

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.  
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel  
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good  
lady;  
Our Perdita is found.

[*Presenting PERDITA, who kneels to*  
HERMIONE.

*Her.* You gods, look down,  
And from your sacred vials pour your graces  
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,  
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd?  
how found  
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,  
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle  
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserv'd  
Myself to see the issue.

*Paul.* There's time enough for that; 128  
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble  
Your joys with like relation. Go together,  
You precious winners all: your exultation  
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle, 132  
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and  
there  
My mate, that's never to be found again,  
Lament till I am lost.

*Leon.* O! peace, Paulina!

Thou shouldst a husband take by my con-  
sent, 136  
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found  
mine;

But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,  
As I thought dead, and have in vain said  
many 140  
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far,—  
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee  
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand; whose worth and  
honesty 144

Is richly noted, and here justified  
By us, a pair of kings. Let's from this place.  
What! look upon my brother: both your par-  
dons,

That e'er I put between your holy looks 148  
My ill suspicion. This' your son-in-law,  
And son unto the king,—whom heavens direct-  
ing,

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,  
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely 152  
Each one demand and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first  
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

## THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN.  
PRINCE HENRY, Son to the King.  
ARTHUR, Duke of Britaine, Nephew to the King.  
THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.  
THE EARL OF ESSEX.  
THE EARL OF SALISBURY.  
THE LORD BIGOT.  
HUBERT DE BURGH.  
ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, Son to Sir Robert Faulcon-  
bridge.  
PHILIP THE BASTARD, his half-brother.  
JAMES GURNEY, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.  
PETER OF POMFRET, a Prophet.  
PHILIP, King of France.

LEWIS, the Dauphin.  
LYMOGES, Duke of Austria.  
CARDINAL PANDULPH, the Pope's Legate.  
MELUN, a French Lord.  
CHATILLON, Ambassador from France.

QUEEN ELINOR, Mother to King John.  
CONSTANCE, Mother to Arthur.  
BLANCH OF SPAIN, Niece to King John.  
LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Herald,  
Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Atten-  
dants.

SCENE.—*Sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.*

### ACT I

#### SCENE I.—*A Room of State in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING JOHN, QUEEN ELINOR, PEMBROKE,  
ESSEX, SALISBURY, and *Others*, with CHA-  
TILLON.

*K. John.* Now, say, Chatillon, what would  
France with us?

*Chat.* Thus, after greeting, speaks the King  
of France,

In my behaviour, to the majesty,  
The borrow'd majesty of England here. 4

*Eli.* A strange beginning; 'borrow'd ma-  
jesty!'

*K. John.* Silence, good mother; hear the  
embassy.

*Chat.* Philip of France, in right and true  
behalf

Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son,  
Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim

To this fair island and the territories,  
To Ireland, Poitiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword 12  
Which sways usurpingly these several titles,  
And put the same into young Arthur's hand,  
Thy nephew and right royal sovereign.

*K. John.* What follows if we disallow of this?

*Chat.* The proud control of fierce and bloody  
war, 17

To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

*K. John.* Here have we war for war, and  
blood for blood,

Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

*Chat.* Then take my king's defiance from my  
mouth, 21

The furthest limit of my embassy.

*K. John.* Bear mine to him, and so depart  
in peace:

Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France; 24  
For ere thou canst report I will be there,  
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.

So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath

And sullen presage of your own decay. 28  
An honourable conduct let him have:  
Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[*Exeunt* CHATILLON and PEMBROKE.

*Eli.* What now, my son! have I not ever said  
How that ambitious Constance would not cease

Till she had kindled France and all the world 33  
Upon the right and party of her son?

This might have been prevented and made whole  
With very easy arguments of love, 36

Which now the manage of two kingdoms must  
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

*K. John.* Our strong possession and our right  
for us.

*Eli.* Your strong possession much more than  
your right, 40

Or else it must go wrong with you and me:  
So much my conscience whispers in your ear,

Which none but heaven and you and I shall hear.

*Enter a Sheriff, who whispers* ESSEX.

*Essex.* My liege, here is the strangest con-  
troversy, 44

Come from the country to be judg'd by you,  
That e'er I heard: shall I produce the men?

*K. John.* Let them approach. [*Exit* Sheriff.

Our abbeyes and our priories shall pay 48  
This expedition's charge.

*Re-enter* Sheriff, with ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE  
and PHILIP, his Bastard Brother.

What men are you?

*Bast.* Your faithful subject I, a gentleman  
Born in Northamptonshire, and eldest son,

As I suppose, to Robert Faulconbridge, 52  
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand  
Of Cœur-de-Lion knighted in the field.

*K. John.* What art thou?

*Rob.* The son and heir to that same Faul-  
conbridge. 56

*K. John.* Is that the elder, and art thou the  
heir?

You came not of one mother then, it seems.

*Bast.* Most certain of one mother, mighty king,

That is well known: and, as I think, one father:  
But for the certain knowledge of that truth 61  
I put you o'er to heaven and to my mother:  
Of that I doubt, as all men's children may.

*Eli.* Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother

And wound her honour with this diffidence.

