be
the one who suppresses it, my Lord of York.

KING HENRY VI

Good lord, what kind of madness is ruling these foolish
men? Why does such a small and silly argument cause this
divisive rivalry?! My good kinsmen, York and Somerset, I ask
you now to be quiet and to be at peace.

YORK

Let this disagreement be tested in a fight and then your
highness can ask for peace.

SOMERSET

This argument doesn't concern anyone but us. We can
decide it between us, then.

YORK

Here is my glove  . Accept it, Somerset.

 "Pledge" refers to an item that would challenge the recipient to a duel. This item was often a glove.

VERNON

No, let it remain where it was before.

BASSET

Let us do this, then, my honorable lord.

GLOUCESTER

Let you do this?! Your argument should be destroyed! And
you should die along with your reckless chatter! Aren't you
ashamed, you arrogant servants, that you trouble and
disturb the king and us with this shameless noisy insult?! As
for you, my lords, I don't think you should take their wicked
accusations and definitely don't take it as an opportunity to
start a fight between yourselves. Let me persuade you to do
something better.

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:
Let me persuade you take a better course.

EXETER

It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.

KING HENRY VI

Come hither, you that would be combatants:
140 Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.
And you, my lords, remember where we are,
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation:
If they perceive dissension in our looks
145 And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provoked
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
150 That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!
O, think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
155 That for a trifle that was bought with blood
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

Putting on a red rose

KING HENRY VI

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:
160 Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both:
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your dispositions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:
165 And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
170 Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest.
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector and the rest
175 After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alencon and that traitorous rout.

Flourish. Exeunt all but YORK, WARWICK, EXETER and VERNON

WARWICK

My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
180 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

YORK

And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

WARWICK

Tush, that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

YORK

185 An if I wist he did,--but let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

Exeunt all but EXETER

EXETER

It makes his highness sad and so, my good lords, be friends.

KING HENRY VI

Come here, you that want to fight each other. Here I order
you to forget this argument and the reason for it, if you love
us. And you, my lords, remember where we are. We're in
France at the center of a changeable and hesitant nation. If
they see that we are arguing and that we can't agree among
ourselves, their resentful tempers will be provoked to
intentional disobedience and rebellion! Also, can you
imagine what a scandal it would be abroad if foreign
princes found out that King Henry's lords and the highest
aristocracy destroyed themselves and lost France over
something so small and unimportant? You should
remember my father's victories and my young age. And let
us not lose something that we bought with blood over a
small argument. Let me be the judge in this fearful
argument. I don't see why, if I wear this rose—

KING HENRY VI puts on a red rose.

KING HENRY VI

...you should think that I lean more towards Somerset than
York. Both are my lords and I love them both. They might as
well condemn me for my crown, because the King of
Scotland has a crown as well. But you can observe the
differences better than I can explain them to you; and so as
we now come together in peace, let us continue similarly in
peace and love. We appoint you, cousin of York, to be our
representative in these parts of France. And, my good Lord
of Somerset, bring together your soldiers on horses with his
soldiers on foot. Cheerfully go together and take our
your anger on your enemies.  Behave like my faithful
subjects, sons of your forefathers. I will return to Calais,
after some delay, with my lord protector and the rest of you.
From Calais, I'll go to England, where soon I hope to be told
of your victories against Charles, Alencon and that
treacherous crowd.

 When he says "[y]our angry choler", Henry is telling them to get rid of their anger, but is also referring to the idea of choler as one of the four humors of the body.

Trumpets sound. Exit all apart from YORK, WARWICK, EXETER and VERNON.

WARWICK

I thought that the king played the role of the public speaker
rather well, my lord of York.

YORK

Yes, he did. But I don't like that he is wearing Somerset's
badge.

WARWICK

Oh, come on! He only did it on a whim. Don't blame him for
it. I dare say, sweet prince, that he didn't mean harm by it.

YORK

From what I know, he did—but let's forget about that. We
must manage other things now.

Exit all apart from EXETER.

EXETER

Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;
 For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
 I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
 190 More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,
 Than yet can be imagined or supposed.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 195 This shouldering of each other in the court,
 This factious bandying of their favourites,
 But that it doth presage some ill event.
 'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;
 But more when envy breeds unkind division;
 200 There comes the rain, there begins confusion.

*Exit***EXETER**

You did well, Richard, to stop speaking, because if the passions of your heart were to come to the surface, I am afraid it would have revealed more hateful malice and a fight more angry and furious than can be imagined or assumed. But anyway, any ordinary man who sees this disturbing conflict between the lords, this pushing of each other in court and the competition 5 between their favorites, can see that this will have some terrible outcome. It's bad enough when children are kings, but it is even worse when jealousy creates unnatural divisions. That one starts the rain, but this one starts destruction.

5 "Banding" was to toss something, like a ball, from side to side.

EXETER exits.

Act 4, Scene 2

Shakespeare*Enter TALBOT, with trumpet and drum***TALBOT**

Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:
 Summon their general unto the wall.

*Trumpet sounds. Enter General and others, aloft***TALBOT**

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 5 Servant in arms to Harry King of England;
 And thus he would: Open your city gates;
 Be humble to us; call my sovereign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects;
 And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power:
 10 But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
 Who in a moment even with the earth
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
 15 If you forsake the offer of their love.

GENERAL

Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
 Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter but by death;
 20 For, I protest, we are well fortified
 And strong enough to issue out and fight:
 If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
 On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
 25 To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament
 30 To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
 Lo, there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit!
 This is the latest glory of thy praise
 35 That I, thy enemy, due thee withhold;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale and dead.

*Drum afar off***Shakescleare Translation***TALBOT enters, with a trumpet and a drum.***TALBOT**

Trumpeter, go to the gates of Bourdeaux and call their general to the wall.

*Trumpet sounds. General and others enter on the wall.***TALBOT**

Captains, the English John Talbot, Harry King of England's armed servant, called you here. He says to open your city gates and be respectful to us. Call my king your king and do him the honor as his obedient subjects, and I and my blood-thirsty soldiers will pull back. But if you don't accept my offer of peace, you will make my three guards here angry. You risk starvation, the anger of swords that can divide your body into pieces, and fire that can climb up that wall. They will kill you in a moment and strike you down from those high towers, if you refuse the love they offer you.

GENERAL

You predict death 1, our nation's terror and their bloody whips! The end of your tyranny is almost here. You'll enter over our dead bodies. I can tell you, we are secure behind these walls and strong enough to come forward and fight. If you get tired, the Dauphin will be fully equipped to catch you in his trap. There are army units drawn up in battle formation on either side of you, to prevent you from running away. And you can't run for help! Death is staring you in the face with a look of obvious destruction and deadly massacre. Ten thousand Frenchmen have taken Communion and are ready to use their dangerous weapons against no other Christian soul but the English Talbot. Look, there you stand, a breathing, fearless man who is never defeated! This is the last bit of praise I—your enemy—give you. Before the sand in the hourglass, that has just begun to run, ends its life when the last sand grains fall, these eyes that now see well, shall see you shrunk, bloody, white and dead.

1 "The fearful owl of death": the owl's cry was imagined to predict death or evil.

Drum is heard from far away.

GENERAL

40 Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

Exeunt General, & c

TALBOT

He fables not; I hear the enemy:
45 Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Mazed with a yelping kennel of French curs!
50 If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:
55 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

Exeunt

GENERAL

Listen! Listen! It's the Dauphin's drum, it's the warning bell ringing to warn us of an invasion. It signs a sad tune to your fearful soul and mine shall ring for your dreadful death!

General and others exit.

TALBOT

He is not making this up. I can hear the enemy. Go, some horsemen, and investigate the forces at the sides of the army. Oh, what a neglectful and careless strategy! How is it possible that we are fenced in and confined inside! We're like a little flock of England's timid deer, confused by a barking pack of French dogs! If we are English deer, let's be full of their life too. Not like young, inferior deer that fall down when they are bitten, but rather like deer wild with anger and desperation. We'll attack the bloody dogs with antlers like swords and make the cowards back off. Give every man his life which is as dear ² as mine and they'll find dear ³ deer in us, my friends! God and Saint George ⁴, Talbot and England's right, help us win this dangerous fight!

² Talbot is punning on "deer" and "dear."

³ Another obvious pun on "deer."

⁴ Saint George was the patron saint of England.

TALBOT exits.

Act 4, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Enter a Messenger that meets YORK. Enter YORK with trumpet and many Soldiers

YORK

Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

MESSENGER

They are return'd, my lord, and give it out
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
5 To fight with Talbot: as he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march for
Bourdeaux.

