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*The Life and Death of*  
**KING JOHN**

*By* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Edited by* BARBARA A. MOWAT  
*and* PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

<http://www.folgerdigitaltexts.org>

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## From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

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

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

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

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

*Michael Witmore*  
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

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# Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

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

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

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

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

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

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# Synopsis

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

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

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

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

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## Characters in the Play

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

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

BLANCHE of Spain, niece to King John

PRINCE HENRY, son to King John

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

ARTHUR, Duke of Brittany, her son

KING PHILIP II of France

LOUIS THE DAUPHIN, his son

DUKE OF AUSTRIA (also called LIMOGES)

CHATILLION, ambassador from France to King John

COUNT MELUN

A FRENCH HERALD

CARDINAL PANDULPH, Papal Legate

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

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

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, her son by Sir Robert Faulconbridge

JAMES GURNEY, her servant

HUBERT, supporter of King John

EARL OF SALISBURY	} <i>English nobles</i>
EARL OF PEMBROKE	
EARL OF ESSEX	
LORD BIGOT	

A CITIZEN of Angiers

PETER of Pomfret, a Prophet

An ENGLISH HERALD

EXECUTIONERS

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

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# ACT 1

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## Scene 1

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

KING JOHN

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

CHATILLION

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

FTLN 0003      In my behavior to the majesty,

FTLN 0004      The borrowed majesty, of England here.

QUEEN ELEANOR

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

KING JOHN

FTLN 0006      Silence, good mother. Hear the embassy.

CHATILLION

FTLN 0007      Philip of France, in right and true behalf

FTLN 0008      Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey’s son,

FTLN 0009      Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

FTLN 0010      To this fair island and the territories, 10

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

FTLN 0012      Desiring thee to lay aside the sword

FTLN 0013      Which sways usurpingly these several titles,

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

FTLN 0015      Thy nephew and right royal sovereign. 15

KING JOHN

FTLN 0016      What follows if we disallow of this?



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CHATILLION

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

KING JOHN

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

CHATILLION

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

KING JOHN

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

*Chatillion and Pembroke exit.*

QUEEN ELEANOR, *['aside to King John']*

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

KING JOHN, *['aside to Queen Eleanor']*

FTLN 0039     Our strong possession and our right for us.

QUEEN ELEANOR, *['aside to King John']*

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

*Enter a Sheriff, 「who speaks aside to Essex.」*

ESSEX

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

*Enter Robert Faulconbridge and Philip 「Faulconbridge.」*

FTLN 0050	What men are you?	50
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PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

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

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0057	The son and heir to that same Faulconbridge.	
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KING JOHN

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

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

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

QUEEN ELEANOR

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

PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

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

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

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 PHILIP FAULCONBRIDGE

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

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

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0102      And once dispatched him in an embassy

FTLN 0103      To Germany, there with the Emperor

FTLN 0104      To treat of high affairs touching that time.

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

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

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

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

FTLN 0109      Between my father and my mother lay,

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

FTLN 0111      When this same lusty gentleman was got.

FTLN 0112      Upon his deathbed he by will bequeathed

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

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

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

FTLN 0116      Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

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

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

KING JOHN

FTLN 0119      Sirrah, your brother is legitimate.

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

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

FTLN 0122      Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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FTLN 0161 KING JOHN What is thy name?  
 BASTARD

FTLN 0162 Philip, my liege, so is my name begun,  
 FTLN 0163 Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.  
 KING JOHN

FTLN 0164 From henceforth bear his name whose form thou  
 FTLN 0165 bearest. 165  
 FTLN 0166 Kneel thou down Philip, but rise more great.  
*Philip kneels. King John dubs him a knight,  
 tapping him on the shoulder with his sword.*

FTLN 0167 Arise Sir Richard and Plantagenet.  
 BASTARD, *rising, to Robert Faulconbridge*

FTLN 0168 Brother by th' mother's side, give me your hand.  
 FTLN 0169 My father gave me honor, yours gave land.  
 FTLN 0170 Now blessèd be the hour, by night or day, 170  
 FTLN 0171 When I was got, Sir Robert was away!  
 QUEEN ELEANOR

FTLN 0172 The very spirit of Plantagenet!  
 FTLN 0173 I am thy grandam, Richard. Call me so.  
 BASTARD

FTLN 0174 Madam, by chance but not by truth. What though?  
 FTLN 0175 Something about, a little from the right, 175  
 FTLN 0176 In at the window, or else o'er the hatch.  
 FTLN 0177 Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,  
 FTLN 0178 And have is have, however men do catch.  
 FTLN 0179 Near or far off, well won is still well shot,  
 FTLN 0180 And I am I, howe'er I was begot. 180  
 KING JOHN, *to Robert Faulconbridge*

FTLN 0181 Go, Faulconbridge, now hast thou thy desire.  
 FTLN 0182 A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.—  
 FTLN 0183 Come, madam,—and come, Richard. We must  
 FTLN 0184 speed  
 FTLN 0185 For France, for France, for it is more than need. 185  
 BASTARD

FTLN 0186 Brother, adieu, good fortune come to thee,

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

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

*Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.*

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

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

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

BASTARD

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

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

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

BASTARD

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

GURNEY

FTLN 0237 Good leave, good Philip.

FTLN 0238 BASTARD "Philip Sparrow," James.

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

*James 「Gurney」 exits.*

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



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LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

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

BASTARD

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

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

FTLN 0259 Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

BASTARD

FTLN 0260 As faithfully as I deny the devil. 260

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE

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

BASTARD

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

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FTLN 0277      May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
FTLN 0278      With all my heart I thank thee for my father.  
FTLN 0279      Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well  
FTLN 0280      When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell. 280  
FTLN 0281      Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin,  
FTLN 0282      And they shall say when Richard me begot,  
FTLN 0283      If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin.  
FTLN 0284      Who says it was, he lies. I say 'twas not.

*They exit.*

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## 「ACT 2」

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### Scene 「1」

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

DAUPHIN

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

ARTHUR

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

DAUPHIN

FTLN 0302	A noble boy. Who would not do thee right?	
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AUSTRIA, *['to Arthur']*

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

CONSTANCE

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

AUSTRIA

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

KING PHILIP

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

CONSTANCE

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

*Enter Chatillion.*

KING PHILIP

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

CHATILLION

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

## AUSTRIA

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

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

## KING JOHN

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

## KING PHILIP

FTLN 0373	Peace be to England, if that war return	
FTLN 0374	From France to England, there to live in peace.	90
FTLN 0375	England we love, and for that England's sake	
FTLN 0376	With burden of our armor here we sweat.	
FTLN 0377	This toil of ours should be a work of thine;	
FTLN 0378	But thou from loving England art so far	
FTLN 0379	That thou hast underwrought his lawful king,	95
FTLN 0380	Cut off the sequence of posterity,	
FTLN 0381	Outfacèd infant state, and done a rape	
FTLN 0382	Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.	
FTLN 0383	Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face.	
	<i>'He points to Arthur.'</i>	
FTLN 0384	These eyes, these brows, were molded out of his;	100
FTLN 0385	This little abstract doth contain that large	
FTLN 0386	Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time	
FTLN 0387	Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.	
FTLN 0388	That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born,	
FTLN 0389	And this his son. England was Geoffrey's right,	105
FTLN 0390	And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God,	
FTLN 0391	How comes it then that thou art called a king,	



CONSTANCE

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

AUSTRIA

FTLN 0419     Peace! 135

FTLN 0420     BASTARD     Hear the crier!

FTLN 0421     AUSTRIA                     What the devil art thou?

BASTARD

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

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

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

FTLN 0425     Whose valor plucks dead lions by the beard.

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

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

BLANCHE

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

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

BASTARD

FTLN 0430     It lies as sightly on the back of him

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

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

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

AUSTRIA

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

FTLN 0435     With this abundance of superfluous breath?

「KING PHILIP」

FTLN 0436     Louis, determine what we shall do straight.

DAUPHIN

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

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

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

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

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

KING JOHN

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

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



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FTLN 0444	And out of my dear love I'll give thee more	160
FTLN 0445	Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.	
FTLN 0446	Submit thee, boy.	
FTLN 0447	QUEEN ELEANOR            Come to thy grandam, child.	
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 0448	Do, child, go to it grandam, child.	
FTLN 0449	Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will	165
FTLN 0450	Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig.	
FTLN 0451	There's a good grandam.	
FTLN 0452	ARTHUR, <i>['weeping']</i> Good my mother, peace.	
FTLN 0453	I would that I were low laid in my grave.	
FTLN 0454	I am not worth this coil that's made for me.	170
	QUEEN ELEANOR	
FTLN 0455	His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.	
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 0456	Now shame upon you whe'er she does or no!	
FTLN 0457	His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's	
FTLN 0458	shames,	
FTLN 0459	Draws those heaven-moving pearls from his poor	175
FTLN 0460	eyes,	
FTLN 0461	Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee.	
FTLN 0462	Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be bribed	
FTLN 0463	To do him justice and revenge on you.	
	QUEEN ELEANOR	
FTLN 0464	Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and Earth!	180
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 0465	Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and Earth,	
FTLN 0466	Call not me slanderer. Thou and thine usurp	
FTLN 0467	The dominations, royalties, and rights	
FTLN 0468	Of this oppressèd boy. This is thy eldest son's son,	
FTLN 0469	Infortunate in nothing but in thee.	185
FTLN 0470	Thy sins are visited in this poor child.	
FTLN 0471	The canon of the law is laid on him,	
FTLN 0472	Being but the second generation	
FTLN 0473	Removèd from thy sin-conceiving womb.	

