

As I, with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.
Think not, although in writing I prefer'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.

Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well be seems
A man of thy profession and degree;
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laid'st a trap to take my life
As well at London Bridge as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sov'reign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloucester, I do defy thee. Lords, vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.

But he shall know I am as good—
Glo. As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!
Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?
Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

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

Win. Unreverent Gloucester!
Glo. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.
War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

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

War. Methinks his lordship should be humbler;

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?

Is not his Grace protector to the king?
Plan. [Aside.] Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue,

Lest it be said, 'Speak, sirrah, when you should;

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?'
Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloucester and of Winchester,

The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.

O! what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar.

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,

That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
[A noise within; 'Down with the tawny coats!']

What tumult's this?
War. An uproar, I dare warrant,

Begun through malice of the bishop's men.
[A noise again within; 'Stones! Stones!']

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!

The bishop and the Duke of Gloucester's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,

Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble stones,
And banding themselves in contrary parts

Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out:

Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter, skirmishing, the Serving-men of GLOUCESTER and WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,

To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.

Pray, uncle Gloucester, mitigate this strife.

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

Sec. Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute. [Skirmish again.]

Glo. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

Third Serv. My lord, we know your Grace to be a man

Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty;

And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,

To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We and our wives and children all will fight,

And have our bodies slaught'ring by thy foes.
First Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails

Shall pitch a field when we are dead.

[Skirmish again.]
Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear a while.

K. Hen. O! how this discord doth afflict my soul!

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears and will not once relent?

Who should be pitiful if you be not?

Or who should study to prefer a peace
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. Yield, my Lord Protector; yield, Winchester;

Except you mean with obstinate repulse
To slay your sov'reign and destroy the realm.

You see what mischief and what murder too
Hath been enacted through your enmity:

Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;

Or I would see his heart out ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:

Why look you still so stern and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,

But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king! the bishop hath a kindly gird.

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent!
What! shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloucester, I will yield to thee;

Love for thy love and hand for hand I give.
Glo. [Aside.] Ay; but I fear me, with a hollow heart.

See here, my friends and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce,

Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

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

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloucester,

How joyful am I made by this contract!
Away, my masters! trouble us no more;

But join in friendship, as your lords have done.
First Serv. Content: I'll to the surgeon's.

Sec. Serv. And so will I.

Third Serv. And I will see what physic the tavern affords.

[Exeunt Mayor, Serving-men, &c.]
War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sov'reign,

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for, sweet prince,

An if your Grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right;

Especially for those occasions
At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were of force:

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willethe Winchester.
K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give
That doth belong unto the house of York,

From whence you spring by lineal descent.
Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,

And humble service till the point of death.
K. Hen. Stoop then and set your knee against my foot;

And, in reguerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York:

Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes may fall!

And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty Duke of York!

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

Glo. Now, will it best avail your majesty
To cross the seas and to be crown'd in France.

The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects and his loyal friends,

As it disanimates his enemies.
K. Hen. When Gloucester says the word,

King Henry goes;
For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[Flourish. Exeunt all except EXETER.]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England or in France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension grown betwixt the peers

Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love
And will at last break out into a flame:

As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones and flesh and sinews fall away,

So will this base and envious discord breed.
And now I fear that fatal prophecy

Which in the time of Henry, nam'd the Fifth,
Was in the mouth of every sucking babe;

That Henry born at Monmouth should win all;
And Henry born at Windsor should lose all:

Which is so plain that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—France. Before Roan.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, disguised, and Soldiers dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon their backs.

Joan. These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,

Through which our policy must make a breach:
Take heed, be wary how you place your words;

Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men
That come to gather money for their corn.

If we have entrance,—as I hope we shall,—
And that we find the slothful watch but weak,

I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

First Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Roan;
Therefore we'll knock. [Knocks.
Guard. [Within.] Qui est là? 13
Joan. Paisans, pauvres gens de France:
Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.
Guard. [Opening the gates.] Enter, go in; the
market-bell is rung. 16
Joan. Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks
to the ground.
[JOAN LA PUCELLE, &c., enter the city.]