*Bast.* I, madam? no, I have no reason for it;  
That is my brother's plea and none of mine;

The which if he can prove, a' pops me out 68  
At least from fair five hundred pound a year:  
Heaven guard my mother's honour and my land!

*K. John.* A good blunt fellow. Why, being younger born,

Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance? 72

*Bast.* I know not why, except to get the land.  
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:

But whe'r I be as true-begot or no,  
That still I lay upon my mother's head; 76

But that I am as well-begot, my liege,—  
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!—

Compare our faces and be judge yourself.  
If old Sir Robert did beget us both, 80

And were our father, and this son like him;  
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee

I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee!

*K. John.* Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here! 84

*Eli.* He hath a trick of Cœur-de-Lion's face;  
The accent of his tongue affecteth him.

Do you not read some tokens of my son  
In the large composition of this man? 88

*K. John.* Mine eye hath well examined his parts,  
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, speak:

What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

*Bast.* Because he hath a half-face, like my father.

With half that face would he have all my land;  
A half-fac'd groat five hundred pound a year!

*Rob.* My gracious liege, when that my father liv'd,

Your brother did employ my father much,— 96  
*Bast.* Well, sir, by this you cannot get my land:

Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

*Rob.* And once dispatch'd him in an embassy  
To Germany, there with the emperor 100

To treat of high affairs touching that time.  
The advantage of his absence took the king,

And in the mean time sojourn'd at my father's;  
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak, 104

But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores  
Between my father and my mother lay,—

As I have heard my father speak himself,—  
When this same lusty gentleman was got. 108

Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd  
His lands to me, and took it on his death

That this my mother's son was none of his;  
An if he were, he came into the world 112

Full fourteen weeks before the course of time.

Then, good my liege, let me have what is mine,  
My father's land, as was my father's will. 115

*K. John.* Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;  
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him,

And if she did play false, the fault was hers;  
Which fault lies on the hazards of all husbands

That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,  
Who, as you say, took pains to get this son, 121

Had of your father claim'd this son for his?  
In sooth, good friend, your father might have kept

This calf bred from his cow from all the world;  
In sooth he might: then, if he were my brother's,

My brother might not claim him; nor your father,

Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes;  
My mother's son did get your father's heir; 128

Your father's heir must have your father's land.  
*Rob.* Shall then my father's will be of no force

To dispossess that child which is not his?  
*Bast.* Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,

Than was his will to get me, as I think. 133  
*Eli.* Whe'r hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge

And like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,  
Or the reputed son of Cœur-de-Lion, 136

Lord of thy presence and no land beside?  
*Bast.* Madam, an if my brother had my shape,

And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;  
And if my legs were two such riding-rods, 140

My arms such eel-skins stuff'd, my face so thin  
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose

Lest men should say, 'Look, where three-far-  
things goes!'

And, to his shape, were heir to all this land, 144  
Would I might never stir from off this place,  
I'd give it every foot to have this face:

I would not be Sir Nob in any case.  
*Eli.* I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune, 148

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?  
I am a soldier and now bound to France.

*Bast.* Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance. 151

Your face hath got five hundred pounds a year,  
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis dear.

Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.  
*Eli.* Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

*Bast.* Our country manners give our betters way. 156

*K. John.* What is thy name?  
*Bast.* Philip, my liege, so is my name begun;

Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldest son.  
*K. John.* From henceforth bear his name

whose form thou bearest: 160  
Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great;  
Arise Sir Richard, and Plantagenet.

*Bast.* Brother by the mother's side, give me your hand:

My father gave me honour, yours gave land. 164  
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,  
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!

*Eli.* The very spirit of Plantagenet!  
I am thy grandam, Richard: call me so. 168

*Bast.* Madam, by chance but not by truth;  
what though?

Something about, a little from the right,  
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch:

Who dares not stir by day must walk by night,  
And have is have, however men do catch. 173

Near or far off, well won is still well shot,  
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.

*K. John.* Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire; 176

A landless knight makes thee a landed squire.  
Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed

For France, for France, for it is more than need.  
*Bast.* Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee! 180

For thou wast got i' the way of honesty.  
[*Exeunt all but the BASTARD.*]

A foot of honour better than I was,  
But many a many foot of land the worse.

Well, now can I make any Joan a lady. 184  
'Good den, Sir Richard!' 'God-a-mercy, fellow!'

And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;  
For new-made honour doth forget men's names: 188

'Tis too respective and too sociable  
For your conversion. Now your traveller,

He and his toothpick at my worship's mess,  
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,

Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize 192  
My picked man of countries: 'My dear sir,—

Thus, leaning on mine elbow, I begin,—  
'I shall beseech you,—that is question now;

And then comes answer like an absey-book:  
'O, sir,' says answer, 'at your best command;

At your employment; at your service, sir.' 204  
'No, sir,' says question, 'I, sweet sir, at yours.'  
And so, ere answer knows what question would,

Saving in dialogue of compliment, 208  
And talking of the Alps and Apennines,  
The Pyrenean and the river Po,

It draws toward supper in conclusion so. 204  
But this is worshipful society  
And fits the mounting spirit like myself;

For he is but a bastard to the time,  
That doth not smack of observation; 208

And so am I, whether I smack or no;  
And not alone in habit and device,

Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
But from the inward motion to deliver 212

Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth.  
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;  
For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising, 216

But who comes in such haste in riding-robes?  
What woman-post is this? hath she no husband

That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

Enter LADY FAULCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

Ome! it is my mother. How now, good lady!  
What brings you here to court so hastily? 221

*Lady F.* Where is that slave, thy brother?  
where is he,

That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

*Bast.* My brother Robert? old Sir Robert's son? 224

Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man?  
Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

*Lady F.* Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou un-  
reverend boy,

Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert? 228

He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.  
*Bast.* James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave awhile?