YORK

10 A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowbated by a traitor villain
15 And cannot help the noble chevalier:
God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir William LUCY

LUCY

Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
20 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron
And hemm'd about with grim destruction:
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

YORK

25 O God, that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!

Shakescleare Translation

A Messenger enters and meets YORK. YORK enters to sound of a trumpet and many Soldiers.

YORK

Have the lively guards that followed the powerful army of the Dauphin not returned yet?

MESSENGER

They have returned, my lord and report that he is heading to Bourdeaux with his army, to fight Talbot. As he marched on, our spies discovered two bigger armies than the one that the Dauphin is in charge of, which joined him and continued with him to Bourdeaux.

YORK

Curse that villain Somerset who delays my promised supply of horsemen, who are required for this attack! The famous Talbot expects my help, and I am mocked by a treasonous villain and can't help the noble knight. I hope God will be his comfort when he needs it! If he is harmed, we can say goodbye to our victory in France.

Sir William LUCY enters.

LUCY

You princely leader of our English armies, you have never been this needed in France! You should hurry to save the noble Talbot, since he is now shackled and imprisoned and surrounded by promises of horrible death. Go to Bourdeaux, you duke warrior! York, go to Bourdeaux! Or otherwise, we can say goodbye to Talbot and to England's honor.

YORK

Oh God, if only Somerset, whose pride stopped him from delivering my horsemen, was in Talbot's place! Then we

So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

30

LUCY

O, send some succor to the distress'd lord!

YORK

He dies, we lose; I break my warlike word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

LUCY

Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;
And on his son young John, who two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

35

YORK

Alas, what joy shall noble Talbot have
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell; no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.
Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours, are won away,
'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

40

45

Exit, with his soldiers

LUCY

Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
That ever living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands and all hurry to loss.

50

Exit

would save a noble gentlemen and instead lose a traitor and a coward. Mad anger and incredible fury makes me cry because we will die like this, while careless traitors sleep.

LUCY

Oh, send some help to the worried lord!

YORK

If he dies, we lose, I break the word of a soldier, we grieve, France smiles, we lose, they win....All because of this evil traitor Somerset!

LUCY

Then, let God take pity on the soul of brave Talbot and also on his young son John, who I met two hours ago as he was traveling to see his father. Talbot hasn't seen his son for seven years 1 and now when they finally meet both of their lives are nearly over.

1 As with the rest of the play, the historical timing is extremely inaccurate. The point is merely that Talbot has missed his son's growth.

YORK

Ah, well! What joy will noble Talbot have to share with his young son when he's about to die? Let's go! Agony almost stops me from breathing, thinking about separated relatives that meet in the hour of their death. Goodbye, Lucy. I can't do much but curse the reason I can't help the man. Maine, Blois, Poictiers, and Tours have been conquered all because of Somerset and his inaction.

YORK exits with his Soldiers.

LUCY

And so, while the vulture of rebellion 2 eats out the hearts of these great commanders, lazy neglect dishonors the conquests of our recently dead king, a man who will live forever in our memory—Henry the Fifth. While the lords argue with each other, his life, honors, and lands all hurry to their ends.

2 Lucy would seem to be referencing the myth of Prometheus, who was punished for stealing fire from the gods, by being tied to a rock and having his liver constantly eaten by vultures. However, vultures can also refer to treasured pets.

LUCY exits.

Act 4, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Enter SOMERSET, with his army; a Captain of TALBOT'S with him

SOMERSET

It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

5

10

CAPTAIN

Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William LUCY

SOMERSET

How now, Sir William! whither were you sent?

Shakescleare Translation

Enter SOMERSET with his army and TALBOT'S Captain with him.

SOMERSET

It's too late, I can't send them now. This military action was planned too hastily by York and Talbot. All of our general army might be surprised by a sudden attack. Talbot risks too much and he has stained all the shine of his previous honor with this careless, desperate and wild move. York sent Talbot to go fight and die in shame, so that when Talbot is dead, great York may have his title.

CAPTAIN

Here is Sir William Lucy. He was sent with me from our outnumbered army to ask for help.

Sir William LUCY enters.

SOMERSET

How is it going, Sir William? Where are you coming from?

LUCY

Whither, my lord? from bought and sold Lord Talbot;
 Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
 And whiles the honourable captain there
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 15 And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
 Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
 Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succors that should lend him aid,
 20 While he, renowned noble gentleman,
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
 Alencon, Reignier, compass him about,
 And Talbot perisheth by your default.

SOMERSET

30 York set him on; York should have sent him aid.

LUCY

And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
 Swearing that you withhold his levied host,
 Collected for this expedition.

SOMERSET

York lies; he might have sent and had the horse;
 35 I owe him little duty, and less love;
 And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

LUCY

The fraud of England, not the force of France,
 Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot:
 Never to England shall he bear his life;
 40 But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

SOMERSET

Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight:
 Within six hours they will be at his aid.

LUCY

Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or slain;
 For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
 45 And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

SOMERSET

If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!

LUCY

His fame lives in the world, his shame in you.

Exeunt

LUCY

Where, my lord? From the betrayed Lord Talbot, who, in his brave misfortune is crying out for noble York and Somerset so they can conquer the death that has attacked his weak troops. And while the honorable captain drops bloody sweat  from his tired arms and legs, as he is desperately trying to hold onto his superior military position, you—his false hopes, the guardians of England's honor, stand aside due to your foolish rivalry. Don't let your personal disagreement stop you from gathering military assistance to help him out. While he, a famous noble gentleman, gives up his life for a huge risk, Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy, Alencon and Reignier surround him and Talbot dies because you failed to act.

 A Biblical reference; Talbot is here compared to Christ.

SOMERSET

York sent him there, York should have sent him help.

LUCY

And York also reacted as quickly against you, swearing that you withheld the army that was reserved for this military action.

SOMERSET

York lies, he should have sent for help. I don't owe him anything—no duty and even less love. And I find it disgraceful that he didn't send for help.

LUCY

It is England that has tricked and trapped the noble Talbot, not France. He will never return to England alive, but he dies betrayed by your argument.

SOMERSET

Come, let's go! I will send the horsemen immediately. They will be at his side in six hours.

LUCY

The rescue will be too late. He is already taken or killed, because he did not run away; and he would not have even if he had been able to, because Talbot would never run away.

SOMERSET

If he is dead, then brave Talbot goodbye!

LUCY

His fame will continue on in the world and his shame will live in you.

All exit.

Act 4, Scene 5

Shakespeare

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son

TALBOT

O young John Talbot! I did send for thee
 To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
 That Talbot's name might be in thee revived
 When sapless age and weak unable limbs
 5 Should bring thy father to his drooping c hair.
 But, O malignant and ill-boding stars!
 Now thou art come unto a feast of death,

Shakescleare Translation

TALBOT and his son JOHN enter.

TALBOT

Oh, young Talbot! I sent for you so I could teach you the strategies of war, so that the name of Talbot might be brought back to life in you when weak age and incapable arms and legs put your father in his grave. But, oh, you evil and wicked stars! You have now come to a celebration of death, which is a terrible danger that cannot be avoided. That's why, my dear boy, you have to get on my fastest

A terrible and unavoided danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse;
And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

JOHN TALBOT

Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
And shall I fly? O if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard and a slave of me!
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

TALBOT

Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

JOHN TALBOT

He that flies so will ne'er return again.

TALBOT

If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

JOHN TALBOT

Then let me stay; and, father, do you fly:
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for vantage, everyone will swear;
But, if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay,
If the first hour I shrink and run away.
Here on my knee I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserved with infamy.

TALBOT

Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

JOHN TALBOT

Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

TALBOT

Upon my blessing, I command thee go.

JOHN TALBOT

To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

TALBOT

Part of thy father may be saved in thee.

JOHN TALBOT

No part of him but will be shame in me.

TALBOT

Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

JOHN TALBOT

Yes, your renowned name: shall flight abuse it?

TALBOT

Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

JOHN TALBOT

You cannot witness for me, being slain.
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

horse and I'll instruct you how on how to escape and run away. Come, don't delay, and go!

JOHN TALBOT

Isn't my name Talbot? And am I not your son? And I should run away? Oh, if you love my mother, don't dishonor her honorable name. Don't make a bastard and a slave out of me! The world will say that I am not of Talbot's blood because I ran away like a coward while noble Talbot stayed.

TALBOT

If I am killed, you have to fly to avenge my death.

JOHN TALBOT

The one that runs away will never come back.

