

Alarum. Enter French and English fighting: JOAN LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand: JOAN LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:
Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain your liberty. 32
A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!
See how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if with Circe she would change my shape.
Joan. Chang'd to a worsen shape thou canst not be. 36

York. O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.
Joan. A plaguing mischief light on Charles and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd 40
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!
York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!
Joan. I prithee, give me leave to curse a while.
York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. [Exeunt.]

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, with MARGARET in his hand.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. [Gazes on her.]
O fairest beauty! do not fear nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace, 48
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
What art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art. 52
Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.
Be not offended, nature's miracle.
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save, 56
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[She turns away as going.]
O stay! I have no power to let her pass; 60
My hand would free her, but my heart says no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes. 64
Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:
I'll call for pen and ink and write my mind.
Fie, De la Pole! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner? 68

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such
Confounds the tongue and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk,—if thy name be so,— 72
What ransom must I pay before I pass?
For I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. [Aside.] How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love? 76
Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. [Aside.] She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea or no?
Suf. [Aside.] Fond man! remember that thou hast a wife; 81

Then how can Margaret be thy paramour?
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. [Aside.] There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card. 84

Mar. He talks at random; sure, the man is mad.

Suf. [Aside.] And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. [Aside.] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom? 88

Why, for my king; tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. [Overhearing him.] He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. [Aside.] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms. 92
But there remains a scruple in that too;

For though her father be the King of Naples,
Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
And our nobility will scorn the match. 96

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. [Aside.] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry is youthful and will quickly yield.
Madam, I have a secret to reveal. 100

Mar. [Aside.] What though I be enthralld? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. [Aside.] Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French; 104

And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush, women have been captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so? 108

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but quid pro quo.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose

Your bondage happy to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility; 113

For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me? 116

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my— 120
Mar. What?

Suf. His love. 120
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife

And have no portion in the choice myself. 124
How say you, madam, are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains and our colours forth!

And, madam, at your father's castle walls 128
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

[Troops come forward.]
A Parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER on the Walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner!
Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?
I am a soldier, and unapt to weep, 132
Or to exclaim on Fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:
Consent, and for thy honour, give consent,

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king, 136
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;

And this her easy-held imprisonment
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows 140
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[Exit from the walls.]
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming. 144

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER, below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king. 148

What answer makes your Grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth

To be the princely bride of such a lord,
Upon condition I may quietly 152

Enjoy mine own, the county Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,

My daughter shall be Henry's if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom; I deliver her; 156
And those two counties I will undertake

Your Grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king, 160

Give thee her hand for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king:
[Aside.] And yet, methinks, I could be well content 164

To be mine own attorney in this case.
I'll over then, to England with this news,

And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So farewell, Reignier: set this diamond safe,

In golden palaces, as it becomes. 169
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes,
praise, and prayers 172

Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [Going.]

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! but hark you,
Margaret;

No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid, 176

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd and modestly directed.

But madam, I must trouble you again,
No loving token to his majesty? 180

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [Kisses her.]
Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume,

To send such peevish tokens to a king. 185
[Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.]

Suf. O! wert thou for myself! But Suffolk, stay;

Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs and ugly treasons lurk. 188

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount

And natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas, 192

That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou mayst bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—Camp of the DUKE OF YORK, in Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and Others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, guarded; and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright.

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out, 4

Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?

Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee.

Joan. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood: 8

Thou art no father nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out! My lords, an please you, 'tis not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify 12

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been:

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes. 16

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so obstacle!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh;

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I prithee, gentle Joan. 20

Joan. Peasant, avaunt! You have suborn'd this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother. 24
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her
breast, 28
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab? 32
O! burn her, burn her! hanging is too good.

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too
long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Joan. First, let me tell you whom you have
condemn'd: 36

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace, 40
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents, 44
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders but by help of devils. 48
No misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd, 52
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay: away with her to execution!
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a
maid,

Spare for no fagots, let there be enow: 56
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Joan. Will nothing turn your unrelenting
hearts?

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity; 60
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death. 64

York. Now, heaven forefend! the holy maid
with child!

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye
wrought!

Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the Dauphin have been jug-
gling: 68

I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards
live;

Especially since Charles must father it.

Joan. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of
his: 72

It was Alençon that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies an if it had a thousand lives.

Joan. O! give me leave, I have deluded you:

'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,

But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.
War. A married man: that's most intoler-
able.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows
not well, 80

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain. 85

Joan. Then lead me hence; with whom I
leave my curse:

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode; 88

But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief and despair

Drive you to break your necks or hang your-
selves! *[Exit, guarded.]*

York. Break thou in pieces and consume to
ashes, 92

Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter CARDINAL BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.

For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,
Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implor'd a general peace 98
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter. 101

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,

So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers, 104
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns, 108

By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered?