*Gur.* Good leave, good Philip.  
*Bast.* Philip! sparrow! James,

There's toys abroad: anon I'll tell thee more.  
[*Exit GURNEY.*]

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's son: 233  
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me  
Upon Good-Friday and ne'er broke his fast.

Sir Robert could do well: marry, to confess,  
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it:

We know his handiwork: therefore, good mother,

To whom am I beholding for these limbs?  
Sir Robert never help to make this leg. 240

*Lady F.* Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,  
That for thine own gain shouldst defend mine honour?

What means this scorn, thou most untoward knave?

*Bast.* Knight, knight, good mother, Basilisco-like. 244

What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my shoulder.  
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's son;

I have disclaim'd Sir Robert and my land;  
Legitimation, name, and all is gone. 248

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;  
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?

*Lady F.* Hast thou denied thyself a Faulconbridge?

*Bast.* As faithfully as I deny the devil. 252  
*Lady F.* King Richard Cœur-de-Lion was thy father:

By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd  
To make room for him in my husband's bed.

Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge!  
Thou art the issue of my dear offence, 257

Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.  
*Bast.* Now, by this light, were I to get again,

Madam, I would not wish a better father. 260  
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,  
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly:

Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,  
Subjected tribute to commanding love, 264

Against whose fury and unmatched force  
The aweless lion could not wage the fight,

Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

He that perforce robs lions of their hearts 268  
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,  
With all my heart I thank thee for my father!

Who lives and dares but say thou didst not well  
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell. 272

Come, lady, I will show thee to my kin;

And they shall say, when Richard me begot,  
If thou hadst said him nay, it had been sin:  
Who says it was, he lies: I say, 'twas not. 276  
[Exeunt.]

## ACT II

## SCENE I.—France. Before the Walls of Angiers.

Enter, on one side, the DUKE OF AUSTRIA, and Forces; on the other, PHILIP, King of France, and Forces, LEWIS, CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and Attendants.

K. Phi. Before Angiers well met, brave Austria.  
Arthur, that great forerunner of thy blood,  
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart  
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,  
By this brave duke came early to his grave:  
And, for amends to his posterity,  
At our importance hither is he come,  
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf, 8  
And to rebuke the usurpation  
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:  
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome  
hither.

Arth. God shall forgive you Cœur-de-Lion's death 12  
The rather that you give his offspring life,  
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.

I give you welcome with a powerless hand,  
But with a heart full of unstained love: 16  
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, duke.

K. Phi. A noble boy! Who would not do thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiss,  
As seal to this indenture of my love, 20  
That to my home I will no more return  
Till Angiers, and the right thou hast in France,  
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,  
Whose foot spurns back the ocean's roaring tides 24

And coops from other lands her islanders,  
Even till that England, hedg'd in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes, 28  
Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,  
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Const. O! take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks, 32  
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength

To make a more requital to your love.  
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war. 36  
K. Phi. Well then, to work: our cannon shall be bent

Against the brows of this resisting town.  
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
To cull the plots of best advantages: 40  
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen's blood,

But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood. 45

My Lord Chatillon may from England bring  
That right in peace which here we urge in war;

And then we shall repent each drop of blood 48  
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.

## Enter CHATILLON.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady! lo, upon thy wish,  
Our messenger, Chatillon, is arriv'd!  
What England says, say briefly, gentle lord; 52  
We coldly pause for thee; Chatillon, speak.

Chat. Then turn your forces from this paltry siege

And stir them up against a mightier task.  
England, impatient of your just demands, 56  
Hath put himself in arms: the adverse winds,  
Whose leisure I have stay'd, have given him time

To land his legions all as soon as I;  
His marches are expedient to this town, 60  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.

With him along is come the mother-queen,  
An Ate, stirring him to blood and strife;  
With her her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;  
With them a bastard of the king's deceas'd; 65  
And all the unsettled humours of the land,  
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens, 68

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.

In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits 72  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and scathe in Christendom.

[Drums heard within.]  
The interruption of their churlish drums 76  
Cuts off more circumstance: they are at hand,  
To parley or to fight; therefore prepare.

K. Phi. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much  
We must awake endeavour for defence, 81  
For courage mounteth with occasion:  
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter KING JOHN, ELINOR, BLANCH, the BASTARD, Lords, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit 84  
Our just and lineal entrance to our own;  
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven,

Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct  
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven. 88

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return

From France to England, there to live in peace.  
England we love; and, for that England's sake  
With burden of our armour here we sweat: 92  
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;

But thou from loving England art so far  
That thou hast under-wrought his lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity, 96  
Out-faced infant state, and done a rape

Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
Look here upon thy brother Geoffrey's face:

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his; 100

This little abstract doth contain that large  
Which died in Geoffrey, and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.