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS,
ALENÇON, and Forces.

Char. Saint Denis bless this happy strata-
gem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.
Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle and her prac-
tisans; 20
Now she is there how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?
Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder
tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows that her mean-
ing is, 24
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding
out a torch burning.

Joan. Behold! this is the happy wedding
torch
That joineth Roan unto her countrymen, 27
But burning fatal to the Talbotites! [Exit.
Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our
friend,
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.
Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes! 32
Alen. Defer no time, delays have dangerous
ends;
Enter, and cry 'The Dauphin!' presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[They enter the town.]

Alarum. Enter TALBOT in an Excursion.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with
thy tears, 36
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.
Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. 40
[Exit.]

Alarum: Excursions. Enter from the town, BED-
FORD, brought in sick in a chair. Enter TALBOT
and BURGUNDY, and the English Forces. Then,
enter on the walls, JOAN LA PUCELLE, CHARLES,
the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALENÇON, and
Others.

Joan. Good morrow, gallants! Want ye
corn for bread?
I think the Duke of Burgundy will fast
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.
'Twas full of darnel; do you like the taste? 44
Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend and shameless
courtezan!
I trust ere long to choke thee with thine own,

And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.
Char. Your Grace may starve perhaps, be-
fore that time. 48
Bed. O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this
treason!
Joan. What will you do, good grey-beard?
break a lance,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?
Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all
despite, 52
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again, 56
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.
Joan. Are you so hot, sir? Yet, Pucelle, hold
thy peace;
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.

[TALBOT and the rest consult together.
God speed the parliament! who shall be the
speaker? 60

Tal. Dare ye come forth and meet us in the
field?
Joan. Belike your lordship takes us then for
fools,
To try if that our own be ours or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate, 64
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest;
Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out?
Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang! base muleters of
France! 68
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Joan. Away, captains! let's get us from the
walls;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks. 72
God be wi' you, my lord! we came but to tell
you
That we are here.

[Exeunt JOAN LA PUCELLE, &c.,
from the Walls.]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame! 76
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,—
Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in
France,—

Either to get the town again, or die;
And I, as sure as English Henry lives, 80
And as his father here was conqueror,
As sure as in this late-betrayed town
Great Cœur-de-lion's heart was buried,
So sure I swear to get the town or die. 84

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy
vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford. Come, my lord,
We will bestow you in some better place, 88
Fitter for sickness and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me:
Here will I sit before the walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weal or woe. 92

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now per-
suade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence; for once I
read,

That stout Pendragon in his litter, sick,
Came to the field and vanquished his foes: 96
Methinks I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast!
Then be it so: heavens keep old Bedford
safe! 100

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
But gather we our forces out of hand,
And set upon our boasting enemy.
[Exeunt all but BEDFORD and Attendants.]

Alarum: Excursions; in one of which, enter SIR
JOHN FASTOLFE and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in
such haste? 104

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

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord
Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow
thee! [Exit.]

Retreat: Excursions. Re-enter, from the town,
JOAN LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c.,
and exeunt, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven
please, 110
For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs
Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[Dies, and is carried off in his chair.]

Alarum. Re-enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY,
and Others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy: 116
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds as valour's monument. 120

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is
Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep.
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles
his gleeks?

What! all amot? Roan hangs her head for
grief, 124

That such a valiant company are fled.
Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,

And then depart to Paris to the king; 128
For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Bur-
gundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford late deceas'd, 132
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan:

A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;

But kings and mightiest potentates must die, 136
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Plains near Roan.