O! Warwick, Warwick! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France. 112

War. Be patient, York: if we conclude a
peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants
As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

*Enter CHARLES, attended; ALENÇON, the BASTARD
OF ORLEANS, REIGNIER, and Others.*

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus
agreed, 116

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in
France,

We come to be informed by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling choler
chokes 120

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Car. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:
That, in regard King Henry gives consent, 124

Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,

And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown:

And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,

Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity. 132

Alen. Must he be then, as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,

And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man? 136

This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,

And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king: 140
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative

As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep 144

That which I have than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret
means

Us'd intercession to obtain a league, 148
And now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison?

Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king 152

And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract: 156

If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. *[Aside to CHARLES.]* To say the truth,
it is your policy

To save your subjects from such massacre 160
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;

And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure

serves. 164
War. How sayst thou, Charles? shall our
condition stand?

Char. It shall;
Only reserv'd, you claim no interest

In any of our towns of garrison. 168

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey

Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.

[CHARLES, &c., give tokens of fealty.]

So, now dismiss your army when ye please;
Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,

For here we entertain a solemn peace. *[Exeunt.]*

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

*Enter KING HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK;
GLOUCESTER and EXETER following.*

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description,
noble earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,

Do breed love's settled passions in my heart: 4
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,

So am I driven by breath of her renown
Either to suffer shipwrack, or arrive

8 Approves her fit for none but for a king:

Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord, this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her worthy praise:

The chief perfections of that lovely dame— 12
Had I sufficient skill to utter them—
Would make a volume of enticing lines,

Able to ravish any dull conceit:
And, which is more, she is not so divine, 16

So full replete with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowliness of mind

She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,

To love and honour Henry as her lord. 21

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er pre-
sume.

Therefore, my Lord Protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd

Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,

And not deface your honour with reproach? 29
Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd

To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists 32
By reason of his adversary's odds.
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,

And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
than that? 36

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The King of Naples and Jerusalem; 40

And of such great authority in France
As his alliance will confirm our peace,

And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance. 43
Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal
dower,

Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your
king, 48

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich: 52

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship: 56

Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed;

And therefore, lords, since he affects her most
It most of all these reasons bindeth us, 60

In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,

An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss, 64

And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a

king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth, 68

8 Approves her fit for none but for a king:

Her valiant courage and undaunted spirit—
More than in women commonly is seen—
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;
For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,
If with a lady of so high resolve
As is fair Margaret he be link'd in love. 76
Then yield, my lords; and here conclude with
me

That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.
K. Hen. Whether it be through force of your
report,

My noble lord of Suffolk, or for that 80
My tender youth was never yet attain'd
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissension in my breast, 84
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to
France;

Agree to any covenants, and procure 88
That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come

To cross the seas to England and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen:
For your expenses and sufficient charge, 92
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for till you do return
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence: 96
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.

And so, conduct me, where, from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. *[Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and
last. *[Exeunt GLOUCESTER and EXETER.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus
he goes, 103

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the
king; 107

But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.
[Exit.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester, his Uncle.
CARDINAL BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester, Great-
Uncle to the King.
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, Duke of York.
EDWARD and RICHARD, his Sons.
DUKE OF SOMERSET,
DUKE OF SUFFOLK,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, } of the King's Party.
LORD CLIFFORD,
YOUNG CLIFFORD, his Son.
EARL OF SALISBURY, } of the York Faction.
EARL OF WARWICK, }
LORD SCALES, Governor of the Tower.
SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and WILLIAM STAFFORD, his
Brother.
LORD SAY.
A Sea-captain, Master, and Master's Mate.
WALTER WHITMORE.
SIR JOHN STANLEY.
Two Gentlemen, prisoners with Suffolk.
VAUX.
MATTHEW GOFFE.
JOHN HUME and JOHN SOUTHWELL, Priests.

BOLINGBROKE, a Conjurer.
A Spirit raised by him.
THOMAS HORNER, an Armourer.
PETER, his Man.
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of St. Alban's.
SIMPCOX, an Impostor.
Two Murderers.
JACK CADE, a Rebel.
GEORGE BEVIS, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK the Butcher,
SMITH the Weaver, MICHAEL, &c., Followers of
CADE.
ALEXANDER IDEN, a Kentish Gentleman.

MARGARET, Queen to King Henry.
ELEANOR, Duchess of Gloucester.
MARGERY JOURDAIN, a Witch.
Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald, Petitioners,
Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens,
Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers,
&c.

SCENE.—In various parts of England.

ACT I

SCENE I.—London. A room of State in the
Palace.

*Flourish of Trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on
one side, KING HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,
SALISBURY, WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAU-
FORT; on the other, QUEEN MARGARET, led in
by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM,
and Others, following.*

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your Grace; 4
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Britaine, and
Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend
bishops, 8
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen 12
To your most gracious hands, that are the sub-
stance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd. 16

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen
Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love
Than this kind kiss. O Lord! that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness! 20
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England and my
gracious lord, 24
The mutual conference that my mind hath had
By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you, mine alderliest sovereign, 28
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,
And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace
in speech, 32
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys;
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my
love. 36

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's
happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. *[Flourish.*

Suf. My Lord Protector, so it please your
Grace,