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KING JOHN

FTLN 0474      Bedlam, have done. 190

FTLN 0475      CONSTANCE                      I have but this to say,

FTLN 0476      That he is not only plaguèd for her sin,

FTLN 0477      But God hath made her sin and her the plague

FTLN 0478      On this removèd issue, plagued for her,

FTLN 0479      And with her plague; her sin his injury, 195

FTLN 0480      Her injury the beadle to her sin,

FTLN 0481      All punished in the person of this child

FTLN 0482      And all for her. A plague upon her!

QUEEN ELEANOR

FTLN 0483      Thou unadvisèd scold, I can produce

FTLN 0484      A will that bars the title of thy son. 200

CONSTANCE

FTLN 0485      Ay, who doubts that? A will—a wicked will,

FTLN 0486      A woman's will, a cankered grandam's will.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0487      Peace, lady. Pause, or be more temperate.

FTLN 0488      It ill beseems this presence to cry aim

FTLN 0489      To these ill-tunèd repetitions.— 205

FTLN 0490      Some trumpet summon hither to the walls

FTLN 0491      These men of Angiers. Let us hear them speak

FTLN 0492      Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

*Trumpet sounds.*

*Enter 'Citizens' upon the walls.*

CITIZEN

FTLN 0493      Who is it that hath warned us to the walls?

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0494      'Tis France, for England. 210

FTLN 0495      KING JOHN                      England, for itself.

FTLN 0496      You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects—

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0497      You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,

FTLN 0498      Our trumpet called you to this gentle parle—

## KING JOHN

FTLN 0499 For our advantage. Therefore hear us first. 215  
 FTLN 0500 These flags of France that are advanced here  
 FTLN 0501 Before the eye and prospect of your town,  
 FTLN 0502 Have hither marched to your endamagement.  
 FTLN 0503 The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,  
 FTLN 0504 And ready mounted are they to spit forth 220  
 FTLN 0505 Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls.  
 FTLN 0506 All preparation for a bloody siege  
 FTLN 0507 And merciless proceeding by these French  
 FTLN 0508 'Confronts your' city's eyes, your winking gates,  
 FTLN 0509 And, but for our approach, those sleeping stones, 225  
 FTLN 0510 That as a waist doth girdle you about,  
 FTLN 0511 By the compulsion of their ordinance  
 FTLN 0512 By this time from their fixed beds of lime  
 FTLN 0513 Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made  
 FTLN 0514 For bloody power to rush upon your peace. 230  
 FTLN 0515 But on the sight of us your lawful king,  
 FTLN 0516 Who painfully with much expedient march  
 FTLN 0517 Have brought a countercheck before your gates  
 FTLN 0518 To save unscratched your city's threatened cheeks,  
 FTLN 0519 Behold, the French, amazed, vouchsafe a parole. 235  
 FTLN 0520 And now, instead of bullets wrapped in fire  
 FTLN 0521 To make a shaking fever in your walls,  
 FTLN 0522 They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke  
 FTLN 0523 To make a faithless error in your ears,  
 FTLN 0524 Which trust accordingly, kind citizens, 240  
 FTLN 0525 And let us in. Your king, whose labored spirits  
 FTLN 0526 Forwearied in this action of swift speed,  
 FTLN 0527 Craves harborage within your city walls.

## KING PHILIP

FTLN 0528 When I have said, make answer to us both.  
                                           *'He takes Arthur by the hand.'*  
 FTLN 0529 Lo, in this right hand, whose protection 245  
 FTLN 0530 Is most divinely vowed upon the right

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

CITIZEN

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

KING JOHN

FTLN 0562 Acknowledge then the King and let me in.

CITIZEN

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

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

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KING JOHN, 「to his officers」

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

BASTARD

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

KING PHILIP, 「to his officers」

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

*They exit. 「Citizens remain, above.」*

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

FRENCH HERALD

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

*Enter English Herald, with Trumpet.*

ENGLISH HERALD

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

FTLN 0615 Our colors do return in those same hands  
 FTLN 0616 That did display them when we first marched forth,  
 FTLN 0617 And like a jolly troop of huntsmen come  
 FTLN 0618 Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,  
 FTLN 0619 Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes. 335  
 FTLN 0620 Open your gates, and give the victors way.

「CITIZEN」

FTLN 0621 Heralds, from off our towers we might behold  
 FTLN 0622 From first to last the onset and retire  
 FTLN 0623 Of both your armies, whose equality  
 FTLN 0624 By our best eyes cannot be censurèd. 340  
 FTLN 0625 Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answered  
 FTLN 0626 blows,  
 FTLN 0627 Strength matched with strength, and power  
 FTLN 0628 confronted power.  
 FTLN 0629 Both are alike, and both alike we like. 345  
 FTLN 0630 One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,  
 FTLN 0631 We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

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

KING JOHN

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

KING PHILIP

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

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FTLN 0643 Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
 FTLN 0644 We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we 360  
 FTLN 0645 bear,  
 FTLN 0646 Or add a royal number to the dead,  
 FTLN 0647 Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss  
 FTLN 0648 With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.  
 BASTARD, *aside*  
 FTLN 0649 Ha, majesty! How high thy glory towers 365  
 FTLN 0650 When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
 FTLN 0651 O, now doth Death line his dead chaps with steel,  
 FTLN 0652 The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs,  
 FTLN 0653 And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men  
 FTLN 0654 In undetermined differences of kings. 370  
 FTLN 0655 Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?  
 FTLN 0656 Cry havoc, kings! Back to the stained field,  
 FTLN 0657 You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits.  
 FTLN 0658 Then let confusion of one part confirm  
 FTLN 0659 The other's peace. Till then, blows, blood, and 375  
 FTLN 0660 death!  
 KING JOHN  
 FTLN 0661 Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?  
 KING PHILIP  
 FTLN 0662 Speak, citizens, for England. Who's your king?  
*CITIZEN*  
 FTLN 0663 The King of England, when we know the King.  
 KING PHILIP  
 FTLN 0664 Know him in us, that here hold up his right. 380  
 KING JOHN  
 FTLN 0665 In us, that are our own great deputy  
 FTLN 0666 And bear possession of our person here,  
 FTLN 0667 Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.  
*CITIZEN*  
 FTLN 0668 A greater power than we denies all this,  
 FTLN 0669 And till it be undoubted, we do lock 385  
 FTLN 0670 Our former scruple in our strong-barred gates,



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FTLN 0671	Kings of our fear, until our fears resolved	
FTLN 0672	Be by some certain king purged and deposed.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 0673	By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers flout you, kings,	
FTLN 0674	And stand securely on their battlements	390
FTLN 0675	As in a theater, whence they gape and point	
FTLN 0676	At your industrious scenes and acts of death.	
FTLN 0677	Your royal presences, be ruled by me:	
FTLN 0678	Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,	
FTLN 0679	Be friends awhile, and both conjointly bend	395
FTLN 0680	Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town.	
FTLN 0681	By east and west let France and England mount	
FTLN 0682	Their battering cannon chargèd to the mouths,	
FTLN 0683	Till their soul-fearing clamors have brawled down	
FTLN 0684	The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.	400
FTLN 0685	I'd play incessantly upon these jades,	
FTLN 0686	Even till unfencèd desolation	
FTLN 0687	Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.	
FTLN 0688	That done, dissever your united strengths	
FTLN 0689	And part your mingled colors once again;	405
FTLN 0690	Turn face to face and bloody point to point.	
FTLN 0691	Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth	
FTLN 0692	Out of one side her happy minion,	
FTLN 0693	To whom in favor she shall give the day	
FTLN 0694	And kiss him with a glorious victory.	410
FTLN 0695	How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?	
FTLN 0696	Smacks it not something of the policy?	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 0697	Now by the sky that hangs above our heads,	
FTLN 0698	I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers	
FTLN 0699	And lay this Angiers even with the ground,	415
FTLN 0700	Then after fight who shall be king of it?	
	BASTARD, <i>['to King Philip']</i>	
FTLN 0701	An if thou hast the mettle of a king,	
FTLN 0702	Being wronged as we are by this peevish town,	

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FTLN 0703      Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
 FTLN 0704      As we will ours, against these saucy walls, 420  
 FTLN 0705      And when that we have dashed them to the ground,  
 FTLN 0706      Why, then, defy each other and pell-mell  
 FTLN 0707      Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0708      Let it be so. Say, where will you assault?

KING JOHN

FTLN 0709      We from the west will send destruction 425  
 FTLN 0710      Into this city's bosom.

FTLN 0711      AUSTRIA    I from the north.

FTLN 0712      KING PHILIP    Our thunder from the south  
 FTLN 0713      Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town.