TALBOT

If both of us stay, we are both going to die, I'm sure of that.

JOHN TALBOT

Then let me stay and you run away, father. The loss of you would have a devastating impact and so your self-regard should be high. Nobody knows what I'm worth and my loss would have no impact. The French can't boast about my death but they will with yours because all hope is lost with you. If you run away, it won't ruin the honor you have already earned. But my honor would because I have done no heroic deeds. You ran away because of a military advantage, everyone will say so. But if I retreat, they'll say it was because I was afraid. I'll never stay during future battles, if in the first hour I decide to run away. I ask for my death, rather than for a life protected by shame.

[He kneels] Here I am on my knees.

TALBOT

Shall all your mother's hopes lie in one grave?

JOHN TALBOT

Yes, rather than than if I were to shame my mother's womb.

TALBOT

I give you my blessings and order you to go.

JOHN TALBOT

[He rises] I will go to fight, but not to run away from the enemy.

TALBOT

Part of your father may be saved in you.

JOHN TALBOT

Every part of him would only be shameful to me.

TALBOT

You've never known it, so you can't lose it.

JOHN TALBOT

Yes, your famous name! Should running away dishonor it?

TALBOT

Your father's order shall clean you from that stain.

JOHN TALBOT

You can't know what I'll do, when you're dead. If death is so certain, we should both run away.

TALBOT

45 And leave my followers here to fight and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

JOHN TALBOT

And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
50 Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

TALBOT

Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die.
55 And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

*Exeunt***TALBOT**

And leave my men here to fight and die? I've never been
marked with so much shame.

JOHN TALBOT

And should my young age be guilty of that? I cannot be
more separated from you than you can separate and divide
yourself in two. One says stay, the other says go. Do what
you wish, and I'll do the same. I know I won't live if my
father dies.

TALBOT

Then, here I leave you my great son. I was born to
extinguish your life this afternoon. Come, we will live and
die side by side. And our souls will fly from France to heaven
together.

Exit TALBOT and JOHN.

Act 4, Scene 6

Shakespeare

Alarum: excursions, wherein JOHN TALBOT is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him

TALBOT

Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight.
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word
And left us to the rage of France his sword.
Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy breath;
5 I gave thee life and rescued thee from death.

JOHN TALBOT

O, twice my father, twice am I thy son!
The life thou gavest me first was lost and done,
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of late,
To my determined time thou gavest new date.

TALBOT

10 When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-faced victory. Then leaden age,
Quicken'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alencon, Orleans, Burgundy,
15 And from the pride of Gallia rescued thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And interchanging blows I quickly shed
20 Some of his bastard blood; and in disgrace
Bespoke him thus; 'Contaminated, base
And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of mine
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:'
25 Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,
Art thou not weary, John? how dost thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
30 Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead:
The help of one stands me in little stead.
O, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our lives in one small boat!
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,
35 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
By me they nothing gain an if I stay;
'Tis but the shortening of my life one day:
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:

Shakescleare Translation

Alarm sounds. In the middle of the fighting, JOHN TALBOT is surrounded and TALBOT saves him.

TALBOT

Saint George and victory! Fight, soldiers, fight. York has
broken his word to me and left us to angrily fight the
French. Where is my son? Stop for a moment and take a
deep breath. I gave you life and saved you from death.

JOHN TALBOT

Oh, you are twice my father and I am twice your son! The
life that you first gave me was lost until your warrior's
sword, despite recent events, prolonged my life, which
seemed to have an appointed ending.

TALBOT

When you attacked the Dauphin's helmet with your sword,
it warmed your father's heart with pride for such a bold
victory. Then old age, made fast with youthful anger,
defeated Alencon, Orleans, Burgundy and saved you from
the best of France. The enraged bastard Orleans, that
took blood from you, my boy, and took the virginity of your
first fight, I met him soon after that and we exchanged some
blows. I quickly drew some of his bastard blood and
insultingly told him: "I spill your poisonous, lowly and
illegitimate blood in revenge for my pure blood which you
took from Talbot, my brave son." Then, I intended to
destroy the Bastard but he was saved. Speak to me, are you
not tired, John? How are you? Will you leave the battle, boy,
or run away now that you have proven yourself to be brave?
Run away to avenge my death when I'm dead. The help of
one person doesn't really matter to me. Oh, it's too insane, I
know, to gamble away our lives in one small boat. If I don't
die today from the anger of the French, tomorrow I'll die of
old age. They don't gain anything by killing me and if I stay,
it only shortens my life by one day. Your mother dies with
you, as does the name of our family. The revenge of my
death, your young age, England's fame—we gamble all
those and more away if you stay here! But they will all be
saved if you run away.

The use of "pride" has connotations of French pretentiousness, and also of a pride, or pack, of lions.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay;
All these are saved if thou wilt fly away.

JOHN TALBOT

The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;
These words of yours draw life-blood from my heart:
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
To save a paltry life and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fail and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!
50 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

TALBOT

Then follow thou thy desperate sire of Crete,
Thou Icarus; thy life to me is sweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
And, commendable proved, let's die in pride.

Exeunt

JOHN TALBOT

I don't feel pain from the sword of Orleans. It is your words that draw blood from my heart. I would be ashamed if I saved my own life at the expense of your death and reputation. Before young Talbot runs from old Talbot, may the cowardly horse that takes me away fall and die! Compare me to the poor French boys, I will also be an object of mockery and a victim of misfortune! Isn't it certain, by all the fame you have won, that if I run away, I'm not Talbot's son? So, don't talk of running away any more, it's of no use. If Talbot's son should die, he'll die by Talbot's feet.

TALBOT

Then follow your desperate son of Crete, your Icarus 2. Your life is too dear to me. If you will fight, fight at your father's side and we'll die admirably and honorably.

2 Talbot refers to the Greek myth of Icarus. Icarus' father Daedalus made Icarus a pair of wings, but Icarus flew to close to the sun and the wax material of the wings burned and Icarus fell to his death in the sea.

All exit.

Act 4, Scene 7

Shakespeare

Alarum: excursions. Enter TALBOT led by a Servant

TALBOT

Where is my other life? mine own is gone;
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:
5 When he perceived me shrink and on my knee,
His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And, like a hungry lion, did commence
Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience;
But when my angry guardant stood alone,
10 Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,
Dizzy-eyed fury and great rage of heart
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clustering battle of the French;
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
15 His over-mounting spirit, and there died,
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

SERVANT

O, my dear lord, lo, where your son is borne!

Enter Soldiers, with the body of JOHN TALBOT

TALBOT

Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
20 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,
Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.
O, thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
25 Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath!
Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should say,
Had death been French, then death had died to-day.
30 Come, come and lay him in his father's arms:
My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,

Shakescleare Translation

Alarm sounds. Fighting. TALBOT enters, led by a Servant.

TALBOT

Where is my other life? I have lost my own. Oh, where is young Talbot? Where is brave John? Victorious death, that has me in its grasp, the courage of young John makes me smile at you. When he saw me fall down on my knees, he waved his bloody sword over me and like a hungry lion he started moving with violent, angry acts of rage and cruel fury. But when my angry protector stood alone, taking care of me when I fell, he attacked nobody. With dazzled eyes and a great anger of his heart he suddenly moved from me and went into the crowded French battle. And my son drowned his over-ambitious spirit in that sea of blood and in his pride died, my Icarus 1 and my blooming flower.

1 Talbot continues the image of the Icarus myth from the previous scene; in this instance, the blood of the battle is the sea in which Icarus (his son) drowned.

SERVANT

Oh, my dear lord, look, your son is being carried here!

The Soldiers enter, carrying the body of JOHN TALBOT.

TALBOT

It is grinning death, which laughs at us and mocks us here. Soon, because of your insulting tyranny two Talbots will fly through the sky, joined together forever, escaping death. Oh you, whose wounds are mortal, speak to your father before you stop breathing! Win over death by speaking, whether he wants you to or not; imagine that death is only a Frenchman and your enemy. Poor boy! I think he smiles, as if he agreed with what I said—if death had been French then death would have died today. Come, come and put him in his father's arms. My spirit can't stand this pain any longer. Goodbye, soldiers! I have what I wanted. Now my old arms serve as a grave for young John Talbot.

Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.

Dies

Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and forces

CHARLES

Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should have found a bloody day of this.
35

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:
'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:'
40 But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:'
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

BURGUNDY

45 Doubtless he would have made a noble knight;
See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms!

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

CHARLES

50 O, no, forbear! for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir William LUCY, attended; Herald of the French preceding

LUCY

Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtained the glory of the day.