That Geoffrey was thy elder brother born, 104  
And this his son; England was Geoffrey's right  
And this is Geoffrey's. In the name of God  
How comes it then that thou art call'd a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat,  
Which owe the crown that thou o'ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission, France,

To draw my answer from thy articles?  
K. Phi. From that supernal judge, that stirs good thoughts 112

In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots and stains of right:

That judge hath made me guardian to this boy:

Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong, 116  
And by whose help I mean to chastise it.

K. John. Alack! thou dost usurp authority.

K. Phi. Excuse; it is to beat usurping down.

Eli. Who is it thou dost call usurper, France? 120

Const. Let me make answer; thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,  
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!

Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true  
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy 125

Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey  
Than thou and John in manners; being as like

As rain to water, or devil to his dam. 128  
My boy a bastard! By my soul I think

His father never was so true begot:  
It cannot be an if thou wert his mother.

Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father. 132

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

Aust. Peace!

Hear the crier.  
What the devil art thou?

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

An a' may catch your hide and you alone. 136  
You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.

I'll smoke your skin-coat, an I catch you right.  
Sirrah, look to't; i' faith, I will, i' faith. 140

Blanch. O! well did he become that lion's robe,

That did disrobe the lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as sightly on the back of him  
As great Alcides' shows upon an ass: 144

But, ass, I'll take that burden from your back,  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. What cracker is this same that deafs our ears

With this abundance of superfluous breath? 148  
King,—Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.

K. Phi. Women and fools, break off your conference.

King John, this is the very sum of all:  
England and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,

In right of Arthur do I claim of thee. 153  
Wilt thou resign them and lay down thy arms?

K. John. My life as soon: I do defy thee, France.

Arthur of Britaine, yield thee to my hand; 156  
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more  
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.

Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.  
Const. Do, child, go to it grandam, child; 160

Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will  
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:

There's a good grandam.

Good my mother, peace!  
I would that I were low laid in my grave: 164

I am not worth this coil that's made for me.

Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, whe'r she does or no!

His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames, 168

Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,  
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee;

Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd

To do him justice and revenge on you. 172  
Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer; thou and thine usurp  
The dominations, royalties, and rights 176

Of this oppressed boy: this is thy eld'st son's son,  
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy sins are visited in this poor child;  
The canon of the law is laid on him, 180

Being but the second generation  
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,  
That he's not only plagued for her sin, 184

But God hath made her sin and her the plague  
On this removed issue, plagu'd for her,

And with her plague, her sin; his injury  
Her injury, the beadle to her sin, 188

All punish'd in the person of this child,  
And all for her. A plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold, I can produce  
A will that bars the title of thy son. 192

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;

A woman's will; a canker'd grandam's will!

K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate:  
It ill beseems this presence to cry aim 196

To these ill-tuned repetitions.  
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls  
These men of Angiers: let us hear them speak  
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's. 200

*Trumpet sounds. Enter Citizens upon the Walls.*

*First Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?

*K. Phi.* 'Tis France, for England.

*K. John.* England for itself.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—

*K. Phi.* You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects, 204

Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle,—  
*K. John.* For our advantage; therefore hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here  
Before the eye and prospect of your town, 208

Have hither march'd to your endamagement:  
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,

And ready mounted are they to spit forth  
Their iron indignation 'gainst your walls: 212

All preparation for a bloody siege  
And merciless proceeding by these French

Confronts your city's eyes, your winking gates;  
And but for our approach those sleeping stones,

That as a waist do girdle you about, 217

By the compulsion of their ordinance  
By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had been dishabited, and wide havoc made 220

For bloody power to rush upon your peace.  
But on the sight of us your lawful king,—

Who painfully with much expedient march  
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,

To save unscratch'd your city's threaten'd  
cheeks,— 225

Behold, the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle;  
And now, instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,

To make a shaking fever in your walls, 228

They shoot but calm words folded up in smoke,  
To make a faithless error in your ears:

Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,  
And let us in, your king, whose labour'd spirits,

Forwearied in this action of swift speed, 233

Crave harbourage within your city walls.  
*K. Phi.* When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo! in this right hand, whose protection 236

Is most divinely vow'd upon the right  
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,

Son to the elder brother of this man,  
And king o'er him and all that he enjoys: 240

For this down-trodden equity, we tread  
In war-like march these greens before your town,

Being no further enemy to you  
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal, 244

In the relief of this oppressed child,  
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then

To pay that duty which you truly owe  
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince;

And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear, 249

Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up;  
Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent

Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven; 252

And with a blessed and unweary'd retire,

With unhack'd swords and helmets all un-  
bruis'd,

We will bear home that lusty blood again  
Which here we came to spout against your

town, 256

And leave your children, wives, and you, in  
peace.

But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,  
'Tis not the roundure of your old-fac'd walls

Can hide you from our messengers of war, 260

Though all these English and their discipline  
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.