BASTARD, *「aside」*

FTLN 0714      O, prudent discipline! From north to south, 430  
 FTLN 0715      Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth.  
 FTLN 0716      I'll stir them to it. — Come, away, away!

*「CITIZEN」*

FTLN 0717      Hear us, great kings. Vouchsafe awhile to stay,  
 FTLN 0718      And I shall show you peace and fair-faced league,  
 FTLN 0719      Win you this city without stroke or wound, 435  
 FTLN 0720      Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds  
 FTLN 0721      That here come sacrifices for the field.  
 FTLN 0722      Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

KING JOHN

FTLN 0723      Speak on with favor. We are bent to hear.

*「CITIZEN」*

FTLN 0724      That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanche, 440  
 FTLN 0725      Is near to England. Look upon the years  
 FTLN 0726      Of Louis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.  
 FTLN 0727      If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
 FTLN 0728      Where should he find it fairer than in Blanche?  
 FTLN 0729      If zealous love should go in search of virtue, 445  
 FTLN 0730      Where should he find it purer than in Blanche?  
 FTLN 0731      If love ambitious sought a match of birth,

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FTLN 0732 Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady  
 FTLN 0733 Blanche?  
 FTLN 0734 Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, 450  
 FTLN 0735 Is the young Dauphin every way complete.  
 FTLN 0736 If not complete of, say he is not she,  
 FTLN 0737 And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
 FTLN 0738 If want it be not that she is not he.  
 FTLN 0739 He is the half part of a blessèd man, 455  
 FTLN 0740 Left to be finishèd by such as she,  
 FTLN 0741 And she a fair divided excellence,  
 FTLN 0742 Whose fullness of perfection lies in him.  
 FTLN 0743 O, two such silver currents when they join  
 FTLN 0744 Do glorify the banks that bound them in, 460  
 FTLN 0745 And two such shores to two such streams made one,  
 FTLN 0746 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,  
 FTLN 0747 To these two princes, if you marry them.  
 FTLN 0748 This union shall do more than battery can  
 FTLN 0749 To our fast-closèd gates, for at this match, 465  
 FTLN 0750 With swifter spleen than powder can enforce,  
 FTLN 0751 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope  
 FTLN 0752 And give you entrance. But without this match,  
 FTLN 0753 The sea enragèd is not half so deaf,  
 FTLN 0754 Lions more confident, mountains and rocks 470  
 FTLN 0755 More free from motion, no, not Death himself  
 FTLN 0756 In mortal fury half so peremptory  
 FTLN 0757 As we to keep this city.

*King Philip and Louis the Dauphin  
 walk aside and talk.*

FTLN 0758 BASTARD, *aside* Here's a stay  
 FTLN 0759 That shakes the rotten carcass of old Death 475  
 FTLN 0760 Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth indeed  
 FTLN 0761 That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and  
 FTLN 0762 seas;  
 FTLN 0763 Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
 FTLN 0764 As maids of thirteen do of puppy dogs. 480

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

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FTLN 0796 Find liable to our crown and dignity,  
 FTLN 0797 Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich  
 FTLN 0798 In titles, honors, and promotions,  
 FTLN 0799 As she in beauty, education, blood, 515  
 FTLN 0800 Holds hand with any princess of the world.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 0801 What sayst thou, boy? Look in the lady's face.

DAUPHIN

FTLN 0802 I do, my lord, and in her eye I find  
 FTLN 0803 A wonder or a wondrous miracle,  
 FTLN 0804 The shadow of myself formed in her eye, 520  
 FTLN 0805 Which, being but the shadow of your son,  
 FTLN 0806 Becomes a sun and makes your son a shadow.  
 FTLN 0807 I do protest I never loved myself  
 FTLN 0808 Till now infixèd I beheld myself  
 FTLN 0809 Drawn in the flattering table of her eye. 525

*He whispers with Blanche.*

BASTARD, *aside*

FTLN 0810 "Drawn in the flattering table of her eye"?  
 FTLN 0811 Hanged in the frowning wrinkle of her brow  
 FTLN 0812 And quartered in her heart! He doth espy  
 FTLN 0813 Himself love's traitor. This is pity now,  
 FTLN 0814 That hanged and drawn and quartered there should 530  
 FTLN 0815 be  
 FTLN 0816 In such a love so vile a lout as he.

BLANCHE, *aside to Dauphin*

FTLN 0817 My uncle's will in this respect is mine.  
 FTLN 0818 If he see aught in you that makes him like,  
 FTLN 0819 That anything he sees which moves his liking 535  
 FTLN 0820 I can with ease translate it to my will.  
 FTLN 0821 Or if you will, to speak more properly,  
 FTLN 0822 I will enforce it eas'ly to my love.  
 FTLN 0823 Further I will not flatter you, my lord,  
 FTLN 0824 That all I see in you is worthy love, 540  
 FTLN 0825 Than this: that nothing do I see in you,

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

KING JOHN

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

BLANCHE

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

KING JOHN

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

DAUPHIN

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

KING JOHN

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

KING PHILIP

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

AUSTRIA

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

*「Dauphin and Blanche join hands and kiss.」*

KING PHILIP

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

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 DAUPHIN

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

KING PHILIP

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

FTLN 0855      Will give her sadness very little cure.—

FTLN 0856      Brother of England, how may we content

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

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

 FTLN 0859      To our own vantage. 575

FTLN 0860      KING JOHN                      We will heal up all,

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

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

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

 FTLN 0864      Some speedy messenger bid her repair 580

 FTLN 0865      To our solemnity. *Salisbury exits.* I trust we  
 FTLN 0866      shall,

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

FTLN 0868      Yet in some measure satisfy her so

 FTLN 0869      That we shall stop her exclamation. 585

FTLN 0870      Go we as well as haste will suffer us

FTLN 0871      To this unlooked-for, unprepared pomp.

*‘All but the Bastard’ exit.*

BASTARD

FTLN 0872      Mad world, mad kings, mad composition!

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

 FTLN 0874      Hath willingly departed with a part; 590

FTLN 0875      And France, whose armor conscience buckled on,

FTLN 0876      Whom zeal and charity brought to the field

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

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

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

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

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

FTLN 0882      Who having no external thing to lose

FTLN 0883      But the word “maid,” cheats the poor maid of

 FTLN 0884      that— 600

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

*He exits.*

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Scene 1

*Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*

CONSTANCE, *to Salisbury*

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

FTLN 0933      Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
FTLN 0934      Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
FTLN 0935      Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words? 25  
FTLN 0936      Then speak again—not all thy former tale,  
FTLN 0937      But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

SALISBURY

FTLN 0938 As true as I believe you think them false  
FTLN 0939 That give you cause to prove my saying true.

CONSTANCE

FTLN 0940	O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,	30
FTLN 0941	Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die,	
FTLN 0942	And let belief and life encounter so	
FTLN 0943	As doth the fury of two desperate men	
FTLN 0944	Which in the very meeting fall and die.	
FTLN 0945	Louis marry Blanche?—O, boy, then where art	35
FTLN 0946	thou?—	
FTLN 0947	France friend with England? What becomes of me?	
FTLN 0948	Fellow, be gone. I cannot brook thy sight.	
FTLN 0949	This news hath made thee a most ugly man.	

SALISBURY

FTLN 0950	What other harm have I, good lady, done	40
FTLN 0951	But spoke the harm that is by others done?	

CONSTANCE

FTLN 0952 Which harm within itself so heinous is  
FTLN 0953 As it makes harmful all that speak of it.

ARTHUR

FTLN 0954            I do beseech you, madam, be content.

CONSTANCE

FTLN 0955	If thou that bidd'st me be content wert grim,	45
FTLN 0956	Ugly, and sland'rous to thy mother's womb,	
FTLN 0957	Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,	
FTLN 0958	Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,	
FTLN 0959	Patched with foul moles and eye-offending marks,	
FTLN 0960	I would not care; I then would be content,	50
FTLN 0961	For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou	

FTLN 0962	Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.	
FTLN 0963	But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy,	
FTLN 0964	Nature and Fortune joined to make thee great.	
FTLN 0965	Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,	55
FTLN 0966	And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O,	
FTLN 0967	She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;	
FTLN 0968	Sh' adulterates hourly with thine Uncle John,	
FTLN 0969	And with her golden hand hath plucked on France	
FTLN 0970	To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,	60
FTLN 0971	And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.	
FTLN 0972	France is a bawd to Fortune and King John,	
FTLN 0973	That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John.—	
FTLN 0974	Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?	
FTLN 0975	Envenom him with words, or get thee gone	65
FTLN 0976	And leave those woes alone which I alone	
FTLN 0977	Am bound to underbear.	
FTLN 0978	SALISBURY                                  Pardon me, madam,	
FTLN 0979	I may not go without you to the Kings.	
	CONSTANCE	
FTLN 0980	Thou mayst, thou shalt, I will not go with thee.	70
FTLN 0981	I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,	
FTLN 0982	For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.	
	<i>「She sits down.」</i>	
FTLN 0983	To me and to the state of my great grief	
FTLN 0984	Let kings assemble, for my griefs so great	
FTLN 0985	That no supporter but the huge firm Earth	75
FTLN 0986	Can hold it up. Here I and sorrows sit.	
FTLN 0987	Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.	
	<i>Enter King John, 「hand in hand with King Philip of France, 「Louis the」 Dauphin, Blanche, 「Queen」 Eleanor, 「Bastard,」 Austria, 「and Attendants.」</i>	
	KING PHILIP, <i>「to Blanche」</i>	
FTLN 0988	'Tis true, fair daughter, and this blessed day	
FTLN 0989	Ever in France shall be kept festival.	