CHARLES

55 On what submissive message art thou sent?

LUCY

Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en
And to survey the bodies of the dead.

CHARLES

60 For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

LUCY

But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
65 Great Earl of Washford, Waterford and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,
The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
70 Knight of the noble order of Saint George,

TALBOT dies.

Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and the army.

CHARLES

If York and Somerset brought help, this would have been a
bloody day.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Did you see Talbot's young puppy? He was furious when he
dug his inexperienced sword in Frenchmen's blood!

JOAN LA PUCELLE

I met him once and I said to him: "You are a virginal young
boy, so be killed by a virgin." But he answered with a proud
noble sneer: "Young Talbot wasn't born to be some whore's
prey." And then he hurried into the depths of the French,
leaving me proudly as if I wasn't worth his fight.

BURGUNDY

He would have made a good knight, for sure. Look where he
lies, laid as in a coffin, in the arms of the bloodthirsty
person 2 who caused his injuries.

2 The "bloody nurser" is Talbot; he is both physically nursing his son, and also the cause of John's injuries. The blood here functions as mother's milk, and the image created is that of the Virgin Mary holding the dead Christ in her arms.

BASTARD OF ORLEANS

Cut them down to pieces, break their bones apart. Their life
was the glory of England and now it's the source of wonder
in France.

CHARLES

Oh, no, let it go! Let us not harm the dead, since we ran
away from him when he was alive.

Sir William LUCY enters, escorted by a French Messenger
who comes in front of him.

LUCY

Messenger, take me to the Dauphin's tent, so I can find out
who won today.

CHARLES

What message of surrender do you bring?

LUCY

Surrender, Dauphin! That's exclusively a French word.
English warriors don't know what it means. I came to find
out what prisoners you've taken and to examine the bodies
of the dead.

CHARLES

You're asking for prisoners? Our prison is hell. 3 But tell
me who you're looking for.

3 They have killed all the English
and left none alive, so no prison is
needed.

LUCY

Where is the great Alcides 4 of the battle, the brave Lord
Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, for he was made an earl for his
extraordinary success in battle, Great Earl of Washford,
Waterford and Valence, Lord Talbot of Goodrig and
Urchinfield, Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of
Alton, Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of
Sheffield, Lord of Falconbridge who won three times, the
knight of the noble order of Saint George, worthy of Saint

4 Alcides is another name for
Hercules, the mythical hero famed for
great deeds of strength.

5 Saint Michael was a French
chivalric order.

Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great marshal to Henry the Sixth
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Here is a silly stately style indeed!
75 The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.
Him that thou magniest with all these titles
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet.

LUCY

Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,
80 Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O, were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!
O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
85 Were but his picture left amongst you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
90 He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrefy the air.

CHARLES

Go, take their bodies hence.

LUCY

I'll bear them hence; but from their ashes shall be
95 rear'd
A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

CHARLES

So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

100

Exeunt

Michael [5](#) and the Golden Fleece [6](#), the great marshal to Henry the Sixth and all his wars in France?

[6](#) The Golden Fleece was another French order of knights, named after the Golden Fleece of Greek myth, which symbolized authority and kingship.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

This is a silly stately list of titles! The Turk [7](#) who had fifty two kingdoms did not write in a style as dull as this. The one that you describe so elaborately with all these titles is lying at your feet, stinking and rotting.

[7](#) "The Turk" was another name for the Turkish sultan.

LUCY

Has Talbot been killed? He was the only weapon we had against the French, he was your country's terror and black Nemesis [8](#). Oh, if only my eyeballs were turned into bullets, so I could shoot them in anger at your faces! Oh, if only I had the power to bring the dead back to life! It would be enough to scare France to have only his picture left here, it would terrify the proudest of you. Give me their bodies, so that I may take them from here and give them the burial they deserve.

[8](#) "Nemesis" was the Greek word for "divine punishment" and was often personified as a female figure.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

I think this arrogant person is old Talbot's ghost. He speaks in such a proud and controlling way. For God's sake, let him have the bodies. They would smell and infect the air if we kept them here.

CHARLES

Go and take their bodies away.

LUCY

I'll take them from here, but from their ashes will rise like a phoenix that will scare the whole of France.

CHARLES

Now that we're rid of them, do what you want with them.
And now, let's go to Paris, in this victorious fashion.
Everything will be ours, now that Talbot is killed!

All exit.

Act 5, Scene 1

Shakespeare

Sennet. Enter KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER

KING HENRY VI

Have you perused the letters from the pope,
The emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?

GLOUCESTER

I have, my lord: and their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto your excellency
5 To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

KING HENRY VI

How doth your grace affect their motion?

Shakescleare Translation

A trumpet sounds. KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER enter.

KING HENRY VI

Have you read the letters from the pope, the emperor and the Earl of Armagnac?

GLOUCESTER

I have, my lord, and this is what they want: they ask your excellency earnestly to settle a godly peace between the countries of England and France.

KING HENRY VI

And are you inclined to agree with their proposal?

GLOUCESTER

Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian blood
10 And 'stablish quietness on every side.

KING HENRY VI

Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought
It was both impious and unnatural
That such immaturity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

GLOUCESTER

15 Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
20 In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

KING HENRY VI

Marriage, uncle! alas, my years are young!
And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassador; and, as you please,
25 So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER in Cardinal's habit, a Legate and two Ambassadors

EXETER

What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
30 Then I perceive that will be verified
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,
'If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

KING HENRY VI

My lords ambassadors, your several suits
35 Have been consider'd and debated on.
And therefore are we certainly resolved
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

GLOUCESTER

40 And for the proffer of my lord your master,
I have inform'd his highness so at large
As liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty and the value of her dower,
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

KING HENRY VI

45 In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

Exeunt all but CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER and Legate

WINCHESTER

50 Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive
The sum of money which I promised
Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

LEGATE

I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

GLOUCESTER

Yes, I am, my good lord. It is the only way to stop the
outpouring of our Christian blood and establish peace on
both sides.

KING HENRY VI

Ah yes, uncle. I have always thought that it was ungodly
and unnatural that such barbarity and bloody fighting
should rule people who hold the same faith.

GLOUCESTER

Also, my lord, the sooner peace is established, the stronger
this friendship will be. The Earl of Armagnac is closely
related to Charles, he is a man of great authority in France
and offers his only daughter to your grace in marriage. She
has a large and impressive dowry [1].

[1] A "dower," or "dowry" is the amount of property or money brought by a bride to her husband upon their marriage.

KING HENRY VI

Marriage, uncle! Ah, but I am still so young! It is better that I
spend my time studying and buried in books than fooling
around with a lover. But call the ambassador, and have
them write their answers to all the letters. I will be happy
with any choice that pleases God and my country's welfare.

Enter CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER in Cardinal's clothes, a Representative and two Ambassadors

EXETER

What! Is the Lord of Winchester inaugurated, and has he
become a cardinal? Then I think what Henry the Fifth once
predicted will come true: "If he becomes a cardinal one day,
he'll make his Cardinal's hat as powerful as the crown."

KING HENRY VI

My lords ambassadors, your separate requests have been
considered and debated. And therefore we can say for
certain that we will draw up the conditions of a friendly
peace, which shall be taken to France immediately by my
Lord of Winchester.

GLOUCESTER

And as I was asked, I have informed his highness about the
virtuous gifts of the lady, her beauty and the price of her
dower and he agreed that she shall be England's queen.

KING HENRY VI

As evidence of our contract bring her this jewel, as a
promise of my love. And so, my lord protector, make sure
they are protected and safely brought to Dover where once
they have set off, leave them to be carried by the sea.

All exit apart from CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER and a Representative.

WINCHESTER

My lord Representative, stay. You will first get the money
which I promised to be delivered to his holiness the Pope in
exchange for giving me these dignified robes of office.

LEGATE

I will do as my lord pleases.

OF WINCHESTER

55 *[Aside]* Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive
That, neither in birth or for authority,
The bishop will be overborne by thee:
60 I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny.

*Exeunt***WINCHESTER**

[To himself] Now Winchester won't surrender, or be subordinate to the proudest lords, I am sure. Humphrey of Gloucester, you will soon realize that the bishop won't be overshadowed ² by you, not in birth or in authority. I'll make them walk over you and sink you to your knees, or else start a rebellion in this country.

² Winchester may be punning on "borne/born" here, commenting upon his illegitimate birth.

Exit all.

Act 5, Scene 2

Shakespeare

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENCON, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, REIGNIER, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and forces

CHARLES

These news, my lord, may cheer our drooping spirits:
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt
And turn again unto the warlike French.