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, ALEN-
ÇON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Joan. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied. 4

Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;

We'll pull his plumes and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd. 8

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

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the
world. 13

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our
good. 16

Joan. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan
devise:

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot and to follow us. 20

Char. Ay, marry, sweetening, if we could do
that,

France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces. 24

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from
France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Joan. Your honours shall perceive how I
will work

To bring this matter to the wished end. 28
[Drums heard afar off.]

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

Here sound an English march. Enter, and pass
over, TALBOT and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him. 32

A French march. Enter the DUKE OF BURGUNDY
and his Forces.

Now in the rearward comes the duke and his:
Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him. 36

[A parley.]

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy!

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Bur-
gundy? 37

Joan. The princely Charles of France, thy
countryman.

Bur. What sayst thou, Charles? for I am
marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with
thy words. 40

Joan. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of
France!

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Joan. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,

And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
Which thou thyself hast giv'n her woeful breast.

O! turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help.

One drop of blood drawn from thy country's bosom,
Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore:

Return thee therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

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

Joan. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with but with a lordly nation

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,

And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,

And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,

Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe,
And was he not in England prisoner?

But when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,

In spite of Burgundy and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'st against thy countrymen!

And join'st with them will be thy slaughtermen.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring lord;

Charles and the rest will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquished; these haughty words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.

Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:

My forces and my power of men are yours.
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Joan. Done like a Frenchman: turn, and turn again!

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

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.
Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers:

And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Paris. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, EXETER; VERNON, BASSET, and Others. To them with his Soldiers, TALBOT.

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable peers,

Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have a while giv'n truce unto my wars,

To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm,—that hath reclaim'd

To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,

Beside five hundred prisoners of esteem,—
Lest fall his sword before your highness' feet,

[*Kneels.*]

And with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,

First to my God, and next unto your Grace.
K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle

Gloucester,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain and victorious lord!

When I was young,—as yet I am not old,—
I do remember how my father said,

A stouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,

Your faithful service and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,

Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because till now we never saw your face:

Therefore, stand up; and for these good deserts,
We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury;

And in our coronation take your place.
[*Flourish. Exeunt all but VERNON*

and BASSET.
Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at sea,

Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble Lord of York,

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir: as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue

Against my lord the Duke of Somerset.
Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness, take ye that.

Bas. Villain, thou know'st the law of arms is such

That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present death,
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;

When thou shalt see I'll meet thee to thy cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon

as you;

And, after, meet you sooner than you would.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room of State.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, YORK, SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, WARWICK, TALBOT, the Governor of Paris, and Others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name the sixth.

Glo. Now, Governor of Paris, take your oath,—

That you elect no other king but him,
Esteem none friends but such as are his friends,

And none your foes but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God! 8
[*Exeunt Governor and his Train.*]

Enter SIR JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,

To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,

Writ to your Grace from the Duke of Burgundy.
Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy and thee!

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg;

Which I have done, because unworthily
Thou wast installed in that high degree.

Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest:
This dastard, at the battle of Patay,

When but in all I was six thousand strong,
And that the French were almost ten to one,

Before we met or that a stroke was given,
Like to a trusty squire did run away:

In which assault we lost twelve hundred men;
Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,

Were there surpris'd and taken prisoners.
Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss;

Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no?

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous
And ill beseeeming any common man,

More a knight, a captain and a leader.
Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my

lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,

Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as were grown to credit by the wars;

Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes.

He then that is not furnish'd in this sort
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,

Profaning this most honourable order;
And should—if I were worthy to be judge—

Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom.

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight;
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.

[*Exit FASTOLFE.*]

And now, my Lord Protector, view the letter 48
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. [Viewing superscription.] What means his Grace, that he hath chang'd his style?

No more, but plain and bluntly, *To the King!*
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign? 52

Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here? *I have, upon especial cause,*
Mov'd with compassion of my country's wrack,

Together with the pitiful complaints 57
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,

Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King of

France. 60
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so,

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling

guile?
K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy

revolt? 64
Glo. He doth, my lord, and is become your

foe.
K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth

contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he

writes.
K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot there shall

talk with him, 68
And give him chastisement for this abuse.