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

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FTLN 1022     A widow cries; be husband to me, 'God!'

FTLN 1023     Let not the hours of this ungodly day

FTLN 1024     Wear out the days in peace, but ere sunset

FTLN 1025     Set armèd discord 'twixt these perjured kings. 115

FTLN 1026     Hear me, O, hear me!

FTLN 1027     AUSTRIA                      Lady Constance, peace.

CONSTANCE

FTLN 1028     War, war, no peace! Peace is to me a war.

FTLN 1029     O Limoges, O Austria, thou dost shame

FTLN 1030     That bloody spoil. Thou slave, thou wretch, thou 120

FTLN 1031     coward,

FTLN 1032     Thou little valiant, great in villainy,

FTLN 1033     Thou ever strong upon the stronger side,

FTLN 1034     Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight

FTLN 1035     But when her humorous ladyship is by 125

FTLN 1036     To teach thee safety. Thou art perjured too,

FTLN 1037     And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

FTLN 1038     A ramping fool, to brag and stamp and swear

FTLN 1039     Upon my party. Thou cold-blooded slave,

FTLN 1040     Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side? 130

FTLN 1041     Been sworn my soldier, bidding me depend

FTLN 1042     Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?

FTLN 1043     And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

FTLN 1044     Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,

FTLN 1045     And hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs. 135

AUSTRIA

FTLN 1046     O, that a man should speak those words to me!

BASTARD

FTLN 1047     "And hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs."

AUSTRIA

FTLN 1048     Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life!

BASTARD

FTLN 1049     "And hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs."

KING JOHN

FTLN 1050     We like not this. Thou dost forget thyself. 140

*Enter Pandulph.*

KING PHILIP

FTLN 1051 Here comes the holy legate of the Pope.

PANDULPH

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

KING JOHN

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

KING PHILIP

FTLN 1077 Brother of England, you blaspheme in this.

KING JOHN

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

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

QUEEN ELEANOR

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

CONSTANCE

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

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

AUSTRIA

FTLN 1115      King Philip, listen to the Cardinal. 205

BASTARD

FTLN 1116      And hang a calfskin on his recreant limbs.

AUSTRIA

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

FTLN 1118      Because—

FTLN 1119      BASTARD      Your breeches best may carry them.

KING JOHN

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

CONSTANCE

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

DAUPHIN

FTLN 1122      Bethink you, father, for the difference

FTLN 1123      Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,

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

FTLN 1125      Forgo the easier. 215

FTLN 1126      BLANCHE      That's the curse of Rome.

CONSTANCE

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

FTLN 1128      In likeness of a new untrimmèd bride.

BLANCHE

FTLN 1129      The Lady Constance speaks not from her faith,

FTLN 1130      But from her need. 220

CONSTANCE, *['to King Philip']*

FTLN 1131      O, if thou grant my need,

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

FTLN 1133      That need must needs infer this principle:

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

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

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



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KING JOHN

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

CONSTANCE, *['to King Philip']*

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

AUSTRIA

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

BASTARD

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

KING PHILIP

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

PANDULPH

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

FTLN 1143     If thou stand excommunicate and cursed?

KING PHILIP

FTLN 1144     Good reverend father, make my person yours,

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

FTLN 1146     This royal hand and mine are newly knit,

FTLN 1147     And the conjunction of our inward souls

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

FTLN 1149     With all religious strength of sacred vows.

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

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

FTLN 1152     Between our kingdoms and our royal selves;

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

FTLN 1154     No longer than we well could wash our hands

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

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

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

FTLN 1158     The fearful difference of incensèd kings.

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

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

FTLN 1161     Unyoke this seizure and this kind regret?

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

FTLN 1163     Make such unconstant children of ourselves

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

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FTLN 1165 Unswear faith sworn, and on the marriage bed 255  
 FTLN 1166 Of smiling peace to march a bloody host  
 FTLN 1167 And make a riot on the gentle brow  
 FTLN 1168 Of true sincerity? O holy sir,  
 FTLN 1169 My reverend father, let it not be so!  
 FTLN 1170 Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose 260  
 FTLN 1171 Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest  
 FTLN 1172 To do your pleasure and continue friends.

PANDULPH

FTLN 1173 All form is formless, order orderless,  
 FTLN 1174 Save what is opposite to England's love.  
 FTLN 1175 Therefore to arms! Be champion of our Church, 265  
 FTLN 1176 Or let the Church, our mother, breathe her curse,  
 FTLN 1177 A mother's curse, on her revolting son.  
 FTLN 1178 France, thou mayst hold a serpent by the tongue,  
 FTLN 1179 A 'chafèd' lion by the mortal paw,  
 FTLN 1180 A fasting tiger safer by the tooth, 270  
 FTLN 1181 Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

KING PHILIP

FTLN 1182 I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

PANDULPH

FTLN 1183 So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,  
 FTLN 1184 And like a civil war sett'st oath to oath,  
 FTLN 1185 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O, let thy vow 275  
 FTLN 1186 First made to 'God,' first be to 'God' performed,  
 FTLN 1187 That is, to be the champion of our Church!  
 FTLN 1188 What since thou swor'st is sworn against thyself  
 FTLN 1189 And may not be performèd by thyself,  
 FTLN 1190 For that which thou hast sworn to do amiss 280  
 FTLN 1191 Is not amiss when it is truly done;  
 FTLN 1192 And being not done where doing tends to ill,  
 FTLN 1193 The truth is then most done not doing it.  
 FTLN 1194 The better act of purposes mistook  
 FTLN 1195 Is to mistake again; though indirect, 285  
 FTLN 1196 Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

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

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FTLN 1230 Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce, 320  
 FTLN 1231 Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms  
 FTLN 1232 Against mine uncle.  
 CONSTANCE, *「kneeling」*  
 FTLN 1233 O, upon my knee  
 FTLN 1234 Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,  
 FTLN 1235 Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom 325  
 FTLN 1236 Forethought by heaven!  
 BLANCHE, *「to Dauphin」*  
 FTLN 1237 Now shall I see thy love. What motive may  
 FTLN 1238 Be stronger with thee than the name of wife?  
 CONSTANCE  
 FTLN 1239 That which upholdeth him that thee upholds,  
 FTLN 1240 His honor.—O, thine honor, Louis, thine honor! 330  
 DAUPHIN, *「to King Philip」*  
 FTLN 1241 I muse your Majesty doth seem so cold,  
 FTLN 1242 When such profound respects do pull you on.  
 PANDULPH  
 FTLN 1243 I will denounce a curse upon his head.  
 KING PHILIP, *「dropping King John's hand」*  
 FTLN 1244 Thou shalt not need.—England, I will fall from  
 FTLN 1245 thee. 335  
 CONSTANCE, *「rising」*  
 FTLN 1246 O, fair return of banished majesty!  
 QUEEN ELEANOR  
 FTLN 1247 O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!  
 KING JOHN  
 FTLN 1248 France, thou shalt rue this hour within this hour.  
 BASTARD  
 FTLN 1249 Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time,  
 FTLN 1250 Is it as he will? Well, then, France shall rue. 340  
 BLANCHE, *「rising」*  
 FTLN 1251 The sun's o'ercast with blood. Fair day, adieu.  
 FTLN 1252 Which is the side that I must go withal?  
 FTLN 1253 I am with both, each army hath a hand,

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FTLN 1254 And in their rage, I having hold of both,  
 FTLN 1255 They whirl asunder and dismember me. 345  
 FTLN 1256 Husband, I cannot pray that thou mayst win.—  
 FTLN 1257 Uncle, I needs must pray that thou mayst lose.—  
 FTLN 1258 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine.—  
 FTLN 1259 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive.  
 FTLN 1260 Whoever wins, on that side shall I lose. 350  
 FTLN 1261 Assurèd loss before the match be played.

DAUPHIN  
 FTLN 1262 Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

BLANCHE  
 FTLN 1263 There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

KING JOHN, *['to Bastard']*  
 FTLN 1264 Cousin, go draw our puissance together. *['Bastard exits.']*

FTLN 1265 France, I am burned up with inflaming wrath, 355  
 FTLN 1266 A rage whose heat hath this condition,  
 FTLN 1267 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood—  
 FTLN 1268 The blood, and dearest-valued blood, of France.

KING PHILIP  
 FTLN 1269 Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt turn  
 FTLN 1270 To ashes ere our blood shall quench that fire. 360  
 FTLN 1271 Look to thyself. Thou art in jeopardy.