Then tell us, shall your city call us lord,  
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it? 264

Or shall we give the signal to our rage  
And stalk in blood to our possession?

*First Cit.* In brief, we are the King of Eng-  
land's subjects:

For him, and in his right, we hold this town. 268

*K. John.* Acknowledge then the king, and  
let me in.

*First Cit.* That can we not; but he that proves  
the king,

To him will we prove loyal: till that time  
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world,

*K. John.* Doth not the crown of England  
prove the king? 273

And if not that, I bring you witnesses,  
Twice fifteen thousand hearts of England's

breed,— 276

*Bast.* Bastards, and else.

*K. John.* To verify our title with their lives.

*K. Phi.* As many and as well-born bloods as  
those,—

*Bast.* Some bastards too.

*K. Phi.* Stand in his face to contradict his  
claim. 280

*First Cit.* Till thou compound whose right  
is worthiest,

We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

*K. John.* Then God forgive the sins of all  
those souls

That to their everlasting residence, 284

Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleet,  
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

*K. Phi.* Amen, Amen! Mount, chevaliers!  
to arms!

*Bast.* Saint George, that swing'd the dragon,  
and e'er since 288

Sits on his horse back at mine hostess' door,  
Teach us some fence! [*To AUSTRIA.*] Sirrah,

were I at home,  
At your den, sirrah, with your lioness,

I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide, 292

And make a monster of you.

*Aust.* Peace! no more.

*Bast.* O! tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

*K. John.* Up higher to the plain; where we'll  
set forth

In best appointment all our regiments. 296

*Bast.* Speed then, to take advantage of the  
field.

*K. Phi.* It shall be so; [*To LEWIS.*] and at the  
other hill

Command the rest to stand. God, and our  
right! [*Exeunt.*]

*Alarums and excursions; then a retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.*

*F. Her.* You men of Angiers, open wide your  
gates, 300

And let young Arthur, Duke of Britaine, in,  
Who, by the hand of France this day hath made

Much work for tears in many an English mother,  
Whose sons lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground;

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies, 305

Coldly embracing the discolour'd earth;  
And victory, with little loss, doth play

Upon the dancing banners of the French, 308

Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,  
To enter conquerors and to proclaim

Arthur of Britaine England's king and yours.

*Enter English Herald, with trumpets.*

*E. Her.* Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring  
your bells; 312

King John, your king and England's, doth ap-  
proach,

Commander of this hot malicious day.  
Their armours, that march'd hence so silver-

bright, 317

Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood;  
There stuck no plume in any English crest

That is removed by a staff of France;  
Our colours do return in those same hands

That did display them when we first march'd  
forth; 320

And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come  
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands

Dy'd in the dying slaughter of their foes.  
Open your gates and give the victors way. 324

*First Cit.* Heralds, from off our towers we  
might behold,

From first to last, the onset and retire  
Of both your armies; whose equality

By our best eyes cannot be censured: 328

Blood hath bought blood, and blows have an-  
swer'd blows;

Strength match'd with strength, and power  
confronted power:

Both are alike; and both alike we like.  
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so

even, 332

We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

*Re-enter the two KINGS, with their powers, severally.*

*K. John.* France, hast thou yet more blood  
to cast away?

Say, shall the current of our right run on?  
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment, 336

Shall leave his native channel and o'erswell  
With course disturb'd even thy confining shores,

Unless thou let his silver water keep  
A peaceful progress to the ocean. 340

*K. Phi.* England, thou hast not sav'd one  
drop of blood,

In this hot trial, more than we of France;  
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,

That sways the earth this climate overlooks, 344

Before we will lay down our just-borne arms,  
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms

we bear,

Or add a royal number to the dead,  
Gracing the scroll that tells of this war's loss 348

With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.  
*Bast.* Ha, majesty! how high thy glory towers

When the rich blood of kings is set on fire!  
O! now doth Death line his dead chaps with

steel; 352

The swords of soldiers are his teeth, his fangs;  
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men,

In undetermin'd differences of kings.  
Why stand these royal fronts amazed thus?

Cry 'havoc!' kings; back to the stained field,  
You equal-potents, fiery-kindled spirits!

Then let confusion of one part confirm  
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and

death! 360

*K. John.* Whose party do the townsmen yet  
admit?

*K. Phi.* Speak, citizens, for England; who's  
your king?

*First Cit.* The King of England, when we  
know the king.

*K. Phi.* Know him in us, that here hold up  
his right. 364

*K. John.* In us, that are our own great deputy,  
And bear possession of our person here,

Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

*First Cit.* A greater power than we denies all  
this; 368

And, till it be undoubted, we do lock  
Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,

Kings of ourselves; until our fears, resolv'd,  
Be by some certain king purg'd and depos'd. 372

*Bast.* By heaven, these scroyles of Angiers  
flout you, kings,

And stand securely on their battlements  
As in a theatre, whence they gape and point

At your industrious scenes and acts of death. 376

Your royal presences be rul'd by me:  
Do like the mutines of Jerusalem,

Be friends awhile and both conjointly bend  
Your sharpest deeds of malice on this town. 380

By east and west let France and England mount  
Their battering cannon charged to the mouths,

Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawl'd  
down 384

The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city: 384

I'd play incessantly upon these jades,  
Even till unfenced desolation

Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.  
That done, dissever your united strengths, 388

And part your mingled colours once again;  
Turn face to face and bloody point to point;

Then, in a moment, Fortune shall cull forth  
Out of one side her happy minion, 392

To whom in favour she shall give the day,  
And kiss him with a glorious victory.