How say you, my lord? are you not content?
Tal. Content, my liege! Yes: but that I am

prevented,
I should have begg'd I might have been em-

ploy'd. 72
K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march

unto him straight:
Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason,

And what offence it is to flout his friends.
Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still 76

You may behold confusion of your foes. [*Exit.*]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble prince! 80

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them leave to speak.

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?
And wherefore crave you combat? or with

whom? 84
Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done

me wrong.
Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me

wrong.
K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you

both complain?
First let me know, and then I'll answer you. 88

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,

Upbraided me about the rose I wear;
Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves
Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth
About a certain question in the law
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem with forged quaint conceit,
To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him;
And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower
Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of York, will out,
Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules in brain-sick men,
When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!
Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by fight,
And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone;
Betwixt ourselves let us decide it, then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so! Confounded be your strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate!
Presumptuous vassals! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us?—

And you, my lords, methinks you do not well
To bear with their perverse objections;
Much less to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves:

Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords,
be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.

And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wav'ring nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!

Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords,
be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel and the cause.

And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle wav'ring nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel!

Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers and chief nobility
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France!

O! think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years, and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood!
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose.]
That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York:

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade
Than I am able to instruct or teach:

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let us still continue peace and love.
Cousin of York, we institute your Grace
To be our regent in these parts of France:

And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot;
And like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,
Go cheerfully together and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.

Ourself, my Lord Protector, and the rest,
After some respite will return to Calais;
From thence to England; where I hope ere long
To be presented by your victories,

With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. Exeunt all but YORK, WARWICK, EXETER, and VERNON.]

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist he did,—But let it rest;
Other affairs must now be managed.

[Exeunt YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.]
Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice;

For had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging
broils,

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
But howsoever, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.

'Tis much when sceptres are in children's hands;
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpet;

Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the Walls, the General of the French Forces, and Others.
English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England;

And thus he would: Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sov'reign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power;

But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;

Who in a moment even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror and their bloody scourge!

The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:

If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
On either hand thee there are squadrons
pitch'd,

To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.

Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.

Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:

This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'due thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,

These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[Drum afar off.]
Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;

And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exeunt General, &c., from the Walls.]
Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy:
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.

O! negligent and heedless discipline;
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale,
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!

If we be English deer, be then, in blood;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay:

Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
God and Saint George, Talbot and England's right,
Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight!

[Exeunt.]

Enter YORK, with Forces; to him a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him and made their march
for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am louted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity!

If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.
Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, war-like duke! To Bourdeaux,
York!

Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset, who in proud heart
Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.

Mad ire and wrathful fury, make me weep
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O! send some succour to the distress'd lord.

York. He dies, we lose; I break my war-like word;
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;

All long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul;

And on his son young John, whom two hours since
I met in travel toward his war-like father.

This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet where both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?

Away! vexation almost stops my breath
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.

Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won away,

'Long all of Somerset and his delay.

[Exit, with his Soldiers.]
Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
 Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
 Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss 49
 The conquest of our scarce cold conqueror,
 That ever living man of memory,
 Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other cross,
 Lives, honours, lands, and all hurry to loss. 53
 [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Other Plains in Gascony.

Enter SOMERSET, with his Army; a Captain of
 TALBOT'S with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
 This expedition was by York and Talbot
 Too rashly plotted: all our general force
 Might with a sally of the very town 4
 Be buckled with: the over-daring Talbot
 Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
 By this unheeded, desperate, wild adventure:
 York set him on to fight and die in shame, 8
 That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the
 name.