KING JOHN  
 FTLN 1272 No more than he that threats.—To arms let's hie!  
*They exit.*

## Scene 2

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

BASTARD

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

*Enter* 'King' John, Arthur, Hubert.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1277	Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up.	5
FTLN 1278	My mother is assailed in our tent	
FTLN 1279	And ta'en, I fear.	
FTLN 1280	BASTARD My lord, I rescued her.	
FTLN 1281	Her Highness is in safety, fear you not.	
FTLN 1282	But on, my liege, for very little pains	10
FTLN 1283	Will bring this labor to an happy end.	

'They' exit.

'Scene 3'

*Alarums, excursions, retreat.*

*Enter* 'King' John, 'Queen' Eleanor, Arthur, Bastard,  
Hubert, Lords.

KING JOHN, 'to Queen Eleanor'

FTLN 1284	So shall it be. Your Grace shall stay behind
FTLN 1285	So strongly guarded. 'To Arthur.' Cousin, look not sad.
FTLN 1286	Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
FTLN 1287	As dear be to thee as thy father was.

ARTHUR

FTLN 1288	O, this will make my mother die with grief!	5
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KING JOHN, 'to Bastard'

FTLN 1289	Cousin, away for England! Haste before,	
FTLN 1290	And ere our coining see thou shake the bags	
FTLN 1291	Of hoarding abbots; imprisoned angels	
FTLN 1292	Set at liberty. The fat ribs of peace	
FTLN 1293	Must by the hungry now be fed upon.	10
FTLN 1294	Use our commission in his utmost force.	

BASTARD

FTLN 1295	Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back
FTLN 1296	When gold and silver beck me to come on.
FTLN 1297	I leave your Highness.—Grandam, I will pray,

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FTLN 1298	If ever I remember to be holy,	15
FTLN 1299	For your fair safety. So I kiss your hand.	
	QUEEN ELEANOR	
FTLN 1300	Farewell, gentle cousin.	
FTLN 1301	KING JOHN Coz, farewell. <i>「Bastard exits.」</i>	
	QUEEN ELEANOR, <i>「to Arthur」</i>	
FTLN 1302	Come hither, little kinsman. Hark, a word.	
	<i>「They walk aside.」</i>	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1303	Come hither, Hubert. <i>「He takes Hubert aside.」</i>	20
FTLN 1304	O, my gentle Hubert,	
FTLN 1305	We owe thee much. Within this wall of flesh	
FTLN 1306	There is a soul counts thee her creditor,	
FTLN 1307	And with advantage means to pay thy love.	
FTLN 1308	And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath	25
FTLN 1309	Lives in this bosom dearly cherishèd.	
FTLN 1310	Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,	
FTLN 1311	But I will fit it with some better tune.	
FTLN 1312	By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed	
FTLN 1313	To say what good respect I have of thee.	30
	HUBERT	
FTLN 1314	I am much bounden to your Majesty.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1315	Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,	
FTLN 1316	But thou shalt have. And, creep time ne'er so slow,	
FTLN 1317	Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.	
FTLN 1318	I had a thing to say—but let it go.	35
FTLN 1319	The sun is in the heaven, and the proud day,	
FTLN 1320	Attended with the pleasures of the world,	
FTLN 1321	Is all too wanton and too full of gauds	
FTLN 1322	To give me audience. If the midnight bell	
FTLN 1323	Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth	40
FTLN 1324	Sound on into the drowsy race of night;	
FTLN 1325	If this same were a churchyard where we stand,	
FTLN 1326	And thou possessèd with a thousand wrongs;	

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FTLN 1327	Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,	
FTLN 1328	Had baked thy blood and made it heavy, thick,	45
FTLN 1329	Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,	
FTLN 1330	Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes	
FTLN 1331	And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,	
FTLN 1332	A passion hateful to my purposes;	
FTLN 1333	Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,	50
FTLN 1334	Hear me without thine ears, and make reply	
FTLN 1335	Without a tongue, using conceit alone,	
FTLN 1336	Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;	
FTLN 1337	Then, in despite of brooded watchful day,	
FTLN 1338	I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.	55
FTLN 1339	But, ah, I will not. Yet I love thee well,	
FTLN 1340	And by my troth I think thou lov'st me well.	
HUBERT		
FTLN 1341	So well that what you bid me undertake,	
FTLN 1342	Though that my death were adjunct to my act,	
FTLN 1343	By heaven, I would do it.	60
FTLN 1344	KING JOHN Do not I know thou wouldst?	
FTLN 1345	Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye	
FTLN 1346	On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,	
FTLN 1347	He is a very serpent in my way,	
FTLN 1348	And wheresoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,	65
FTLN 1349	He lies before me. Dost thou understand me?	
FTLN 1350	Thou art his keeper.	
FTLN 1351	HUBERT And I'll keep him so	
FTLN 1352	That he shall not offend your Majesty.	
KING JOHN		
FTLN 1353	Death.	70
FTLN 1354	HUBERT My lord?	
FTLN 1355	KING JOHN A grave.	
FTLN 1356	HUBERT He shall not live.	
FTLN 1357	KING JOHN Enough.	
FTLN 1358	I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee.	75
FTLN 1359	Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee.	



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

*They exit.*

Scene *4*

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

KING PHILIP

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

PANDULPH

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

KING PHILIP

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

DAUPHIN

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

KING PHILIP

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

*Enter Constance, with her hair unbound.*

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

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FTLN 1413	My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;	
FTLN 1414	Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost.	
FTLN 1415	I am not mad; I would to heaven I were,	
FTLN 1416	For then 'tis like I should forget myself.	50
FTLN 1417	O, if I could, what grief should I forget!	
FTLN 1418	Preach some philosophy to make me mad,	
FTLN 1419	And thou shalt be canonized, cardinal.	
FTLN 1420	For, being not mad but sensible of grief,	
FTLN 1421	My reasonable part produces reason	55
FTLN 1422	How I may be delivered of these woes,	
FTLN 1423	And teaches me to kill or hang myself.	
FTLN 1424	If I were mad, I should forget my son,	
FTLN 1425	Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.	
FTLN 1426	I am not mad. Too well, too well I feel	60
FTLN 1427	The different plague of each calamity.	
KING PHILIP		
FTLN 1428	Bind up those tresses.—O, what love I note	
FTLN 1429	In the fair multitude of those her hairs;	
FTLN 1430	Where but by chance a silver drop hath fall'n,	
FTLN 1431	Even to that drop ten thousand wiry 'friends'	65
FTLN 1432	Do glue themselves in sociable grief,	
FTLN 1433	Like true, inseparable, faithful loves,	
FTLN 1434	Sticking together in calamity.	
CONSTANCE		
FTLN 1435	To England, if you will.	
FTLN 1436	KING PHILIP Bind up your hairs.	70
CONSTANCE		
FTLN 1437	Yes, that I will. And wherefore will I do it?	
FTLN 1438	I tore them from their bonds and cried aloud	
FTLN 1439	"O, that these hands could so redeem my son,	
FTLN 1440	As they have given these hairs their liberty!"	
FTLN 1441	But now I envy at their liberty,	75
FTLN 1442	And will again commit them to their bonds,	
FTLN 1443	Because my poor child is a prisoner.	
<i>'She binds up her hair.'</i>		

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

KING PHILIP

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

DAUPHIN

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

PANDULPH

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

DAUPHIN

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

PANDULPH

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

DAUPHIN

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

PANDULPH

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

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

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

*They exit.*

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## ACT 4

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### Scene 1

*Enter Hubert and Executioners, 「with irons and rope.」*

HUBERT

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

5

EXECUTIONER

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

HUBERT

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

*「Executioners exit.」*

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

*Enter Arthur.*

ARTHUR

FTLN 1561 Good morrow, Hubert.

FTLN 1562 HUBERT Good morrow, little prince.

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ARTHUR

FTLN 1563 As little prince, having so great a title  
FTLN 1564 To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

HUBERT

FTLN 1565 Indeed, I have been merrier.

FTLN 1566 ARTHUR Mercy on me!



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

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

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

FTLN 1653	HUBERT	None but to lose your eyes.	
	ARTHUR		
FTLN 1654	O 'God,'	that there were but a mote in yours,	
FTLN 1655	A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,		
FTLN 1656	Any annoyance in that precious sense.		
FTLN 1657	Then, feeling what small things are boisterous		105
FTLN 1658	there,		
FTLN 1659	Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.		
	HUBERT		
FTLN 1660	Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.		
	ARTHUR		
FTLN 1661	Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues		
FTLN 1662	Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes.		110
FTLN 1663	Let me not hold my tongue. Let me not, Hubert,		
FTLN 1664	Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,		
FTLN 1665	So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,		
FTLN 1666	Though to no use but still to look on you.		
		<i>'He seizes the iron.'</i>	
FTLN 1667	Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,		115
FTLN 1668	And would not harm me.		
	HUBERT, <i>'taking back the iron'</i>		
FTLN 1669		I can heat it, boy.	
	ARTHUR		
FTLN 1670	No, in good sooth. The fire is dead with grief,		
FTLN 1671	Being create for comfort, to be used		
FTLN 1672	In undeserved extremes. See else yourself.		120
FTLN 1673	There is no malice in this burning coal.		
FTLN 1674	The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out		
FTLN 1675	And strewed repentant ashes on his head.		
	HUBERT		
FTLN 1676	But with my breath I can revive it, boy.		
	ARTHUR		
FTLN 1677	An if you do, you will but make it blush		125
FTLN 1678	And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert.		
FTLN 1679	Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,		

FTLN 1680 And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,  
 FTLN 1681 Snatch at his master that doth tar him on.  
 FTLN 1682 All things that you should use to do me wrong 130  
 FTLN 1683 Deny their office. Only you do lack  
 FTLN 1684 That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,  
 FTLN 1685 Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

HUBERT

FTLN 1686 Well, see to live. I will not touch thine eye  
 FTLN 1687 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes. 135  
 FTLN 1688 Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
 FTLN 1689 With this same very iron to burn them out.