ALENCON

Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
5 And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

*Enter Scout***SCOUT**

Success unto our valiant general,
10 And happiness to his accomplices!

CHARLES

What tidings send our scouts? I prithee, speak.

SCOUT

The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoined in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

CHARLES

15 Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

BURGUNDY

I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Of all base passions, fear is most accursed.
20 Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine,
Let Henry fret and all the world repine.

CHARLES

Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

*Exeunt***Shakescleare Translation**

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENCON, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, REIGNIER, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and the army.

CHARLES

This news, my lords, could cheer us up. It's rumored that the brave Parisians revolt and look to the French soldiers again.

ALENCON

Then let's go to Paris, royal Charles of France, and don't delay your troops.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

If they turn to us for help, peace be with them! But if not, let ruin bring down their palaces!

*Scout enters.***SCOUT**

I wish success to our brave general and happiness to his allies!

CHARLES

What news do you bring, scout? I beg you, speak.

SCOUT

The English army that was divided into two parts has now merged into one and is planning on attacking you soon.

CHARLES

That warning seems a bit of out the blue, sirs. But we will prepare ourselves immediately anyway.

BURGUNDY

I hope that Talbot's ghost isn't there. Now that he is gone, you don't have to fear him, my lord.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Fear is the worst of all the main passions. Give us orders so we can win, Charles. Victory will be yours! Let Henry be scared of us and let all the world cry.

CHARLES

Then, off we go, my lords! Luck be with you, France!

All exit.

Act 5, Scene 3

Shakespeare

Alarum. Excursions. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE

JOAN LA PUCELLE

The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.
Now help, ye charming spells and periaps;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me
And give me signs of future accidents.

Thunder

JOAN LA PUCELLE

- 5 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,
Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

Enter Fiends

JOAN LA PUCELLE

- This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
10 Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

They walk, and speak not

JOAN LA PUCELLE

- O, hold me not with silence over-long!
15 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off and give it you
In earnest of further benefit,
So you do condescend to help me now.

They hang their heads

JOAN LA PUCELLE

- No hope to have redress? My body shall
20 Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

They shake their heads

JOAN LA PUCELLE

- Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,
25 Before that England give the French the foil.

They depart

JOAN LA PUCELLE

- See, they forsake me! Now the time is come
That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest
And let her head fall into England's lap.
My ancient incantations are too weak,
30 And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

Exit

Excursions. Re-enter JOAN LA PUCELLE fighting hand to hand with YORK. JOAN LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

Shakescleare Translation

Alarm sounds. Fighting. JOAN LA PUCELLE enters.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

The regent is victorious and the Frenchmen are running away. Now you must help, you magic spells and amulets ¹. And you, excellent spirits that warned me and gave me signs about the future.

¹ "Periaps" were charms inscribed on a bandage and wrapped around a part of the body that they were meant to protect.

The sound of thunder.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Quick helpers, the servants of the devil, appear to me and help me with my plan.

Demons enter.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

This swift and quick appearance is proof of your familiar determination to help me. Now, my familiar spirits, that have been picked from the powerful spaces under the earth, help me once more so that France will win the battle.

Demons walk but they don't speak.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Oh, don't leave me hanging here in this silence for too long! Whereas until now I was accustomed to feed you my blood, I'll cut off a limb and give it to you as an advance payment for a later favor, so that you will agree to help me now.

Demons lower their heads.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Is there no hope of assistance? My body shall compensate for it, if you'll fulfill my request.

Demons shake their heads.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Can't my body or blood sacrifice ² convince you to assist me like you usually do? Take my soul, my body, soul and everything, then, before England defeats the French.

² It is possible Joan cuts herself at this point, physically bleeding; she may also be referring to the bloodshed of her enemies.

Demons exit.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

See, they abandon me! Now it is time for France to lower her helmet decorated with feathers and let her head fall into England's lap ³. My old spells are too weak and hell is too strong for me to fight against. Now, your glory falls down into the dust, France!

³ Joan is admitting that France should surrender to the English, as the spirits have failed her.

JOAN LA PUCELLE exits.

Fighting. JOAN LA PUCELLE re-enters, fighting hand to hand with YORK. JOAN LA PUCELLE is captured. The French run away.

YORK

Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms
And try if they can gain your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See, how the ugly wench doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape!

35

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Changed to a worser shape thou canst not be.

YORK

O, Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

40

JOAN LA PUCELLE

A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surprised
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

YORK

Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

JOAN LA PUCELLE

45

I prithee, give me leave to curse awhile.

YORK

Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

Exeunt

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK with MARGARET in his hand

SUFFOLK

Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

Gazes on her

SUFFOLK

O fairest beauty, do not fear nor fly!
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands;
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

50

MARGARET

Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

SUFFOLK

An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet, if this servile usage once offend.
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

60

She is going

SUFFOLK

O, stay! I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says no
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.
Fie, de la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here?

70

YORK

You French girl, I think I have captured you. Now ask your spirits for help with conjuring spells and see if they can gain you your freedom. A great prize, good for the devil! See, how the ugly girl frowns, as if she could change my shape like Circe 4.

4 Circe is an enchantress in *The Odyssey* who lives on an island and transforms men into swine with a magic potion.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

You can't be changed to a worse shape than you are!

YORK

Oh, yes, Charles the Dauphin is a handsome man and you only like his shape.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

A horrible plague on Charles and you! And I hope you'll both be suddenly surprised by bloody hands, while you're asleep!

YORK

Fierce cursing witch, be quiet!

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Please, let me curse for a while.

YORK

You can curse all you like when you are at the stake, you heretic!

All exit.

Alarm sounds. SUFFOLK enters, leading MARGARET by the hand.

SUFFOLK

Whatever you are, you are now my prisoner.

SUFFOLK stares at her.

SUFFOLK

Oh, what a beauty you are! Don't be afraid or run away. I will only touch you with respectful hands. I kiss these fingers 5 to show you I mean to be at peace with you forever. And I release your hand so that it may hang by your side. Who are you? Tell me so I can honor you.

5 "These fingers" could be either Margaret's or Suffolk's own; if Margaret's, he is telling her she is free to go, if his, she is not, but he demonstrates his reverence.

MARGARET

My name is Margaret and I am the King of Naples' daughter.
And who might you be?

SUFFOLK

I'm an earl and my name is Suffolk. Don't be offended, you miracle of nature, you were destined to be taken by me. I am like the swan that protects her feathery young children, keeping them prisoner under her wings. But if this treatment offends you, you are free to go and still be Suffolk's friend.

MARGARET is about to go.

SUFFOLK

Stay! [To himself] I don't have the power to let her go. My hand wants to let her go but my heart doesn't. Like when the sun shines on the mirror-like rivers, causing another mirrored ray to twinkle, so her gorgeous beauty is like to my eyes. I would love to flirt with her, but I am unable to speak. I'll ask for pen and paper and write down everything that's on my mind. Ah, please, de la Pole! Don't underestimate yourself. Do you not have a tongue? Isn't she right here? Will you be intimidated at the sight of a woman? Yes! The power

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
 Ay, beauty's princely majesty is such,
 Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

75

MARGARET

Say, Earl of Suffolk—if thy name be so—
 What ransom must I pay before I pass?
 For I perceive I am thy prisoner.

SUFFOLK

How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,
 Before thou make a trial of her love?

80

MARGARET

Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

SUFFOLK

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
 She is a woman, therefore to be won.

MARGARET

Wilt thou accept of ransom? yea, or no.

SUFFOLK

Fond man, remember that thou hast a wife;
 Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?

85

MARGARET

I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

SUFFOLK

There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

MARGARET

He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

SUFFOLK

90 And yet a dispensation may be had.

MARGARET

And yet I would that you would answer me.

SUFFOLK

I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?
 Why, for my king: tush, that's a wooden thing!

MARGARET

He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

95 Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
 And peace established between these realms
 But there remains a scruple in that too;
 For though her father be the King of Naples,
 Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
 And our nobility will scorn the match.

100

MARGARET

Hear ye, captain, are you not at leisure?

of beauty is so strong that it destroys the power of the tongue and dulls all the senses.

MARGARET

Tell me, Earl of Suffolk—if that's your name—what price do I have to pay before you'll let me go? I suppose, I am your prisoner.

SUFFOLK

[To himself] How can you know that she will deny your request before you have even tested her love?

MARGARET

Why don't you speak? What price do I have to pay?

SUFFOLK

[To himself] She is so beautiful that I must flirt with her, since she is a woman and must be won over.