Cap. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
 Set from our o'ermatch'd forces forth for aid.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William! whither were
 you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and
 sold Lord Talbot;
 Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
 Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
 To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
 And whiles the honourable captain there 17
 Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
 And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
 You, his false hopes, the trust of England's
 honour, 20

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
 Let not your private discord keep away
 The levied succours that should lend him aid,
 While he, renowned noble gentleman, 24
 Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
 Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
 Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
 And Talbot perisheth by your default. 28

Som. York set him on; York should have
 sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your Grace
 exclaims;

Swearing that you withhold his levied host
 Collected for this expedition. 32

Som. York lies; he might have sent and had
 the horse:

I owe him little duty, and less love;
 And take foul scorn to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force
 of France, 36

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.
 Never to England shall he bear his life,
 But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horse-
 men straight: 40

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en or
 slain,

For fly he could not if he would have fled;
 And fly would Talbot never, though he might. 44

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then adieu!
Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame
 in you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The English Camp near
 Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his Son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for
 thee

To tutor thee in stratagems of war,
 That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd
 When sapless age, and weak unable limbs 4
 Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
 But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!
 Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
 A terrible and unavowed danger: 8

Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest
 horse,

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
 By sudden flight: come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your
 son? 12

And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
 Dishonour not her honourable name,
 To make a bastard and a slave of me:

The world will say he is not Talbot's blood 16
 That basely fled when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.
John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.
John. Then let me stay; and, father, do you
 fly: 21

Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.

Upon my death the French can little boast: 24
 In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.

Flight cannot stain the honour you have won;
 But mine it will that no exploit have done:

You fled for vantage everyone will swear; 28
 But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.

There is no hope that ever I will stay
 If the first hour I shrink and run away.

Here, on my knee, I beg mortality, 32
 Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one
 tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's
 womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.
John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.
John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst
 not lose it. 40

John. Yes, your renowned name: shall flight
 abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from
 that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being
 slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly. 44

Tal. And leave my followers here to fight
 and die?

My age was never tainted with such shame.
John. And shall my youth be guilty of such
 blame?

No more can I be sever'd from your side 48
 Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
 For live I will not if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair
 son, 52

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
 Come, side by side together live and die,
 And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.

SCENE VI.—A Field of Battle.

Alarum: Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is
 hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George and victory! fight, sol-
 diers, fight!

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
 And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot? Pause, and take thy
 breath: 4

I gave thee life and rescu'd thee from death.
John. O! twice my father, twice am I thy
 son:

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done,
 Till with thy war-like sword, despite of fate, 8
 To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy
 sword struck fire,

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
 Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age, 12

Quicken'd with youthful spleen and war-like
 rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
 And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.

The ireful bastard Orleans,—that drew blood 16
 From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight,—I soon encountered
 And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace, 20
 Bespoke him thus, 'Contaminated, base,

And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
 Mean and right poor, for that pure blood of
 mine

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave
 boy: 24

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
 Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care,

Art thou not weary, John? How dost thou fare?
 Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly, 28

Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
 Fly, to revenge my death when I am dead;

The help of one stands me in little stead.
 O! too much folly is it, well I wot, 32

To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
 If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage,

To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
 By me they nothing gain an if I stay; 36

'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day.
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,

My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's
 fame.

All these and more we hazard by thy stay; 40
 All these are sav'd if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made
 me smart;

These words of yours draw life-blood from my
 heart.

On that advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry life and slay bright fame, 45

Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse that bears me fall and die!

And like me to the peasant boys of France, 48
 To be shame's scorn and subject of mischance!

Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot; 52
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire of
 Crete,

Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side, 56

And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Old TALBOT,
 wounded, led by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is
 gone;—

O! where's young Talbot? where is valiant
 John?

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.

When he perceiv'd me shrink and on my knee,
 His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,

And like a hungry lion did commence
 Rough deeds of rage and stern impatience; 8

But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tendering my ruin and assail'd of none,

Dizzy-ey'd fury and great rage of heart
 Suddenly made him from my side to start 12

Into the clust'ring battle of the French;
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench

His overmounting spirit; and there died
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride. 16

Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of
 Young TALBOT.