ARTHUR

FTLN 1690 O, now you look like Hubert. All this while  
 FTLN 1691 You were disguisèd.

FTLN 1692 HUBERT Peace. No more. Adieu. 140

FTLN 1693 Your uncle must not know but you are dead.  
 FTLN 1694 I'll fill these doggèd spies with false reports.  
 FTLN 1695 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure  
 FTLN 1696 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
 FTLN 1697 Will not offend thee. 145

FTLN 1698 ARTHUR O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

HUBERT

FTLN 1699 Silence. No more. Go closely in with me.  
 FTLN 1700 Much danger do I undergo for thee.

*They exit.*

## Scene 2

*Enter 'King' John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other  
 Lords. 'King John ascends the throne.'*

KING JOHN

FTLN 1701 Here once again we sit, once 'again' crowned  
 FTLN 1702 And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.

PEMBROKE

FTLN 1703 This "once again," but that your Highness pleased,

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

## SALISBURY

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

## KING JOHN

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

## PEMBROKE

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

KING JOHN

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

*Enter Hubert.*

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

PEMBROKE

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

SALISBURY

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

PEMBROKE

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

KING JOHN, *coming forward with Hubert*

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

SALISBURY

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

PEMBROKE

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

KING JOHN

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



FTLN 1793 Think you I bear the shears of destiny?  
 FTLN 1794 Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

SALISBURY

FTLN 1795 It is apparent foul play, and 'tis shame 95  
 FTLN 1796 That greatness should so grossly offer it.  
 FTLN 1797 So thrive it in your game, and so farewell.

PEMBROKE

FTLN 1798 Stay yet, Lord Salisbury. I'll go with thee  
 FTLN 1799 And find th' inheritance of this poor child,  
 FTLN 1800 His little kingdom of a forcèd grave. 100  
 FTLN 1801 That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,  
 FTLN 1802 Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!  
 FTLN 1803 This must not be thus borne; this will break out  
 FTLN 1804 To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt.

*['Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords'] exit.*

KING JOHN

FTLN 1805 They burn in indignation. I repent. 105  
 FTLN 1806 There is no sure foundation set on blood,  
 FTLN 1807 No certain life achieved by others' death.

*Enter Messenger.*

FTLN 1808 A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood  
 FTLN 1809 That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?  
 FTLN 1810 So foul a sky clears not without a storm. 110  
 FTLN 1811 Pour down thy weather: how goes all in France?

MESSENGER

FTLN 1812 From France to England. Never such a power  
 FTLN 1813 For any foreign preparation  
 FTLN 1814 Was levied in the body of a land.  
 FTLN 1815 The copy of your speed is learned by them, 115  
 FTLN 1816 For when you should be told they do prepare,  
 FTLN 1817 The tidings comes that they are all arrived.

KING JOHN

FTLN 1818 O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?  
 FTLN 1819 Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,

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FTLN 1820	That such an army could be drawn in France	120
FTLN 1821	And she not hear of it?	
FTLN 1822	MESSENGER My liege, her ear	
FTLN 1823	Is stopped with dust. The first of April died	
FTLN 1824	Your noble mother. And as I hear, my lord,	
FTLN 1825	The Lady Constance in a frenzy died	125
FTLN 1826	Three days before. But this from rumor's tongue	
FTLN 1827	I idly heard. If true or false, I know not.	
	KING JOHN, <i>aside</i>	
FTLN 1828	Withhold thy speed, dreadful occasion!	
FTLN 1829	O, make a league with me till I have pleased	
FTLN 1830	My discontented peers. What? Mother dead?	130
FTLN 1831	How wildly then walks my estate in France!—	
FTLN 1832	Under whose conduct came those powers of France	
FTLN 1833	That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?	
	MESSENGER	
FTLN 1834	Under the Dauphin.	
FTLN 1835	KING JOHN Thou hast made me giddy	135
FTLN 1836	With these ill tidings.	
	<i>Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.</i>	
FTLN 1837	<i>['To Bastard.']</i> Now, what says the world	
FTLN 1838	To your proceedings? Do not seek to stuff	
FTLN 1839	My head with more ill news, for it is full.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 1840	But if you be afeard to hear the worst,	140
FTLN 1841	Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1842	Bear with me, cousin, for I was amazed	
FTLN 1843	Under the tide, but now I breathe again	
FTLN 1844	Aloft the flood and can give audience	
FTLN 1845	To any tongue, speak it of what it will.	145
	BASTARD	
FTLN 1846	How I have sped among the clergymen	
FTLN 1847	The sums I have collected shall express.	

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FTLN 1848	But as I traveled hither through the land,	
FTLN 1849	I find the people strangely fantasied,	
FTLN 1850	Possessed with rumors, full of idle dreams,	150
FTLN 1851	Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.	
FTLN 1852	And here's a prophet that I brought with me	
FTLN 1853	From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found	
FTLN 1854	With many hundreds treading on his heels,	
FTLN 1855	To whom he sung in rude harsh-sounding rhymes	155
FTLN 1856	That ere the next Ascension Day at noon,	
FTLN 1857	Your Highness should deliver up your crown.	
	KING JOHN, <i>['to Peter']</i>	
FTLN 1858	Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?	
	PETER	
FTLN 1859	Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1860	Hubert, away with him! Imprison him.	160
FTLN 1861	And on that day at noon, whereon he says	
FTLN 1862	I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged.	
FTLN 1863	Deliver him to safety and return,	
FTLN 1864	For I must use thee. <i>['Hubert and Peter exit.']</i>	
FTLN 1865	O my gentle cousin,	165
FTLN 1866	Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 1867	The French, my lord. Men's mouths are full of it.	
FTLN 1868	Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury	
FTLN 1869	With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,	
FTLN 1870	And others more, going to seek the grave	170
FTLN 1871	Of Arthur, whom they say is killed tonight	
FTLN 1872	On your suggestion.	
FTLN 1873	KING JOHN Gentle kinsman, go	
FTLN 1874	And thrust thyself into their companies.	
FTLN 1875	I have a way to win their loves again.	175
FTLN 1876	Bring them before me.	
FTLN 1877	BASTARD I will seek them out.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1878	Nay, but make haste, the better foot before!	

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FTLN 1879	O, let me have no subject enemies	
FTLN 1880	When adverse foreigners affright my towns	180
FTLN 1881	With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.	
FTLN 1882	Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,	
FTLN 1883	And fly like thought from them to me again.	
	BASTARD	
FTLN 1884	The spirit of the time shall teach me speed.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1885	Spoke like a sprightful noble gentleman.	185
FTLN 1886	「To Messenger.」 Go after him, for he perhaps shall	
FTLN 1887	need	
FTLN 1888	Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,	
FTLN 1889	And be thou he.	
FTLN 1890	MESSENGER With all my heart, my liege.	190
	「Messenger exits.」	
FTLN 1891	KING JOHN My mother dead!	
	<i>Enter Hubert.</i>	
	HUBERT	
FTLN 1892	My lord, they say five moons were seen tonight—	
FTLN 1893	Four fixèd, and the fifth did whirl about	
FTLN 1894	The other four in wondrous motion.	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 1895	Five moons!	195
FTLN 1896	HUBERT Old men and beldams in the streets	
FTLN 1897	Do prophesy upon it dangerously.	
FTLN 1898	Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths,	
FTLN 1899	And when they talk of him, they shake their heads	
FTLN 1900	And whisper one another in the ear,	200
FTLN 1901	And he that speaks doth grip the hearer's wrist,	
FTLN 1902	Whilst he that hears makes fearful action	
FTLN 1903	With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.	
FTLN 1904	I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,	
FTLN 1905	The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,	205

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

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

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

KING JOHN

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

*They exit.*

### Scene 3

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

ARTHUR

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

*「He jumps.」*

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

*「He」 dies.*

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

SALISBURY

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

---

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



SALISBURY

FTLN 2015

This is the prison.

*「He sees Arthur's body.」*

FTLN 2016

What is he lies here?

35

PEMBROKE

FTLN 2017

O Death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!

FTLN 2018

The Earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

SALISBURY

FTLN 2019

Murder, as hating what himself hath done,

FTLN 2020

Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

BIGOT

FTLN 2021

Or when he doomed this beauty to a grave,

40

FTLN 2022

Found it too precious-princely for a grave.

SALISBURY, *「to Bastard」*

FTLN 2023

Sir Richard, what think you? You have beheld.