How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?  
Smacks it not something of the policy? 396

*K. John.* Now, by the sky that hangs above  
our heads,

I like it well. France, shall we knit our powers  
And lay this Angiers even with the ground;

Then after fight who shall be king of it? 400

*Bast.* An if thou hast the mettle of a king,  
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevish town,

Turn thou the mouth of thy artillery,  
As we will ours, against these saucy walls; 404  
And when that we have dash'd them to the  
ground,  
Why then defy each other, and, pell-mell,  
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell.  
*K. Phi.* Let it be so. Say, where will you  
assault? 408

*K. John.* We from the west will send de-  
struction  
Into this city's bosom.

*Aust.* I from the north.

*K. Phi.* Our thunder from the south  
Shall rain their drift of bullets on this town. 412

*Bast.* O, prudent discipline! From north to  
south

Austria and France shoot in each other's mouth:  
I'll stir them to it. Come, away, away!

*First Cit.* Hear us, great kings: vouchsafe a  
while to stay, 416

And I shall show you peace and fair-fac'd  
league;

Win you this city without stroke or wound;  
Rescue those breathing lives to die in beds,  
That here come sacrifices for the field. 420

Persever not, but hear me, mighty kings.

*K. John.* Speak on with favour: we are bent  
to hear.

*First Cit.* That daughter there of Spain, the  
Lady Blanch,

Is near to England: look upon the years 424  
Of Lewis the Dauphin and that lovely maid.

If lusty love should go in quest of beauty,  
Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch?

If zealous love should go in search of virtue,  
Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?

If love ambitious sought a match of birth,  
Whose veins bound richer blood than Lady  
Blanch?

Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, 432  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:

If not complete of, say he is not she;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,

If want it be not that she is not he: 436  
He is the half part of a blessed man,

Left to be finished by such a she;  
And she a fair divided excellence,

Whose fulness of perfection lies in him. 440  
O! two such silver currents, when they join,

Do glorify the banks that bound them in;  
And two such shores to two such streams made  
one,

Two such controlling bounds shall you be,  
kings, 444

To these two princes, if you marry them.  
This union shall do more than battery can

To our fast-closed gates; for at this match,  
With swifter spleen than powder can enforce, 448

The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,  
And give you entrance; but without this match,

The sea enraged is not half so deaf,  
Lions more confident, mountains and rocks 452

More free from motion, no, not death himself  
In mortal fury half so peremptory,

As we to keep this city.

*Bast.* Here's a stay,

That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death 456  
Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,  
That spits forth death and mountains, rocks  
and seas,

Talks as familiarly of roaring lions  
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs. 460

What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?  
He speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke and  
bounce;

He gives the bastinado with his tongue;  
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his 464  
But buffets better than a fist of France.

'Zounds! I was never so bethump'd with words  
Since I first call'd my brother's father dad.

*Eli.* [Aside to KING JOHN.] Son, list to this  
conjunction, make this match; 468

Give with our niece a dowry large enough;  
For by this knot thou shalt so surely tie

Thy now unsur'd assurance to the crown,  
That yon green boy shall have no sun to ripe 472

The bloom that promiseth a mighty fruit.  
I see a yielding in the looks of France;

Mark how they whisper: urge them while their  
souls

Are capable of this ambition, 476  
Lest zeal, now melted by the windy breath

Of soft petitions, pity and remorse,  
Cool and congeal again to what it was.

*First Cit.* Why answer not the double ma-  
jesties 480

This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?  
*K. Phi.* Speak England first, that hath been  
forward first

To speak unto this city: what say you?  
*K. John.* If that the Dauphin there, thy  
princely son, 484

Can in this book of beauty read 'I love,'  
Her dowry shall weigh equal with a queen:

For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Maine, Poitiers,  
And all that we upon this side the sea, — 488

Except this city now by us besieg'd, —  
Find liable to our crown and dignity,

Shall gild her bridal bed and make her rich 492  
In titles, honours, and promotions,

As she in beauty, education, blood,  
Holds hand with any princess of the world.

*K. Phi.* What sayst thou, boy? look in the  
lady's face.

*Lew.* I do, my lord; and in her eye I find 496  
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,

The shadow of myself form'd in her eye;  
Which, being but the shadow of your son

Becomes a sun, and makes your son a shadow:  
I do protest I never lov'd myself 501

Till now infixed I beheld myself,  
Drawn in the flattering table of her eye.

[Whispers with BLANCH.]  
*Bast.* Drawn in the flattering table of her eye!

Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!  
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth espy

Himself love's traitor: this is pity now,  
That hang'd and drawn and quarter'd, there  
should be 508

In such a love so vile a lout as he.  
*Blanch.* My uncle's will in this respect is  
mine:

If he see aught in you that makes him like,  
That anything he sees, which moves his liking,

I can with ease translate it to my will; 513  
Or if you will, to speak more properly,

I will enforce it easily to my love.  
Further I will not flatter you, my lord, 516

That all I see in you is worthy love,  
Than this: that nothing do I see in you,

Though churlish thoughts themselves should  
be your judge,

That I can find should merit any hate. 520  
*K. John.* What say these young ones? What  
say you, my niece?

*Blanch.* That she is bound in honour still  
to do

What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.  
*K. John.* Speak then, Prince Dauphin; can  
you love this lady? 524

*Lew.* Nay, ask me if I can refrain from love;  
For I do love her most unfeignedly.

*K. John.* Then do I give Volquessen, Tou-  
raine, Maine,

Poitiers, and Anjou, these five provinces, 528  
With her to thee; and this addition more,

Full thirty thousand marks of English coin.  
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,

Command thy son and daughter to join hands.  
*K. Phi.* It likes us well. Young princes, close  
your hands. 533

*Aust.* And your lips too; for I am well assur'd  
That I did so when I was first assur'd.

*K. Phi.* Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your  
gates, 536

Let in that amity which you have made;  
For at Saint Mary's chapel presently

The rites of marriage shall be solemniz'd.  
Is not the Lady Constance in this troop? 540

I know she is not; for this match made up  
Her presence would have interrupted much:

Where is she and her son? tell me, who knows.  
*Lew.* She is sad and passionate at your high-  
ness' tent. 544

*K. Phi.* And, by my faith, this league that  
we have made

Will give her sadness very little cure.  
Brother of England, how may we content

This widow lady? In her right we came; 548  
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,

To our own vantage.  
*K. John.* We will heal up all;

For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Britaine  
And Earl of Richmond; and this rich fair town

We make him lord of. Call the Lady Constance:  
Some speedy messenger bid her repair

To our solemnity: I trust we shall,  
If not fill up the measure of her will, 556

Yet in some measure satisfy her so,  
That we shall stop her exclamation.

Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,  
To this unlock'd-for unprepared pomp. 560

[Exit all except the BASTARD. The  
Citizens retire from the walls.]

*Bast.* Mad world! mad kings! mad com-  
position!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,  
Hath willingly departed with a part;

And France, whose armour conscience buckled  
on, 564

Whom zeal and charity brought to the field  
As God's own soldier, rounded in the ear

With that same purpose-changer, that sly devil,  
That broker, that still breaks the pate of faith,

That daily break-vow, he that wins of all, 569  
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men,

maids,  
Who having no external thing to lose

But the word 'maid,' cheats the poor maid of  
that, 572

That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Com-  
modity,

Commodity, the bias of the world;  
The world, who of itself is peized well,

Made to run even upon even ground, 576  
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,

This sway of motion, this Commodity,  
Makes it take head from all indifferency,

From all direction, purpose, course, intent: 580  
And this same bias, this Commodity,

This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,  
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,

Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,  
From a resolv'd and honourable war, 585

To a most base and vile-concluded peace.  
And why rail I on this Commodity?

But for because he hath not woo'd me yet. 588  
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand

When his fair angels would salute my palm;  
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,

Like a poor beggar, railleth on the rich. 592  
Well, whiles I am a beggar, I will rail,

And say there is no sin but to be rich;  
And being rich, my virtue then shall be

To say there is no vice but beggary. 596  
Since kings break faith upon Commodity,

Gain, be my lord, for I will worship thee! [Exit.]

## ACT III

SCENE I.—France. The French King's Tent.

Enter CONSTANCE, ARTHUR, and SALISBURY.

*Const.* Gone to be married! gone to swear a  
peace!

False blood to false blood join'd! gone to be  
friends!

Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch those  
provinces?

It is not so; thou hast misspoke, misheard; 4  
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:

It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.  
I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word

Is but the vain breath of a common man: 8  
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;

I have a king's oath to the contrary.  
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,

For I am sick and capable of fears; 12  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of

fears;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;

A woman, naturally born to fears;  
And though thou now confess thou didst but  
jest, 16

With my vex'd spirits I cannot take a truce,  
But they will quake and tremble all this day.  
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?

Why dost thou look so sadly on my son? 20  
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?

Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,  
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?  
Be these sad signs confirmers of thy words? 24  
Then speak again; not all thy former tale,  
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I believe you think them false

That give you cause to prove my saying true. 28  
Const. O! if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,

Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die;  
And let belief and life encounter so  
As doth the fury of two desperate men 32  
Which in the very meeting fall and die.

Lewis marry Blanch! O boy! then where art thou?

France friend with England what becomes of me?

Fellow, be gone! I cannot brook thy sight: 36  
This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harm have I, good lady, done,

But spoke the harm that is by others done?

Const. Which harm within itself so heinous is  
As it makes harmful all that speak of it. 41

Arth. I do beseech you, madam, be content.  
Const. If thou, that bidd'st me be content,  
wert grim,

Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb, 44  
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,  
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,  
Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,

I would not care, I then would be content; 48  
For then I should not love thee, no, nor thou  
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.