Serv. O, my dear lord! lo, where your son is
 borne!

Tal. Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us
 here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.

O! thou, whose wounds become hard-favour'd
 death,

Speak to thy father ere thou yield thy breath; 24
 Brave death by speaking whe'r he will or no;

Imagine him a Frenchman and thy foe.
 Poor boy! he smiles, methinks, as who should
 say,

Had death been French, then death had died
 to-day. 28

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms:

My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
Soldiers, adieu! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's
grave.

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant, leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, the BASTARD OF ORLEANS, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought rescue in

We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging-wood,

Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood!
Joan. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said:

'Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid.'
But with a proud majestic high scorn,
He answer'd thus: 'Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a giglot wench.'

So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight;

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones
asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. O, no! forbear; for that which we
have fled

During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter SIR WILLIAM LUCY, attended: a French Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,

To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;

We English warriors wot not what it means.

I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.

But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury?

Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,

The thrice-victorious Lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,

Worthy Saint Michael and the Golden Fleece;
Great mareschal to Henry the Sixth

Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Joan. Here is a silly stately style indeed! 72
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.

Him that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking and fly-blown lies here at our feet. 76

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?

O! were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces!

O! that I could but call these dead to life! 81
It were enough to fright the realm of France.

Were but his picture left among you here
It would amaze the proudest of you all. 84

Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Joan. I think this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,

He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here 89

They would but stink and putrefy the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd 92

A phoenix that shall make all France afeard.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours now bloody Talbot's slain. 96

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,

The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this:
They humbly sue unto your excellence 4

To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your Grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means 8

To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietness on every side.

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought

It was both impious and unnatural 12
That such immanity and bloody strife

Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect
And surer bind this knot of amity, 16

The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,

Proffers his only daughter to your Grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young, 21

And fitter is my study and my books

Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet call the ambassadors; and, as you please, 24

So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice

Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with WINCHESTER, now CARDINAL BEAUFORT, and habited accordingly.

Exe. [Aside.] What! is my Lord of Winchester install'd, 28

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive that will be verified

Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
'If once he come to be a cardinal, 32

He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.'

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your several suits

Have been consider'd, and debated on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable; 36

And therefore are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;

Which by my Lord of Winchester we mean
Shall be transported presently to France. 40

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master,

I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As,—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower,— 44

He doth intend she shall be England's queen.

K. Hen. [To the Ambassador.] In argument
and proof of which contract,

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded, 48

And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY and Train; GLOUCESTER, EXETER, and Ambassadors.*]

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive

The sum of money which I promised 52
Should be deliver'd to his holiness

For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. [Aside.] Now Winchester will not submit, I trow, 56

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloucester, thou shalt well perceive

That neither in birth or for authority
The bishop will be overborne by thee: 60

I'll either make thee stoop and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, JOAN LA PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.

Char. These news, my lord, may cheer our drooping spirits;

'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the war-like French.

Alen. Then, march to Paris, royal Charles of France, 4

And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Joan. Peace be amongst them if they turn to us;

Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general, 8
And happiness to his accomplices!

Char. What tidings send our scouts? I prithee speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one, 12

And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is:

But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Joan. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd.

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;

Let Henry fret and all the world repine. 20

Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—France. Before Angiers.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Joan. The regent conquers and the Frenchmen fly.

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;
And ye choice spirits that admonish me

And give me signs of future accidents: 4
[*Thunder.*]

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly monarch of the north,

Appear, and aid me in this enterprise!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me. 9

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,

Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk, and speak not.*]

O! hold me not with silence over-long. 13
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,

I'll lop a member off and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit, 16

So you do condescend to help me now.

[*They hang their heads.*]
No hope to have redress? My body shall

Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.
[*They shake their heads.*]

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice 20
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*]

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come, 24
That France must veil her lofty-plumed crest,
And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with: 28

Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.
[*Exit.*]