FTLN 2024

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

FTLN 2025

Or do you almost think, although you see,

FTLN 2026

That you do see? Could thought, without this object,

45

FTLN 2027

Form such another? This is the very top,

FTLN 2028

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

FTLN 2029

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

FTLN 2030

The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke

FTLN 2031

That ever wall-eyed wrath or staring rage

50

FTLN 2032

Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

PEMBROKE

FTLN 2033

All murders past do stand excused in this.

FTLN 2034

And this, so sole and so unmatchable,

FTLN 2035

Shall give a holiness, a purity,

FTLN 2036

To the yet unbegotten sin of times

55

FTLN 2037

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,

FTLN 2038

Exemplified by this heinous spectacle.

BASTARD

FTLN 2039

It is a damnèd and a bloody work,

FTLN 2040

The graceless action of a heavy hand,

FTLN 2041

If that it be the work of any hand.

60

SALISBURY

FTLN 2042	If that it be the work of any hand?	
FTLN 2043	We had a kind of light what would ensue.	
FTLN 2044	It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand,	
FTLN 2045	The practice and the purpose of the King,	
FTLN 2046	From whose obedience I forbid my soul,	65
FTLN 2047	Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life	「He kneels.」
FTLN 2048	And breathing to his breathless excellence	
FTLN 2049	The incense of a vow, a holy vow:	
FTLN 2050	Never to taste the pleasures of the world,	
FTLN 2051	Never to be infected with delight,	70
FTLN 2052	Nor conversant with ease and idleness,	
FTLN 2053	Till I have set a glory to this hand	
FTLN 2054	By giving it the worship of revenge.	
	PEMBROKE, BIGOT, 「kneeling」	
FTLN 2055	Our souls religiously confirm thy words.	「They rise.」

*Enter Hubert.*

HUBERT

FTLN 2056	Lords, I am hot with haste in seeking you.	75
FTLN 2057	Arthur doth live; the King hath sent for you.	

SALISBURY

FTLN 2058	O, he is bold and blushes not at death!—
FTLN 2059	Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!

HUBERT

FTLN 2060	I am no villain.	
FTLN 2061	SALISBURY, 「drawing his sword」 Must I rob the law?	80

BASTARD

FTLN 2062	Your sword is bright, sir. Put it up again.
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SALISBURY

FTLN 2063	Not till I sheathe it in a murderer's skin.
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HUBERT

FTLN 2064	Stand back, Lord Salisbury, stand back, I say.
FTLN 2065	By heaven, I think my sword's as sharp as yours.
	「He puts his hand on his sword.」

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

SALISBURY

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

BIGOT

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

PEMBROKE

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

*Lords exit.*

BASTARD

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

HUBERT

FTLN 2112 Upon my soul—

BASTARD If thou didst but consent

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

HUBERT

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

BASTARD Go, bear him in thine arms.

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

*「Hubert takes up Arthur's body.」*

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

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

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

*「They」 exit, 「with Hubert carrying Arthur's body.」*

Scene 1

*Enter King John and Pandulph [with the crown, and  
their] Attendants.*

KING JOHN

FTLN 2149     Thus have I yielded up into your hand  
FTLN 2150     The circle of my glory.

FTLN 2151     PANDULPH, [handing John the crown]     Take again  
FTLN 2152     From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,  
FTLN 2153     Your sovereign greatness and authority.     5

KING JOHN

FTLN 2154     Now keep your holy word. Go meet the French,  
FTLN 2155     And from his Holiness use all your power  
FTLN 2156     To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.  
FTLN 2157     Our discontented counties do revolt,  
FTLN 2158     Our people quarrel with obedience,     10  
FTLN 2159     Swearing allegiance and the love of soul  
FTLN 2160     To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.  
FTLN 2161     This inundation of mistempered humor  
FTLN 2162     Rests by you only to be qualified.  
FTLN 2163     Then pause not, for the present time's so sick     15  
FTLN 2164     That present med'cine must be ministered,  
FTLN 2165     Or overthrow incurable ensues.

PANDULPH

FTLN 2166     It was my breath that blew this tempest up,  
FTLN 2167     Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope;

---

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

KING JOHN

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

*Enter Bastard.*

BASTARD

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

KING JOHN

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

BASTARD

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

KING JOHN

FTLN 2191 That villain Hubert told me he did live!

BASTARD

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

---

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



BASTARD

FTLN 2228 Away, then, with good courage! (*Aside.*) Yet I 80  
 FTLN 2229 know  
 FTLN 2230 Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

*They exit.*

## Scene 2

*Enter, in arms, 'Louis the' Dauphin, Salisbury, Melun,  
 Pembroke, Bigot, 'and French and English' Soldiers.*

DAUPHIN, *'handing a paper to Melun'*

FTLN 2231 My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,  
 FTLN 2232 And keep it safe for our remembrance.  
 FTLN 2233 Return the precedent to these lords again,  
 FTLN 2234 That having our fair order written down,  
 FTLN 2235 Both they and we, perusing o'er these notes, 5  
 FTLN 2236 May know wherefore we took the Sacrament,  
 FTLN 2237 And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

SALISBURY

FTLN 2238 Upon our sides it never shall be broken.  
 FTLN 2239 And, noble dauphin, albeit we swear  
 FTLN 2240 A voluntary zeal and unurged faith 10  
 FTLN 2241 To your proceedings, yet believe me, prince,  
 FTLN 2242 I am not glad that such a sore of time  
 FTLN 2243 Should seek a plaster by contemned revolt  
 FTLN 2244 And heal the inveterate canker of one wound  
 FTLN 2245 By making many. O, it grieves my soul 15  
 FTLN 2246 That I must draw this metal from my side  
 FTLN 2247 To be a widow-maker! O, and there  
 FTLN 2248 Where honorable rescue and defense  
 FTLN 2249 Cries out upon the name of Salisbury!  
 FTLN 2250 But such is the infection of the time 20  
 FTLN 2251 That for the health and physic of our right,  
 FTLN 2252 We cannot deal but with the very hand  
 FTLN 2253 Of stern injustice and confusèd wrong.

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

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

*Enter Pandulph.*

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

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

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

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

*Enter Bastard.*

BASTARD

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

FTLN 2352 I come to learn how you have dealt for him,  
 FTLN 2353 And, as you answer, I do know the scope  
 FTLN 2354 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

PANDULPH

FTLN 2355 The Dauphin is too willful-opposite 125  
 FTLN 2356 And will not temporize with my entreaties.  
 FTLN 2357 He flatly says he'll not lay down his arms.

BASTARD

FTLN 2358 By all the blood that ever fury breathed,  
 FTLN 2359 The youth says well! Now hear our English king,  
 FTLN 2360 For thus his royalty doth speak in me: 130  
 FTLN 2361 He is prepared—and reason too he should.  
 FTLN 2362 This apish and unmannerly approach,  
 FTLN 2363 This harnessed masque and unadvised revel,  
 FTLN 2364 This unheard sauciness and boyish troops,  
 FTLN 2365 The King doth smile at, and is well prepared 135  
 FTLN 2366 To whip this dwarfish war, these pigmy arms,  
 FTLN 2367 From out the circle of his territories.  
 FTLN 2368 That hand which had the strength, even at your door,  
 FTLN 2369 To cudgel you and make you take the hatch,  
 FTLN 2370 To dive like buckets in concealèd wells, 140  
 FTLN 2371 To crouch in litter of your stable planks,  
 FTLN 2372 To lie like pawns locked up in chests and trunks,  
 FTLN 2373 To hug with swine, to seek sweet safety out  
 FTLN 2374 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake  
 FTLN 2375 Even at the crying of your nation's crow, 145  
 FTLN 2376 Thinking this voice an armèd Englishman—  
 FTLN 2377 Shall that victorious hand be feeble here  
 FTLN 2378 That in your chambers gave you chastisement?  
 FTLN 2379 No! Know the gallant monarch is in arms,  
 FTLN 2380 And like an eagle o'er his aerie towers 150  
 FTLN 2381 To souse annoyance that comes near his nest.—  
 FTLN 2382 And you degenerate, you ingrate revolts,  
 FTLN 2383 You bloody Neroes, ripping up the womb  
 FTLN 2384 Of your dear mother England, blush for shame!  
 FTLN 2385 For your own ladies and pale-visaged maids 155

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FTLN 2386 Like Amazons come tripping after drums,  
 FTLN 2387 Their thimbles into armèd gauntlets change,  
 FTLN 2388 Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts  
 FTLN 2389 To fierce and bloody inclination.  
 DAUPHIN  
 FTLN 2390 There end thy brave and turn thy face in peace. 160  
 FTLN 2391 We grant thou canst outscold us. Fare thee well.  
 FTLN 2392 We hold our time too precious to be spent  
 FTLN 2393 With such a brabbler.  
 FTLN 2394 PANDULPH Give me leave to speak.  
 BASTARD  
 FTLN 2395 No, I will speak. 165  
 FTLN 2396 DAUPHIN We will attend to neither.  
 FTLN 2397 Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war  
 FTLN 2398 Plead for our interest and our being here.  
 BASTARD  
 FTLN 2399 Indeed, your drums being beaten will cry out,  
 FTLN 2400 And so shall you, being beaten. Do but start 170  
 FTLN 2401 An echo with the clamor of thy drum,  
 FTLN 2402 And even at hand a drum is ready braced  
 FTLN 2403 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine.  
 FTLN 2404 Sound but another, and another shall,  
 FTLN 2405 As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear 175  
 FTLN 2406 And mock the deep-mouthed thunder. For at hand,  
 FTLN 2407 Not trusting to this halting legate here,  
 FTLN 2408 Whom he hath used rather for sport than need,  
 FTLN 2409 Is warlike John, and in his forehead sits  
 FTLN 2410 A bare-ribbed Death, whose office is this day 180  
 FTLN 2411 To feast upon whole thousands of the French.  
 DAUPHIN  
 FTLN 2412 Strike up our drums to find this danger out.  
 BASTARD  
 FTLN 2413 And thou shalt find it, dauphin, do not doubt.