MARGARET

Will you accept some sort of price? Yes, or no?

SUFFOLK

[To himself] Foolish man, do you forget that you have a wife? Then how can Margaret be your lover?

MARGARET

I should probably leave him, since he's not listening to me.

SUFFOLK

[To himself] That's it, this ruins all my hopes of winning 6.

6 A "cooling card" may have referred to some type of game, or anything that "cools" a person's passion.

MARGARET

He speaks very randomly. I'm sure that man is mad.

SUFFOLK

[To himself] And yet divorce with the Pope's permission is an option.

MARGARET

And yet I'd like him to answer me!

SUFFOLK

[To himself] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom? Well, for my king! Ah, what a stupid idea!

MARGARET

He speaks of wood 7. Maybe he is some sort of a woodworker?

7 In the previous line, Suffolk uses the phrase "wooden thing" (which means "a stupid idea") and Margaret overhears him and does not understand.

SUFFOLK

[To himself] And yet, my infatuation would be satisfied and peace would be established between these two countries. But there is a problem that stands in my way. Although her father is the King of Naples, Duke of Anjou and Maine, he is poor and the lords at court will mock this match.

MARGARET

Can you hear me, captain? 8 Are you all right?

8 Here, Margaret purposefully addresses Suffolk with an unflattering title, rather than acknowledging his status as an aristocrat.

SUFFOLK

It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much.
Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

MARGARET

105 What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me.

SUFFOLK

Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

MARGARET

Perhaps I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy.

SUFFOLK

110 Sweet madam, give me a hearing in a cause--

MARGARET

Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

SUFFOLK

Lady, wherefore talk you so?

MARGARET

I cry you mercy, 'tis but Quid for Quo.

SUFFOLK

115 Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

MARGARET

To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

SUFFOLK

120 And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

MARGARET

Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

SUFFOLK

125 I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my--

MARGARET

What?

SUFFOLK

His love.

MARGARET

I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

SUFFOLK

130 No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam, are ye so content?

SUFFOLK

[To himself] Yes, that's how it will be, however arrogant
they will be about it. Henry is young and will agree to this.

[To MARGARET] Madam, I have a secret to tell you.

MARGARET

[To herself] What, even though I am taken captive ⁹? Well,
he seems like a knight and won't disrespect me in any way.

⁹ In the original, "enthralld" plays on both the literal meaning (captured) and the symbolic "spellbound."

SUFFOLK

Lady, please listen to what I have to say.

MARGARET

[To herself] Maybe I'll be rescued by the French and then I
don't need to hope for his kindness.

SUFFOLK

Sweet madam, please hear what I have to say about--

MARGARET

[To herself] Ah, please, women have been taken prisoner
before me.

SUFFOLK

Lady, why do you talk like this?

MARGARET

I ask for mercy, it's simply "quid pro quo." ¹⁰

¹⁰ The Latin expression "quid pro quo" (or here, "quid for quo") means an exchange of goods or services, where one transaction is dependent on the other.

SUFFOLK

Tell me, gentle princess, wouldn't you think your
imprisonment is a good thing if you were made a queen?

MARGARET

To be an imprisoned queen is more low than to be a slave in
servitude. Princes should be free.

SUFFOLK

And you will be free, if the happy royal king is
free.

MARGARET

Why should I care about his freedom? What's it to me?

SUFFOLK

I want to make you Henry's queen and put a golden scepter
in your hand and a precious crown on your head, if you will
agree to be my--

MARGARET

Your what?

SUFFOLK

His love.

MARGARET

I am not good enough to be Henry's wife.

SUFFOLK

No, gentle madam, I am not good enough to court such a
fair woman to be his wife, and have no part in the choice
myself. What do you say, madam? Are you happy with that?

MARGARET

An if my father please, I am content.

SUFFOLK

Then call our captains and our colours forth.
135 And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the walls

SUFFOLK

See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner!

REIGNIER

140 To whom?

SUFFOLK

To me.

REIGNIER

Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

SUFFOLK

145 Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;
And this her easy-held imprisonment
150 Hath gained thy daughter princely liberty.

REIGNIER

Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

SUFFOLK

Fair Margaret knows
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

REIGNIER

Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
155 To give thee answer of thy just demand.

Exit from the walls

SUFFOLK

And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, below

REIGNIER

Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
160 Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

SUFFOLK

Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

REIGNIER

Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth
165 To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the country Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

SUFFOLK

170 That is her ransom; I deliver her;
And those two counties I will undertake
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

MARGARET

If my father is happy, I will be too.

SUFFOLK

Then I'll call our captains and the bearers of our military
flags. And we'll ask for negotiation at your father's walls,
madam, so we can discuss this with him.

Trumpet signals negotiation. REIGNIER enters on the walls.

SUFFOLK

See, Reignier, your daughter is a prisoner!

REIGNIER

A prisoner to whom?

SUFFOLK

To me.

REIGNIER

Suffolk, what can I do? I am a soldier and am unable to cry
or to accuse inconstancy of fortune.

SUFFOLK

Yes, there is something you can do, my lord. Agree to allow
your daughter to marry my king. I have courted and won
Margaret and this easily endured imprisonment has gained
your daughter's freedom.

REIGNIER

Does Suffolk speak his mind?

SUFFOLK

Fair Margaret knows that Suffolk doesn't flatter, deceive or
fake anything.

REIGNIER

On your princely guarantee, I will come down to give you an
answer to your honorable request.

REIGNIER exits from the walls.

SUFFOLK

And I wait for your arrival here.

Trumpets sound. REIGNIER re-enters below.

REIGNIER

Welcome, brave earl, into our lands! Let me know what
you'd like in Anjou.

SUFFOLK

Thanks, Reignier. Would you be happy if your sweet child
was made a companion to a king? What is your answer to
my suggestion?

REIGNIER

Since you have already put in the effort to court her and the
little she is worth, to be the bride of such a lord, I will agree
on the condition that I may quietly enjoy my territories ¹¹
of Maine and Anjou, which will be free from oppression and
the attacks of war. My daughter will be Henry's if he is
happy with it.

.¹¹ In Shakespeare's time, "country" was a less specific category than it is today; it was used simply to indicate an area of land.

SUFFOLK

That's her price then. I will deliver her. And I'll make sure
that you will quietly enjoy those two territories.

REIGNIER

And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king,
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

175

SUFFOLK

Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king.

[Aside] And yet, methinks, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case.
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnized.
So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

REIGNIER

I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

MARGARET

180 Farewell, my lord: good wishes, praise and prayers
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.

*Going***SUFFOLK**

Farewell, sweet madam: but hark you, Margaret;
No princely commendations to my king?

MARGARET

185 Such commendations as becomes a maid,
A virgin and his servant, say to him.

SUFFOLK

Words sweetly placed and modestly directed.
But madam, I must trouble you again;
No loving token to his majesty?

MARGARET

190 Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

SUFFOLK

And this withal.

*Kisses her***MARGARET**

That for thyself: I will not so presume
195 To send such peevish tokens to a king.

*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET***SUFFOLK**

O, wert thou for myself! But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk.
200 Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou comest to kneel at Henry's feet,
205 Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder.

*Exit***REIGNIER**

And I, in return, in Henry's royal name, since you are the
deputy of the king, give *you* her hand as a sign of the
promise.

SUFFOLK

Reignier of France, I thank you in the name of my king,
because this is the king's business.

[To himself] And yet, I think I would be quite happy to
represent myself in this case.

[To REIGNIER] I'll go over to England then, with this news
and formalize this marriage. So, goodbye, Reignier! Store
this diamond safely in golden palaces, where it belongs.

REIGNIER

I embrace you like I would embrace the Christian prince,
King Henry, if he were here.

MARGARET

Goodbye, my lord. Suffolk will always have good wishes,
praise and prayers from Margaret.

*MARGARET is about to go.***SUFFOLK**

Goodbye, sweet madam. But, listen, Margaret, don't you
want to send any royal greetings to my king?

MARGARET

I send him the greetings that a girl, a virgin and his servant
would send him. You can tell him that.

SUFFOLK

Those words are sweetly said and worthy of your virtue.
But, madam, I must ask you again: No loving keepsake for
his majesty?

MARGARET

Yes, my good lord, I send the king my pure and unstained
heart, never before touched with love.

SUFFOLK

And also this.

*SUFFOLK kisses MARGARET.***MARGARET**

That you can keep for yourself. I would not dare to send
such foolish keepsakes to a king.