But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:

Of Nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast 53  
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O!  
She is corrupted, chang'd, and won from thee:

She adulterates hourly with thine uncle John, 56  
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France

To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,  
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.

France is a bawd to Fortune and King John, 60  
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping John!  
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?

Envenom him with words, or get thee gone  
And leave those woes alone which I alone 64  
Am bound to underbear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,  
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt: I will not go  
with thee.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud; 68  
For grief is proud and makes his owner stoop.

To me and to the state of my great grief  
Let kings assemble; for my grief 's so great  
That no supporter but the huge firm earth 72  
Can hold it up: here I and sorrows sit;  
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.  
[Seats herself on the ground.]

Enter KING JOHN, KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH,  
ELINOR, the BASTARD, DUKE OF AUSTRIA, and  
Attendants.

K. Phi. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this  
blessed day

Ever in France shall be kept festival: 76  
To solemnize this day the glorious sun  
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist,

Turning with splendour of his precious eye  
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold: 80  
The yearly course that brings this day about  
Shall never see it but a holiday.

Const. [Rising.] A wicked day, and not a  
holy day!

What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done  
That it in golden letters should be set 85  
Among the high tides in the calendar?  
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,  
This day of shame, oppression, perjury: 88  
Or, if it must stand still, let wives with child  
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,  
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd:

But on this day let seamen fear no wrack; 92  
No bargains break that are not this day made;  
This day all things begun come to ill end;  
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no  
cause 96

To curse the fair proceedings of this day:  
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counter-  
feit

Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and  
tried, 100

Proves valueless: you are forsworn, forsworn;  
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,  
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:

The grappling vigour and rough frown of war  
Is cold in amity and painted peace, 105  
And our oppression hath made up this league.  
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd  
kings!

A widow cries; be husband to me, heavens! 108  
Let not the hours of this ungodly day  
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,  
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd kings!

Hear me! O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!

Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me  
a war. 113

O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame  
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch,  
thou coward!

Thou little valiant, great in villany! 116  
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!  
Thou Fortune's champion, that dost never fight  
But when her humorous ladyship is by  
To teach thee safety! thou art perjur'd too, 120  
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,

A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp and swear  
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,  
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?

Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend 125  
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?  
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame, 128  
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O! that a man should speak those  
words to me.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those re-  
creant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy  
life. 132

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those re-  
creant limbs.

K. John. We like not this; thou dost forget  
thyself.

Enter PANDULPH.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the  
pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven!  
To thee, King John, my holy errand is. 137

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,  
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,

Do in his name religiously demand 140  
Why thou against the church, our holy mother,  
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,  
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop  
Of Canterbury, from that holy see? 144

This, in our foresaid holy father's name,  
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interroga-  
tories

Can task the free breath of a sacred king? 148  
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name  
So slight, unworthy and ridiculous,  
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.

Tell him this tale; and from the mouth of Eng-  
land 152

Add thus much more: that no Italian priest  
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;  
But as we under heaven are supreme head,  
So under him that great supremacy, 156  
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,  
Without the assistance of a mortal hand:  
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart  
To him, and his usurp'd authority. 160

K. Phi. Brother of England, you blaspheme  
in this.

K. John. Though you and all the kings of  
Christendom

Are led so grossly by this meddling priest,  
Dreading the curse that money may buy out;  
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust, 165  
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,  
Who in that sale sells pardon from himself;  
Though you and all the rest so grossly led 168  
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cherish;  
Yet I alone, alone do me oppose  
Against the pope, and count his friends my  
foes.

Pand. Then, by the lawful power that I have,  
Thou shalt stand curs'd and excommunicate:  
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt

From his allegiance to a heretic;  
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd, 176  
Canonized and worshipp'd as a saint,  
That takes away by any secret course  
Thy hateful life.

Const. O! lawful let it be  
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.  
Good father cardinal, cry thou amen 181  
To my keen curses; for without my wrong  
There is no tongue hath power to curse him  
right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, lady, for  
my curse. 184

Const. And for mine too: when law can do  
no right,

Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong.  
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here,  
For he that holds his kingdom holds the law:  
Therefore, since law itself is perfect wrong, 189  
How can the law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curse,  
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic, 192  
And raise the power of France upon his head,  
Unless he do submit himself to Rome.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let  
go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil, lest that France  
repent, 196

And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.  
Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant  
limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these  
wrongs, 200

Because—  
Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what sayst thou to the car-  
dinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the car-  
dinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference  
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome, 205  
Or the light loss of England for a friend:  
Forego the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.  
Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts  
thee here, 208

In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.  
Blanch. The Lady Constance speaks not from  
her faith,  
But from her need.

Const. O! if thou grant my need,  
Which only lives but by the death of faith, 212  
That need must needs infer this principle,  
That faith would live again by death of need:  
O! then, tread down my need, and faith mounts  
up;

Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.  
K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers  
not to this. 217

Const. O! be remov'd from him, and answer  
well.

Aust. Do so, King Philip: hang no more in  
doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most  
sweet lout. 220