*They exit.*

## Scene 3

*Alarums. Enter [King] John and Hubert.*

KING JOHN

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

HUBERT

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

KING JOHN

FTLN 2416 This fever that hath troubled me so long

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER

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

FTLN 2419 Desires your Majesty to leave the field

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

KING JOHN

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

MESSENGER

FTLN 2422 Be of good comfort, for the great supply

FTLN 2423 That was expected by the Dauphin here 10

FTLN 2424 Are wracked three nights ago on Goodwin Sands.

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

FTLN 2426 The French fight coldly and retire themselves.

KING JOHN

FTLN 2427 Ay me, this tyrant fever burns me up

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

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

FTLN 2430 Weakness possesseth me, and I am faint.

*They exit.*

## Scene 4

*Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.*

SALISBURY

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

PEMBROKE

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

FTLN 2433 If they miscarry, we miscarry too.

SALISBURY

FTLN 2434 That misbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,

FTLN 2435 In spite of spite, alone upholds the day. 5

PEMBROKE

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

*Enter Melun, wounded, 'led by a Soldier.'*

MELUN

FTLN 2437 Lead me to the revolts of England here.

SALISBURY

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

PEMBROKE

FTLN 2439 It is the Count Melun.

FTLN 2440 SALISBURY Wounded to death. 10

MELUN

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

FTLN 2442 Unthread the rude eye of rebellion

FTLN 2443 And welcome home again discarded faith.

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

FTLN 2445 For if the French be lords of this loud day, 15

FTLN 2446 He means to recompense the pains you take

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

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

FTLN 2449 Upon the altar at Saint Edmundsbury,

FTLN 2450 Even on that altar where we swore to you 20

FTLN 2451 Dear amity and everlasting love.

SALISBURY

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

MELUN

FTLN 2453 Have I not hideous death within my view,

FTLN 2454 Retaining but a quantity of life,

FTLN 2455 Which bleeds away even as a form of wax 25

FTLN 2456 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?



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

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

## Scene 5

*Enter [Louis, the] Dauphin and his train.*

DAUPHIN

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

*Enter a Messenger.*

MESSENGER

FTLN 2502 Where is my prince, the Dauphin? 10

FTLN 2503 DAUPHIN Here. What news?

MESSENGER

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

DAUPHIN

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

MESSENGER

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

DAUPHIN

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

*They exit.*

## Scene 6

*Enter Bastard and Hubert, severally.*

HUBERT

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

BASTARD

FTLN 2518 A friend. What art thou?

FTLN 2519 HUBERT Of the part of England.

BASTARD

FTLN 2520 Whither dost thou go?

FTLN 2521 HUBERT What's that to thee?

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「BASTARD」

FTLN 2522 Why may not I demand of thine affairs

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

FTLN 2524 HUBERT Thou hast a perfect thought.

FTLN 2525 I will upon all hazards well believe

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

FTLN 2527 Who art thou?

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

FTLN 2529 Thou mayst befriend me so much as to think

FTLN 2530 I come one way of the Plantagenets.

HUBERT

FTLN 2531 Unkind remembrance! Thou and endless night 15

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

FTLN 2533 That any accent breaking from thy tongue

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

BASTARD

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

HUBERT

FTLN 2536      Why, here walk I in the black brow of night      20  
 FTLN 2537      To find you out.

FTLN 2538      BASTARD              Brief, then; and what's the news?

HUBERT

FTLN 2539      O my sweet sir, news fitting to the night,  
 FTLN 2540      Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

BASTARD

FTLN 2541      Show me the very wound of this ill news.      25  
 FTLN 2542      I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.

HUBERT

FTLN 2543      The King, I fear, is poisoned by a monk.  
 FTLN 2544      I left him almost speechless, and broke out  
 FTLN 2545      To acquaint you with this evil, that you might  
 FTLN 2546      The better arm you to the sudden time      30  
 FTLN 2547      Than if you had at leisure known of this.

BASTARD

FTLN 2548      How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

HUBERT

FTLN 2549      A monk, I tell you, a resolvèd villain,  
 FTLN 2550      Whose bowels suddenly burst out. The King  
 FTLN 2551      Yet speaks and peradventure may recover.      35

BASTARD

FTLN 2552      Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

HUBERT

FTLN 2553      Why, know you not? The lords are all come back,  
 FTLN 2554      And brought Prince Henry in their company,  
 FTLN 2555      At whose request the King hath pardoned them,  
 FTLN 2556      And they are all about his Majesty.      40

BASTARD

FTLN 2557      Withhold thine indignation, mighty 'God,'  
 FTLN 2558      And tempt us not to bear above our power.  
 FTLN 2559      I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,  
 FTLN 2560      Passing these flats, are taken by the tide.  
 FTLN 2561      These Lincoln Washes have devourèd them.      45  
 FTLN 2562      Myself, well mounted, hardly have escaped.

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

*They exit.*

Scene 7

*Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.*

PRINCE HENRY

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

*Enter Pembroke.*

PEMBROKE

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

PRINCE HENRY

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

FTLN 2575 Doth he still rage?

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

PRINCE HENRY

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

FTLN 2585	Confound themselves. 'Tis strange that Death should	
FTLN 2586	sing.	
FTLN 2587	I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,	
FTLN 2588	Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,	
FTLN 2589	And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings	25
FTLN 2590	His soul and body to their lasting rest.	
	SALISBURY	
FTLN 2591	Be of good comfort, prince, for you are born	
FTLN 2592	To set a form upon that indigest	
FTLN 2593	Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.	
	<i>['King'] John brought in, ['attended by Bigot.']</i>	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 2594	Ay, marry, now my soul hath elbow-room.	30
FTLN 2595	It would not out at windows nor at doors.	
FTLN 2596	There is so hot a summer in my bosom	
FTLN 2597	That all my bowels crumble up to dust.	
FTLN 2598	I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen	
FTLN 2599	Upon a parchment, and against this fire	35
FTLN 2600	Do I shrink up.	
FTLN 2601	PRINCE HENRY           How fares your Majesty?	
	KING JOHN	
FTLN 2602	Poisoned—ill fare—dead, forsook, cast off,	
FTLN 2603	And none of you will bid the winter come	
FTLN 2604	To thrust his icy fingers in my maw,	40
FTLN 2605	Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course	
FTLN 2606	Through my burned bosom, nor entreat the North	
FTLN 2607	To make his bleak winds kiss my parchèd lips	
FTLN 2608	And comfort me with cold. I do not ask you much.	
FTLN 2609	I beg cold comfort, and you are so strait	45
FTLN 2610	And so ingrateful, you deny me that.	
	PRINCE HENRY	
FTLN 2611	O, that there were some virtue in my tears	
FTLN 2612	That might relieve you!	
FTLN 2613	KING JOHN                   The salt in them is hot.	
FTLN 2614	Within me is a hell, and there the poison	50

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

*Enter Bastard.*

BASTARD

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

KING JOHN

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

BASTARD

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

*「King John dies.」*

SALISBURY

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

PRINCE HENRY

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

BASTARD

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

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



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FTLN 2673	To whom with all submission on my knee	
FTLN 2674	I do bequeath my faithful services	110
FTLN 2675	And true subjection everlastingly.	「He kneels.」
	SALISBURY	
FTLN 2676	And the like tender of our love we make	
FTLN 2677	To rest without a spot forevermore.	「Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot kneel.」
	PRINCE HENRY	
FTLN 2678	I have a kind soul that would give 「you」 thanks	
FTLN 2679	And knows not how to do it but with tears.	115
		「They rise.」
	BASTARD	
FTLN 2680	O, let us pay the time but needful woe,	
FTLN 2681	Since it hath been beforehand with our griefs.	
FTLN 2682	This England never did nor never shall	
FTLN 2683	Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror	
FTLN 2684	But when it first did help to wound itself.	120
FTLN 2685	Now these her princes are come home again,	
FTLN 2686	Come the three corners of the world in arms	
FTLN 2687	And we shall shock them. Naught shall make us rue,	
FTLN 2688	If England to itself do rest but true.	
	<i>They exit, 「bearing the body of King John.」</i>	

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