*REIGNIER and MARGARET exit.***SUFFOLK**

Oh, if only you were mine! But Suffolk, stop. You shouldn't
get lost in that labyrinth ¹² because that is
where Minotaurs ¹³ and ugly treasons hide. Persuade
Henry by praising her wonderful qualities. Remember her
virtues that excel and natural graces that outdo any artifice.
Recall the image of them as you journey across the sea so
that when you come to kneel at Henry's feet, you will
deprive him of his senses with wonder.

¹² Suffolk builds on the previous references to Icarus, who was the builder of the labyrinth that held the Minotaur. He uses it here to indicate that he is lost in a maze of inappropriate, transgressive romantic feelings for Margaret.

¹³ The Minotaur was a Greek mythological creature with the body of a man and the head of a bull.

SUFFOLK exits.

Act 5, Scene 4

Shakespeare

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others

YORK

Bring forth that sorceress condemn'd to burn.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, guarded, and a Shepherd

SHEPHERD

Ah, Joan, this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I sought every country far and near,
5 And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:
10 Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

SHEPHERD

Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

WARWICK

15 Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

YORK

This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

SHEPHERD

Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows thou art a collop of my flesh;
20 And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

SHEPHERD

'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest
25 The morn that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck'dst her breast,
30 Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.

Exit

YORK

35 Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Shakescleare Translation

YORK, WARWICK, and others enter.

YORK

Bring forward the witch that has been condemned to burn.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, guarded and a Shepherd

SHEPHERD

Ah, Joan, this kills your father! I have searched every region
hoping to find you and now that I have, I must watch your
early, cruel death? Ah, Joan, my sweet daughter Joan, I'll
die with you!

JOAN LA PUCELLE

You weak miserable creature! Lowly inferior villain! I come
from a nobler bloodline. You aren't my father or my friend.

SHEPHERD

No, no! My lords, if it's all right with you, it's not true. I am
her father, all of the locals know that. Her mother still lives
and she can prove that Joan was the first fruit of my youth.

WARWICK

How awkward! Will you deny where you come from?

YORK

This demonstrates what kind of life she led—wicked and
wretched and so her death is a fitting end.

SHEPHERD

How could you be so stubborn, Joan! God knows that you
are a part of my body and I have cried so much for your
sake. Don't deny me, I beg you, gentle Joan.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Leave me, peasant! You have bribed this man to bring my
noble birth into question.

SHEPHERD

It's true that I gave a gold coin  to the priest that morning
when I married her mother. Kneel down and take my
blessing, my good girl. Won't you kneel? Then I curse the
moment you were born! I wish the milk your mother gave
you when you sucked her breasts had been rat poison, for
your sake! Or I wish that some hungry wolf had eaten you,
while you took care of my lambs in the field. Do you deny
your father, cursed whore? She deserves to burn, hanging is
too kind a punishment!

 The Shepherd seems to confuse
Joan's reference to her "noble" birth
with a "noble" which was a former
English gold coin, or else he may be
mocking her.

Shepherd exits.

YORK

Take her away, she has already lived too long and filled the
world with horrible things.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issued from the progeny of kings;
40 Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you, that are polluted with your lusts,
45 Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils.
50 No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effused,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

YORK

55 Ay, ay: away with her to execution!

WARWICK

And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

60 Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
65 Although ye hale me to a violent death.

YORK

Now heaven forfend! the holy maid with child!

WARWICK

The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

YORK

70 She and the Dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

WARWICK

Well, go to; we'll have no bastards live;
Especially since Charles must father it.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

You are deceived; my child is none of his:
It was Alencon that enjoy'd my love.

YORK

75 Alencon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles nor yet the duke I named,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

WARWICK

80 A married man! that's most intolerable.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

First, let me tell you who you have damned here. Not someone who was conceived by a shepherd, but a successor of kings, virtuous and holy, chosen from the heavens by intervention of heavenly grace to make exceptional miracles happen on earth. I had nothing to do with wicked spirits. But you, that are corrupted by your desires, stained with the guiltless blood of innocent people², false and contaminated with a thousand sins, you have decided that it's an entirely impossible thing for miracles to happen unless they are done with the help of devils. No, wickedly created! Joan of Arc has been a virgin ever since she was a young girl, she's been virtuous and spotless as her virginal blood³ did so savagely pour out. She will scream for revenge at the gates of heaven!

² Joan is making a Biblical reference to try and help her case; this particular phrase comes from Jeremiah 2.34.

³ Here Joan utilizes a trope of martyrs, but it also becomes suggestive of the breaking of the hymen and of menstrual blood.

YORK

Yes, yes, take her away to her execution!

WARWICK

And pay attention, sirs. Don't spare the bundles of wood because she is a maid. Let there be enough of it. Put barrels of pitch⁴ on the stake so that her torture can be shortened.

⁴ Pitch is a black substance like tar.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Will nothing change your unforgiving hearts? Then, Joan, reveal your weakness, that legally guarantees my freedom. I am pregnant, you bloody murderers! Although you drag me to a violent death, don't murder the fruit in my belly⁵.

⁵ A reference to the Virgin Mary. Joan continues to use religious allusions and references to try and save herself.

YORK

Oh heaven forbid! A holy girl pregnant?!

WARWICK

It's the greatest miracle that I've ever seen. How does all your strict morality come to this?

YORK

She and the Dauphin have been having sex. I thought this would be her last resource.

WARWICK

Well, we'll have no bastards here, especially since Charles should be the father to it.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

That's not true, my child isn't his. Alencon enjoyed my love.

YORK

Alencon! He is a well-known schemer⁶! It dies, even if it had a thousand lives.

⁶ "Machiavel" means a schemer. Niccolò Machiavelli was the author of *The Prince*, a 1513 treatise that advocated using ruthless political deception and cunning in order to gain power.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Oh, let me go, I have lied to you! It wasn't Charles or the duke I named, but Reignier, the king of Naples that seduced me.

WARWICK

He's a married man! That's unacceptable.

YORK

Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

WARWICK

It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

YORK

And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my curse:
May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair
Drive you to break your necks or hang yourselves!

Exit, guarded

YORK

Break thou in pieces and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

95

Enter CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER, attended

WINCHESTER

Lord regent, I do greet your excellency
With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Moved with remorse of these outrageous broils,
Have earnestly implored a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin and his train
Approacheth, to confer about some matter.

YORK

Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?
O Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

WARWICK

Be patient, York: if we conclude a peace,
It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, REIGNIER, and others

CHARLES

Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed
That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

YORK

Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler chokes
The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

WINCHESTER

Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,

YORK

Well, look at this girl! I think she doesn't know exactly who to accuse because she's slept with so many men.

WARWICK

It's a sign that she has been loose and promiscuous.

YORK

And yet she is a pure virgin. Whore, your words damn your child and you. Don't beg any longer, there's no use.

JOAN LA PUCELLE

Then take me away. I leave my curse with you! May the glorious sun never shine its rays on the country where you decide to stay. Darkness and the gloomy shadow of death will surround you until mischief and despair forces you to break your necks or hang yourselves!

JOAN LA PUCELLE exits, guarded.

YORK

I hope you break into pieces and are burned to ashes, you false and cursed servant of hell!

CARDINAL OF WINCHESTER enters, accompanied.

WINCHESTER

Lord regent, I welcome your excellency with letters of authority to act from the king. For now, the states of Christendom, moved with pity out of this excessively violent chaos, have begged for a general peace between our nation and the ambitious French. And here come the Dauphin and his company to discuss this issue.

YORK

Is all our labor turned into this? After so many of our men, so many captains, gentlemen and soldiers have been killed in this battle and sacrificed their bodies for the good of their country, should we settle it all with an unmanly peace? Haven't we lost most of our towns which our ancestors gained through treason, falsehood and treachery? Oh, Warwick, Warwick! With grief, I predict the absolute loss of France.

WARWICK

Be patient, York. If we settle a peace, it will be with strict and harsh terms of agreement in which the Frenchmen will gain very little.

Enter CHARLES, ALENCON, BASTARD OF ORLEANS, REIGNIER, and others.

CHARLES

Lords of England, we heard that it has been agreed that a peaceful treaty will be reached in France, so we have come here in person to find out the conditions of this union.

YORK

Winchester, you speak, because the boiling anger  began to choke the hollow passage of my poisoned voice, as soon as I saw our deadly enemies.

 "Choler" was one of the four bodily humors which was believed to impact one's personality; it was associated with anger.

WINCHESTER

The decree says this, listen up Charles and your men: That King Henry agreed, out of pure compassion and

130 Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:
And Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, submit thyself,
Thou shalt be placed as viceroy under him,
135 And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

ALENCON
Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
140 This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

CHARLES
'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenced for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
145 Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador, I'll rather keep
That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

YORK
150 Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
155 Of benefit proceeding from our king
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

REIGNIER
My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
160 If once it be neglected, ten to one
We shall not find like opportunity.

ALENCON
To say the truth, it is your policy
To save your subjects from such massacre
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
165 By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

WARWICK
How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

CHARLES
It shall;
170 Only reserved, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

YORK
Then swear allegiance to his majesty,
As thou art knight, never to disobey
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
175 Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.
So, now dismiss your army when ye please:
Hang up your ensign, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace.

Exeunt

mercifulness, to let your country be relieved after the stressful war and will allow you to breathe in the smell of a productive peace. You shall become faithful loyal followers to his crown. And Charles, you will swear to pay him homage and submit yourself, and you will be named as a representative of the king under him, and still maintain your royal status.

ALENCON
Must he only be a shadow of himself? Should he put a crown on his head and yet have no greater authority than any private citizen? This offer is absurd and makes no sense.

CHARLES
It's known that I am already in charge of more than half of the French territories and there I am respected as their rightful king. Should I, in the remaining undefeated territories, deny my own rightful place and instead be called merely the king's representative to the whole country? No, lord ambassador, I'd like to keep what I have, rather than desire more and lose everything in the process.

YORK
Insulting Charles! Have you intervened in some secret way, have you tried to create a union [8], and now that we are trying to reach a compromise, do you pull back and hold up the title you're being offered the one you currently hold? Either accept the title out of generosity from our king and don't talk about value, or we will destroy you with our unending wars.

[8] York seems to be implying that Charles has conspired with the Pope and the Emperor (the heads of the Catholic Church) to create a league against England. His accusations are vague and seem to have no basis in actual fact.

REIGNIER
My lord, you are very stubborn to debate the terms of this contract. If it is underestimated, we won't present another such opportunity, that's for sure.

ALENCON
To tell you the truth, it is your desire to save your people from such massacre and cruel killings, which we have seen daily in our hatred, that makes you accept this offer of peace. Although you'll break it when it suits you.

WARWICK
What do you say, Charles? Are you happy with our terms of agreement?

CHARLES
I am, with the only exception that you will claim no interest in any of our military towns.

YORK
Then, since you are a knight, swear loyalty to his majesty, never to disobey or rebel against the English crown. This is applicable to both yourself and your men. So, now send away your army when you wish, hang up your flags, let your drums be silent. Because we have here achieved a serious peace.

All exit.

Act 5, Scene 5

Shakespeare

Enter SUFFOLK in conference with KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER and EXETER

KING HENRY VI

Your wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues graced with external gifts
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
5 And like as rigor of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwreck or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

SUFFOLK

10 Tush, my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise;
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
Had I sufficient skill to utter them,
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
15 Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full-replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind
She is content to be at your command;
20 Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

KING HENRY VI

And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

GLOUCESTER

25 So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem:
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

SUFFOLK

30 As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
35 And therefore may be broke without offence.

GLOUCESTER

Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

SUFFOLK

Yes, lord, her father is a king,
40 The King of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

GLOUCESTER

And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
45 Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Shakescleare Translation

Enter SUFFOLK, in a discussion with KING HENRY VI, GLOUCESTER and EXETER.

KING HENRY VI

Noble earl, your wonderful description of the beautiful Margaret has astonished me. Her virtues, which seem to be enhanced with her external appearance have created feelings of love and passion in my heart. And like harsh violent winds your description provokes the largest vessel floating against the tide. So I am out of breath from her glory and am either going to suffer a shipwreck or arrive on shore where I may enjoy her love.

SUFFOLK

Oh please, my good lord, this shallow tale is only an introduction of the praise of her true value. The greatest perfections of that lovely woman, if I had the skill, could make a whole book of beautiful poetry, capable of captivating any dull imagination. What's more, she is so heavenly, so full with a choice of all delights, but she has a modest and lowly state of mind. She is happy to be at your command. And by that I mean she has virtuous, chaste intentions to love and honor Henry as her lord.

KING HENRY VI

Henry wouldn't want it any other way.

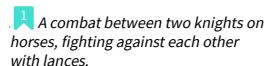
[To GLOUCESTER] Therefore, my lord protector, agree that Margaret may be the royal queen of England.

GLOUCESTER

I might as well agree to praise sin. You know, my lord, that your king is engaged to another respectful lady. How should we deal with that betrothal and not deform your honor in disgrace?

SUFFOLK

Like a ruler does with illegal promises, or one that at a jousting tournament  swore to try his strength but abandoned the designated combat arena because he saw his opponent was more likely to win. A daughter of a poor earl is a similar case and therefore may be broken off without any damage.

**GLOUCESTER**

Well, is Margaret any more than a poor earl's daughter? Her father is no better than an earl, although he does have some worthy titles.

SUFFOLK

Yes, lord, her father is a king. He is the King of Naples and Jerusalem and holds great sway in France. An alliance with him will confirm our peace with France and keep the Frenchmen loyal to us.

GLOUCESTER

But the Earl of Armagnac may do the same because he is close to Charles.

EXETER

Beside, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

SUFFOLK

A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,
That he should be so abject, base and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.
Henry is able to enrich his queen
And not seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.
Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;
Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,
In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,
But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,
Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit,
More than in women commonly is seen,
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love.
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with me
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

KING HENRY VI

Whether it be through force of your report,
My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assured,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for, till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so, conduct me where, from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

Exit

GLOUCESTER

Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EXETER

SUFFOLK

Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;

EXETER

Also, his wealth does promise a generous dower, while
Reignier would rather receive than give.

SUFFOLK

A dowry, my lords! Don't disgrace your king so much as to
think that he should be so hopeless, low, and poor to
choose money over perfect love. Henry is perfectly able to
give his queen money and does not need to look for one
who would make him rich. Peasants who are worth nothing
try to find their wives in such a way. They're like men in the
market, selling oxen, sheep, or horse. But marriage should
not be dealt with in negotiations between lawyers, and it's
not about who we want but who his grace likes. She will be
his companion in bed, after all! And therefore, lords, since
he likes her the most, for that reason we should prefer her
as well, and so she should be our first choice. After all, what
is a forced marriage but a never ending battle? While the
opposite brings joy and is a way to heavenly peace. Then,
who else should be matched with Henry, who is a king, than
Margaret, who is the daughter of a king? Her unique
physical appearance and her birth makes her perfect only
for a king. Her brave courage and fearless spirit, which isn't
usually seen in women, will be an answer to our hope of
giving a child to the king. Henry, a conqueror's son, is likely
to breed more conquerors if he is joined in union with a
lady of such courage as Margaret. Give up, then, my lords
and here I finish by saying that Margaret shall be queen,
and no one but her.

KING HENRY VI

I don't know if it's because of the power of your account of
her, my noble Lord of Suffolk, or because my young days
have never been touched with any passion of love's fire, I
can't really tell but I am sure that I feel a sharp pain in my
chest. I feel passionate alarms of both hope and fear and it
makes me sick trying to figure out my thoughts. Therefore,
take a ship to France, my lord, and hurry. Agree to any
terms and ensure that Lady Margaret will come across the
seas to England and here be crowned King Henry's faithful
and blessed queen. For your expenses and spending money
for the journey, collect taxes ² from the people. Go, and
until you return I will rest here puzzled by a thousand
thoughts. And you, good uncle, let go of all your hatred. If
you would judge me by your own former recklessness in
your youth and not your older age, I know you will forgive
me for my sudden change. And so, take me where I may
consider and mediate on my melancholy of love alone.

² A "tenth," or "tithe," was a tax that could be ordered by the Church as well as the King. It was often used when there was a sudden need to raise money.

KING HENRY VI exits.

GLOUCESTER

Yes, I am afraid it is the first and the last melancholy.

GLOUCESTER and EXETER exit.

SUFFOLK

And so Suffolk has won and there he goes, like the young
Paris ³ once did to Greece, hoping to find the same
outcome ⁴ in love, but Suffolk will succeed better than the
Trojan did. Margaret will now be queen and rule the king
but I will rule her, the king and the country.

³ In the story of the Trojan War, Paris traveled to Sparta where he stole Helen, the beautiful wife of the King of Sparta, Menelaus. This triggered the launch of the Trojan War.

But I will rule both her, the king and realm.

Exit

SUFFOLK exits.

 "The like event" is also a pun on achieving sexual satisfaction.

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